

Adventures

IN ENGLISH
LITERATURE



THIRD EDITION

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF LONDON

Wimpole St. where B. came to court Elizabeth

BLOOMSBURY
Lytton
Virginia

BRITISH
MUSEUM



Robert Browning



WILL'S
COFFEE
SHOP
(RUSSELL ST.)

KENSINGTON
PALACE

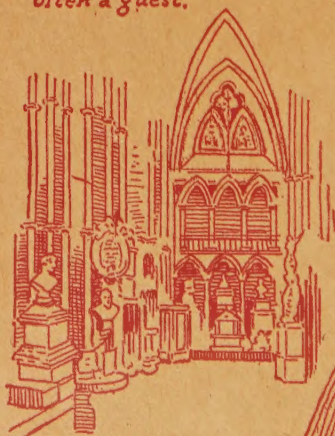
HOLLAND
HOUSE

Addison lived here
& Thomas Moore was
often a guest.

Thackeray's house
16 Young St.,
Kensington

BUCKINGHAM
PALACE

WESTMINSTER
ABBEY



POET'S
CORNER
WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Carlyle's house,
Cheyne Row



Carlyle and Tennyson in the garden

Elizabethan
Theaters
a nightingale
sang in
BERKELEY SQ.
ROYAL ACADEMY
TRAFALGAR

ST. JAMES
PARADE

LONDON

"Cheshire Cheese"

Jane Lane

Bow Bells Church

(Everyone living within sound of these bells considered "Cockney")



(Frequented by Doctor Johnson and his circle)

EAST INDIA HOUSE

(Lamb worked as accountant here.)

OLD CURIOSITY SHOP

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL

OLD CITY OF LONDON

TOWER OF LONDON

LONDON BRIDGE

HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT

GLOBE THEATER

Chaucer's TABARD INN

TOWER OF LONDON



Where Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his History of the World

lyric - appropriate for song - generally in stanzas - poets
feeling rather than outward events - ode,
sonnet, hymn, roundel
de - poem suited to be sung - characterized by nobility
of sentiment and dignity of style
narrative - account, tale, story, fable, novel, parable,
romance, short story
elegy - lyric, often a lament, now chiefly lamentation
of dead
personification - representation of an inanimate ob-
ject or abstract idea as endowed with
personal attributes.
metaphor - use of word or phrase literally denoting one
kind of object or idea in place of another
way of suggesting a likeness between the
(the ship plows the sea, a volley of oaths)
simile - a figure of speech by which one thing, action
or relation is likened or explicitly compared
often with like or as, to something of
different kind or quality.
ballad - short, narrative poem in typically simple
stanzas.
alliteration - commencement of 2 or more words in close
connection with same letter or sound

Familiar essay

Personal views of writer not information

Familiar tone - conversational

No set form

Expresses opinions, incidents, & stories

Either humorous, pathetic, whimsical or playful.

Fri May 19 - term papers

May 22 -

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KING JOHN SEALING THE MAGNA CARTA

Painting by Ernest Normand

Adventures

IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

THIRD EDITION

REWEY BELLE INGLIS

FORMERLY UNIVERSITY HIGH SCHOOL
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

ALICE CECILIA COOPER

SAN FRANCISCO JUNIOR COLLEGE
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

MARION A. STURDEVANT

DIRECTOR OF ENGLISH
WILKES-BARRE CITY SCHOOLS
WILKES-BARRE, PENNSYLVANIA

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

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PREFACE

MOST teachers who examine this book will wish to know, first, why a revision of the original *Adventures in English Literature* was thought desirable, and, second, how the new edition differs from the older book.

The answer to the first question is found in the difference today in the teaching philosophy and content of the English literature course compared to what was generally accepted and practiced ten years ago. In 1929, when the original book was planned, the high school course was often a simplification of the college course, with major stress on standard works and with comparatively little consideration of the abilities and interests of high school students. The history of English literature or a systematic analysis of literary types often received more attention than the literature itself. Too frequently students completed the course thinking English literature ended with Tennyson!

The original *Adventures in English Literature*, published in 1931, broke with many of these traditions. Today, looking back to 1931, the editors feel that most of the innovations have been justified by recent curriculum studies and investigations. But, fortunately, the teaching of literature does not stand still. Reports from hundreds of teachers and the experience of the editors themselves clearly indicate that further improvements and departures from tradition are now necessary to keep *Adventures in English Literature* in line with today's tested, forward-looking teaching methods. The time is now ripe for greater emphasis on contemporary literature, for less stress on the literature of the Anglo-Saxon and Middle-English Periods, or on any literature remote from students' experience. Provisions must be made for showing more clearly the relationships between literature and the other arts, for presenting literature as the expression of social, political, and economic trends.

In short, the reason for revising *Adventures in English Literature* has been to make a book which will meet the needs of the next ten years as successfully as the older book has met the needs of the past ten years.

Eight important improvements have been made in the revised *Adventures in English Literature*:

1. The Twentieth-Century section has been enlarged by nine new poems, two new short stories, two essays, a full-length play (Galsworthy's *Strife*), and a complete unit of biography from Virginia Woolf's *Flush*. Contemporary literature now fills 342 pages, an increase of 149 pages over the original edition.

2. The background material provided in the new book differs radically in organization and scope from the 200-page literary history which formed a separate section at the end of the older book. Brief, readable accounts of the social, economic, and political developments of each age and their effect upon its literature precede the selections. These background chapters will furnish the students with pictures of English life as it was at the time the selections were written. The student will see literature as an expression of the ideas, the ways of living, and the customs of a period; literary history will not be divorced in his mind from other aspects of England's development. The editors suggest that the students' acquaintance with the selections themselves should not be delayed too long by detailed study of these background chapters. A thoughtful reading followed by some class discussion should suffice as preliminary preparation for the period. Students can then refer to this material as they read the selections, and can use it to formulate final impressions of each period as a whole.

3. A new section, a short history of the English novel, is placed after the Eighteenth-Century chapter. This gives the student a unified view of one type of literature which cannot be represented with any adequacy in a book of selections.

4. The two long Chaucer selections are presented in *modern verse* specially written for high school students. The "Prologue" was prepared by Miss Ruth Stauffer, Head of the Department of English, Divisions 1-9, Washington, D. C., and the modern version of the "Nun's Priest's Tale," by Miss Rewey Belle Inglis, editor-in-chief of this volume. The modernized prose versions of Chaucer, which were distinctly an innovation in the original *Adventures in English Literature*, proved to be most successful in the classroom. The new versions in modernized rhymed couplets, go one step further in preserving the full flavor of Chaucer while eliminating linguistic difficulties. A few short selections from the original "Prologue" appear after the modernized version; they give students an understanding of the English language as it was when Chaucer wrote.

5. *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* has been added to the Ro-

mantic Period. This poem is often read by younger students for its story value. However, the approach in an English literature course is entirely different. No other poem can be substituted to give an appreciation of Coleridge and his part in the Romantic Movement.

6. The editors have made a definite attempt to integrate English literature with other fields, so that students may see literature not as an isolated subject, but as an interweaving of the many strands of life. The reading lists have been extended to include references in art, architecture, costume, and music. The particularly important correlation of literature with history and the social studies has been greatly facilitated by the new background material already described.

7. Throughout the book the "Suggestions for Study" have been supplemented by a group of questions or problems "For the Ambitious Student." These will help solve the ever-present problem of individual differences by supplying the quicker and abler students with the means of enriching their study or by suggesting work in related arts for those with special talents. These suggestions should, of course, be handled with discrimination by the teacher and not used to drive students to efforts beyond their capacities.

8. Eight colored plates and 76 other new illustrations enhance the visual appeal of the book. Social life, costumes, architectural background, and the works of noted artists are included in addition to portraits of authors. Graphic time charts for each period and a series of illustrated maps also serve to clarify chronological and geographic concepts. The time charts enable students to remember the significant political and economic events of each literary age.

The teaching devices in the earlier edition which have stood the test of classroom practice have been retained. Most important among them are the biographical sketches, the pertinent explanations of individual selections, the simple, pointed footnotes, the glossary, and the set of objective tests in a separate envelope.

We wish to remind teachers that *Adventures in English Literature* (for juniors and seniors) is one of five books which make up the *Adventures* Series, a flexible program for the senior high school.

The editors acknowledge with thanks suggestions from classroom teachers (see Acknowledgments), the untiring services of many reference librarians, and the indispensable comments of our most valued — and our most candid — critics, the students. In expressing gratitude to those who have contributed to this revision, we do not forget their many predecessors who helped to determine the original body of material which still forms the core of this book.

THE EDITORS

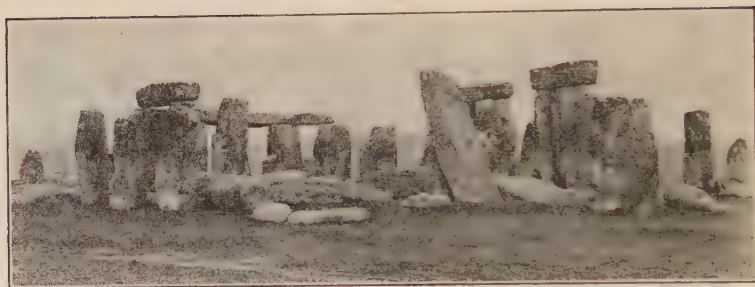


A PRELIMINARY VIEW

English Literature and Its Background. The literature of a people who all speak the same language is simply the sum total of the best writings in that language. Poems, plays, novels, biography, essays, and history help to form this total. This book presents as examples of English literature many of the best writings of the English, and also of the Irish and the Scotch. The writings of our own country have been presented in a separate volume, *Adventures in American Literature*; but English literature is, of course, the parent of American literature.

In order to understand how and why the English language has grown and changed, and how its literature has developed, it is well to know something of the background of English history.

The British Empire. Today we think of Great Britain (England, Scotland, and Wales) and Ireland, as two islands close to the continent of Europe. They lie across the Atlantic Ocean parallel to Newfoundland, and to the north of France. We know that the British Empire includes the Dominion of Canada (which is one half the continent of North America), large portions of Africa, all of India, and the continent of Australia. It includes over one-third of the land area of the world and nearly one-fourth of the world's population! The growth of this great world empire is part of English history, just as is the settlement of our own country. But English history begins with the single island first known as Britain.



STONEHENGE, SOUTHERN ENGLAND. These huge pillars are the oldest records of man's habitation of the British Isles. (Culver Service)

How England Began. Thousands of years ago, this island was a part of the mainland, a peninsula jutting northward from France. No English Channel then separated France and England. In that dawn of history (the Neolithic or Stone Age) the first inhabitants of Britain had come there from Iberia (Spain) along the coast north of the Mediterranean, or north along the river Rhine, which then joined England's river Thames. This race, small in stature, fought and hunted huge ferocious animals in the forests. Several thousand years before the birth of Christ, these cave men had trackways, rude mounds or barrows, for the burial of their dead, and the crude beginnings of civilization. Probably at some time in these misty ages, Stonehenge, in southern England, with its great pillars was built. The Stone Age was followed by the Bronze Age and the Iron Age, as the material used for weapons and implements changed from stone to metal, and as new metals were discovered.

The Celts Arrive. After the first Iberians, a larger and more robust people entered Britain from the lands that are now France and Germany. History calls these newcomers Celts. It divides them into two groups — the Gaels, the ancestors in speech of the Irish and Scotch, and the Brythons, who gave the Welsh their native tongue. From the Brythons came the name Britain. Some of these Celts painted themselves with crude color; so the Romans, first seeing them, called them Picts, or the Painted People. Brython, as a matter of fact, meant "country of the tattooed men."

The Celts, an uncouth, barbarous people, were very clannish. Each family stood together and fought against tribal enemies. They had no central government, and no written language. Their priests, called Druids, taught them of a world after death. The huge stone



pillars at Stonehenge were used as one of the religious meeting-places of these priests.

During these slowly-passing centuries “ Albion and Ierne called the Britannic Isles,” were cut off from the mainland by the body of water now called the English Channel.

The Geography of England. The history of a country is influenced by its geographical position and the shape of its land. In early days it was easy to get into England after crossing the Channel or the North Sea, chiefly because the southeast part of England sloped toward France. The chalk cliffs along the southern coast were broken by inviting harbors, and the east coast was low and marshy. It was fertile land, too, with a temperate climate. Fogs, which had made the Danish peninsula cold and drear, were not so prevalent in England, because mild winds, blowing against her western hills, brought ample rainfall.

How England Looks Today. England is roughly triangular in shape, as shown on the map on page 3. The eastern part is today agriculturally the richest. It is also the most accessible to trade with the Continent. To the west lies the great Midland Plain. Bordering this large section between Staffordshire and Birmingham is the coal district called the "Black Country." In the old days, the famous Forest of Arden (described in Shakespeare's *As You Like It*) used to supply charcoal for the manufacture of iron. The Plain itself has a large and prosperous population, and is the heart of rural England. In its western part are great flocks of cattle and sheep, and some of its towns manufacture woollen and leather goods; but the real manufacturing districts lie to the west and north of the Plain.

On the east coast of England, north of the fertile land, a large shallow bay receives a number of rivers. This bay is called the Wash, while the level land at the mouths of the rivers is known as the Fens, famous in English history for the last stand of Hereward the Wake, or Saxon, against William the Conqueror, the Norman invader. Originally this land was very swampy, but now it is extensively drained.

The Pennine Chain, like a hilly backbone, runs from Scotland south to the center of England. Its great coal and iron deposits feed much busy manufacturing, supporting the densest population in the world. In the Northwest lies the Lake District, noted for its beautiful scenery and steep hills, celebrated in the writings of William Wordsworth and other Lake Poets.

The tip of England's southwest peninsula is Cornwall, a steep and rugged land, where King Arthur is supposed to have lived. From the southern coast of England, the Chalk Country runs northeast into the middle of England. Long ago a great sheet of chalk spread over the whole southeastern section; the chalk cliffs of Dover, which gave the name *Albion* (meaning White Land), are still a notable landmark.

The Weald, the part of England nearest France, comprises Sussex, Surrey, and Kent, where the Jutes first landed. It was once one of the densest forests in Britain. Chalk forms the Hog's Back and North Downs, to the north of the Weald, while the South Downs meet the sea in the historic promontories of South Foreland and Beachy Head. The mutton of the South Downs is famous. Though sheep, grass, and beech and oak trees are plentiful on the Downs, few people live there. In the north of England are wide moors or peat fields overgrown with heather. There grouse and other game are hunted.

Wales. West of England is Wales, craggy and forested like the Scottish highlands. Since it was separated from England by a moun-

tain barrier, it was in ancient days the refuge of defeated primitive tribes and so remained barbarous for a long time. Today it is a rich country for coal-mining and the smelting of metals. A musical race, the Welsh have always had their bards, or local poets, and their annual congresses of bards, minstrels, and writers.

Scotland. North of England is Scotland, a land of varied beauty with rugged mountains, and numerous lakes and streams. It is divided into two parts: the Highlands in the north and the Lowlands nearest to England. Until quite recently, the Highland Celts spoke Gaelic. These hunters and herders of cattle, belligerent in the old days, have always stood aloof from the English. The Lowlanders, on the other hand, have long been close to England in language and customs. Indeed some of the best writers have been Lowland Scotch.

Ireland. To the west of England is Ireland, with its own natural beauties of rugged cliffs, lakes, and rich vegetation. Like Wales and Northern Scotland, Ireland was in early days the remote fastness to which the Celtic tribes retreated. England later conquered Ireland, but a long history of Irish dissatisfaction with English rule resulted in the present Irish Free State, comprising all but six counties in the north of the island which retain their original relationship to Great Britain. In Ireland the genius of the Celtic race has contributed excellent writing both in the ancient Gaelic tongue and in modern English. Many outstanding writers in English literature have been Irish or of Irish descent.

With this preliminary view of the geography of the British Isles and their early peoples, we turn to the first invasion of England in historic times and to the beginnings of English literature.

The FOUNDATIONS of a NATION and a LITERATURE 55 B.C.-1000 A.D.



THE ANGLO-SAXON AGE

449-1066

Romans Rule Britain in Early Centuries. Britain was first invaded in 55 B.C. by the Roman pro-Consul, Julius Caesar, but he soon withdrew his legions. Almost a century later, in A.D. 43, the emperor Claudius conquered the island. The Roman occupation of Britain lasted until 410. The wilder Celtic tribes retreated, fighting, to the hills — the Gaels to Ireland and the Picts to Scotland. But the Britons in southern England were brought under Roman rule. Against the Picts, in A.D. 150, the Roman emperor Hadrian had a wall built which, from that time to the middle of the fourth century, was the northern boundary of Britain. The great age of Roman rule in Britain dates from the building of this wall. Roads were built, swamps drained, villas and towns of stone were constructed. There were houses with Roman baths, even with glass for windows and with a kind of central heating. British exports from mines, farms, and looms increased. The emperor Constantine, who founded Constantinople and became the first Christian emperor of Rome, made Christianity the official religion of Britain. Then, in 367, northern Celts and other invaders stormed Hadrian's wall and overran England. Roman power was crumbling. The wild Germanic tribes, pressed south by the hordes of Asia, whose nomads had been cut off from the Eastern pasturage by the Great Wall of China, were almost at the gates of Rome itself. Soon Rome had to give up its British province, and most of the Roman colonists followed the legions home.

England Gets Its Name. The story goes that Vortigern, a British ruler, in A.D. 449 invited the Jutes, from the peninsula of Jutland, to come to Britain and aid him against the wild Picts of the North. Thus the perhaps mythical Hengist and Horsa first landed and settled in Kent; and soon not only Jutes, but Saxons and Angles also, swarmed over the land. The present county names Essex, Sussex, Wessex, and Middlesex are contractions of East, South, West, and Middle Saxons. The Angles first settled in East Anglia, but soon spread so widely over the eastern half of the island that they gave their name to the entire country — England. Again the original

Britons retired into Ireland, Wales, and the north and west of England. The Irish and Welsh retained their own Celtic languages, in which a rich store of legends developed. This folklore, however, was not translated into English until the late nineteenth century. In the sixth century the Christian Celts, still holding out in the North and West, are supposed to have rallied under the legendary King Arthur. At any rate, the Britons stubbornly resisted invasion. But finally the invaders conquered England and began to settle down fairly peacefully.

Anglo-Saxons Show Sturdy Traits. The Angles and Saxons — as contrasted to the Britons and Celts — were hard fighters, seafarers, scorers of danger. Likewise they loved great bouts of eating and drinking in the mead hall. In conflicts they were "tough customers," but at other times lazily good-natured. They had a thoroughly practical side that survives to this day in most Englishmen. They were stoical in the face of Fate, which they called Wyrd, and had also a "strange and poetic genius" rising out of an old acquaintance with a harsh, forbidding landscape, wild stormy seas, the mystery of nature, and the workings of circumstance which they could not fathom.

Most important was the Anglo-Saxon's love of personal liberty. Although there were slaves among them, yet the Anglo-Saxon believed, as he does to this day, in getting his own personal rights. Just as the foundation of Roman civilization was the slave state, that of Anglo-Saxon civilization was the free man. The Anglo-Saxon believed firmly in his own superiority. Almost immediately he began to call the native Britons "Welisc" (meaning "foreigners"). From this term, of course, come the names Welsh and Wales.

Government and Religion of the Saxons. The Anglo-Saxon did not like towns or cities. Much of his land was shared in common, and his government began with the village moot — a meeting called to talk things over. Increasingly larger groups of families were represented by the town moot, the hundred moot (of one hundred families), and the folk moot — really a gathering together of the tribe for purposes of war. The Witenagemot (Witan) was the largest moot of all, the highest council of wise men, at first a council of war. It elected the war chief, and later on the king.

The principal god of the Anglo-Saxons was Woden, the war god. The names of several of the days of the week come from the Anglo-Saxon divinities: Tuesday (day of the dark god *Tiw*), Wednesday (Woden's Day), Thursday (Thor's day or the Day of Thunder), and



A SAXON FEAST. The scop sings the deeds of heroes. (From E. S. Ellis' *Story of the Greatest Nations from the Dawn of History to the Twentieth Century*)

Friday (Frigg's Day). Easter also gets its name from their god of spring, Eostre.

In the four principal kingdoms of Anglo-Saxon England, Northumbria, Mercia, East Anglia, and that of the East and West Saxons, the people lived in small communities, each centered about the somewhat glorified hut of the atheling or lord, who was often designated as the "dispenser of treasure." Their houses were of rough logs, windowless, roofed with thatch, and notable chiefly as firetraps, for the fire was built in the center of the floor with no smoke vent other than a hole in the roof.

Social Life Centered in the Mead Hall. With the passage of years and the increase of wealth numerous mead halls, similar to the one described in *Beowulf*, the English national epic, were built. Mead, the favorite drink of the Saxon warriors, was a rich ale brewed from honey. After the hunt or fight the mighty thanes or followers of the king would gather in the central hall for rest, refreshment, and celebration. This hall was usually rectangular, its pointed roof being held up by two lengthwise rows of pillars. Down the center of the floor ran a shallow trench in which the fires were built. Flanking the fires were two long tables, mere boards on trestles, removable

when the feast was over; the thanes went to sleep on the raised tiers behind the pillars.

At mealtimes the guests usually sat along the outer edge of the tables in order to face the fires. In the early days the mead was drunk from the horns of animals, but later from flagons of heavy wood or metal. Great joints of meat, eaten with the aid of only fingers and a hunting knife, formed the main dish at the feast. In spite of all the crudeness of manner there was yet a touch of dignified ceremony, as when the queen herself passed the mead cup to the warriors. After the feasting the chief entertainment was provided by the scop (literally "a shaper") or gleeman, who sang to the accompaniment of his simple harp a stirring tale of some great hero.

Early Literature. The old pagan poetry which dominated early Anglo-Saxon literature was passed from mouth to mouth by these scopos or gleemen and was not put into writing until the establishment of Christian monasteries years afterward. Only a little of it survives. The best is included in this book. There are two distinct periods of Anglo-Saxon literature: the pagan poetry of the fifth and sixth centuries and the Christian literature, both prose and poetry, from the seventh to the eleventh. The first has two qualities: sometimes a rather grim nature worship, and often the pervading gloom or melancholy of the Anglo-Saxon mind.

Augustine and Paulinus Bring Christianity. Toward the end of the sixth century Pope Gregory at Rome decided to try the power of Christian missionaries against the might of Thor and Woden and the Anglo-Saxon nature gods. It is said that as a bishop he had encountered certain fair-haired slaves in the Roman market place, and, on being told their nationality, had exclaimed, "Not Angles, but angels!" In 597 he sent to England a small band of monks, headed by Augustine.

King Ethelbert of Kent met them in the open air, "for fear of magic." Augustine was heard patiently as interpreters rendered his sermon into the native tongue. "Your words are fair," said Ethelbert, "but they are new and of doubtful meaning." Nevertheless, before long Ethelbert and all his court were converted, and about ten thousands of his subjects were baptized at one time.

A church was built at Canterbury, and a monastery of instruction founded. A Saxon noble, Aldhelm, became its most distinguished scholar. Thirty years after Augustine, Paulinus journeyed into northern England and founded a similar religious establishment at York. In the Venerable Bede's account of the conversion of Northum-

bria by Paulinus occurs one of the most striking examples of Anglo-Saxon prose. A noble is speaking to King Edwin concerning Christianity:

So, O King, does the present life of man on earth seem to me, in comparison with the time which is unknown to us, as though a sparrow flew swiftly through the hall, coming in by one door and going out by the other, and you, the while, sat at meat with your captains and liegemen, in wintry weather, with a fire burning in your midst and heating the room, the storm raging out of doors and driving snow and rain before it. For the time for which he is within, the bird is sheltered from the storm, but after this short while of calm he flies out again into the cold and is seen no more. Thus the life of man is visible for a moment, but we know not what comes before it or follows after it. If, then, this new doctrine brings something more of certainty, it deserves to be followed.

Later, Christian Irish missionaries came to the Northumbrian coast (see map, page 6) and established a whole chain of monasteries which became the chief center of literature for some time. By 650 most of England had been Christianized. One of the most celebrated monasteries was Whitby in Northumbria, under the Abbess Hilda. Here Caedmon, the great Anglo-Saxon poet, wrote (see page 38). On a wild wind-swept headland overlooking the North Sea this first simple lyric poet of England created his Bible chants. The story of Caedmon was vividly told by the Venerable Bede, "the father of our English learning," and greatest prose writer of his time. He lived and wrote, chiefly in Latin, in Jarrow, another Northumbrian monastery north of Whitby. Northumbria thus produced the first prose writer of eminence and the first identified Anglo-Saxon poet. The later Cynewulf, a less-known poet, was also of the Northumbrian school.

Alfred Resists the Danes. Kingship was first claimed over all England by Egbert of Wessex in 830, but it was not till the coming, in 871, of King Alfred of Wessex (849-901) that England was united under an able ruler. His was undoubtedly the strongest personality of the Anglo-Saxon period. Known as Alfred the Great, he was a combination of bold warrior, wise ruler, astute lawmaker, foresighted educator, and versatile man of letters. In his youth Alfred had had the advantage of a journey to Rome, which gave him ideas concerning a better civilization for his own country. Upon his accession to the throne in 871 the Danes were an immediate and terrible menace. They had already invaded Wessex and were sweeping down on all England. These hated Northmen, the Vikings, were the most daring sailors of that day. They voyaged in small shield-walled black skiffs



A VIKING. Fierce fighting men, like this one, often pillaged the eastern shore of Britain. (Culver Service)

with lug sails, forty warriors to a ship, which was steered by a long steering-sweep. These dreaded black ships crept up peaceful rivers and left behind them the smoking ruins of homes.

The Danes hated Christianity and all its evidences. They plundered and razed the monasteries of Lindisfarne, Jarrow, Melrose, and Whitby, destroying many manuscripts. They crushed Anglo-Saxon literature in the north, where it had chiefly existed. Finally they came to rule England, until they were defeated by Alfred. In celebration of this victory over the Danes, a White Horse, the emblem of the English at that time, was carved in the chalky subsoil of a steep hillside in Berkshire. (See Gilbert K.

Chesterton's poem, "The Ballad of the White Horse.") In 886 Alfred and the Danes came to an agreement whereby the Danes kept the section of England east of the old Roman road called Watling Street (see map, page 6). In this territory, known as the Danelaw, the former raiders settled down under their own laws.

Alfred Encourages Education. For his own people, Alfred began to establish schools with the best foreign teachers he could get, for not only the children but the nobility were woefully ignorant. He himself at forty studied Latin, and translated important works of the day. Likewise he made a code of laws and wrote proverbs. But even more important, he started a unique historical record, *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, which was compiled in various monasteries for centuries. The first part is largely legendary, but beginning with the days of Alfred it is fairly readable history, and fortunately was continued after his death for a century after the Norman Conquest. Alfred divided the men of the country into two armies, and he built large ships, the beginning of the British navy. At the beginning of



A SAXON MONASTERY SCHOOL. King Alfred fostered learning by establishing and visiting schools. (From *Great Men and Famous Women*)

the tenth century, soon after he and his sons, Edward and Ethelred, had again defeated the Danes, he died.

The Church Meets Problems Abroad and at Home. On the continent the great Christian empire built up by Charles the Great or Charlemagne, the Emperor of the West and King of the Franks in the ninth century, had been crumbling. The faith of Islam, a militant religion preached by Mahomet, had been gaining ground. When England was being converted to Christianity by Augustine, Mahomet in the far East, in the Arabian city of Mecca, announced himself as the Prophet of God. The rapid spread of Islam resulted eventually in the many Crusades by the Christians to recover the Holy Land, between the eleventh and sixteenth centuries.

In England the monasteries sadly needed reforming. Many monks had not been upholding their vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The Danes had originally nearly ruined the monasteries, and the monks were now little better than "lay" or unordained priests. The leading churchmen, like the king's chief fighting men (who had become thanes and earls), also owned property and were landlords to the common people or churls. In return for permission to live on the land and till the soil, the common people paid rent in the form of

work to the thane or churchman. The poor monks, therefore, had forgotten discipline in their struggle to earn a living, while the rich churchmen had become arrogant and oppressive. In the middle of the tenth century a great archbishop, Dunstan, set about reforming the monasteries.

Rule Shifts between Saxons and Danes. Meanwhile Edgar, one of the eight kings who succeeded Alfred, was writing dooms (laws or statutes). The laws of England were still in a very crude state, but Edgar made progress with them. When he died Ethelred (called the Unready) came to the throne as a mere boy. He grew up into a shiftless and violent king. He let Alfred's navy disintegrate, mismanaged the army, bribed the Danes by a tax on the people known as Danegeld, and finally treated them so treacherously that he had to flee the country. The Danes placed King Sweyn on the throne. Finally Edward the Confessor, Ethelred's son, and Canute, Sweyn's son, fought things out, and Canute became king of England. Thus the tenth century ended with a new triumph for the Danes.

Canute was, on the whole, a responsible and sensible king, who tried to be a father to his new people. He was also canny enough to marry Ethelred's widow, the Princess Emma of Normandy, and thus form a bond with his new kingdom. His sons, who followed him, were murderous and destructive. Finally, in 1045, Edward the Confessor came to the throne. Since he had been brought up in Normandy, he had many Normans at his court, to whom he gave large areas of land. Some became abbots of English monasteries.

During this reign Earl Godwin of Wessex, who was half English and half Dane, became more important than the king himself. His son, Harold, was the last of the Saxon kings, and fought against Duke William of Normandy at the time of the Conquest. (You will enjoy reading Bulwer-Lytton's *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings*.)

Scholarship Survives in Aelfric. With King Alfred's death there ensued a century of literary inertia. The greatest scholar at the end of the Anglo-Saxon period was Aelfric the Grammarian, a theologian and translator who achieved the most finished style in early Anglo-Saxon. He and his contemporaries wrote many homilies or sermons, and lives of the saints. He lived at Winchester, Alfred's great establishment and the most famous of the schools of the period.

The Foundation of the English Language. The speech which the Anglo-Saxons brought to England was a form of Low German, allied to Dutch. The Anglo-Saxon liked short, strong words with plenty of strong consonants. That very word *strong* has five conso-

nants to one vowel. Their language tended toward words of one syllable. Today the Englishman calls his automobile a *car* and his airplane a *plane*. In the same way, the early Latin *clericus* became *clerk*, and many other words of Latin or Greek derivation were shortened. But in written form Anglo-Saxon began as a fully inflected language. In its different endings or forms of a word were used to indicate the cases of nouns and pronouns, the moods and tenses of verbs, and the comparison of adjectives and adverbs. Anglo-Saxon prefixes and suffixes persist in such modern words as *in-road* and *child-hood*. Frequently compound words were used for a simpler expression, as *tree-wright* for *carpenter*, just as we still use *shipwright*.

With its inflectional endings, arbitrary genders, compound words, and inversions in word order, Anglo-Saxon was much like modern German. Many of the peculiar forms in our modern English, such as the plural *en* in *oxen* and *children*, are really survivals of Anglo-Saxon inflection. Our common participial endings *ing*, *ed*, and *en* come from Old English. To show the gradual simplification of our language, here is an example of inflectional changes from original Anglo-Saxon to the present day:

ANGLO-SAXON	MIDDLE ENGLISH	MODERN ENGLISH
<i>Indicative</i>	<i>Indicative</i>	
1. haefde	1. hadde	1. had
2. haefdes(t)	2. haddeſt	2. had
3. haefde	3. hadde	3. had
<i>Plural</i> 1, 2, 3. haefdon	<i>Plural</i> 1, 2, 3. hadde(n)	<i>Plural</i> 1, 2, 3. had

In studying the first writings in the oldest English, we are dealing with unfamiliar endings, with a vocabulary now greatly changed, and with different dialects.

Midland Dialect Survives the Other Three. The various dialects brought by the invading tribes were soon reduced to four main branches: (1) the Northern, used by the Northumbrian writers, (2) the Midland, used in Mercia, which later became the Danish territory, (3) the Southeastern in Kent, (4) and the Southwestern in Wessex. Strange to say, the Midland, which scarcely appears in the written literature of the Anglo-Saxon period, was the one which persisted in speech and became the real foundation of the present English language.

This survival is to be explained in this way. The scholarly King

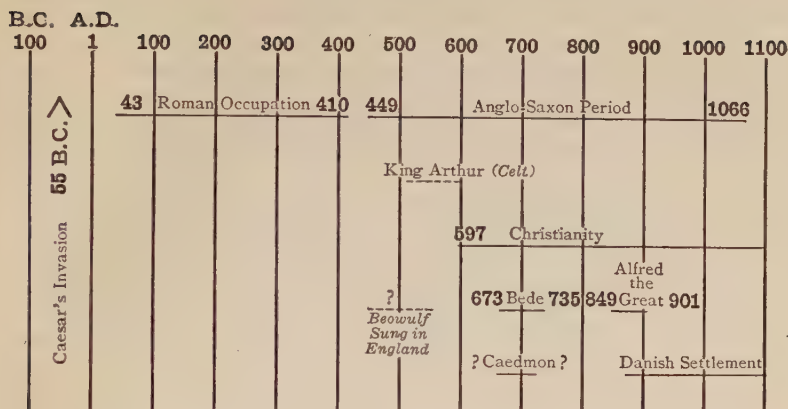
Alfred tried to preserve all the inflections of his Wessex dialect, the purest dialect of the four. But inflections have a tendency to drop out of speech unless they are preserved in writing. Thus the Midland dialect, corrupted by the Danes and not preserved in writing, became a much simpler, easier speech. During the long period after the Norman Conquest when there was no written Saxon, the Wessex dialect tended to die out, the Midland to persist. As a decisive touch, the great writers of a later period, whom you will meet in the next chapter, used the Midland. The Danish influence on this Midland dialect left many words which were handed down to Modern English. Scholars estimate the total at about five hundred; some of the familiar ones are *earl*, *skin*, *skull*, *sky*, and *ransack*. The Danes also contributed to Anglo-Saxon the tendency to place the accent near the beginning of the word and to slur the syllables that followed.

To sum up, there were changes going on in spoken Anglo-Saxon long before the Normans came, changes that were slowly transforming it from an inflected to a comparatively uninflected tongue. But so firmly was Anglo-Saxon established as the language of England that later conquests and influences only modified but never completely uprooted it, and it still persists as the central stalk of our modern English.

Summary. The invading Romans drove the wilder Celtic tribes into the remote districts of Scotland, Wales, or Ireland. The more yielding tribes were civilized and Christianized. Soon after the final withdrawal of Rome, the Angles, Saxons, and Jutes poured in from the east, again drove back the Celts, and founded numerous petty kingdoms. The Danes in turn invaded England and occupied most of the eastern half of the country. During these six centuries after the Romans left, gradual amalgamation, civilization, and Christianization were going on, with King Alfred as the greatest single force toward governmental and intellectual advancement.

Many dialects were spoken, but our written records of Anglo-Saxon come from two main sources, the northern monasteries and Alfred's southern kingdom. Pre-Christian literature was largely epic and lyric poetry originally chanted by gleemen. The Christian period has left considerable prose in historical records and translations from Latin works. Let us now turn to the literature itself.

ANGLO-SAXON AGE

*Anglo-Saxon Poetry*

Today we have only a few fragments of what must have been a rich outpouring of Anglo-Saxon poetry. Many word-of-mouth chants were doubtless lost or never put in writing. Frequently the Danes pillaged the monasteries, which were the libraries of early days. Later in the sixteenth century when Henry VIII dissolved the monasteries throughout England, a vast quantity of their manuscripts was lost or destroyed. Fortunately some writings escaped this fate. *The Exeter Book*, containing miscellaneous manuscripts, has been preserved in the cathedral of that name since the middle of the eleventh century. As late as the nineteenth century away over in Vercelli, Italy, there was found another book of miscellaneous Anglo-Saxon writings.

The Exeter Book preserved the most important shorter poems of the pagan period, many of which may have existed among the Angles and Saxons before they came to England. Possibly "within the confines of the fourth century, at a time when no other modern language can show proofs of having even a rudimentary existence" is "Widsith," an account of the wanderings of a scop who "unlocks his word-hoard" in many a mead hall.

Almost as old is the first genuine lyric poem of our literature, "Deor's Lament." It too concerns a gleeman, who has been exiled from his overlord and succeeded by another scop. In his sorrow he finds consolation in recalling misfortunes met by certain notables. Each incident concludes: "That was got over; so may this be." This lyric with its well-marked stanzas and refrain strikes the keynote of seriousness, loneliness, and

fortitude in distress which characterizes much Anglo-Saxon poetry. It appears in that most beautiful of the early lyrics, "The Seafarer" (page 34), and in "The Wanderer," an elegy in which a man dreams of his dead lord, only to awaken to the cold stormy ocean around him.

Of course the greatest of all the early Anglo-Saxon poems is *Beowulf*, the English national epic, thought to be far older than France's *Song of Roland*, Spain's *The Cid*, and Germany's *Song of the Nibelungs*. It features the Saxon conception of Wyrð, or Fate, controlling human destiny. Its hero is a prince of the Jutes, and the scene is laid on the southern coast of Sweden and in Denmark. There is nothing about England in it, but it was sung on English soil. Stories about Beowulf were handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation and were later put into writing, probably by monks. Today there exists only one copy, not discovered until 1705, now carefully preserved in the British Museum. It contains passages evidently added to the pagan tale by the Christian monks who copied it.

Anglo-Saxon poetry has rhythm but no rhyme. Each line has four accents, and in theory the first three of these accented syllables begin with the same letter or sound, a device often producing the effect of rhyme. Besides this element of alliteration, the rhythm is enhanced by a distinct pause after the second accented foot:

Gewat tha ofer waegholm, winde gefysed
Flota famigheals, fugele gelicost.

Translation:

Went then o'er the wave-sea, by the wind favored
The floater foamy-necked, to a fowl likest.

In a translation it is not always possible to maintain this alliteration unless the old words are practically those of today. In the translation of the lines quoted, one may see the marked similarity which shows that Anglo-Saxon is, after all, the direct ancestor of modern English. Other peculiarities of style are found in the word order, the abundance of picturesque compounds and synonymous expressions, and the piling up of descriptive phrases that at first seem to impede the progress of the story.

BEOWULF

The poem opens with a short introduction treating of Scyld, king of the Spear-Danes, who had come to them as an infant on a mysterious ship. Upon his death, after a long and successful reign, his body, clothed in armor and surrounded by treasure, was placed in a ship and sent out upon the sea whence he had come.

The real story begins with the later years of the reign of Scyld's

descendant, Hrothgar, who had won great fame and rich spoils in battle and was now preparing to settle down and enjoy himself.

The translation used here is by Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth.

THE BUILDING OF HEOROT

To Hrothgar was given such glory in battle,
 Such fame he won, that his faithful band
 Of youthful warriors waxed amain.
 So great had grown his guard of kinsmen,
 That it came in his mind to call on his people 5
 To build a mead hall, mightier far
 Than any e'er seen by the sons of men,
 Wherein to bestow upon old and young,
 Gifts and rewards, as God vouchsafed them,
 Save folk-share lands and freemen's lives. 10
 Far and wide the work was published;
 Many a tribe, the mid-earth round,
 Helped to fashion the folkstead fair.
 With speed they built it, and soon 'twas finished,
 Greatest of halls. Heorot he named it. 15

[There follows a vague passage that seems to indicate that ill luck was to pursue Hrothgar from now on. Prophecy is made of the future burning of the great hall, through the hostility of a son-in-law. Now appears the villain of the first part of the story, a superhuman monster named Grendel.]

GRENDEL

In the darkness dwelt a demon-sprite,
 Whose heart was filled with fury and hate,
 When he heard each night the noise of revel
 Loud in the hall, laughter and song.
 To the sound of the harp the singer chanted 20
 Lays he had learned, of long ago;
 How the Almighty had made the earth,
 Wonder-bright lands, washed by the ocean;
 How he set, triumphant, sun and moon
 To lighten all men that live on the earth. 25

10. **folk-share**: corresponding roughly to government lands. 12. **mid-earth**: a common expression in *Beowulf*. It means the whole earth. 15. **Heorot**: literally, Stag Hall. The horns of a stag or hart adorned its gables. The site of Heorot has been identified with Leire in Seeland, Denmark.

He brightened the land with leaves and branches;
 Life he created for every being,
 Each in its kind, that moves upon earth.
 So, happy in hall, the heroes lived,
 Wanting naught, till one began 30
 To work them woe, a wicked fiend.
 The demon grim was Grendel called,
 March-stalker huge, the moors he roamed.
 The joyless creature had kept long time
 The lonely fen, the lairs of monsters, 35
 Cast out from men, an exile accurst.
 The killing of Abel, an offspring of Cain
 Was justly avenged by the Judge Eternal.
 Naught gained by the feud the faithless murderer;
 He was banished unblest from abode of men. 40
 And hence arose the host of miscreants,
 Monsters and elves and eldritch sprites,
 Warlocks and giants, that warred against God;
 Jotuns and goblins; He gave them their due.
 When night had fallen, the fiend crept near 45
 To the lofty hall, to learn how the Danes
 In Heorot fared, when the feasting was done.
 The athelings all within he saw
 Asleep after revel, not recking of danger,
 And free from care. The fiend accurst, 50
 Grim and greedy, his grip made ready;
 Snatched in their sleep, with savage fury,
 Thirty warriors; away he sprang
 Proud of his prey, to repair to his home,
 His blood-dripping booty to bring to his lair. 55
 At early dawn, when daybreak came,
 The vengeance of Grendel was revealed to all;
 Their wails after wassail were widely heard,
 Their morning woe. The mighty ruler,
 The atheling brave, sat bowed with grief. 60
 The fate of his followers filled him with sorrow,
 When they traced the tracks of the treacherous foe,

37. **Cain**: This is one of a number of passages which indicate that the scribe who collected the old legends and stories tried, vainly, to give some sort of religious atmosphere to *Beowulf*. 42. **eldritch**: weird. 43. **Warlocks**: wizards. 44. **Jotuns**: (pronounced yó'tóon), giants.

Fiend accurst. Too fierce was that onset,
 Too loathsome and long, nor left them respite.
 The very next night, anew he began 65
 To maim and to murder, nor was minded to slacken
 His fury of hate, too hardened in crime.
 'Twas easy to find then earls who preferred
 A room elsewhere, for rest at night,
 A bed in the bowers, when they brought this news 70
 Of the hall-foe's hate; and henceforth all
 Who escaped the demon, kept distance safe.

So Grendel wrongfully ruled the hall,
 One against all till empty stood
 That lordly mansion, and long remained so. 75
 For the space of twelve winters the Scyldings' Friend
 Bore in his breast the brunt of this sorrow,
 Measureless woe. In mournful lays
 The tale became known; 'twas told abroad
 In gleemen's songs, how Grendel had warred 80
 Long against Hrothgar, and wreaked his hate
 With murderous fury through many a year,
 Refusing to end the feud perpetual,
 Or decently deal with the Danes in parley,
 Take their tribute for treaty of peace; 85
 Nor could their leaders look to receive
 Pay from his hands for the harm that he wrought.
 The fell destroyer kept feeding his rage
 On young and old. So all night long
 He prowled o'er the fen and surprised his victims, 90
 Death-shadow dark.

[The wise men take counsel together, erect altars to their heathen gods, and pray for relief from the pest, all to no avail. At last, from an unexpected source, Hrothgar and his people are given new hope.]

THE COMING OF BEOWULF

Thus boiled with care the breast of Hrothgar;
 Ceaselessly sorrowed the son of Healfdene,
 None of his chieftains might change his lot.

70. **bowers**: homes adjoining Heorot. 87. **Pay**: For killing a person a fine was exacted. Grendel, being superhuman, could not be forced to pay.
 93. **Healfdene**: half Dane; that is, his mother was a foreigner.

Too fell was the foe that afflicted the people 95
 With wrongs unnumbered, and nightly horrors.
 Then heard in his home King Hygelac's thane,
 The dauntless Jute, of the doings of Grendel.
 In strength he outstripped the strongest of men
 That dwell in the earth in the days of this life. 100
 Gallant and bold, he gave command
 To get him a boat, a good wave-skimmer.
 O'er the swan-road, he said, he would seek the king
 Noble and famous, who needed men.
 Though dear to his kin, they discouraged him not; 105
 The prudent in counsel praised the adventure,
 Whetted his valor, awaiting good omens.

So Beowulf chose from the band of the Jutes
 Heroes brave, the best he could find;
 He with fourteen followers hardy 110
 Went to embark; he was wise in seamanship,
 Showed them the landmarks, leading the way.
 Soon they descried their craft in the water,
 At the foot of the cliff. Then climbed aboard
 The chosen troop; the tide was churning 115
 Sea against sand; they stowed away
 In the hold of the ship their shining armor,
 War gear and weapons; the warriors launched
 Their well-braced boat on her welcome voyage.
 Swift o'er the waves with a wind that favored, 120
 Foam on her breast, like a bird she flew;
 A day and a night they drove to seaward,
 Cut the waves with the curving prow,
 Till the seamen that sailed her sighted the land,
 Shining cliffs and coastwise hills, 125
 Headlands bold. The harbor opened,
 Their cruise was ended. Then quickly the sailors,
 The crew of Weder folk, clambered ashore,
 Moored their craft with clank of chain mail,
 And goodly war gear. God they thanked 130
 That their way was smooth o'er the surging waves.

97. **Hygelac's thane:** Beowulf. Hygelac is an historical character, king of the Jutes, a people who lived in southern Sweden, according to most authorities, or in northern Denmark. 128. **Weder folk:** another name for the Jutes.

[Beowulf and his men are met by the coast guard, who, after being convinced of their good intentions, conducts them toward the palace until the party is met by Wulfgar, an influential courtier, who goes to Hrothgar to plead for the strangers. The king replies:]

" Beowulf I knew in his boyhood days;
 His aged father was Ecgtheow named.
 To him, to take home, did Hrethel give
 His only daughter. Their dauntless son 135
 Now comes to my court in quest of a friend.
 My seafaring men whom I sent afar
 To the land of the Jutes, with generous gifts,
 In token of friendship, have told me this,
 That the power of his grip was so great it equaled 140
 The strength of thirty stout-armed thanes.
 Him bold in battle, the blessed God
 Hath sent in his mercy, to save our people
 — So I hope in my heart — from the horror of Grendel.
 I shall offer him gold for his gallant spirit. 145
 Go now in haste, and greet the strangers;
 Bid to the hall the whole of the company;
 Welcome with words the warrior band,
 To the home of the Danes."

[Beowulf and his men enter the hall, and Beowulf introduces himself. The closing part of his speech is a characteristic bit of Germanic philosophy.]

" Hail, king Hrothgar! Hygelac's thane 150
 And kinsman am I. Known is the record
 Of deeds of renown I have done in my youth.
 Far in my home, I heard of this Grendel;
 Seafarers tell the tale of the hall:
 How bare of warriors, this best of buildings 155
 Deserted stands, when the sun goes down
 And twilight deepens to dark in the sky.
 By comrades encouraged, I come on this journey.
 The best of them bade me, the bravest and wisest,
 To go to thy succor, O good King Hrothgar; 160
 For well they approved my prowess in battle,
 They saw me themselves come safe from the conflict

When five of my foes I defeated and bound,
 Beating in battle the brood of the monsters.
 At night on the sea with nickers I wrestled, 165
 Avenging the Weders, survived the sea peril,
 And crushed in my grip the grim sea monsters
 That harried my neighbors. Now I am come
 To cope with Grendel in combat single,
 And match my might against the monster alone. 170
 I pray thee therefore, prince of the Scyldings,
 Not to refuse the favor I ask,
 Having come so far, O friend of the Shield-Danes,
 That I alone with my loyal comrades,
 My hardy companions, may Heorot purge. 175
 Moreover they say that the slaughterous fiend
 In wanton mood all weapons despises.
 Hence — as I hope that Hygelac may,
 My lord and king, be kind to me —
 Sword and buckler I scorn to bear, 180
 Gold-adorned shield, as I go to the conflict.
 With my grip will I grapple the gruesome fiend,
 Foe against foe, to fight for our life.
 And he that shall fall his faith must put
 In the judgment of God. If Grendel wins, 185
 He is minded to make his meal in the hall
 Untroubled by fear, on the folk of the Jutes,
 As often before he fed on the Danes.
 No need for thee then to think of my burial.
 If I lose my life, the lonely prowler 190
 My blood-stained body will bear to his den,
 Swallow me greedily, and splash with my gore
 His lair in the marsh; no longer wilt then
 Have need to find me food and sustenance.
 To Hygelac send, if I sink in the battle, 195
 This best of corselets that covers my breast,
 Heirloom of Hrethel, rarest of byrnies,
 The work of Weland. So Wyrd will be done."

[Hrothgar replies with complimentary reference to Beowulf's father, and then once more recounts the horrors of Grendel's visits to Heorot.]

165. **nickers**: sea demons, probably walruses or whales. 198. **Weland**: the celestial blacksmith of the Northmen, corresponding to Vulcan of classical mythology. 198. **Wyrd**: Fate or Destiny. Cf. the Weird Sisters of *Macbeth*.

A banquet is prepared, with the usual eating and drinking and minstrel's song. A jealous Danish courtier belittles Beowulf by sarcastic comment on his strength. The episode has no direct bearing on the main narrative, but it is too good to be missed.]

UNFERTH'S TAUNT

Then up spoke Unferth, Ecglaf's son,
 Who sat at the feet of the Scylding ruler; 200
 He vented his jealousy. The journey of Beowulf,
 His sea adventure, sorely displeased him.
 It filled him with envy that any other
 Should win among men more warlike glory,
 More fame under heaven than he himself: 205
 " Art thou the Beowulf that battled with Breca,
 Far out at sea, when ye swam together,
 What time you two made trial of the billows,
 Risking your lives in reckless folly,
 On the open sea? None might dissuade you, 210
 Friend nor foe, from the foolhardy venture,
 When straight from the shore you struck for the open,
 Breasted the waves and beat with your arms
 The mounting billows, measured the sea paths
 With lusty strokes. Stirred was the ocean 215
 By wintry storms. Seven days and nights
 Your sea strife lasted; at length he beat you,
 His strength was the better; at break of day
 He made the beach where the Battle-Reamas
 Dwell by the shore; and straightway returned 220
 To his people beloved in the land of the Brondings,
 Where liegemen and towns and treasure were his.
 In sooth I say, the son of Beanstan
 His boast against thee made good to the full.
 But now I ween a worse fate awaits thee, 225
 Though thy mettle be proved in many a battle
 And grim encounter, if the coming of Grendel
 Thou darest abide, in the dead of the night."
 Beowulf spoke, the son of Ecgtheow:
 " What a deal of stuff thou hast talked about Breca, 230
 Garrulous with drink, my good friend Unferth.

199. **Ecglaf**: first syllable pronounced *edge*. 219. **Battle-Reamas**: a people of southern Norway. 223. **son of Beanstan**: Breca.

Thou hast lauded his deeds. Now listen to me!
 More sea-strength had I, more ocean-endurance,
 Than any man else, the wide earth round.
 'Tis true we planned in the pride of our youth 235
 This ocean adventure, and vowed we would risk
 Our lives in the deep, each daring the other.
 We were both of us boys, but our boast we fulfilled.
 Our naked swords as we swam from the land,
 We held in our grasp, to guard against whales. 240
 Not a stroke could he gain on me, strive as he would,
 Make swifter speed through the swelling waves,
 Nor could I in swimming o'ercome him at sea.
 Side by side in the surge we labored
 Five nights long. At last we were parted 245
 By furious seas and a freezing gale.
 Night fell black; the norther wild
 Rushed on us ruthless and roughened the sea.
 Now was aroused the wrath of the monsters,
 But my warproof ring-mail, woven and hand-locked, 250
 Served me well 'gainst the sea-beasts' fury;
 The close-linked battle-net covered my breast.
 I was dragged to the bottom by a bloodthirsty monster,
 Firm in his clutch the furious sea beast
 Helpless held me. But my hand came free, 255
 And my foe I pierced with point of my sword.
 With my battle-blade good 'twas given to kill
 The dragon of the deep, by dint of my blow.
 Thus sore beset me sea beasts thronging,
 Murderous man-eaters. I met their charges, 260
 Gave them their due with my goodly blade.
 They failed of their fill, the feast they expected
 In circle sitting on the sea-floor together
 With me for their meal. I marred their pleasure.
 When morning came, they were cast ashore 265
 By the wash of the waves; their wounds proved fatal,
 Bloated and dead on the beach they lay.
 No more would they cross the course of the ships,
 In the chop of the channel charge the sailors.
 Day broke in the east, bright beacon of God; 270
 The sea fell smooth. I saw bold headlands,
 Windy walls; for Wyrd oft saveth

A man not doomed, if he dauntless prove.
 My luck did not fail me, my long sword finished
 Nine of the nickers. Ne'er have I heard 275
 Of fiercer battle fought in the night,
 Of hero more harried by horrors at sea.
 Yet I saved my life from the sea-beasts' clutch.
 Worn with the struggle, I was washed ashore
 In the realm of the Finns by the run of the tide, 280
 The heave of the flood. I have failed to hear
 Of like adventure laid to thee,
 Battle so bitter. Breca did never —
 Neither of you was known to achieve
 Deed so valiant, adventure so daring, 285
 Sword-play so nimble; not that I boast of it,
 But mark me, Unferth, you murdered your brothers,
 Your closest of kin. The curse of hell
 For this you will suffer, though sharp be your wit.
 In sooth I say to you, son of Ecglaf, 290
 Never had Grendel such grim deeds wrought,
 Such havoc in Heorot, so harried your king
 With bestial fury, if your boasted courage
 In deeds as well as in words you had proved.
 But now he has found that he need not fear 295
 Vengeance fierce from the Victory-Scyldings,
 Ruthless attack in return for his raids.
 He takes his toll of your tribe as he pleases,
 Sparing none of your spearmen proud.
 He ravens and rages and recks not the Dane folk, 300
 Safe from their sword-play. But soon I will teach him
 How the Jute folk fight. Then freely may go
 To the mead hall who likes, when the light of morning,
 The next day's dawn, the dark dispel,
 And the heaven-bright sun from the south shall shine." 305

[After this tilt the banquet proceeds. Wealhtheow, the queen, passes the ale cup. The noisy revel continues until at last Hrothgar and his followers leave Heorot to Beowulf and his men. After once more asserting that he would meet Grendel unarmed, Beowulf lies down.]

280. **realm of the Finns**: modern Lapland. 287. **murdered your brothers**: Murder of kin was regarded as the most loathsome of all crimes.
 296. **Victory-Scyldings**: probably said in sarcasm.

BEOWULF'S FIGHT WITH GRENDEL

Now Grendel came, from his craigs of mist
 Across the moor; he was curst of God.
 The murderous prowler meant to surprise
 In the high-built hall his human prey.
 He stalked 'neath the clouds, till steep before him 310
 The house of revelry rose in his path,
 The gold-hall of heroes, the gaily adorned.
 Hrothgar's home he had haunted full often,
 But never before had he found to receive him
 So hardy a hero, such hall guards there, 315
 Close to the building crept the slayer,
 Doomed to misery. The door gave way,
 Though fastened with bolts, when his fist fell on it.
 Maddened he broke through the breach he had made;
 Swoln with anger and eager to slay, 320
 The ravening fiend o'er the bright-paved floor
 Furious ran, while flashed from his eyes
 An ugly glare like embers aglow.
 He saw in the hall, all huddled together,
 The heroes asleep. Then laughed in his heart 325
 The hideous fiend; he hoped ere dawn
 To sunder body from soul of each;
 He looked to appease his lust of blood,
 Glut his maw with the men he would slay.
 But Wyrð had otherwise willed his doom; 330
 Never again should he get a victim
 After that night. Narrowly watched
 Hygelac's thane how the horrible slayer
 Forward should charge in fierce attack.
 Nor was the monster minded to wait: 335
 Sudden he sprang on a sleeping thane,
 Ere he could stir, he slit him open;
 Bit through the bone-joints, gulped the blood,
 Greedily bolted the body piecemeal.
 Soon he had swallowed the slain man wholly, 340
 Hands and feet. Then forward he hastened,
 Sprang at the hero, and seized him at rest;
 Fiercely clutched him with fiendish claw.

But quickly Beowulf caught his forearm,
 And threw himself on it with all his weight. 345
 Straight discovered that crafty plotter,
 That never in all mid-earth had he met
 In any man a mightier grip.
 Gone was his courage, and craven fear
 Sat in his heart, yet helped him no sooner. 350
 Fain would he hide in his hole in the fenland,
 His devil's den. A different welcome
 From former days he found that night!
 Now Hygelac's thane, the hardy, remembered
 His evening's boast, and bounding up, 355
 Grendel he clenched, and cracked his fingers;
 The monster tried flight, but the man pursued;
 The ravager hoped to wrench himself free,
 And gain the fen, for he felt his fingers
 Helpless and limp in the hold of his foe. 360
 'Twas a sorry visit the man-devourer
 Made to the Hall of the Hart that night.
 Dread was the din, the Danes were frightened
 By the uproar wild of the ale-spilling fray.
 The hardest blenched as the hall foes wrestled 365
 In terrible rage. The rafters groaned;
 'Twas wonder great that the wine hall stood,
 Firm 'gainst the fighters' furious onslaught,
 Nor fell to the ground, that glorious building.
 With bands of iron 'twas braced and stiffened 370
 Within and without. But off from the sill
 Many a mead-bench mounted with gold
 Was wrung where they wrestled in wrath together.
 The Scylding nobles never imagined
 That open attack, or treacherous cunning, 375
 Could wreck or ruin their royal hall,
 The lofty and antlered, unless the flames
 Should some day swallow it up in smoke.
 The din was renewed, the noise redoubled;
 Each man of the Danes was mute with dread, 380
 That heard from the wall the horrible wail,
 The gruesome song of the godless foe,
 His howl of defeat, as the fiend of hell

Bemoaned his hurt. The man held fast;
 Greatest he was in grip of strength, 385
 Of all that dwelt upon earth that day.

Loath in his heart was the hero-deliverer
 To let escape his slaughterous guest.
 Of little use that life he deemed
 To human kind. The comrades of Beowulf 390
 Unsheathed their weapons to ward their leader,
 Eagerly brandished their ancient blades,
 The life of their peerless lord to defend.
 Little they deemed, those dauntless warriors,
 As they leaped to the fray, those lusty fighters, 395
 Laying on boldly to left and to right,
 Eager to slay, that no sword upon earth,
 No keenest weapon, could wound that monster:
 Point would not pierce, he was proof against iron;
 'Gainst victory blades the devourer was charmed. 400
 But a woeful end awaited the wretch,
 That very day he was doomed to depart,
 And fare afar to the fiends' domain.

Now Grendel found, who in former days
 So many a warrior had wantonly slain, 405
 In brutish lust, abandoned of God,
 That the frame of his body was breaking at last.
 Keen of courage, the kinsman of Hygelac
 Held him grimly gripped in his hands.
 Loath was each to the other alive. 410
 The grisly monster got his death wound:
 A huge split opened under his shoulder;
 Crunched the socket, cracked the sinews,
 Glory great was given to Beowulf.
 But Grendel escaped with his gaping wound, 415
 O'er the dreary moor his dark den sought,
 Crawled to his lair. 'Twas clear to him then,
 The count of his hours to end had come,
 Done were his days. The Danes were glad,
 The hard fight was over, they had their desire. 420
 Cleared was the hall, 'twas cleansed by the hero
 With keen heart and courage, who came from afar.

The lord of the Jutes rejoiced in his work,
 The deed of renown he had done that night.
 His boast to the Danes he bravely fulfilled; 425
 From lingering woe delivered them all;
 From heavy sorrow they suffered in heart;
 From dire distress they endured so long;
 From toil and from trouble. This token they saw:
 The hero had laid the hand of Grendel 430
 Both arm and claws, the whole forequarter
 With clutches huge, 'neath the high-peaked roof.

SUMMARY OF THE LAST TWO ADVENTURES OF BEOWULF

THE SLAYING OF GRENDEL'S MOTHER

The victory over Grendel is celebrated with feasting, drinking, long speeches, and the giving of gifts to Beowulf. That night the hall of Heorot is once more occupied by Hrothgar's followers, although the King and Beowulf sleep elsewhere. But security is short-lived. While the thanes are sleeping, Grendel's mother seeks the hall to avenge her son. On the awakening of the warriors she seizes and drags away the nearest one, who happens to be Aeschere (ě'shēr-ě), Hrothgar's dearest friend. She also recovers her son's bloody talon hanging beneath the roof. Hrothgar in despair appeals to Beowulf, describing the home of the monsters as a dreadful "mere" surrounded by windy cliffs where a marvelous light is seen beneath the water, into which not even a hunted stag dare plunge.

On arriving at this fearsome place, Beowulf and his companions see the head of Aeschere at the foot of the cliff, and the bloody foam on the waters gives evidence that his body has been carried below to the monster's den. Hideous sea serpents or "nickers" are playing about the surface. Beowulf scatters them with a blast of his horn and a bolt from his bow, which kills one of them. Having shown the monsters what to expect if they molest him, Beowulf prepares to pursue Grendel's mother into the whirlpool. He is in full armor and carries Hrunting, a famous sword lent him by Unferth. It takes him an hour to touch bottom, but finally he encounters the sea hag, reputed to be a hundred years old. She attacks him with her claws, but his chain mail protects him, and she is able by her close grip only to prevent his using his sword. Soon, however, he frees his arm and gives her a swinging blow on the head. Strange to say, the mighty sword apparently has no power against this witch. Hurling the hilt to the ground, he seizes the creature by the hair; he stumbles; they roll on the sea floor together; she attacks him with a knife; again his corselet saves him. At

last he overcomes her, and spying a magic sword, he clutches it and with one violent stroke is able to cleave her neck bone. Thus ends Grendel's mother.

THE FIGHT WITH THE FIRE-DRAKE

In the course of time Beowulf becomes king and rules his country for many years. When an old man, he learns of the ravages in his own land by a fire-dragon who is guardian over a huge treasure, buried three hundred years before by an earl. Beowulf insists that it is his duty to free his country of a pest by his own hand, just as he had done for Hrothgar. He carries an iron shield to ward off the flames breathed out by the dragon. Before leaving his followers, he once more makes a "battle-boast" that he will win fame in the defense of his people as he did in the days of his youth. He tells his followers that he is in the hands of Wyrð (Fate) and that he will meet the monster alone.

Not daunted by the fiery stream issuing from the cave, the hero sends his battle cry into its rocky depths and is answered by the poisonous breath of the fire-drake, who appears at the entrance coiled and ready to spring. Beowulf raises his great sword and smites "the scaly worm," but the edge is turned by the creature's natural armor and the blow serves only to enrage the dragon, who now pours on the old king the full blast of his flaming breath. Even the athelings, witnessing the combat from a distance, retreat in terror, all save Wiglaf, beloved kinsman and attendant, who hastens forward to assist his lord.

But armor and weapons are of little avail. For the third time the dragon charges and fixes his fangs in the throat of Beowulf. Then Wiglaf shows his mettle by thrusting at the fire-drake from below, though his hand is badly scorched. Beowulf recovers himself and plunges his knife into the creature's coils, cutting him in two. Together the two men put an end to the monster.

But the wound in Beowulf's neck begins to throb and swell. Wiglaf unfastens the King's helmet and bathes the wound, but Beowulf realizes that his end is near. He regrets that he has no son to inherit his weapons, and then he sums up his life in these words:

This land I have ruled
Fifty winters. No folk-king dared,
None of the chiefs of the neighboring tribes,
To touch me with sword, or assail me with terror
Of battle-threats. I bided at home,
Held my peace and my heritage kept,
Seeking no feuds nor swearing false oaths.
This gives me comfort and gladdens me now,
Though wounded sore and sick unto death.

He bids Wiglaf bring the hoard of treasure that he has rescued for his people from the fire-dragon. Upon seeing it, the King says that he can now die content. He requests that, after the burning of his body on the seashore, a great beacon be erected on the spot to serve as a guide to sailors in future years. He gives Wiglaf the gold chain about his neck and reminds him that he is the last of the Waegmunding line. Then Beowulf's spirit departs "to find the reward of the faithful and true."

When the King's death is announced to the people, they prepare the funeral pyre in accordance with his last wishes, and cover it with helmets, breastplates, and shields. The body is burned amid great lamentation. Then the great beacon is built with ten days' toil, and rather than touch the treasure which the King has rescued, the people bury it in the base of the beacon. Twelve noble athelings ride solemnly around the beacon and chant a song in honor of their dead lord. The poem concludes:

His hearth-companions
Called him the best among kings of the earth,
Mildest of men, and most beloved,
Kindest to kinsmen, and keenest for fame.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF BEOWULF

1. Where did the story take place? Why can it be regarded as part of English literature?
2. Be able to tell each of the three episodes in your own words. Which combat do you find the most interesting? Why?
3. What are the outstanding traits of character shown by Beowulf, Unferth, Grendel, Wiglaf? Which of these characteristics were evidently admired by the Anglo-Saxons?
4. Study the unusual use of words in the poem. See how many words or phrases you can find that mean *sea*, *ship*, *armor*, *weapons*. Find at least ten different terms used for Grendel.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Write up some athletic event of your school in the style of *Beowulf*, with strong accents and alliterations. Have you observed how much word-compounding is done in newspaper accounts of athletics? Find some good examples and compare with Saxon compounds.
2. From the brief account of the mead hall in the introduction, draw a sketch, make a small model, or write a full description, supplying details from your imagination.
3. *Beowulf* has been translated into rhymed couplets by Professor W. E. Leonard. An interesting study would be a comparison of the Leonard translation with the Spaeth translation in this book, which follows the original form more closely. Do you like the story better with or without the rhyme?

THE SEAFARER

To an island people the sea is an essential and intimate part of national life. It is not surprising, therefore, that in English literature the sea theme has probably recurred more constantly than in that of any other great nation. In reading this book watch for its reappearance. Though not the first lyric poem, "The Seafarer," of unknown authorship and date, is one of the earliest lyrics of our language. In vividness of detail and poetic quality of diction it does not suffer by comparison with "Sea Fever," a popular poem on a similar theme by England's present poet laureate, John Masefield. The translator, Dr. J. Duncan Spaeth, has arranged the poem as a dialogue. The original is not divided in this way, but the arrangement is warranted by the contrast suggested in the poem itself between bitter experience and youthful enthusiasm. It is the earliest example in our literature of the difference in point of view between realism and romance.

The Old Sailor

True is the tale that I tell of my travels,	
Sing of my seafaring sorrows and woes;	
Hunger and hardship's heaviest burdens,	
Tempest and terrible toil of the deep,	
Daily I've borne on the deck on my boat.	5
Fearful the welter of waves that encompassed me,	
Watching at night on the narrow bow,	
As she drove by the rocks, and drenched me with spray.	
Fast to the deck my feet were frozen,	
Gripped by the cold, while care's hot surges	10
My heart o'erwhelmed, and hunger's pangs	
Sapped the strength of my sea-weary spirit.	
Little he knows whose lot is happy,	
Who lives at ease in the lap of the earth,	
How, sick at heart, o'er icy seas,	15
Wretched I ranged the winter through,	
Bare of joys, and banished from friends,	
Hung with icicles, stung by hailstones.	
Nought I heard but the hollow boom	
Of wintry waves, or the wild swan's whoop.	20
For singing I had the solan's scream;	
For peals of laughter, the yelp of the seal;	
The sea-mew's cry, for the mirth of the mead-hall.	

Shrill through the roar of the shrieking gale
 Lashing along the sea-cliff's edge, 25
 Pierces the ice-plumed petrel's defiance,
 And the wet-winged eagle's answering scream.

Little he dreams that drinks life's pleasure,
 By danger untouched in the shelter of towns,
 Insolent and wine-proud, how utterly weary 30
 Oft I wintered on open seas.
 Night fell black, from the north it snowed
 Harvest of hail.

The Youth

Oh, wildly my heart
 Beats in my bosom and bids me to try
 The tumble and surge of seas tumultuous, 35
 Breeze and brine and the breakers' roar.
 Daily, hourly, drives me my spirit
 Outward to sail, far countries to see.
 Liveth no man so large in his soul,
 So gracious in giving, so gay in his youth, 40
 In deeds so daring, so dear to his lord,
 But frets his soul for his sea-adventure,
 Fain to try what fortune shall send.
 Harping he heeds not, nor hoarding of treasure;
 Nor woman can win him, nor joys of the world. 45
 Nothing doth please but the plunging billows;
 Ever he longs, who is lured by the sea.
 Woods are abloom, the wide world awakens,
 Gay are the mansions, the meadows most fair;
 These are but warnings, that haste on his journey 50
 Him whose heart is hungry to taste
 The perils and pleasures of the pathless deep.

The Old Sailor

Dost mind the cuckoo mournfully calling?
 The summer's watchman sorrow forbodes.
 What does the landsman that wantons in luxury, 55
 What does he reck of the rough sea's woe,
 The cares of the exile, whose keel has explored
 The uttermost parts of the ocean-ways!

The Youth

Sudden my soul starts from her prison-house,
 Soareth afar o'er the sounding main; 60
 Hovers on high, o'er the home of the whale;
 Back to me darts the bird-sprite and beckons,
 Winging her way o'er woodland and plain,
 Hungry to roam, and bring me where glisten
 Glorious tracts of glimmering foam. 65
 This life on land is lingering death to me,
 Give me the gladness of God's great sea.

ANGLO-SAXON RIDDLES

Although the major entertainment at the Anglo-Saxon banquet was undoubtedly the celebration by scop or gleeman of great exploits of heroes, another form of amusement was the propounding of a riddle to be guessed by the audience. The popularity of these riddles among the Saxons may have equaled that of crossword puzzles in recent years. About ninety of these poems have been preserved in the Saxon manuscript in Exeter Cathedral. When or by whom they were composed is unknown. A theory that they were written by Cynewulf, the author of several poems on Christian themes, has been disproved; probably many persons had a hand in them. Solutions were not given in the old manuscript; so modern scholars have been forced, like the original guessers, to supply their own answers. That you may approach them in the same way, the answer to each (that is, the name of the object described in the poem) is not given here, but will be found on page 42.

RIDDLE I

A moth ate a word! To me that seemed
 A strange thing to happen, when I heard that wonder —
 A worm that would swallow the speech of a man,
 Sayings of strength steal in the dark,
 Thoughts of the mighty; yet the thieving sprite 5
 Was none the wiser for the words he had eaten!

RIDDLE II

Wounded I am, and weary with fighting;
 Gashed by the iron, gored by the point of it,
 Sick of battle-work, battered and scarred.

Many a fearful fight have I seen, when
 Hope there was none, or help in the thick of it, 5
 Ere I was down and fordone in the fray.
 Offspring of hammers, hardest of battle-blades,
 Smithied in forges, fell on me savagely,
 Doomed to bear the brunt and the shock of it,
 Fierce encounter of clashing foes. 10
 Leech cannot heal my hurts with his simples,
 Salves for my sores have I sought in vain.
 Blade-cuts dolorous, deep in the side of me,
 Daily and nightly redouble my wounds.

RIDDLE III

I war with the wind, with the waves I wrestle;
 I must battle with both when the bottom I seek,
 My strange habitation by surges o'erroofed.
 I am strong in the strife, while still I remain;
 As soon as I stir, they are stronger than I. 5
 They wrench and they wrest, till I run from my foes;
 What was put in my keeping they carry away.
 If my back be not broken, I baffle them still;
 The rocks are my helpers, when hard I am pressed;
 Grimly I grip them. Guess what I'm called. 10

Anglo-Saxon Prose

BEDE (673-735)

Anglo-Saxon prose did not develop until after the introduction of Christianity in the late sixth century. In the secluded cloisters of Jarrow in Northumbria our first notable writer of prose, the monk Bede, wrote about forty books on widely varying subjects and thereby won fame throughout Europe. Today in beautiful Durham Cathedral, in northeastern England, one can still see the great stone tomb of Bede with its rhymed Latin inscription:

Hac sunt in fossa

Here are in the tomb

Bedaе Venerabilis ossa.

The bones of the Venerable Bede.

According to legend, when the monk who composed this epitaph was at a loss for a word to fit into the second line, an angel supplied the word

venerabilis in a dream, and thereafter the historian was always known as the Venerable Bede.

Except for his translation of the Gospel of St. John into the vernacular, a work afterward lost, his writings were in Latin. Fortunately his most famous work, *An Ecclesiastical History of the English People*, was translated into the native language by King Alfred, and thus its position as part of English literature was strengthened. The story of Caedmon, taken from this history, shows Bede's direct narrative style and illustrates the legends of the ancient monasteries.

THE STORY OF CAEDMON

In this Abbess' Minster was a certain brother extraordinarily magnified and honored with a divine gift; for he was wont to make fitting songs which conduced to religion and piety; so that whatever he learned through clerks of the holy writings, that he, after a little space, would usually adorn with the greatest sweetness and feeling, and bring forth in the English tongue; and by his songs the minds of many men were often inflamed with contempt for the world, and with desire of heavenly life. And moreover, many others after him, in the English nation, sought to make pious songs; but yet none could do like him, for he had not been taught from men, nor through man, to learn the poetic art; but he was divinely aided, and through God's grace received the art of song. And he therefore never might make ought to leasing¹ or of idle poems, but just those only which conduced to religion, and which it became his pious tongue to sing. The man was placed in worldly life until the time that he was of mature age, and had never learned any poem; and he therefore often in convivial society, when, for the sake of mirth, it was resolved that they all in turn should sing to the harp, when he saw the harp approaching him, then for shame he would rise from the assembly and go home to his house.

When he so on a certain time did, that he left the house of the convivial meeting, and was gone out to the stall of the cattle, the care of which that night had been committed to him — when he there, at proper time, placed his limbs on the bed and slept, then stood some man by him, in a dream, and hailed and greeted him, and named him by his name, saying, "Caedmon, sing me something." Then he answered and said, "I cannot sing anything, and therefore I went out from this convivial meeting, and retired hither, because I could not." Again he who was speaking with him said, "Yet thou must sing to

¹ leasing: lying.

me." Said he, "What shall I sing?" Said he, "Sing me the origin of things." When he received this answer, then he began forthwith to sing, in praise of God the creator, the verses and the words which he had never heard, the order of which is this:

"Now must we praise
the Guardian of heaven's kingdom,
the Creator's might,
and his mind's thought;
glorious Father of men!
as of every wonder he,
Lord eternal,
formed the beginning.
He first framed
for the children of earth
the heaven as a roof;
holy Creator!
then mid-earth,
the Guardian of mankind,
the eternal Lord,
afterward produced;
the earth for men,
Lord Almighty! "

Then he arose from sleep, and had fast in mind all that he sleeping had sung, and to those words forthwith joined many words of song worthy of God in the same measure.

Then came he in the morning to the town reeve, who was his superior, and said to him what gift he had received; and he forthwith led him to the abbess, and told, and made that known to her. Then she bade all the most learned men and the learners to assemble, and in their presence bade him tell the dream, and sing the poem; that, by the judgment of them all, it might be determined why or whence that was come. Then it seemed to them all, so as it was, that to him, from the Lord himself, a heavenly gift had been given. Then they expounded to him and said some holy history, and words of godly lore; then bade him, if he could, to sing some of them, and turn them into the melody of song. When he had undertaken the thing, then went he home to his house, and came again in the morning, and sang and gave to them, adorned with the best poetry, what had been entrusted to him.

Then began the abbeſs to make much of and love the grace of God in the man; and ſhe then exhorted and inſtructed him to forſake worldly life and take to monkhood: and he that well approved. And ſhe received him into the minſter with his goods, and aſſociated him with the congregation of thoſe ſervants of God, and cauſed him to be taught the ſeries of the Holy Hiſtory and Goſpel; and he, all that he could learn by hearing, meditated with himſelf, and, as a clean ² animal, ruminating, turned into the ſweeteſt verſe: and his ſong and his verſe were ſo winsome to hear, that his teachers themſelves wrote and learned from his mouth. He firſt ſang of earth's creation, and of the origin of mankind, and all the hiſtory of Genesis, which is the firſt book of Moſes, and then of the departure of the people of Iſrael from the Egyptians' land, and of the entrance of the land of promiſe, and of many other hiſtories of the canonical books of Holy Writ; and of Chriſt's incarnation, and of his paſſion, and of his aſcenſion into heaven; and of the coming of the Holy Ghhoſt, and the doctrine of the Apoſtles. And alſo of the terror of the doom to come, and the fear of hell torment, and the ſweetneſs of the heavenly kingdom, he made many poems; and, in like manner, many others of the divine benefits and judgments he made; in all which he earneſtly took care to draw men from the love of ſins and wicked deeds, and to excite to a love and deſire of good deeds; for he was a very pious man, and to regular diſciplines humbly ſubjected; and againſt thoſe who in otherwiſe would act, he was inflamed with the heat of great zeal. And he therefore with a fair end his life cloſed and ended.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF THE ANGLO-SAXON AGE

1. Study the different invaſions of England with the help of the time chart, page 17, and the map, page 6, until you are ſure of the time and location of the various ſettlements of this period.
2. If the literature of this ſection were your only ſource of information about the Anglo-Saxons, what knowledge of them would you obtain from it? What additional points have you learned from the Introduction, pages 7-17? from other ſources?
3. By what means has the literature of the Anglo-Saxons been preſerved for us? Give ſpecific examples. Diſcuſs how complete our record of Anglo-Saxon literature is to-day.
4. What are the outſtanding characteristics of the ſubject matter and ſtyle of Anglo-Saxon poetry? What part did poetry play in the life of thoſe days? How was its meter in keeping with its purpoſe and uſe?
5. Practice reading the poetry aloud to get the ſwing of its four-accent

² **clean:** ſuitable for ſacrifice to God.



EDGAR THE PACIFIC, one of the eight kings who succeeded Alfreð, pictured with his tributary Celtic vassals.

lines. Point out eight or ten examples of lines where the translator has been able to preserve the alliteration of the first three accents as in the original.

6. Make a list of striking compound words. Are any of these in use today? Mark those which especially show poetic imagination.

7. Make a list of Anglo-Saxon poems under the headings: (1) Epic, (2) Shorter narratives, (3) Lyrics. Characterize the subject matter of each poem by a phrase or two.

8. Explain what part in Anglo-Saxon literature is played by each of the following: Caedmon, Bede, Alfreð, Aelfric. Which do you think the most interesting? the most influential on his age?

9. A helpful way to line up information in a notebook for review and permanent record is to make an outline for each chapter under the following headings: (1) Main historical events of the age, (2) Social and political characteristics of the age, (3) Outstanding literary characteristics of the age, (4) Authors, with the works of each listed under his name and characterized by a phrase or sentence.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Without consulting books, let the class together make out a list of all the pieces of literature about the sea which they have ever read. Keep this list and add to it as you go through this book. An interesting project would be the preparation of an anthology of sea poetry illustrated by artists in the class.

2. A short program of legends of early church history told by different

students would afford interesting comparison with the story of Caedmon. Many have been retold by modern authors, such as Longfellow's "The Legend Beautiful" in *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. What others can you find?

3. What relationship was there between the Anglo-Saxon language and modern English? An interesting side project would be to make a list of common words in English today which have come to us from the languages of the other nations on your list of invaders.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES (page 36)

I. The Bookworm. II. The Shield. III. The Anchor.

READING LIST FOR THE ANGLO-SAXON AGE

ANGLO-SAXON LITERATURE IN TRANSLATION

- | | |
|--|---|
| * <i>Beowulf</i> , entire poem, in translation by Duncan Spaeth or by William Ellery Leonard | "Widsith" |
| * "Deor's Lament" | * "The Battle of Brunanburh," translated by Alfred Tennyson |
| "The Voyages of Ohthere and Wulfstan," from Alfred's translation of Orosius | * "The Parable of Man's Life" |
| | Riddles |
| | "Exodus" |
| | Cynewulf: "Christ" and "Elene" |

IMPORTANT BOOKS ABOUT THE PERIOD

Literature

- Austin, Alfred: *England's Darling* (play)
- Bulwer-Lytton, Edward: *Harold, The Last of the Saxon Kings* (novel)
- Chesterton, G. K.: "The Ballad of the White Horse" (poem)
- * Longfellow, Henry W.: "The Discoverer of the North Cape" (poem)
- * Millay, Edna St. Vincent: *The King's Henchman* (opera)
- * Shakespeare, William: *King Lear*; *Cymbeline* (tragedies)
- Tennyson, Alfred: *Harold* (tragedy)
- * Twain, Mark: *A Connecticut*

Yankee in King Arthur's Court (novel)

For other books about King Arthur see Middle English Period, page 129.

Historical Accounts

- Green, J. R.: *The Making of England*
- Krapp, George P.: *In Oldest England*
- Macfadyen, D.: *Alfred, the West Saxon King of the English*
- Oman, C.: *England before the Norman Conquest*
- * Tappan, E. M.: *In the Days of Alfred the Great*

* Starred books are those most suitable for high school students.
See also the General Reference Lists at the end of this volume.

¶ Epithat prologue ¶



¶ Prima pars ¶

Here begynneth the Segge of thebes ful
lamenteably tolde by Iohn lidgate monke of
Russey anuevynge u to the callys of Canterbury

Sho quod I sch of youre Emperoure
I outerde am in to poure Compaignye
And admyred a tale for to cele
py him thei Aark poure to compile
mine oure hope gotenere and gyde

Of poure ekeone ydeyne here bysode
thogh my rote bareyne be and dulle
I wolde reherce a story wonderfulle
and lenger the sigge and depnacyon
Of worthy thebes the myghty royale dog
wile and bygonne of olde aquaune
Upon the tyne of worthy Josue
By diligence of hyge thuphion
Cheff canse first of this foundacyon

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THE CANTERBURY TALES

An illuminated page from a royal manuscript
in the British Museum

THE PERIOD OF MIDDLE-ENGLISH

1066-1550

The Normans and Duke William. The Danes — Norsemen, Northmen, or Vikings — invaded France about the time that King Alfred was fighting them in England. In 876 they sailed up the Seine, and were persuaded by the Archbishop of Rouen to settle peaceably. They married women of the Franks and within a century they had adopted from the more civilized Franks a new faith, a new speech, and a new social system. The name Norseman was changed to Norman. They retained their warlike propensities, but likewise submitted to Holy Church and became French Christians. Much of the English stock was the same as theirs. Furthermore, King Ethelred of England, and King Canute after he died, had married Princess Emma of Normandy — an additional bond between the two countries.

The rulers of the Normans had become dukes under the French king. One of them was destined to lead the last of the great invasions of England. This was William, son of Duke Robert. As a mere boy he distinguished himself in the battle which made him master of his duchy. He grew to be a peerless knight, huge of frame, and fiercely gay and defiant. In 1051, he visited his first cousin, Edward the Confessor, King of England. Afterward William claimed that during this visit Edward promised him that he should be England's next king. This Edward had no right to do, as the King of England was elected by the Witan, the national council. Harold, the son of Earl Godwin, had on his father's death become the powerful Earl of Wessex. Unfortunately he was once driven by a storm into a Norman harbor. Duke William made him prisoner and forced him, in order to regain his freedom, to take oath that the Duke of Normandy should be the next King of England. But when Edward the Confessor died early in 1066, the bishops and nobles elected Harold.

The Conquest. William of Normandy was furious. He had Pope Alexander II excommunicate Harold and all his retainers for breach of oath. In the autumn of that year he crossed the English

Channel, while Harold was defeating invaders in the North. Harold hastened south and met him on a spur of the Sussex downs at Senlac, near Hastings. Against Harold's force of poorly armed men of the soil the Norman knights advanced, with Taillefer, a minstrel, riding at their head, singing in a glorious voice of Charlemagne and Roland; he was first to strike and first to fall.

Duke William won after an all-day battle. The English fighters had no archers, and the Norman archers dropped dense flights of arrows on them. Harold was slain. Under cover of night the English fled. Duke William was crowned King of England in the Abbey of Westminster, which Edward the Confessor had turned into a royal chapel.

Norman Contrasted with Saxon. Symbolic of the romance and chivalry that the Normans brought to England is the figure of Taillefer, singing at the front of their battle array. The Normans loved color and splendor and pageantry. The English have loved it ever since. The Normans were quick-witted, ingenious, with a gift for governmental organization which made them regard the honest, slow-moving, serious-minded Saxons as dull. Taillefer's songs illustrated their love of long-winded "metrical romances" or "story poems" about heroes of the past. These romances originated in the French *chansons de geste*, being rhymed novels of chivalry about some knight's great deeds for the lady to whom he paid homage. They took the place of the versified storytelling of the early Saxons seen in *Beowulf*.

These early English folk were chiefly peasants of Saxon and Danish stock, "living in village communities, cut off from each other by woods and heaths, and grouped around the wooden church and their lord's hall." Yet it took William the Conqueror five years to spread his rule over England. Prolonged resistance, especially that led by Hereward the Wake in the marshy fen country around Ely, was partly broken down by a great famine, and then wholly overcome. The race was stagnant, shaken by the latest Danish outbreaks. It had little discipline, education, or contact with the rest of the world. Such was the England which William I set out to govern.

French Welded with Anglo-Saxon Language. At the beginning of the Norman period French was the language spoken in every castle and abbey. Anglo-Saxon, though still the daily speech of the conquered, became practically extinct as a written language. Most high-school students are familiar with the famous conversation between Gurth and Wamba in the first chapter of *Ivanhoe* about

the relative positions of the two tongues. As the two nations were welded, so inevitably were the two languages. During the centuries when Anglo-Saxon ceased to be written it lost its complicated inflections, and new writers of the thirteenth century wrote it as it was spoken, each in his own dialect and spelling. Thus the new Anglo-Saxon is a halfway step between the old inflected language and modern English. By the fifteenth century Norman-French and Anglo-Saxon had blended into various dialects throughout the country, which through later writings, as we shall see, tended to become standardized.

Today, when we use words like *break-fast*, *house-hold*, *horse-back*, and other words for simple homely things, we are going back to the Anglo-Saxon. When we use a word that has to do with rank or power, fashion or government or architecture, it is likely to be a word of French derivation. Since Norman-French was a romance language — that is, based upon Latin — a large proportion of our present language is built upon Latin roots, prefixes, and suffixes. Through the church a great many terms entered the language directly from Latin, but this was principally in the sixteenth century. Today English is a wonderful composite of words from almost every spoken language; hence its richness in synonyms.

What Feudalism Was. It is not altogether true that the Normans introduced the feudal system into England. The small man in England, even before the Normans, was a tenant of the great man, in return for his protection. But William the Conqueror introduced the idea that all the land was the king's and was the gift of the king, to be apportioned as he saw fit, on condition of fealty, homage, and military service from the recipient. *Feudalism* is derived from *feud* or *fief*, the name of the land a person held under the king. Six hundred acres, a knight's fief, required in return the service of one knight for forty days a year. The king lent the land to his nobles, and the nobles, in their turn, lent portions of it to lesser nobles in return for military service. These second-class nobles were called "mesne¹ lords." They parceled out their land to their followers, who became their tenants, owing them certain services for its use. Thus, almost overnight, Norman men-at-arms became landholders, and hence gentlemen; while the original Anglo-Saxons, dispossessed of their land, fell into the position of serfs and villeins, working the fields for the feudal lords, and turning over most of the profits for the privilege. The land became organized under a kind of spoils system. The serf

¹ **mesne** (pronounced mēn): middle.

was bound to the piece of land where he lived and was sold with the land; the villein, at first a free peasant, later suffered many restrictions. The principal classes of people were the lords, the clergy, and the peasantry, free or bound.

William Strengthens the Power of the King. William the Conqueror saw a flaw in the system. He did not wish the lords or barons to become too powerful. They might use their great landed power not *for* him but *against* him. So as he conquered each district in turn and dealt out the land to his nobles, he did not give each one a large portion, but smaller scattered sections. These pieces, or estates, came to be called manors, and a baron with a large holding might have a number of them, but in different parts of the country. Thus he could not easily assemble all his fighting men, because they lived in separated parts of England. Great numbers of castles were built as forts to guard the country. At first no noble was allowed to own a fortified inland castle, but this rule was later broken, in the reign of Stephen.

William did another clever thing. Twenty years after the Conquest, he gathered together all landowning men, however small their share, and made them take an oath of allegiance to him. Henceforth, an Englishman's first duty was not to his local lord but to his king. This was really the seed of national patriotism as the world has known it, because loyalty to the king finally became loyalty to England. If a vassal took the part of his lord against the king, he was technically guilty of treason.

In dividing the land the French barons had most, the Church the next largest amount (about half of the barons' share), the royal family still less, and the Anglo-Saxon barons a very small portion, larger only than that belonging to the royal officers.

Since England is not much larger than the state of Pennsylvania, ownership of land in England has always been highly esteemed. Landholding possesses a dignity there that we can hardly realize. The whole English social system has been built on it. The records of their landholding go back to William the Conqueror's *Domesday Book*, a great rent roll or tally of all the population which, after six years of work, was completed in 1086. A *dome* meant a judgment or estimate: but since the book legalized the large confiscation of Saxon lands, it proved the day of doom for many a landowner.

The Conqueror Rules. William the Conqueror (1066-1087) knit his realm closely together under the government of the king. He made a curfew law, named from the French *couvre feu* or cover

fire, to prevent night meetings of discontented Saxons. Through harsh forest laws he set aside vast tracts of land or forest preserves for his own hunting. Consequently bands of outlaws, like those of Robin Hood, preyed upon their Norman oppressors and often relieved the poverty of the Saxon peasants. With the Saxon nobles impoverished and weakened, the soldiers, courtiers, knights, and nobles were now practically all Normans, and under them the English villeins and serfs lived in comparative misery. Only about a sixth of the more than two hundred thirty thousand peasants were free. There were more serfs than the combined number of people in all the other classes. Everyone had to pay a *tithe*, a tenth of his income, to the Church.

While William taxed his people heavily, he gave England a strong central government. He maintained local military service, and made the shire or county the unit of government, under the shire-reeve or sheriff, who collected all rents and dues. (You will remember Robin Hood's long feud later on with the Sheriff of Nottingham!) William abolished powerful earldoms, such as Earl Godwin's had been. Against rebellious barons he could now muster county militia under the sheriffs; several intrigues were crushed in this manner, while the menace of Danish invasion had passed forever. Law and custom began to operate so as to give greater security even to peasants.

The Middle Ages Unified by Great Institutions. Though William's immediate successors were inferior rulers, the new regime persisted, and England entered upon the long period of history called the Middle Ages. During these centuries a gradual fusion of Norman and Saxon was taking place, to result eventually in a unified English nation. In a stretch of almost five hundred years there are bound to be great changes of life and custom, yet a few dominating major institutions gave these centuries a certain unity of style, not only in England, but throughout Western Europe. Some of these institutions and concepts, closely bound up with one another though called by distinct names, were feudalism, chivalry, the medieval Church, the Crusades, Gothic architecture, and the guilds. By the Elizabethan Age (sixteenth century) every one of these typical medieval institutions had either been greatly modified or become obsolete.

Chivalry, the Flower of Feudalism. The general plan of feudalism as introduced by William has already been outlined. Chivalry, practiced only by the nobility, may be described as the flower that blossomed from the plant of feudalism. The word is derived from the French *cheval*, a horse, and is concerned with the ideal and

practice of knighthood, for a knight was originally an armed warrior on horseback. Chivalry trained a man in (1) reverence toward women, (2) service to the Church, and (3) allegiance to the king. It emphasized the gentler, more spiritual side of life, though it also involved fighting for one's ideals. In so bloody a period it mitigated some of the horrors of existence. The training of a boy in the practice of chivalry consisted of the following stages:

(1) At seven he became a page in the castle of a baron. For seven years he was trained by the ladies of the baron's house, and one particular lady was delegated to him as his special instructress. She taught him music and polite manners.

(2) At fourteen the boy became a squire, and learned to endure all sorts of hardship. He was clad in mail and learned feats of arms. He also accompanied his lord to tournaments or war and served him in every way.

(3) At twenty-one, the boy might become a knight, but must first have accomplished some special feat of arms to deserve the honor. He was supposed by then to have chosen some particular lady of the land to whom to render "homage" (word originally used of declaring yourself a complete vassal to your lord). This lady might be married or come from a class of society far above that of the knight. The object was not matrimony or any other intimacy. She was simply the knight's lady and all his exploits were dedicated to her. His devotion brought a blessing upon his acts.

Knights and barons and castles sound very grand. But the life of those days would be extraordinarily uncomfortable to us. The castles were drafty and inadequately heated. The windows were crude, either without glass or with window sashes so badly fitted that the storms blew right inside. The rush-covered floors hid layers of filth, including old bones thrown from the table to the shaggy, snarling dogs. People ate with their fingers and wiped their hands on their clothes. To be sure, the castle walls were hung with beautiful tapestry and arras, and the knights and ladies dressed in fine brightly colored stuffs; but their table manners would have shamed the humblest today. What furniture they had was unwieldy and certainly not built for comfort. The ladies were usually sewing clothes, embroidering on large frames, or making tapestries.

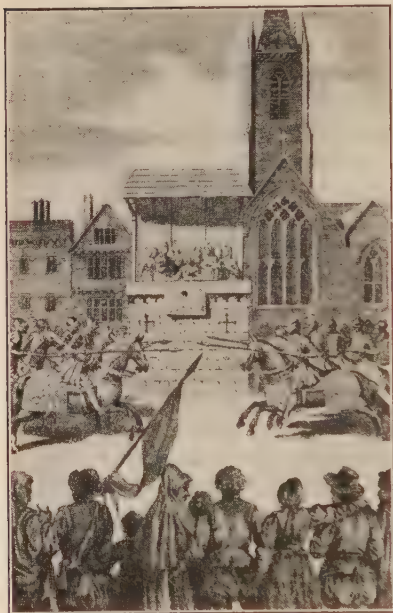
Medieval Costume Picturesque and Colorful. Although the style of dress varied considerably over a period of centuries, the medieval costume was rich in fabric and picturesque in cut. The Norman love of color showed itself in contrast to the more sedate clothes of the Saxons, especially toward the latter part of the period when weaving and dyeing developed into a major industry. Aside

from their armor, the Norman nobles wore long-sleeved tunics that reached to their feet, pointed shoes, and hoods for bad weather. Or they wore shorter tunics and a loose sort of trouser sometimes bound round with thongs. Their shoes were of soft skin or leather and their socks of wool. The court jester wore a parti-colored costume hung with bells, and the yeoman, a suit of Lincoln green with scalloped edges.

The Norman ladies wore long-sleeved robes and cloaks. At first their hair was plaited and worn long. Later the woman's tunic became a close-fitting gown covered by a voluminous mantle; while her hair was done up in a net with a veil, and a wimple of linen went under her chin covering her neck up to the veil — something like a nun's today. Outdoors she wore a hood, or sometimes a large flat hat above a wimple. In the fourteenth century the headdress developed to ridiculous proportions. Whether conical or spreading, it was usually topped by a long flowing veil which hung to the waist or to the ground. On the clothing of the wealthy nobles fur and jewels were freely used. In contrast the peasants wore the simplest, most primitive clothes and often went barefoot. Serfs wore collars of iron or other metal marked with the master's name and their own for identification.

Entertainment. With considerable leisure on their hands, the castle people could listen to long poems about knightly exploits which would bore the present age. These "metrical romances," centered around some hero of history who had lived far enough in the past so that the truth of his supposed exploits could not be questioned. Alexander the Great, Charlemagne, and Roland were favorites the Normans brought with them from the Continent; but the hero who really belongs to English soil is Arthur, the shadowy Celtic king who withstood the Saxons near the Welsh border in the sixth century. Arthur, as we know him today through literature, belongs not at all to pre-Saxon days but to the Middle English period of chivalry, when he was first portrayed with all the ideals of medieval knighthood centering about him.

There were, of course, knights-errant, or wandering knights, who rode through the countryside in quest of adventure. They would rather fight than eat, and would hang their shield up on some tree in the forest and wait to challenge the first mounted man who came by. Sometimes they rescued fair ladies from wicked knights and enchanters, for the age carried the worship of women to an extravagant extreme. But these exploits are chiefly fictions of the time. A truer



A MEDIEVAL TOURNAMENT. Valiant knights strive in the lists to win the favor of their ladies. (Culver Service)

idea of a knight's small mental powers and his life of stupid battle after battle will be found in Mark Twain's fantastic and amusing story, *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*, of which two motion pictures have been made.

Tournaments the Favorite Sport. The most popular amusement of this age was the tournament, which may be compared in many ways to an inter-collegiate football game of to-day. The tournament was held on a large piece of level ground, called "the lists," with a sort of grandstand on either side. At either end was a large tent or pavilion for opposing knights. The ground was divided by a low barrier into two courses or runways, down which the knights could charge against each other, lances in rest. This

type of contest was known as a joust. The second type, the tourney, had several knights on each side; when they came to blows, it was known as the melee or mellay. In the tourney there was no barrier.

The knights were in full armor with their helmet visors closed. In the earlier Norman days the armor for the body was largely of chain mail, but the fourteenth century marked the gradual transition to plate armor, until in the fifteenth century the man was completely incased in iron plates skillfully fitted together to permit active fighting. Even the horses were protected by similar plates. The suits of armor were often covered with elaborate designs of engraving or embossing. The opponents tilted at each other with long lances, each trying to knock the other off his horse. Once on foot, they fought with swords. These combats could be either with harmless blunted weapons or with sharp weapons. Usually wounds and scars were coveted. A struggle *à l'outrance* found the knights armed as for a real battle. It was

fought to the last extremity (or "utterance"), which means that it frequently ended in death.

Heralds with trumpets announced challenges, marshaled the combatants, and sounded the charge. The watching galleries and boxes, decorated with flaunting pennons, were full of beautiful ladies and gaily dressed nobles, making a spectacle rich in color. A knight frequently wore the favor of his particular lady upon his helmet. This might be a ribbon or even a whole sleeve. There was, of course, a dark side to this phase of chivalry. Many of the knights were seriously crippled for life, and poisonous hatreds and enmities were bred in the heart. Tournaments were not really sport at all; but physical bravery was worshiped in those days.

How a Country Estate Was Operated. Only the great barons and their retainers lived in pretentious castles. A lesser knight occupied a manor house, which was the focal point of a manor, or estate, given him by the king or some powerful noble in return for allegiance and military service. Wealthy nobles often held many estates. Let us examine a medieval manor. In England today the country is all cultivated and the fields divided by neat hedges. In past ages these stretches were forests in which ranged wild boar and wolves. The land that was plowed, belonging to a typical manor, was divided by earth ridges into three fields. Two were sown for crops every year, and the other left fallow. The villagers possessed strips of land in each of the different fields. There was also the "common" or pasture land for livestock, which everyone could use.

The villeins lived in squalor in thatched huts of wood or earth, usually of one room only with a mere hole for a chimney, wooden shutters on the glassless windows, a dirt floor, and little furniture. The lord's bailiff supervised the work of the tenant laborers. Several days in the week the laborers had to work on the lord's strips of land, in return for possessing their own. At harvest time they had to work extra days for the lord. On their own strips of land they had to raise enough to support their families. Under this system the lord really owned the villeins, and also, through his steward, acted as local judge over their actions. Each manor supported itself. There was little communication between villages, as the roads were very bad. The lord who owned several manors traveled from one to another with his knights, a retinue of servants, pack horses for his baggage, and litters for the women and children of his household. The quickest traveling was done on horseback. Each village had a blacksmith, a carpenter, a wheelwright, a swineherd, a mistress of the dairy,

a miller, and so on. The villagers had to take their corn to the lord's mill to be ground.

In the first towns which began to grow up the townspeople owed service to their lord just as did the villagers. He was their patron. The towns were fortified with strong walls and gates. But gradually, as time went on, the towns got charters, and the citizens won their freedom.

Life in a Manor. Of course, the manors needed many servants, as did the castles. We still have the phrase "lady of the manor," which meant the wife of the knight or lord. It was her duty to oversee the servants. The manor had kitchens, dairies, stables, and other buildings. In the great hall, meals were served by stewards, on rough trestle tables. Everyone cut with his knife what he wished from a joint of meat and ate it from a trencher, which was simply a flat board, later a metal dish. Today the boys of the famous Winchester school still eat their breakfast on old wooden trenchers. Rich people drank wine, the poor mead or ale, when they could get it. In the hall was a minstrel's gallery, where musicians might play during the meal. But the villeins in their huts had no such entertainment. They had, however, something else.

Medieval Ballads. While the lords and ladies of the castle and manor were listening to the high-flown language of the metrical romance, the common people of kitchen and countryside were developing a literature of their own, naturally handed down by word of mouth, since few of them could read or write. These stories are much closer to real life than the metrical romances. Most commonly they tell of the tragedies, but occasionally of the comedies, of persons who seem more like human beings than do the stock figures of the romances. The genuine folk ballad simply grew up without any one author or known date of composition. The Robin Hood ballads are the most famous, for that hero represented the chief champion of the common people against the oppressive laws of the feudal system, and the legendary halo about his head has made him, like Arthur, a favorite theme with modern writers as well.

The Medieval Church. While the king was head of the feudal system, one source of authority was higher than the king. The Church had a feudal system of its own. The Pope at Rome was sovereign of Christendom, and he was answerable only to God. Under the Pope were various degrees of ecclesiastics, each with his spiritual province. Since the Church possessed lands granted it by the king, it grew very powerful in England through its holdings. The Church

never let the ordinary man or woman forget its teaching — that this life is empty and vain, and merely a preparation for a future life, where either the bliss of Heaven or the pains of Hell would be met, according to the good or evil deeds of each person. Everyone believed literally what the Church taught. It also held the power of excommunication. This was the excluding of anybody from the Church, from spiritual things, and from the love of God. A pope had power to excommunicate even a king. He could also place a kingdom under interdict, and then no services could be held in the churches, no sacraments administered, and no one could be buried in consecrated ground. This punishment was very serious to the people of that time.

The Crusades Send Englishmen Abroad. The power of the Church is illustrated by the Crusades, which aroused all Europe to “take the cross” (as the word means) against the crescent of the “Infidel.”

The First Crusade started because the faith of Islam, preached by Mahomet, had grown too powerful in the East. Though the Moslems were pushed back when they tried to overrun Europe, they prevented English pilgrims and merchants from visiting the sepulcher of Christ in Jerusalem. In 1095 Pope Urban II preached a crusade in Southern France, offering a pardon for all debts and sins in this world to anyone who went in an army to recapture the Holy Tomb. Some Crusaders enlisted through religious zeal; others, to prevent the stoppage of Eastern trade through which they made money. A rabble went because thereby they could escape the law, the plague, monkish discipline, or harsh masters. Motives were mixed; but the crowd that shouted “*Deus vult!*” (“God wills it!”) were seized with religious fanaticism. These First Crusaders did capture Jerusalem in 1099.

The ineffective Second Crusade came fifty years later, after the Moslems had recaptured Jerusalem. In the Third Crusade rode the famous Plantagenet king of England, Richard Cœur de Lion (Lion-hearted). He failed to reconquer Jerusalem, which the great Moslem warrior, Saladin, had retaken. But Christian pilgrimage was made safe, and safe trade — so important to the merchants — was assured. This Third Crusade figures prominently in English song and story, but four later Crusades were sent out from Western Europe, until finally in 1272 the attempt to recapture Jerusalem was abandoned. Though failing in their immediate aim, the Crusades had beneficial results in stimulating commerce and developing many European cities.



CANTERBURY CATHEDRAL. Chaucer's pilgrims journeyed about sixty-five miles to visit the shrine of Saint Thomas à Becket in this cathedral.

They also added greatly to man's knowledge, through contact with the Orient. New words came into the language. The advanced arts of their Moslem enemies educated the Crusaders.

Cathedrals Our Heritage from the Medieval Church. From the religious enthusiasm of the medieval world came England's greatest architectural glory — her magnificent cathedrals. Through centuries of careful building every seat of a bishop came to have one of these great piles of stone, alike in their form of a Latin cross and their lofty roofs supported by massive pillars, but each highly individual in the details of its design. The earliest were built in the Norman style with rounded arches and simple round pillars. Later the Gothic style developed the pointed arch and a more slender, more elaborate column. Through various later modifications of Gothic, the designs of carved stone came to have the most intricate and delicate tracery, and stained-glass windows were made with a skill which has been the despair of modern workers. Since most of these cathedrals were long decades in the making, they often show interesting changes of style within a single building. Among the most famous are those across the south of England, Canterbury, Winchester, Salisbury, Exeter, and Wells, and another group toward the north and east, Ely, Lincoln, York, and Durham. The cathedrals are in active use as churches today. The monasteries and abbeys, however, were destroyed by Henry VIII and remain only as beautiful and highly

cherished ruins, like Tintern Abbey and Melrose Abbey. Innumerable small churches dating back to medieval centuries are to be found throughout the British Isles.

The Church Begins the Drama. In order to teach the people the Bible stories, long before the days of Bibles in English, the early Church started giving plays, acted in the chancel at Christmas, Easter, and other festivals. Gradually the noise and hilarity attending these scenes increased, until the scandalized priests banished the plays to the churchyard, and later refused to countenance them even there. Consequently the drama passed over into the control of the various guilds.

Guilds Control Trades and Crafts. People lived in different quarters of the town according to their trades — armorers, butchers, glovers, coopers, smiths, carpenters, or tailors. Today London has many street names denoting trades such as Bread Street, The Poultry, Ironmongers Lane, Old Fish Street. Many common English surnames of today have also come from early occupations.

Gradually the merchants engaged in similar trades banded together in guilds to insure protection and equitable trading conditions. Later the craftsmen began to organize, and there was often great rivalry between the merchant and the craft guilds. The main purpose of a craft guild was to train and furnish skilled workmen and assure an honest product. An apprentice to any craft had to serve seven years as servant to his master. He was not paid, but received his food and lodging and was taught his trade, until he became either a journeyman or a master himself. The master had to be a highly skilled craftsman and, of course, was the proprietor of his business, for whom the less skilled journeymen worked for wages.

The warden of each guild supervised all articles made by that guild and settled arguments about prices and wages. Later it became hard to get into a guild. The members were jealous of their rights and did not encourage new blood from outside. They tried to keep the work of that guild in their own families, handing down their skills from father to son. Often guilds had patron saints whom they honored by feast days. The guild funds helped the sick and old. The trade of any town was kept for members of the town guilds. "Foreigners" — even from other towns — were discouraged. But the guilds did see that careful, good work was done, and so protected the customer. There were humiliating punishments for bad work.

In the Middle Ages men did not believe in competition or the open



A MIRACLE PLAY STAGE. The trial of Christ is enacted at Easter on a movable stage in the market place. (Culver Service)

market, but certain towns held fairs — Stourbridge Fair was the most famous —

The Lombard moneychangers were there with their balances; Venetian merchants spread out their silks and velvets, their glass and jewelry. Flemings from Bruges brought their lace and linen. Greeks and Cretans displayed their raisins and almonds. . . . The Hamburg or Lübeck merchant paid with Eastern spices for the bales of wool clipped on English grazings. Noblemen bought their horses and furred gowns. Exchequer clerks moved about, collecting the import duties.

Guild Plays. To the guilds entertainment was important too. They made up and acted plays. Since the drama of the Middle Ages was born in the Church, the early plays were

simply incidents taken from the life of Christ. Priests were the actors, and the dialogue was in Latin. When holy days became holidays, the plays moved out of doors, and from the churchyard into the market place. They lost their entirely churchly character, and some introduced a comic note. As early as the twelfth century miracle plays, dealing with stories from the Bible, appeared, and by the fourteenth they were given in cycles in certain towns, as Chester, Coventry, and York, usually on Corpus Christi Day, except at Chester when they were held in Whitsun Week.

In presenting them each scene, from Creation to Judgment Day, had a movable stage of its own, a great two-story wagon like a modern float, with an open stage above and an inclosed dressing room below. Stations were designated in various parts of the town and these stages, called "pageants," stopped at each in turn long enough to present a scene. The series often spanned the whole Bible. Responsibilities for the production were appropriately divided among the trade guilds. For instance, the boatbuilders' guild presented the

shipbuilding of Noah, while the fishmongers took care of the Flood. In the New Testament stories, the goldsmiths took charge of the visit of the Wise Men to the Christ Child; the bakers presented the Last Supper; the butchers, the Crucifixion. Certain Bible characters, such as Noah's wife and Herod, became stock comedy figures, and at the height of their buffoonery even descended to rant among the audience.

The morality plays were a later development of the drama. They were intended to teach the audience the beauty of goodness and the punishment of sin. These plays were allegorical; that is, the characters were personifications of virtues and vices, such as Charity, Pride, Truth, Falsehood. More originality of plot was possible than with stories based entirely on the Bible, but the manner of presentation on movable stages was much the same. The Hell Mouth which had originated in the miracle play of the Day of Judgment became an important part of the morality play, and afforded much merriment when it gobbled up the vices, often represented as comic characters.

Growth of the Towns. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries people still lived, according to our modern ideas, in a most primitive way. In winter they subsisted on badly cured meat — as they could not get fresh — on dried fish and dried peas and beans. Poor people ate black bread. Cooking was done over an open fire. Women spun thread with a distaff. The houses of the poor had changed little from Anglo-Saxon times. Windows had sacking or horn in them. The drafty "great hall" of the manor house was heated by huge fireplaces. My lady's "bower" often had none. How chilly it must have been! No wonder people did not undress at night. Roads were still very bad, and the packhorse was the usual means of conveyance.

Towns had been increasing, however, built near bridges and fords and harbors — hence some of the present names, like Oxford and Portsmouth. Although at first these towns were subject to the king, a baron, or an abbot, yet the tradesmen began to free themselves from feudal dues of work and service by paying money. So did the merchants. Finally the town agreed to collect all the dues from its townspeople, and pay the lord a lump sum annually. Thus the people of the towns began to be independent, and many serfs and villeins by becoming townspeople became free. London was now a large important town, surrounded by pasture and forest. Its churches had schools attached to them. Ships had improved in construction, and aided by better maps and charts, and crude compasses, commerce was growing.

Few vestiges of medieval life remain in London today, but in Can-



A MEDIEVAL STREET. As it still exists in the Shambles, York.

terbury, Chester, York, Winchester, and other towns the old parts within the encircling walls still retain their ancient narrow streets, half-timbered houses, the jutting second stories which make the houses appear to lean toward one another, and cobblestone pavements. Fortunately they are kept much cleaner today. The medieval town was not only small and crowded within its walls, but it was also dirty. Filth lay in the streets, and it is no wonder that epidemics like the Black Plague ravaged even London!

SIGNIFICANT HISTORICAL EVENTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES

The Early Norman Kings.

After the death of William the Conqueror England went through a period of adjustment under the tyrannical William Rufus (1087-1100) and the peace-loving Henry I (1100-1135), who established courts of justice and in his charter restored some of the old Saxon privileges. Following Henry came a period of anarchy while the throne was disputed between his daughter Matilda and his nephew Stephen. Eventually Matilda's son was crowned as Henry II (1154-1189). Henry's father was Geoffrey of Anjou in France, who, because he wore a sprig of plantagenesta, or broom flower, in his helmet gave the name Plantagenet to his descendants. This family held the throne of England during the greater part of the Middle Ages. Henry brought order out of chaos, reduced the power of the barons, and exacted a money payment from them in place of military service. This, together with the first personal property tax, established a system of government taxation.

The Murder of Thomas à Becket. The most famous single event of Henry's reign was the murder of Thomas à Becket, Arch-

bishop of Canterbury. This incident has figured largely in English literature, most recently in T. S. Eliot's poetic drama, *Murder in the Cathedral*. In order to gain ascendancy over the powerful landowners in the church who claimed independence from the king's laws, Henry made his friend Thomas à Becket, the son of a London citizen, the most powerful archbishop in England. But Becket became an ardent supporter of ecclesiastical rights, and for a number of years the two quarreled over affairs of Church and State, especially "the benefit of Clergy." This meant that anyone in holy orders, or even anyone who could read one verse in Latin prose from his Bible, could be tried in ecclesiastical rather than civil court. Becket was banished for six years, but even after Henry recalled him and tried to adjust matters the dispute continued. Then four knights took too seriously an exasperated exclamation of Henry, "Who will rid me of this turbulent priest?" They murdered Becket at the very altar of Canterbury Cathedral. For this crime Henry had to do penance to the Pope. The murder was all the more horrible because a church had always been "sanctuary," where no man could be slain, least of all a priest. The king had really loved Becket, and later he voluntarily allowed himself to be scourged by the monks at the martyr's tomb, by way of expiation. In the end the whole royal family turned against him.

Important Steps toward Law and Justice. During the twelfth and thirteenth centuries several important steps mark the gradual growth of justice and liberty. First came, during the reign of Henry II, the birth of the English Common Law. This was not inflexible, like the Roman law. It grew like a tree, rooted in the local customs which had been upheld in the local moots. Henry had divided his realm into six districts, and made permanent the circuit riding of three judges to each district. Thus he had the same justice administered in each part of his realm, and evolved a common law. The second great landmark came during the reign of the worst of the Plantagenets, King John (1199-1216). Cruel and craven, he not only lost the French possessions and antagonized the nobles, but also offended the Pope to such an extent that England was placed under interdict. Finally an assembly of barons, country knights, and representatives of towns drew up a new charter, or treaty with the king, amplified from the charter of Henry I. It laid the foundation for the security of English political and personal liberty, though it granted no better conditions to serfs and villeins. In 1215 John was forced to sign this Magna Carta, or Great Charter, which has remained down the ages as a check on irresponsible kings.

The Beginning of the House of Commons. Under John's successor, Henry III (1216-1272), another great step in English liberty was taken. Simon de Montfort, the strongest of the barons, tried to control the unpopular king. De Montfort had on his side the rising middle class — the country knights and the town burgesses (from *burgh*, a fortified town). When he finally took the king prisoner, he summoned a parliament (from the French *parler*, to talk), but this Parliament was no longer merely a debate of the council. To it, in 1265, came two knights from each county and two citizens from each town. These representatives were the beginning of the later House of Commons.

The Stirring of Intellectual Life. During Henry's long reign we find greater intellectual stir than in earlier periods. Seats of learning were founded which began to challenge the monastery. Halls for students at Oxford were first established in the thirteenth century. By 1233 Cambridge University was organized and given a chancellor. Man's curiosity concerning the natural world was awakening and he was turning slowly from the narrowness of monastic thought. But science could hardly be said to exist. Roger Bacon, a Franciscan friar, is typical of the period. This "prince of medieval thought" believed in angels and demons, in alchemy or the turning of baser metals into gold and silver, in astrology or foretelling of events by the position of the stars, and in the elixir of life, a charm by which one might live forever. He was thought to be a magician. Indeed, the science of that time was rather confused with magic. However, Roger Bacon is supposed to have been one of the first Europeans to make up a formula for gunpowder.

The Wars of the Middle Ages. Throughout the Middle Ages there was intermittent fighting even during supposedly peaceful periods, but at certain times England became involved in great wars, all of which have been reflected in literature written long after their time. The Crusades, which swept all Europe toward the east, affected England principally during the reign of Richard I (1189-1199). In the novels of Scott and others he figures as the great military hero of the Third Crusade, but in reality he caused his people suffering and poverty through heavy taxation for his expedition and political corruption during his absence. In the ten years of his reign, he was only ten months in England.

Under Edward I (1272-1307), son of Henry III, England's attention was turned toward outlying parts of her own island. Edward I succeeded in conquering Wales, making his son the first Prince of

Wales. Calling himself "The Hammer of the Scots," the victor struggled against Sir William Wallace and Robert Bruce to subdue Scotland. He brought from the conquered North the famous Stone of Scone fabled to be the one on which Jacob slept, as recorded in the Bible. All Scottish kings had been crowned seated on this stone, and since Edward placed it in Westminster Abbey all British sovereigns to this day have been crowned on it. His son, Edward II (1307-1327), abandoned the conquest of Scotland after he was badly defeated by Bruce at Bannockburn in 1314. This second Edward, about whom Christopher Marlowe of the sixteenth century wrote a famous tragedy, was effeminate and weak. Forced to abdicate in favor of his son, he was murdered.

Edward III Begins the Hundred Years' War. Edward III, (1327-1377) a fighter like his grandfather, began a war with France. It continued intermittently under later kings and so is known as the Hundred Years' War. The causes of any war are complicated. Edward had a claim to the French throne through his mother, and the French had aided the Scotch during their struggles with England. But the really determining causes were commercial interests. Before the Norman Conquest, the County of Flanders had become noted for making wool into cloth. As the flocks of Flanders were not large enough, the clothiers came to depend on wool from English sheep. Thus grew up a brisk trade in wool, which became England's most valuable export for some time. When the French king tried to get control of Flanders, the English merchants were at once up in arms. Secondly, as the wool trade was carried on by sea, the fact that French pirates held up English merchants aggravated the situation.

During this struggle the English pillaged France thoroughly. "All England was filled with the spoils of France." The English won victories at Crécy (1346) and Poitiers (1356). They also gained Calais, which they kept for two centuries. The secret of the English victory on land lay in the longbow, a weapon which Edward I had discovered in fighting the Welsh. The mounted French nobles were no match for it. But, when the French fought from their strongholds, the baffled English army were glad to see the Peace of Bretigny signed in 1360. Thus ended the first part of the Hundred Years' War.

The Black Death. Early in this struggle nearly a third of Europe's population died of the Black Death, a plague that spread from Asia. Beginning in 1348, it had ravaged England with frightful mortality. So many workers on the land perished that the remainder profited, as, naturally, they were more in demand. Many

landlords, however, sold their land for the best possible price, and so new landowners rose from the soil. Some barons turned to sheep breeding. This shift was the far-off beginning of the British Empire through the growth of English sea power, because a flourishing wool trade meant the building of English ships, and ships meant control of the seas. It is no empty symbol of Britain's place in the world today that the Lord Chancellor's seat in the House of Lords is known as the Woolsack.

Feudal Institutions on the Wane. Here also was the beginning of the end of two ancient institutions: the feudal way of farming and holding land, and the feudal knight in armor. The longbow and later the invention of gunpowder ended the day of the feudal knight. The date of the discovery of gunpowder is debatable, but its employment altered the whole art of war. There were guns in Florence, Italy, in 1326; in France in 1338; and England manufactured gunpowder and cannon in 1344.

Merchant Princes. England had now developed, through lessons learned from exiled Flemish burghers, a flourishing cloth-weaving industry. There were many steps in the evolution of the completed fabric from the original wool, and the old medieval way of having a separate group of people handle each process became unwieldy. Hence we see the ancestor of the modern capitalist in the first employer who built his own building in which, by assembling all the different processes under one roof, he completed the whole job. Merchant princes and bankers kept people's money in safe deposit, for there were no institutions for that purpose until the Bank of England was established in 1694. The principles of trade, however, began to change. The medieval idea had been to fix prices and take only modest profits. Now began an alliance between trade, wealth, and politics. Through this means the fourth son of Edward III, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, eventually became head of a corrupt political "ring"; and the great merchants gained power over the king himself, by lending him money when he needed it.

Discontent with the Church. At this time there was much murmuring against the Church. Though its parish priests were very poor, its bishops and monks were very rich. The ignorant peasants were poverty-stricken, while the wandering friars lived off the fat of the land. "Pardoners" from Rome remitted sins for a fixed price (see later the "sale of indulgences"). In the earlier ballads of Robin Hood the rich bishops are denounced. In a remarkable poem, *The Vision of William Concerning Piers the Plowman*, by William Lang-

land the abuses of the Church were set forth; while the great poet of the age, Geoffrey Chaucer (see page 89), painted shrewd portraits of the friar and "pardoner." Greed and religion were highly intermixed. Therefore John Wyclif set out as a reformer. His labors helped to bring on the Peasants' Revolt.

The Peasants' Revolt. Richard II (1377-1399), grandson of Edward III, came to the throne when but eleven years old. In his reign occurred the Peasants' Revolt, precipitated by a poll tax levied on every man, woman, and child in England, because of the national debt incurred by the war. Most of the English people were still serfs, and now a law was passed to keep wages down. Many of the serfs ran away and became outlaws, as Robin Hood had been. Finally, aroused by the preaching of Wyclif and of John Ball, a priest, the peasants under Wat Tyler formed a union called the Great Society. When they marched to London, the king and his ministers hid in the Tower, but later the king met the peasants and agreed to abolish serfdom. At a still later meeting, however, Wat Tyler, in an altercation, was killed. The boy-king, promising the peasants to be their leader, led them out into the country, where the Lord Mayor brought soldiery against them and made them surrender. Richard had betrayed them, and later he renounced his promises to them, saying, "Serfs you are, and serfs you shall remain." (Two successful plays on Richard II recently produced in New York have been *Richard of Bordeaux*, by Gordon Daviot, and Shakespeare's *King Richard II*.)

Rise of the House of Lancaster. Richard II was extravagant and despotic. The peasants, naturally, did not trust him, and the lords always plotted against him. He misgoverned the realm. He exiled Henry Bolingbroke, the son of John of Gaunt, and confiscated his estate. Bolingbroke returned from exile, deposed Richard, and threw him into prison, where he was murdered. Bolingbroke then took the crown as Henry IV (1399-1413), and became the first king from the House of Lancaster.

His son, Henry V (1413-1422), a great warrior, reopened the Hundred Years' War with France. He hoped this campaign would distract the people from their wrongs at home. At Agincourt (1415) his bowmen won a splendid and bloody victory over the feudal chivalry of France. Shakespeare's plays *King Henry IV* and *King Henry V* with their famous Falstaff and "Prince Hal" scenes, vivify this period, while Michael Drayton's poem "Agincourt" gives a stirring account of the battle. Henry V died master of Northern France, leaving an infant son who became Henry VI (1422-1461).

Joan of Arc Saves France — and England. The Dauphin Charles of France now seemed to be defeated and at the mercy of the Duke of Bedford, King Henry's English regent over France. Then a miracle happened. Joan of Arc rescued her beloved country. The story of her angel voices is familiar. In her short and astonishing career, she freed Orleans and had the Dauphin crowned at Rheims. Finally, after her martyrdom at the stake, and the death of the King of France in 1461, the English held only the town of Calais, which they retained for another century. But had the victorious Henry V actually become master of France (for by treaty he might have done so), he would have lived in Paris and ruled England despotically from abroad. So Joan of Arc really saved not only France, but England also!

The Wars of the Roses. Henry VI was gentle and weak. Against him Edward, Duke of York, the son of his cousin, arrayed himself, declaring that the crown should be his. The emblem of the House of York was the white rose. The followers of Henry VI of the House of Lancaster promptly adopted the red rose. Each side mustered its adherents. Only a few thousand men fought in the intermittent strife that followed. The majority of the English people were not affected. Eventually, after one battle, the most powerful lord of the time, Warwick the "kingmaker," had Edward crowned as Edward IV (1461-1483). In 1470 Warwick restored Henry to the throne; but within a few months, Edward made a clean sweep. He ordered Warwick, Henry VI, and the Prince of Wales to be killed. He then ruled as a cynical, brilliant king, with little regard for his people or Parliament.

Edward's brother, Richard III (1483-1485) usurped the throne by having his two young nephews murdered. However, Henry Tudor, of the House of Lancaster, defeated him at Bosworth Field in 1485. Though a prime villain, Richard III was physically brave. Rushing into the thick of the fight, he died in battle. Shakespeare, in his play concerning him, has portrayed him as a "cruel, brave, brilliant hunchback." His nickname, "Crooked Dick," was true in several senses.

By this time the English people, thoroughly sick of the Wars of the Roses, were heartily glad they were over. Henry Tudor, now King Henry VII, married Princess Elizabeth of York, and thus the white and red roses were at last united. This period marked the close of the Middle Ages. So many nobles were killed that feudalism came to an end. Under the Tudor kings a new society emerged. Because

this awakening of life led directly into the great literary period known as the Elizabethan Age, it is presented in the next chapter.

THE LITERATURE OF THE MIDDLE AGES

The five hundred years of the Middle Ages did not produce as much literature of interest to the general reader of today as any later single century has. One author, however, stands out among the scattered names of these barren years. Geoffrey Chaucer holds his place in any roll call of England's greatest writers. Moreover, he is largely responsible for the survival of the Midland dialect over the many others spoken in England during the Middle Ages. Wyclif's translation of the Bible in the same dialect was also instrumental, for when printing finally standardized the language, the works of these two men were the earliest and most widely circulated.

We may divide the literature of the Middle Ages into: (1) a great body of anonymous material, and (2) the writings of individual authors, who begin to appear in the fourteenth century. The anonymous material includes the metrical romances of chivalry, the ballads of the common people, a few lyrics, the miracle plays based on Bible stories, of which four chief series called "cycles" are extant, the morality plays, of which *Everyman* is notable for its many modern revivals, and many legends, tales, chronicles, and religious writings. Examples of the first three types appear in the following pages. Among the individual authors, two of Chaucer's contemporaries, Wyclif and Langland, deserve more than mere mention.

John Wyclif (1324?-1384). John Wyclif, a native of Yorkshire, established an order of poor priests who became known as "Lollards." The name, meaning "idle babbler," was applied in sarcasm by the orthodox Church, whose corruption Wyclif's followers assailed. Later, after the suppression of the Peasants' Revolt they were thought to be disseminators of a kind of socialism, as much a bogey in those days as Communism is in ours. They were, in reality, a band of earnest and honest men who followed one of the truly great spirits of his century. Wyclif was the boldest and most indefatigable of controversialists, the first reformer who dared, when deserted and alone, to question and deny the creed of the Christendom around him, to break through the tradition of the past, and with his last breath to assert the freedom of religious thought against the dogmas of the papacy.

From the Latin Vulgate, itself a translation, Wyclif, assisted by two followers, made from 1380 to 1384 the first English translation

MIDDLE ENGLISH LITERATURE



of the Bible, which enriched the language, and did much to establish its permanence. Had Abraham Lincoln read Wyclif's Bible in his youth? Its preface announces: "The Bible is for the government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Wyclif was later charged with heresy, and the Pope ordered his arrest. Finally a mob rescued him from a half-hearted trial. This was his great and popular year, but later he estranged his public by more radical doctrines. He was reluctantly condemned by his university, Oxford, and retired to his rectory where he died two years later. He gave England its first impulse toward Protestantism.

William Langland (1330?-1400?) was educated in Worcestershire near the Malvern Hills (see map, page 66), but later went to London. He was then probably in minor orders and a public scribe. "We have the picture," writes a French literary critic, "of a tall, gaunt man with shaven crown, who passed haughtily along the streets, neither greeting the serjeants nor doing reverence to lords and ladies, and whom many took for a madman." Langland tells us that he was called "Long Will."

The poem, *The Vision of William Concerning Piers the Plowman*, has long been ascribed to Langland. An allegorical poem, much revised from 1362 to 1398, it is probably by at least five different writers. Nevertheless, Langland must have had part in it. The poem is not so much a work of art as a fiery "tract of the times." It is a great document because it shows us very plainly how the thinking man regarded the corruption of Church and State. Langland was first and foremost a reformer, though he believed in the feudal system of his time and not in democracy as we understand it. In his arraignment of his age, Langland attacks both the luxury of the ecclesiastic and the shiftlessness of the workingman.

Geoffrey Chaucer (1340?-1400). In Chaucer we find for the first time a great original English genius who created lifelike portraits of a whole gallery of the people of his time, choosing them from every walk of life. The Canterbury pilgrims still live and breathe and speak convincingly in their particular manners.

While Langland shows us throngs of people good and bad, shifting and changing as in a kaleidoscope, Chaucer sets before us a group composed of representatives of many types, clearly brings out their main characteristics and points of view, gives us their actual speech, and presents them in the round. For fullness of characterization he might be called our first novelist. Chaucer is neither prophet nor preacher; he is a mellow observer of life about him. Human nature



GEOFFREY CHAUCER. Incomparable observer of human nature and teller of tales. (Culver Service)

is his main interest. He is very little the lyric poet, very much the narrative poet. He knows how to tell a good story, but even in his most romantic stories, or in those where he deals wholly with legend, you discover human beings, not mere puppets. The range of his characterization and his gallery of memorable human beings seem second only to Shakespeare's among the English poets. Chaucer founded no school of writers; his followers were hopelessly inferior. In the one hundred and fifty years following his death literature came to a sorry standstill.

Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur*. There is, however, one work written during this time which has lived. It is *Le Morte d'Arthur* (*The Death of Arthur*) which Thomas Malory translated from various sources in 1470. But Malory was "more than a translator. He combined detached romances into a congruous whole . . . the personages of the old stories which he handled almost appear new in the glow of his ardent feeling." *Le Morte d'Arthur* is, as a French critic has said, "England's first book of poetic prose, and also the storehouse of those legends of the past which have most haunted English imaginations."

Summary. The Norman Conquest was the last great invasion of England. A slow and often painful fusion of the Normans and Saxons took place over several centuries. During the medieval period the feudal system was prevalent, and chivalry determined the ideals and cultural aspects of society. Under the single rule of the Roman Church, religious fervor led to the building of great cathedrals and monasteries and to participation in the Crusades; but in contrast there was also corruption which eventually called for reform. The rise of the towns, the increase in commerce, and the development of guilds all contributed to the growing importance of the middle class. Great wars held the front of the stage — the Crusades, the Hundred Years' War, the wars with Scotland, and the Wars of the Roses.

From the mingling of Norman-French and Saxon, numerous dialects arose, among which the Midland dialect became the parent of the English language, largely through the literary work of Chaucer and Wyclif's translation of the Bible. Literature was varied and colorful, but meager compared with that of later centuries. The earlier writings, consisting of metrical romances, lyrics, ballads, miracle and morality plays, are almost all anonymous. The fourteenth century brings the individual names of Langland, Wyclif, and above all Geoffrey Chaucer, "the Father of English literature."

PERIOD OF MIDDLE-ENGLISH

1000	1100	1200	1300	1400	1500
	Norman	1154	Plantagenet	1399	1461 1485 Lancaster York
1066 Norman Conquest		1215 Magna Carta	1265 Representative Parliament		
		Crusades	1295 1314 Wars with Scotland	1338 100-Years War	1455 1485 Wars of Roses
1	2	3	4	5	6
Feudalism				Feudalism Declining	
	?		Growth of Towns		
			English and Scottish Ballads		
	1110	Early Miracle Plays	Cycles of Miracle Plays	Acted by Guilds	
			Gothic Cathedrals		Morality Plays Everyman
		1214? 1294 Roger Bacon	1324? 1384 Wyclif		
			1330? 1400? Langland		? 1470 Malory
			1340? 1400 Chaucer		

The Metrical Romance

SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT

Of the metrical romances dealing with King Arthur's court that have come down to us from the early part of the Middle English period, the best one in the construction of its plot and the vividness of its detail is "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," of unknown authorship. In its original metrical form, the elaborate stanza combined alliteration and a rhyme scheme. "Sir Gawain" dates from the fourteenth century.

If you are familiar with Tennyson's portrayal of Sir Gawain in the *Idylls of the King*, note as you read how this earlier picture represents him as a more admirable character. Note also the color, the humor, the love element, and the delight in mere adventure aside from any ultimate benefit, which mark this tale as differing from *Beowulf*.

The story, opening with a description of the Christmas revels of King Arthur's court at Camelot, tells how the King himself would never partake of food on such a festive occasion until he had been advised of some

knightly deed or marvelous tale of arms, or until some stranger knight should seek permission to joust with a knight of the Round Table.

This translation is by Jessie L. Weston.

As the sound of the music ceased, and the first course had been fitly served, there came in at the hall door one terrible to behold, of stature greater than any on earth; from neck to loin so strong and thickly made, and with limbs so long and so great that he seemed even as a giant. And yet he was but a man, only the mightiest that might mount a steed; broad of chest and shoulders and slender of waist, and all his features of like fashion; but men marveled much at his color, for he rode even as a knight, yet was green all over.

For he was clad all in green, with a straight coat, and a mantle above; all decked and lined with fur was the cloth and the hood that was thrown back from his locks and lay on his shoulders. Hose had he of the same green, and spurs of bright gold with silken fastenings richly worked; and all his vesture was verily green. Around his waist and his saddle were bands with fair stones set upon silken work, 'twere too long to tell of all the trifles that were embroidered thereon — birds and insects in gay gauds of green and gold. All the trappings of his steed were of metal of like enamel, even the stirrups that he stood in stained of the same, and stirrups and saddlebow alike gleamed and shone with green stones. Even the steed on which he rode was of the same hue, a green horse, great and strong, and hard to hold, with broidered bridle, meet for the rider.

The knight was thus gaily dressed in green, his hair falling around his shoulders; on his breast hung a beard, as thick and green as a bush, and the beard and the hair of his head were clipped all round above his elbows. The lower part of his sleeves was fastened with clasps in the same wise as a king's mantle. The horse's mane was crisp and plaited with many a knot folded in with gold thread about the fair green, here a twist of the hair, here another of gold. The tail was twined in like manner, and both were bound about with a band of bright green set with many a precious stone; then they were tied aloft in a cunning knot, whereon rang many bells of burnished gold. Such a steed might no other ride, nor had such ever been looked upon in that hall ere that time; and all who saw that knight spake and said that a man might scarce abide his stroke.

The knight bore no helm nor hauber, neither gorget nor breast-plate, neither shaft nor buckler to smite nor to shield, but in one hand he had a holly bough, that is greenest when the groves are bare, and

in his other an ax, huge and uncomely, a cruel weapon in fashion, if one would picture it. The head was an ell-yard long, the metal all of green steel and gold, the blade burnished bright, with a broad edge, as well shapen to shear as a sharp razor. The steel was set into a strong staff, all bound round with iron, even to the end, and engraved with green in cunning work. A lace was twined about it, that looped at the head, and all adown the handle it was clasped with tassels on buttons of bright green richly broidered.

[This strange knight rides to the king's throne and asks a boon.]

And Arthur answered, "Sir Knight, if thou cravest battle here thou shalt not fail for lack of a foe."

And the knight answered, "Nay, I ask no fight; in faith here on the benches are but beardless children; were I clad in armor on my steed there is no man here might match me. Therefore I ask in this court but a Christmas jest, for that it is yuletide and New Year, and there are here many fain for sport. If anyone in this hall holds himself so hardy, so bold both of blood and brain, as to dare strike me one stroke for another, I will give him as a gift this ax, which is heavy enough, in sooth, to handle as he may list, and I will abide the first blow, unarmed as I sit. If any knight be so bold as to prove my words, let him come swiftly to me here, and take this weapon; I quit claim to it, he may keep it as his own, and I will abide his stroke, firm on the floor. Then shalt thou give me the right to deal him another, the respite of a year and a day shall he have. Now haste, and let see whether any here dare say aught."

Now if the knights had been astounded at the first, yet stiller were they all, high and low, when they had heard his words. The knight on his steed straightened himself in the saddle, and rolled his eyes fiercely round the hall; red they gleamed under his green and bushy brows. He frowned and twisted his beard, waiting to see who should rise, and when none answered he cried aloud in mockery, "What, is this Arthur's hall, and these the knights whose renown hath run through many realms? Where are now your pride and your conquests, your wrath, and anger, and mighty words? Now are the praise and the renown of the Round Table overthrown by one man's speech, since all keep silence for dread ere ever they have seen a blow!"

[Filled with indignation at the taunt, King Arthur seizes his battle ax and is about to deal a blow when Sir Gawain intervenes and asks to take

the challenge. The King grants him the privilege, and after some parley with the Green Knight about the terms of the agreement, Gawain grips his ax to deliver the blow.]

Then the Green Knight swiftly made him ready; he bowed down his head, and laid his long locks on the crown that his bare neck might be seen. Gawain gripped his ax and raised it on high, the left foot he set forward on the floor, and let the blow fall lightly on the bare neck. The sharp edge of the blade sundered the bones, smote through the neck, and clave it in two, so that the edge of the steel bit on the ground, and the fair head fell to the earth that many struck it with their feet as it rolled forth. The blood spurted forth, and glistened on the green raiment, but the knight neither faltered nor fell; he started forward with outstretched hand, and caught the head, and lifted it up; then he turned to his steed, and took hold of the bridle, set his foot in the stirrup, and mounted. His head he held by the hair, in his hand. Then he seated himself in his saddle as if naught ailed him, and he were not headless. He turned his steed about, the grim corpse bleeding freely the while, and they who looked upon him doubted them much for the covenant.

For he held up the head in his hand, and turned the face toward them that sat on the high dais, and it lifted up the eyelids and looked upon them and spake as ye shall hear. "Look, Gawain, that thou art ready to go as thou hast promised, and seek loyally till thou find me, even as thou hast sworn in this hall in the hearing of these knights. Come thou, I charge thee, to the Green Chapel; such a stroke as thou hast dealt thou hast deserved, and it shall be promptly paid thee on New Year's morn. Many men know me as the Knight of the Green Chapel, and if thou askest, thou shalt not fail to find me. Therefore it behooves thee to come, or to yield thee as recreant."

With that he turned his bridle, and galloped out at the hall door, his head in his hands, so that the sparks flew from beneath his horse's hoofs. Whither he went none knew, no more than they wist whence he had come; and the king and Gawain they gazed and laughed, for in sooth this had proved a greater marvel than any they had known aforetime.

[A year later Sir Gawain starts out to seek the Green Chapel and fulfill his promise to the Green Knight. After many fruitless wanderings he comes upon a noble castle where he is entertained by the aged lord and his beautiful young wife. Gawain learns that the Green Chapel is so

close to this castle that he can prolong his agreeable visit and still be on time for his appointment. His host, starting out for a day's hunting, makes the curious agreement with Gawain, who stays behind in the castle, that at nightfall they shall exchange what each has won during the day. During the lord's absence his young wife attempts unsuccessfully to induce Gawain to make love to her, but before leaving she kisses him. In the evening the lord presents Gawain with his game and Gawain frankly gives the lord a kiss in return. The same thing is repeated the second day, the lady making more pronounced advances with the same lack of success. As before, Gawain returns to the lord the kiss he has received. On the third day the lady tries to present Sir Gawain with a gold ring, but he refuses it. Then she offers her green and gold girdle, saying that its magic charm protects whoever wears it from injury. Gawain, thinking of his future meeting with the Green Knight, is tempted to accept it and promises not to reveal the gift to her lord. That night he returns to the lord the third kiss, but says nothing of the green girdle.

[The next day Sir Gawain starts out early to seek the Green Chapel; he is accompanied by a guide who tries to dissuade him from the adventure because of the grim character of the Green Knight. Sir Gawain, however, persists, and the guide leaves him at the entrance of a dark valley between two great rugged crags.]

Then he drew in his horse and looked round to seek the chapel, but he saw none and thought it strange. Then he saw as it were a mound on a level space of land by a bank beside the stream where it ran swiftly; the water bubbled within as if boiling. The knight turned his steed to the mound, and lighted down and tied the rein to the branch of a linden; and he turned to the mound and walked round it, questioning with himself what it might be. It had a hole at the end and at either side, and was overgrown with clumps of grass, and it was hollow within as an old cave or the crevice of a crag; he knew not what it might be.

"Ah," quoth Gawain, "can this be the Green Chapel? Here might the devil say his matins at midnight! Now I wis there is wizardry here. 'Tis an ugly oratory, all overgrown with grass, and 'twould well beseem that fellow in green to say his devotions on devil's wise. Now feel I in five wits, 'tis the foul fiend himself who hath set me this tryst, to destroy me here! This is a chapel of mischance: ill luck betide it, 'tis the cursedest kirk that ever I came in! "

Helmet on head and lance in hand, he came up to the rough dwelling, when he heard over the high hill beyond the brook, as it were in a bank, a wondrous fierce noise, that rang in the cliff as if it would cleave asunder. 'Twas as if one ground a scythe on a grindstone, it

whirred and whetted like water on a mill wheel and rushed and rang, terrible to hear.

"By God," quoth Gawain, "I trow that gear is preparing for the knight who will meet me here. Alas! naught may help me, yet should my life be forfeit, I fear not a jot!" With that he called aloud. "Who waiteth in this place to give me tryst? Now is Gawain come hither; if any man will aught of him let him hasten hither now or never."

"Stay," quoth one on the bank above his head, "and ye shall speedily have that which I promised ye." Yet for a while the noise of whetting went on ere he appeared, and then he came forth from a cave in the crag with a fell weapon, a Danish ax newly dight, wherewith to deal the blow. An evil head it had, four feet large, no less, sharply ground, and bound to the handle by the lace that gleamed brightly. And the knight himself was all green as before, face and foot, locks and beard, but now he was afoot. When he came to the water he would not wade it, but sprang over with the pole of his ax, and strode boldly over the bent that was white with snow.

Sir Gawain went to meet him, but he made no low bow. The other said, "Now, fair sir, one may trust thee to keep tryst. Thou art welcome, Gawain, to my place. Thou hast timed thy coming as befits a true man. Thou knowest the covenant set between us: at this time twelve months ago thou didst take that which fell to thee, and I at this New Year will readily requite thee. We are in this valley, verily alone, here are no knights to sever us, do what we will. Have off thy helm from thine head, and have here thy pay; make me no more talking than I did then when thou didst strike off my head with one blow."

"Nay," quoth Gawain, "by God that gave me life, I shall make no moan whatever befall me, but make thou ready for the blow and I shall stand still and say never a word to thee, do as thou wilt."

With that he bent his head and showed his neck all bare, and made as if he had no fear, for he would not be thought adread.

Then the Green Knight made him ready and grasped his grim weapon to smite Gawain. With all his force he bore it aloft with a mighty feint of slaying him; had it fallen as straight as he aimed he who was ever doughty of deed had been slain by the blow. But Gawain swerved aside as the ax came gliding down to slay him as he stood, and shrank a little with the shoulders, for the sharp iron. The other heaved up the blade and rebuked the prince with many proud words:

"Thou art not Gawain," he said, "who is held so valiant, that never feared he man by hill or vale, but thou shrinkest for fear ere thou feelest hurt. Such cowardice did I never hear of Gawain! Neither did I flinch from thy blow, or make strife in King Arthur's hall. My head fell to my feet, and yet I fled not; but thou didst wax faint of heart ere any harm befell. Wherefore must I be deemed the braver knight."

Quoth Gawain, "I shrank once, but so will I no more; though an¹ my head fall on the stones I cannot replace it. But haste, Sir Knight, by thy faith, and bring me to the point, deal me my destiny, and do it out of hand, for I will stand thee a stroke and move no more till thine ax have hit me — my troth on it."

"Have at thee, then," quoth the other, and heaved aloft the ax with fierce mien, as if he were mad. He struck at him fiercely but wounded him not, withholding his hand ere it might strike him.

Gawain abode the stroke, and flinched in no limb, but stood still as a stone or a stump of a tree that is fast rooted in the rocky ground with a hundred roots.

Then spake gaily the man in green, "So now thou hast thine heart whole it behooves me to smite. Hold aside thy hood that Arthur gave thee, and keep thy neck thus bent lest it cover it again."

Then Gawain said angrily, "Why talk on thus? Thou dost threaten too long. I hope thy heart misgives thee."

"For sooth," quoth the other, "so fiercely thou speakest I will no longer let thine errand wait its reward." Then he braced himself to strike, frowning with lips and brow, 'twas no marvel that it pleased but ill him who hoped for no rescue. He lifted the ax lightly and let it fall with the edge of the blade on the bare neck. Though he struck swiftly, it hurt him no more than on the one side where it severed the skin. The sharp blade cut into the flesh so that the blood ran over his shoulder to the ground. And when the knight saw the blood staining the snow, he sprang forth, swift-foot, more than a spear's length, seized his helmet and set it on his head, cast his shield over his shoulder, drew out his bright sword, and spake boldly (never since he was born was he half so blithe), "Stop, Sir Knight, bid me no more blows, I have stood a stroke here without flinching, and if thou give me another, I shall requite thee, and give thee as good again. By the covenant made betwixt us in Arthur's hall but one blow falls to me here. Halt, therefore."

¹ an: if

Then the Green Knight drew off from him and leaned on his ax, setting the shaft on the ground, and looked on Gawain as he stood all armed and faced him fearlessly — at heart it pleased him well. Then he spake merrily in a loud voice, and said to the knight, “Bold sir, be not so fierce; no man here hath done thee wrong, nor will do, save by covenant, as we made at Arthur’s court. I promised thee a blow and thou hast it — hold thyself well paid! I release thee of all other claims. If I had been so minded I might perchance have given thee a rougher buffet. First I menaced thee with a feigned one, and hurt thee not for the covenant that we made in the first night, and which thou didst hold truly. All the gain didst thou give me as a true man should. The other feint I proffered thee for the morrow: my fair wife kissed thee, and thou didst give me her kisses — for both those days I gave thee two blows without scathe — true man, true return. But the third time thou didst fail, and therefore hadst thou that blow. For ’tis *my* weed thou wearest, that same woven girdle, my own wife wrought it, that do I wot for sooth. Now know I well thy kisses, and thy conversation, and the wooing of my wife, for ’twas mine own doing. I sent her to try thee, and in sooth I think thou art the most faultless knight that ever trod earth. As a pearl among white peas is of more worth than they, so is Gawain, i’ faith, by other knights. But thou didst lack a little, Sir Knight, and wast wanting in loyalty, yet that was for no evil work, nor for wooing neither, but because thou lovedst thy life — therefore I blame thee the less.”

Then the other stood a great while, still sorely angered and vexed within himself; all the blood flew to his face, and he shrank for shame as the Green Knight spake; and the first words he said were, “Cursed be ye, cowardice and covetousness, for in ye is the destruction of virtue.” Then he loosed the girdle, and gave it to the knight. “Lo, take there the falsity, may foul befall it! For fear of thy blow cowardice bade me make friends with covetousness and forsake the customs of largess and loyalty, which befit all knights. Now am I faulty and false and have been afeared: from treachery and untruth come sorrow and care. I avow to thee, Sir Knight, that I have ill done; do then thy will. I shall be more wary hereafter.”

Then the other laughed and said gaily, “I wot I am whole of the hurt I had, and thou hast made such free confession of thy misdeeds, and hast so borne the penance of mine ax edge, that I hold thee absolved from that sin, and purged as clean as if thou hadst never

sinned since thou wast born. And this girdle that is wrought with gold and green, like my raiment, do I give thee, Sir Gawain, that thou mayest think upon this chance when thou goest forth among princes of renown, and keep this for a token of the adventure of the Green Chapel, as it chanced between chivalrous knights. And thou shalt come again with me to my dwelling and pass the rest of this feast in gladness." Then the lord laid hold of him, and said, "I wot we shall soon make peace with my wife, who was thy bitter enemy."

[Gawain comments on how many great men of history have been beguiled by women and then asks the Green Knight his name. The Knight explains that the entire exploit was brought about through the witchcraft of a sorceress, Morgain le Fay, who sought to deride the valor of King Arthur's knights and terrify Queen Guinevere by the headless giant.]

Sir Gawain, who had thus won grace of his life, rode through wild ways on Gringalet; oft he lodged in a house, and oft without, and many adventures did he have and came off victor full often, as at this time I cannot relate in tale. The hurt that he had in his neck was healed, he bare the shining girdle as a baldric bound by his side, and made fast with a knot 'neath his left arm, in token that he was taken in a fault — and thus he came in safety again to the court.

Then joy awakened in that dwelling when the king knew that the good Sir Gawain was come, for he deemed it gain. King Arthur kissed the knight, and the queen also, and many valiant knights sought to embrace him. They asked him how he had fared, and he told them all that had chanced to him — the adventure of the chapel, the fashion of the knight, the love of the lady — at last of the lace. He showed them the wound in the neck which he won for his disloyalty at the hand of the knight; the blood flew to his face for shame as he told the tale.

"Lo, lady," he quoth, and handled the lace, "this is the bond of the blame that I bear in my neck, this is the harm and the loss I have suffered, the cowardice and covetousness in which I was caught, the token of my covenant in which I was taken. And I must needs wear it as long as I live, for none may hide his harm, but undone it may not be, for if it hath clung to thee once, it may never be severed."

Then the king comforted the knight, and the court laughed loudly at the tale, and all made accord that the lords and the ladies who belonged to the Round Table, each hero among them, should wear bound about him a baldric of bright green for the sake of Sir Gawain.

And to this was agreed all the honor of the Round Table, and he who ware it was honored the more thereafter, as it is testified in the book of romance.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF SIR GAWAIN

1. Be able to give a clear account of the story, showing how the events in the Green Chapel were affected by the preceding events in the castle.
2. Compare this story with *Beowulf* and show how each illustrates the characteristics of the race which produced it.
3. Find good examples in the story to illustrate the use of a color scheme, the knightly code of honor, a sense of humor, the love of magic.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Find examples in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* to prove that he represented Sir Gawain as a quite different character from the one in this story.
2. Find in *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* some good examples of Mark Twain's satire on magic in medieval stories.

Early English and Scottish Ballads

The ballads of the common people contrast sharply with the metrical romances of the aristocracy.

The word *ballad* comes from an old French verb meaning *to dance*. This origin has given rise to the theory that the ballads were originally chanted with dances. Whether or not that is true, they were at least sung, for the singing qualities of the simple stanza, the repetitions, refrains, and occasional nonsense syllables, are evident. "Ballad measure" means a four-line stanza with four accents in the first and third lines, three accents in the second and fourth. The second and fourth always rhyme, while the first and third may or may not. Of course, variations in this meter occur.

The narrative itself is simple and direct, frequently being only the incident which marks the climax of a story. Sometimes the cause of the tragedy is simply suggested and must be pieced out by the imagination of the reader. Dialogue appears in almost all the old ballads. The similarities in the incidents of many ballads seem to prove that old stories already well known were often adapted to local happenings. The domestic tragedy, the love story, and the outlaw ballad were three of the most widely used types.

Although these ballads began to circulate in the early Norman days, the existing versions date back no further than the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, as indicated by their language. When interested

scholars began to collect these old stories, the harvest proved rich indeed. The first collection, made by Bishop Percy in the late eighteenth century, was known as Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. Sir Walter Scott also was an ardent student of ballads. The standard edition of old English ballads was made by an American scholar, Francis J. Child. In his large eight-volume work, he presents all the known ballads, only three hundred and five different stories, but appearing in more than twelve hundred versions. It is not likely that any more English and Scottish folk ballads will come to light, although in recent years a number of new versions of the old ones have been found in different parts of the United States.

Of course new folk poetry has developed in America and other parts of the world where conditions engendered it, and, too, there are many modern "literary" ballads written by individual authors in the form of the original folk ballads.

BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

This is one of the simplest and most charming of the border ballads. Bearing in mind clan feuds and border raids, one can easily guess the fate of Bonnie George. In some of the numerous versions of this ballad, the name is given as James.

High upon Highlands,
and low upon Tay,
Bonnie George Campbell
rade out on a day.

Saddled and bridled
and bootied rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle, 15
but never cam he.

Saddled and bridled
and gallant rade he;
Hame cam his guid horse,
but never cam he.

5 "My meadow lies green,
and my corn is unshorn,
My barn is to build,
and my babe is unborn." 20

Out cam his auld mither
greeting fu' sair, 10
And out cam his bonnie bride
riving her hair.

Saddled and bridled
and bootied rade he;
Toom hame cam the saddle,
but never cam he.

4. rade: rode. 10. greeting fu' sair: weeping full sore. 12. riving: tearing.
15. toom: empty.

LORD RANDAL

"Lord Randal" is deservedly one of the favorites among readers of old ballads because of the tragic love story it unfolds. The story is told by question and answer between mother and son. There is also a will, a favorite ballad device. For clues in the poem as to the reasons for the tragedy, consult the concluding lines.

"O where ha you been, Lord Randal, my son?

And where ha you been, my handsome young man? "

"I ha been at the greenwood; mother, mak my bed soon,

For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down."

"An wha met you there, Lord Randal, my son?

5

An wha met you there, my handsome young man? "

"O I met wi my true love; mother, mak my bed soon,

For I'm wearied wi huntin, and fain wad lie down."

"And what did she give you, Lord Randal, my son?

And what did she give you, my handsome young man? "

10

"Eels fried in a pan; mother, mak my bed soon,

For I'm wearied wi huntin and fain wad lie down."

"And wha gat your leavins, Lord Randal, my son?

And wha gat your leavins, my handsome young man? "

"My hawks and my hounds; mother, mak my bed soon,

15

For I'm wearied wi huntin and fain wad lie down."

"And what became of them, Lord Randal, my son?

And what became of them, my handsome young man? "

"They stretched their legs out an died; mother, mak my bed soon,

For I'm wearied wi huntin and fain wad lie down."

20

"O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!

I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man! "

"O yes, I am poisoned; mother, mak my bed soon,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

"What d'ye leave to your mother, Lord Randal, my son?

25

What d'ye leave to your mother, my handsome young man? "

"Four and twenty milk kye; mother, mak my bed soon,

For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

4. **fain wad**: would like to.

" What d'ye leave to your sister, Lord Randal, my son?
 What d'ye leave to your sister, my handsome young man? " 30
 " My gold and my silver; mother, mak my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

" What d'ye leave to your brother, Lord Randal, my son?
 What d'ye leave to your brother, my handsome young man? "
 " My houses and my lands; mother, mak my bed soon, 35
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down."

" What d'ye leave to your true love, Lord Randal, my son?
 What d'ye leave to your true love, my handsome young man? "
 " I leave her hell and fire; mother, mak my bed soon,
 For I'm sick at the heart, and I fain wad lie down." 40

KATHRINE JAFFRAY

This ballad was a great favorite with Scott, whose " Lochinvar " is based directly on it, as you will readily see. In some of the old versions the name Lochinvar occurs.

There lived a lass in yonder dale,
 And doun in yonder glen, O,
 And Kathrine Jaffray was her name,
 Well known by many men, O.

Out came the Laird of Lauderdale, 5
 Out frae the South Countrie,
 All for to court this pretty maid,
 Her bridegroom for to be.

He has teld her father and mither baith,
 And a' the rest o her kin, 10
 And has teld the lass hersell,
 And her consent has win.

Then came the Laird of Lochinton,
 Out frae the English border,
 All for to court this pretty maid, 15
 Well mounted in good order.

He's teld her father and mither baith,
 As I hear sindry say,
 But he has nae teld the lass hersell,
 Till on her wedding day. 20

When day was set, and friends were met,
 And married to be,
 Lord Lauderdale came to the place,
 The bridal for to see.

"O are you come for sport, young man?
 Or are you come for play?
 Or are you come for a sight o our bride,
 Just on her wedding day?" 25

"I'm nouthar come for sport," he says,
 "Nor am I come for play;
 But if I had one sight o your bride,
 I'll mount and ride away." 30

There was a glass of the red wine
 Filld up them atween,
 And ay she drank to Lauderdale,
 Wha her true love had been. 35

Then he took her by the milk-white hand,
 And by the grass-green sleeve,
 And he mounted her high behind him there,
 At the bridegroom he askt nae leive. 40

Then the blude run down by the Cowden Banks,
 And down by Cowden Braes,
 And ay she gard the trumpet sound,
 "O this is foul, foul play!"

Now a' ye that in England are,
 Or are in England born,
 Come nere to Scotland to court a lass,
 Or else ye'l get the scorn. 45

They haik ye up and settle ye by,
 Till on your wedding day, 50
 And gie ye frogs instead o fish,
 And play ye foul, foul play.

49. **haik up**: haul up. 49. **settle ye by**: deceive you. 51. **frogs**: In "Lord Randal" the hero was poisoned by eels.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR

In an argument or a quarrel between man and wife it is often thought funny if the wife wins her point. In the old ballads that theme was not unusual, but in most of them the man got the better of it. In "Get Up and Bar the Door" there is no quarrel, merely a bit of stubbornness about a trifling matter. By using your imagination to fill in the picture, you will catch the gleam of humor that lights up the situation.

It fell about the Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was then,
 When our goodwife got puddings to make,
 And she's boild them in the pan.

The wind sae cauld blew south and north, 5
 And blew into the floor;
 Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,
 "Gae out and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussyfskap,
 Goodman, as ye may see; 10
 An it shoud nae be barrd this hundred year,
 It's no be barrd for me."

They made a paction tween them twa,
 They made it firm and sure,
 That the first word whaeer shoud speak, 15
 Shoud rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,
 At twelve o'clock at night,
 And they could neither see house nor hall,
 Nor coal nor candlelight. 20

1. **Martinmas time**: November 11. 9. **hussyfskap**: household duties.
 11. "The door will not be barred in a hundred years if I have to bar it."
 13. **paction**: agreement.

" Now whether is this a rich man's house,
 Or whether is it a poor? "
 But neer a word wad ane o' them speak,
 For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
 And then they ate the black;
 Tho muckle thought the goodwife to hersel,
 Yet neer a word she spake. 25

Then said the one unto the other,
 " Here, man, tak ye my knife;
 Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
 And I'll kiss the goodwife." 30

" But there's nae water in the house,
 And what shall we do than? "
 " What ails ye at the pudding broo,
 That boils into the pan? " 35

O up then started our goodman,
 An angry man was he:
 " Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
 And scad me wi pudding bree? " 40

Then up and started our goodwife,
 Gied three skips on the floor:
 " Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word;
 Get up and bar the door."

21. The strangers ask the question. 23. **them**: the man and his wife.
 25. **they**: the strangers. 27. **muckle**: much. 33. **water**: probably to scald
 the beard in order to scrape it off, like pig's bristles. 35. "What's the matter
 with using the pudding water?" 36. **into**: in. 40. **scad**: scald.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

This old sea ballad has always been a favorite. It is one of the few ballads that seem to have a definite historical background. A certain King Alexander of Scotland in the thirteenth century was sending his daughter to Norway to marry the king of that country; or, as one version of the story has it, he was sending for a princess of Norway to be his bride. As you read the story, which interpretation seems right? In any case a few facts are

easily seen. Sir Patrick had an enemy at court who saw an opportunity to get rid of him. And all versions agree on the disaster of the return voyage.

The king sits in Dumferling toune,
 Drinking the blude-reid wine:
 "O whar will I get guid sailor,
 To sail this schip of mine?"

Up and spak an eldern knicht, 5
 Sat at the kings richt kne:
 "Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor,
 That sails upon the se."

The king has written a braid letter,
 And signd it wi his hand, 10
 And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
 Was walking on the sand.

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
 A loud lauch lauched he;
 The next line that Sir Patrick red, 15
 The teir blinded his ee. .

"O wha is this has don this deid,
 This ill deid don to me,
 To send me out this time o' the yeir,
 To sail upon the se! 20

"Mak hast, mak haste, my mirry men all,
 Our guid schip sails the morne."
 "O say na sae, my master deir,
 For I feir a deadlie storme.

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone, 25
 Wi the auld moone in hir arme,
 And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
 That we will cum to harme."

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
 To weet their cork-heild schoone; 30
 Bot lang owre a' the play wer playd,
 Thair hats they swam aboone.

1. **Dumferling**: a small town not far from Edinburgh, now Dunfermline.
 5. **knicht**: knight. 29. **laith**: loath. 31. **owre**: ere.

O lang, lang may their ladies sit,
 Wi thair fans into their hand;
 Or eir they se Sir Patrick Spens
 Cum sailing to the land. 35

O lang, lang may the ladies stand,
 Wi thair gold kems in their hair,
 Waiting for thair ain deir lords,
 For they'll se thame na mair. 40

Haf owre, haf owre to Aberdour,
 It's fiftie fadom deip,
 And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spens,
 Wi the Scots lords at his feit.

38. **kems**: combs. 41. **owre**: over. 41. **Aberdour**: Aberdeen.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF EARLY ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH BALLADS

1. Practice reading the ballads aloud effectively. Several can be read as dialogues before the class. "Get Up and Bar the Door" can be amusingly dramatized by four persons.

2. Ballads are particularly adapted to memorizing because of their singing qualities. Memorize parts or all of your favorites.

3. Classify these ballads under the headings given in the reading list on page 128.

4. Point out which of these poems follow regular ballad measure and which show variations. Point out good examples of dialogue, refrain, repetition with slight variations of wording, and archaic language.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Ballad measure is one of the easiest forms for the amateur poet. Try writing a short ballad about an athletic contest, a dialogue between teacher and student, or some other situation with which you are familiar.

2. Compare these old ballads in subject matter and style with American folk ballads. For examples and reading lists see the section on Folk Literature in *Adventures in American Literature*.

3. Compare the old English ballads with the old ballads of other European nations, especially Spain, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries. See *Adventures in World Literature*.

4. Illustrate the ballads in this book or those you have read outside. Several students may co-operate on a set of illustrations. For costume plates see reading list, page 130.

5. Put on a program of medieval folk ballads and dances. The ballads may be recited, dramatized, sung, or used as the basis of a dance. For music and dances see reading list, page 130.

Middle English Lyrics

Spring and love have always proved the chief inspirers of song; therefore, it is not surprising to find them among the few fragments of early songs which have been preserved. The original language, side by side with a rather free translation to preserve the metrical swing, will show that these old minstrels had no mean lyrical gift. The "Cuckoo Song" in its musical setting is often sung today by school glee clubs.

CUCKOO SONG

(1240?)

ORIGINAL

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wude nu.
Sing cuccu!

Ewe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu;
Bulluc sterteth, bucke, verteth,
Murie sing cuccu!

Cuccu, cuccu, well singes thu,
cuccu;
Ne swike thu naver nu.
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu!

MODERN VERSION

Summer is a-coming in,
Loudly sing, Cuckoo!
Groweth seed and bloweth mead
And springeth wood anew.
Sing, Cuckoo!

Loweth after calf the cow,
Bleateth after lamb the ewe,
Buck doth gambol, bullock am-
ble,
Merry sing, Cuckoo!

Cuckoo, Cuckoo! Well singest
thou, Cuckoo!
Cease thou never now.
Sing, Cuckoo, now, sing, Cuckoo!

ALYSOUN¹

ORIGINAL

Bytuene Mersh and Averil,
 When spray biginneth to springe,
 The lutel foul hath hire wyl
 On hire lud to synge.
 Ich libbe in love longinge
 For semlokest of all thinge.
 She may me blisse bringe;
 Icham in hire baundoun.
 An hendy hap ichabbe yhent,
 Ichot from heaven it is me sent,
 From alle wymmen mi love is
 lent
 And lyht on Alysoun.

MODERN VERSION

In days of March and April
 When the spray begins to spring,
 Each little bird hath her own will
 In her own speech to sing.
 And I — I live in love longing
 For one most fair of everything.
 To me she bliss may bring;
 To serve her is my boon.
 A happy lot to me is sent,
 I know from heaven 'tis to me
 lent,
 From women all my love is bent
 And fixed on Alysoun.

¹ **Alysoun:** medieval form of the name Alice.

The Medieval Tale

GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340?-1400)

As we look back upon the fourteenth century and recall that printing was not yet invented and America not yet discovered, we may be tempted to regard it as a narrow and stupid age; or if we read just the medieval romances, we may form the impression that men in those days were strange, stagy creatures with nothing to do but slay dragons and hold tournaments. But to the people of that time their world seemed fully as alive and businesslike, as teeming with great events and problems, as ours does to us. Moreover, men and women were not all cut to one pattern but had the same marked individualities and widely differing interests as we find today. We are brought into close intimacy with these folk through Geoffrey Chaucer, the first great realist, and indeed "the Father of English literature."

Chaucer was in a position to know his world thoroughly. Born in London, the son of a well-to-do wine merchant, he had a varied experience, from feudal page to member of Parliament. The earliest record of his life is that in 1357 he was a page in the household of Prince Lionel, brother of the famous Black Prince. Two years later he was fighting in Edward III's unsuccessful French campaign, was taken prisoner at Rheims,

and ransomed from the king's treasury. Chaucer's earliest writings were in the French style, one of the best being *The Book of the Duchess*, a memorial to the first wife of John of Gaunt. This powerful noble later married a sister of Chaucer's wife, and the poet's fortunes were largely determined by those of his patron. In 1372 Chaucer was sent to Italy on a diplomatic mission, which gave him an opportunity to study the Renaissance at firsthand. He may possibly have met the great poets Petrarch and Boccaccio. Certainly the influence of the latter can be seen in *The Canterbury Tales*, and in the poem *Troilus and Cressida*, a story later used by Shakespeare for a tragedy.

Other poems showing foreign influence are: "The Complaint unto Pity," in which Chaucer first used his favorite French seven-line stanza called rime royal; *The Parliament of Fowls*, in which birds philosophize on love and other human affairs; and *The Legend of Good Women* concerning nine classical characters such as Cleopatra, Thisbe, Dido, Ariadne, and so on. In a charming prologue the poet represents the faithful women of antiquity led by the love god who appears before him in a vision. In answer to their upbraiding for his representation of the fickleness of women in his poetry, he promises to write a legend of good women. Alcestis, who pleads for him, is supposed to represent Queen Anne, who commissioned the poem.

Chaucer also wrote several pieces of prose and translated the *Consolation of Boethius*, which King Alfred also had translated long before.

The last part of Chaucer's life was occupied with politics and the composition of his masterpiece, *The Canterbury Tales*. For many years he was Comptroller of Customs at the port of London and later a member of Parliament. But with the downfall of Gaunt, Chaucer found himself in financial straits. His poem, "Complaint to His Empty Purse," brought him a pension from the king, but the poet lived to enjoy it only one year. He was the first of a long line of writers to be buried in the famous Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

For his own generation his great contribution was the introduction into English of the unknown treasures of Italian and classic literature, but for our day his value, aside from the pleasure he gives, is his unrivaled picture of the ordinary daily life of the fourteenth century and his service in fixing the Midland dialect as a standard written language.

Chaucer's personality is revealed to us through his writings — a polished gentleman, easy and friendly in his social contacts; a keen observer of human nature, ready with sympathetic humor and shrewd in his recognition of frauds; a great lover of the outdoors, especially the birds and flowers of springtime; a tireless reader who goes home after his day's work, and as he says:

Also domb as any stoon,
Thou sittest at another boke
Til fully daswed is thy loke,
And livest thus as an hermyte.

PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES

Chaucer's masterpiece, *The Canterbury Tales*, is our first real collection of short stories in English literature, though they are in poetry rather than in prose like the modern short story. But the author is not content with simply writing a series of independent stories. Instead he assembles at an inn a group of characters, of all classes and all types, who are ready to make the popular pilgrimage from London to Canterbury, a distance of about sixty-five miles. Horseback travel is slow, and there is plenty of time for storytelling to lighten the tedium. The jolly innkeeper suggests that each person tell two stories on the way down and two on the return, the best narrator to be given a dinner at the expense of all the others. Had Chaucer completed his original scheme, there would have been one hundred and twenty-four stories; but unfortunately only twenty-four were finished, and the modern reader has to determine for himself which one should be the prize winner. Today we are likely to be more interested in the Prologue and the conversations interspersed between the tales than in the stories themselves, for here we have a moving picture of actual people, not a puppet show of fanciful beings.

It is supposed that Chaucer obtained his idea for linking his stories together from the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. In the Italian book the persons telling the stories have fled from Florence to a country estate in order to avoid the plague. All being of the aristocratic class, they do not possess the interesting diversity of Chaucer's characters. Two American writers have made use of the same device for storytelling — Longfellow in his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, and Whittier in *The Tent on the Beach*. The nearest modern parallel to the Prologue, however, is the first part of John Masefield's *Reynard the Fox*, in which a large assemblage of strikingly differentiated individuals come together, not for storytelling, but for fox hunting.

Because of the difficulties of Chaucerian English we give first a modernized version of the Prologue by Ruth M. Stauffer, followed by a few passages from the original.

When April showers with sweetness pierce the root
 Of droughts of March, and make the buds upshoot,
 And bathe the veins in sap, wherefrom the flowers
 Are born to blossom in these vernal showers;
 When soft west winds have breathed upon the trees, 5
 And tender sprouts appear on all the leas,
 And when the youthful sun has run his course
 Half through the Ram — the sign of springtime's force —

8. **Ram**: the first of the twelve signs of the zodiac. The time indicated by the passage is about April 11. The year is 1387.

When little birds — so stirred by nature's might
 They seem with open eyes to sleep all night — 10
 Make melody at dawn; then folk also
 On pleasant pilgrimages long to go,
 And palmers want to seek some far-off strands
 And distant shrines, well known in many lands;
 Especially from every county's end 15
 Of England down to Canterbury they wend;
 The holy blessed martyr there they seek,
 That help will give if they are sick or weak.

Befell that in that season, on a day
 In Southwark at the Tabard, as I lay 20
 Ready upon my pilgrimage to start
 To Canterbury with a pious heart,
 At night there came into that hostelry
 Full nine and twenty in a company
 Of sundry folk, by chance together there 25
 In fellowship; and pilgrims, too, they were,
 That on to Canterbury meant to ride.
 The rooms were spacious, and the stables wide,
 And comfortable indeed we all were made.
 And shortly, ere the sun his head had laid 30
 To rest, I spoke with all the fellowship,
 And so they let me join them on their trip;
 And we made compact then to rise betimes,
 And take our way there, as I've told in rimes.

But now, while still I have the time and space, 35
 Ere that I farther in this story pace,
 I think it only reasonable and fair
 To tell you what each one was like: his air,
 His rank, his bearing, what he traveled in,
 And at a knight then will I first begin. 40

The Crusader

A *Knight* there was, and that a worthy man,
 That from the very time he first began

16. **Canterbury**: a city in southeastern England, the seat of the Archbishop of Canterbury, primate of the Church of England. 17. **martyr**: Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury; murdered in 1170; canonized in 1172 (see page 58). 20. **Southwark**: a town on the south bank of the Thames, now part of London. The Tabard Inn took its name from the tabard or short cloak painted on its signboard.

To ride abroad, had loved high chivalry,
 Truth, and all honor, freedom, and courtesy;
 And thus he rode out in his liege lord's war 45
 In Christian lands and heathen — none so far.
 In fifteen mortal battles had he been —
 Crusades against the Turk and Saracen;
 And fought in tournaments, and won the prize;
 And yet, although most worthy, he was wise, 50
 And in his bearing meek as is a maid.
 He never had in all his lifetime said
 An ill-bred word to serf or man of might:
 He was a very perfect gentle knight.

His Squire

With him there was his son, a youthful *Squire*; 55
 To be a knight was now his heart's desire.
 He tried to train his hair to curliness!
 Of twenty years of age, he was, I guess,
 And singularly quick, and very strong.
 In France and Flanders he had served full long, 60
 And valiant been, considering his years:
 He hoped his fame would reach his lady's ears.
 He wore the latest clothes: the gown, indeed,
 Quite short, and all embroidered like a mead
 Of springtime flowers; the sleeves hung down his side, 65
 Extremely long and very, very wide.
 He played the flute or sang the livelong day.
 He was as fresh as is the month of May.
 A well-trained squire, one skilled in horsemanship,
 He sat a horse with just the expert's grip, 70
 Could ride in jousts, and make his charger prance,
 Compose love songs, and draw, and write, and dance.
 This lad had fallen in love: by moonlight pale
 He slept no more than does the nightingale!
 Courteous he was, willing and meek; and able 75
 To carve before his father at the table.

The Yeoman

One servant had the knight — no retinue;
 For straight from war he went to pay his due
 Of thanks for safe return. This servingman

Had close-cropped hair, and face of swarthy tan; 80
 And he was clad in coat and hood of green;
 A sheaf of peacock arrows, bright and keen,
 Under his belt he carried thriftily;
 And in his hand a mighty bow had he;
 A sword and buckler by his side were hung, 85
 A hunting horn across his shoulder slung;
 The baldric was of green; and on his breast
 Saint Christopher in silver kept him blest.
 A *Yeoman* was he, and a forester,
 And knew the ways of woodcraft, I aver. 90

The Nun

There was a Nun, a pleasant *Prioress*.
 This lady's smile was coy, I must confess.
 And she was known as Madam Eglantine.
 She liked to chant the services divine;
 But then, in truth, she sang straight through her nose! 95
 And as a court-bred dame she liked to pose:
 She spoke fair French, but with an accent queer,
 For Paris she had never come anear.
 Her mien was stately, and her courtesy
 So overnice it strained gentility. 100
 Her table manners were indeed a treat:
 With dainty grace she reached to take her meat;
 Her upper lip she wiped so very clean
 That never was the slightest fraction seen
 Of grease within the rim upon her cup; 105
 She never let a morsel she took up
 Drop down upon her breast; nor did she wet
 Her fingers in her sauce too deep. And yet,
 In spite of all her social poise and art,
 She had a very, very tender heart. 110
 Upon my word, this *Prioress* would cry
 To see a mouse caught in a trap and die!
 Pet dogs she had, which she herself saw fed
 Upon roast beef and milk and sweetened bread:
 But if one died, she wept till she was sick; 115
 Or if you struck them smartly with a stick,

88. **Saint Christopher:** patron saint of foresters, whose figure on a brooch was supposed to shield the wearer from danger.

When they got underfoot as pets will do.
 Well built and tall she was, and handsome, too:
 Her eyes as gray as glass; a noble head;
 Her mouth was winsome — small and soft and red. 120
 Her cloak was modish, and her wimple, note,
 Was pleated carefully about her throat.
 Her rosary was coral; it was strung
 With green; a golden locket from it hung,
 Engraved in Latin: first, the letter *A*; 125
 Then followed, *Amor vincit omnia*.
 She was an amiable and gentle dame.
 Another Nun and three priests with her came.

The Monk

A *Monk* rode with us on a palfrey brown.
 He wore fine boots and fur bands on his gown; 130
 A bowknot held his hood, a curious jewel.
 He loved to hunt. What matter if the rule
 Said monks must stay at home and labor? Faugh!
 He didn't give a plucked hen for that law.
 He thought that text was not worth even an oyster 135
 Which says that monks must not stray out of cloister!
 For all such strict old forms he just passed by!
 And right he was! The world needs men, say I.
 Why should a man do nought but pore o'er books,
 And study all the time until he looks 140
 Just like a ghost? Or in a monastery
 Stay all day long, and never find life merry?
 A stable full of thoroughbreds, he owned;
 And coursing greyhounds, swift and silver-toned.
 And when he rode, men might his bridle hear 145
 Jingling in a whistling wind as clear
 And just as loud as do the chapel bells
 In the far abbey where this fat monk dwells.

The Friar

One Hubert came along, a jolly *Friar*.
 He knew the taverns well in every shire: 150

126. *Amor vincit omnia*: Love conquers all things. 128. **three priests**: It is supposed that "and three priests" was added by some scribe to fill out a line left incomplete by Chaucer. Only one priest is mentioned again, and the count of "nine and twenty" allows for only one.

The barmaids and the landlords were his friends.
 He said one never seemed to gain his ends
 By helping sick and poor — such vulgar scum!
 They never made it worth his while to come.
 To have to deal with those who beg their bread 155
 Would never get you anywhere, he said.
 And so he kept in touch with richer folk
 And prosperous country squires. His yoke
 Of penance was not harsh to men of thrift:
 The sign of *true* repentance was a gift 160
 Of alms and dole to humble friars, you know!
 So pleasant was his "*In principio*"
 That even a poor widow with no shoe
 Would give a farthing without more ado.
 Of double worsted was his semicope, 165
 Handsome enough for abbot or for pope.
 No threadbare cope of poverty for him!
 He played the fiddle well and sang with vim.
 His eyes, like stars upon a frosty night,
 Would twinkle as he trilled with all his might. 170
 He lisped a little when he talked or sung,
 To make his English sweet upon his tongue.

The Merchant

There was a *Merchant*, rich, as you'd suppose,
 With well-trimmed beard, and fine imported clothes.
 He watched the market and a profit made 175
 When he exchanged his gold in foreign trade.
 And it was his opinion, spoken free,
 That England ought to guard the Northern Sea
 'Twixt Harwich and The Netherlands, and rout
 The pirates, when he sent his ventures out. 180
 He was a self-made man, and talked you blue
 With all the business deals that he'd put through.
 So pompous was he, and so shrewd, I bet
 That no one guessed he really was in debt.

The Oxford Scholar

A *Clerk* — that is, an Oxford scholar — who 185
 Looked hollow to his bones, and threadbare, too,

162. *In principio*: "In the beginning," the opening of the Gospel of John, a favorite passage used by begging friars. 164. *farthing*: half a cent. 179. *Harwich* (pronounced Här'ij): an important seaport on the North Sea.

Rode with us on a nag lean as a rake.
 The youth was poor, and starved for learning's sake.
 He'd rather spend his go^{ld} on books than food,
 Or on gay clothes or fun, as others would. 190
 Of ethics and philosophy he read,
 Kept Aristotle right beside his bed.
 He seldom spoke; but what he said was clear,
 And full of sense, so that you wished to hear;
 Of high ideals and virtue was his speech; 195
 And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

The Lawyer

A famous *Lawyer* on the trip did go —
 A learned man, at least, he sounded so;
 In jurisprudence wise; knew all the laws;
 And in the best-made wills could pick out flaws. 200
 He knew by heart decisions and decrees
 From William down. Codes, statutes — these
 Were play to him; in litigation, skilled;
 With presents and with fees his chests were filled.
 A busier man than he you'd find nowhere, 205
 Yet he seemed busier than he was, I'd swear.

The Franklin

He brought with him a hearty *Country Squire*,
 Whose jovial face shone red as any fire
 Through beard as white as is a daisy. He
 Enjoyed good food, loved hospitality; 210
 Kept open house back home — in fact, you'd say
 It snowed both meat and drink there every day!
 His greatest joy was eating all the while:
 Good meats, good wines, and all in hearty style;
 For Epicurus' son he seemed to be, 215
 So sure good meals meant true felicity!
 He kept his table standing always set
 Ready to entertain whome'er he met.
 He bragged of having dishes out of season.
 His cook was scolded far beyond all reason 220

192. **Aristotle:** Greek philosopher (384-322 B.C.), regarded by medieval scholars as the highest authority on all matters of learning. 202. **William:** William the Conqueror (see page 43). 215. **Epicurus:** Greek philosopher (342?-270 B.C.), who taught that happiness is the goal of life.

If anything was wrong, or dinner late!
 In his own shire he was a man of weight:
 Had sat in Parliament, been judge at court;
 Had held all county offices, in short.

The Guildsmen

There were five members of a city guild, 225
 Who rolled in wealth because they were so skilled,
 They all were dressed alike, for their attire
 Must match their guild: Upholsterer and Dyer,
 A Carpenter, a Hatter, Weaver — these
 Had silver-mounted daggers, if you please! 230
 To be an alderman, each one seemed fit,
 And how their wives would have rejoiced at it!
 To have a mantle carried like a queen,
 Be called "*ma dame!*" and frequently be seen
 At vigils leading all the company, 235
 Would flatter any woman's vanity.

The Cook

They had a *Cook* along, whose skill was known
 In boiling chicken with the marrow bone;
 The king he was of culinary art:
 He knew the use of flavorings, keen and tart; 240
 Could roast and bake and broil and boil and fry;
 Could make good soup, and triumphed at a pie!
 It seemed a pity that upon his shin
 He had a running sore, for he could win
 At making rich blancmange, and never fail 245
 To judge the different grades of London ale.

The Sailor

A *Shipman* rode his horse as best he could!
 Bad gales and storms at sea he had withstood:
 His weather-beaten face made this quite plain.
 He knew the coast from Jutland down to Spain, 250
 Or Hull to Carthage — dangers and the tides,
 The harbors and the pilotings besides;

225. **guild**: For a discussion of guilds, see page 55. 234. **ma dame**: French for "my lady." 235. **vigils**: social gatherings in the church or churchyard when women could show off their finery. 245. **blancmange**: French for "white food"; not a dessert as today, but a concoction of minced chicken, rice, milk, sugar, and almonds.

With many a tempest had his beard been shaken.
 Full many a draft of wine he'd deftly taken
 While merchant slept, and many a mother's son 255
 Had walked the plank in sea fights he had won.
 Smuggler and pirate both he'd been, in fine,
 This hardy skipper of the *Madeline*.

The Physician

And various others took this pilgrimage:
 A skilled *Physician*, pompous, rich, and sage; 260
 Astrology he knew, and by the spell
 Of stars, his patients' ailments he could tell;
 And his prescriptions gave the druggist trade —
 For each, brisk business for the other made!
 His fad was dieting and moderate fare; 265
 He did not read his Bible much, I'd swear!
 Though fine his clothes, he hoarded well the pence
 That he'd collected in the pestilence;
 For gold is used in doses, I've heard tell:
 That must be why he loved his gold so well. 270

The Wife of Bath

A *Wife of Bath* did much to keep us gay
 With tales of love and love charms, on the way —
 A lively soul, who knew the inmost art
 Of how to win a spouse and hold his heart;
 For she had had five husbands in her time, 275
 Not counting scores of lovers in her prime!
 She'd grown a little deaf, but nought she cared:
 Now forth to foreign lands each year she fared,
 Since fate decreed she seek out every shrine.
 (Her teeth grew far apart — a certain sign 280
 That she should travel far!) She'd seen Boulogne,
 And Rome, and Palestine, Spain, and Cologne.
 Abundant gold she had, for she could weave
 So well, that even in Flanders, I believe,
 You could not find her match. She liked fine gear, 285
 And o'er the parish wives to domineer.

268. **pestilence**: the Black Death, which ravaged all Europe in the fourteenth century. 269. **gold**: It was an actual medieval belief that gold dissolved in medicine was a remedy for certain ailments.

She took precedence on the relic days
 In offering alms to manifest her praise.
 If any dame went first, so wroth was she
 That in her heart she lost all charity! 290
 The towering headdress worn upon her hair
 On Sunday weighed a full ten pounds I'd swear!
 But now she wore a wimple and a hat
 As broad as any buckler, and as flat.
 The mantle round her waist did not conceal 295
 Red stockings, and a spur upon each heel.
 She kept the other pilgrims all in gales
 Of laughter, listening to her merry tales.

The Parson

A kindly *Parson* took the journey too.
 He was a scholar, learned, wise, and true, 300
 And rich in holiness though poor in gold.
 A gentle priest: whenever he was told
 That poor folks could not meet their tithes that year,
 He paid them up himself; for priests, it's clear,
 Could be content with little, in God's way. 305
 He lived Christ's gospel truly every day,
 And taught his flock, and preached what Christ had said.
 And even though his parish was widespread,
 With farms remote, and houses far asunder,
 He never stopped for rain or even for thunder; 310
 But visited each home where trouble came:
 The rich or poor to him were all the same.
 He always went on foot, with staff in hand;
 For as their minister, he took this stand:
 No wonder that iron rots if gold should rust! 315
 That is, a priest on whom the people trust
 Must not be base, or what could you expect
 Of weaker folk? The shepherd must perfect
 His life in holiness that all his sheep
 May follow him, although the way is steep, 320
 And win at last to heaven. Indeed, I'm sure
 You could not find a minister more pure.
 He was a Christian both in deed and thought;
 He lived himself the Golden Rule he taught.

287. **relic days:** Certain Sundays were set apart for offering gifts to relics.

The Plowman

The brother of the Parson came along: 325
 A *Plowman* used to work, and very strong.
 A kindly, simple laboring man was he,
 Living in peace and perfect charity.
 With all his heart he loved God best, and then
 His neighbor as himself. For poorer men 330
 He'd thresh and dig and plow — work all the day
 In heavy toil without expecting pay:
 It was enough if Christ approve his deed.
 He rode a mare, the poor man's humble steed.

The Miller

The *Miller*, Robin, was a thickset lout, 335
 So big of bone and brawn, so broad and stout
 That he was champion wrestler at the matches.
 He'd even break a door right off its latches
 By running at it with his burly head!
 His beard, broad as a spade, was fiery red; 340
 His mouth, a yawning furnace you'd suppose!
 A wart with bristly hairs stood on his nose.
 A clever scamp he was, with "thumb of gold"
 To test the flour he ground; for when he tolled
 His share of grain, he sneaked the payment thrice! 345
 The jokes and tales he told were not so nice.
 A drunk and vulgar rogue he proved to be.
 But yet he played the bagpipe cleverly,
 And to its tune he led us out of town.
 A blue hood wore he, and a short white gown. 350

The Maunciple

There was a *Maunciple* among the band:
 He bought provisions, as I understand,
 For thirty lawyers at an Inn of Court.
 This steward was a canny man; in short,
 Shrewd as the lawyers were, he fooled them all, 355
 Got rich on 'fat commissions — made a haul!

The Reeve

The *Reeve*, or bailiff, rode a horse called Scot.
 Tall, thin, clean-shaven, and his temper hot,

He was the despot of his lord's estate,
 And hounded all the tenants into hate. 360
 They feared him like the plague; but yet, you see,
 Farming he understood from A to Z;
 For he knew by the drought and by the rain
 The yielding of his seed and of his grain;
 His master's sheep, his stock, his horses too, 365
 His poultry, swine, and cows, this bailiff knew.
 He managed all so well that he himself
 Was slowly gathering in the lord's own wealth —
 Contrived to lend his master craftily
 What was his own and rightful property! 370
 A Norfolk man, he came from Baldeswell.
 A carpenter he'd been, so I've heard tell.

The Summoner

A *Summoner* whose duties are to search
 And bring to court, offenders 'gainst the Church —
 A kind of church policeman — joined us there. 375
 He had a fiery face — enough to scare
 The children with its blotched and pimpled skin,
 Its scurfy eyebrows, and its beardless chin.
 His eyes were little, and were much too narrow;
 His temper quick; he chirped just like a sparrow. 380
 Garlic and onions were his special taste;
 And when with drafts of wine his wits were braced,
 He shouted Latin phrases learned in court,
 And "*Questio quid juris!*" he'd exhort.
 (For like a parrot he was really dense; 385
 He'd learned the words, but could not grasp the sense.)
 He'd set a garland on his round bald head,
 And made a buckler out of cake and bread!

The Pardoner

The *Pardoner*, who came along with him,
 Carried a wallet filled up to the brim 390
 With pardons hot from Rome, and relics old
 (At least, he said they were), and these he sold
 To poor believers back in lonely towns,

384. "*Questio quid juris*": The question is, what is the law?

And priests as stupid as the country clowns:
 A pillowcase he called Our Lady's veil;
 He showed a fragment of the very sail
 Of Peter's boat; a cross weighed down with stones;
 And in a glass he had pig's-knuckle bones!
 And yet in church he read the lesson well,
 And sang the offertory like a bell:
 He knew that when that anthem had been sung,
 He then must preach, and polish up his tongue
 To make the silver tinkle in the plate.
 A noble churchman this, the reprobate!
 His hair hung down in stringy yellow locks:
 His priest's hood he had trussed up in his box,
 For he observed the new bare-headed style.
 He and the Summoner did the way beguile
 By brisk duets: they sang the latest hit,
 "Come hither, love, to me!" Our ears were split!
 The Pardoner's voice was shrill as any goat;
 The other sang the bass deep in his throat.

Now that I've told you shortly, in a clause,
 The rank, the dress, the number, and the cause
 Why these were all assembled at the inn
 Called Tabard — near the Bell — I must begin
 And tell you what we did that selfsame night,
 And later of the pilgrimage I'll write.
 But first I pray you of your courtesy
 If they appear ill-bred, do not blame me;
 For anyone, you know, who tells a tale
 He heard another speak, should never fail
 To use the selfsame words and matter too,
 Or else be found a liar and untrue:
 Plato himself has said — if Greek you read —
 The words must be the cousin to the deed.
 So even if the language be not fine,
 But rude or coarse, the fault is theirs not mine;
 And if some questions of their rank arise
 Through my poor wit, I here apologize.

425. **Plato:** a Greek philosopher (427?-347 B.C.). Chaucer could not read Greek, but he knew Plato through Latin translations.

The Host

- Our *Host* gave us good cheer. He served a meal
 That gratified us all, and made us feel
 (Especially when we had drunk his wine)
 In high good humor, genial and benign.
 A handsome man this host was, I declare; 435
 A fine official he'd be anywhere;
 A portly, keen-eyed man, whose speech was bold,
 But such as sound experience would uphold
 In common sense; a merry fellow, too;
 For when the feast was ended, and he knew 440
 That each of us had settled our account,
 His amiability began to mount,
 And in a jovial mood, he had his say:
 " Well, gentlemen, I have enjoyed your stay.
 To tell the truth, I have not seen this year 445
 A group so jolly as you've gathered here.
 In fact I'd like to conjure up some scheme
 That would amuse, and win me your esteem.
 Ha! of a plan I've just this moment thought:
 A good pastime — and it shall cost you naught. 450
 " You go to Canterbury. Heaven speed you!
 The blissful martyr's self reward and heed you!
 You mean, I'm sure, unless my memory fails,
 To liven up the way by telling tales;
 For certainly to ride along alone 455
 In utter dumbness, silent as a stone,
 Is not a bit of fun in pilgrimages.
 Now by my father's soul (he's dead, these ages),
 In truth I've hit upon the very thing!
 Don't be afraid; it hasn't any string. 460
 Just take a vote and let me know your mind."
 We did not think it worth our while to find
 Objections to his friendliness, and so
 Declared we all desired his plan to know.
 " Well, this it is, my lords. Suppose we say 465
 That each of you tell two tales by the way,
 Two as you go, and two as you return;
 And then the one whose tale is best will earn
 A festive supper here at Tabard Inn,
 Paid by the rest. Now that's a prize to win! " 470

We heartily agreed, and took him up.
 But first we set the price at which we'd sup
 On our return; you see, we thought it wise
 To fix beforehand, just how much the prize
 Should cost us all. And it was understood
 That he should manage all, for well he could. 475

So then we went to bed. And next we knew
 The dawn had come; and all our motley crew
 The busy Host assembled, like a cock
 That gathers all his hens and leads the flock. 480

Then forth we ambled at a snaillike pace
 Until we reached St. Thomas' watering place;
 And here our Host pulled up his horse, and said:

"Well, here we are. Now you have made me head;
 If evensong and morning song agree, 485
 You must obey the orders given by me.
 Whoever is a rebel to my will,

We'll cast accounts, and make him foot the bill.
 Here are the lots: who gets the shortest straw
 Must be the first to speak. Now let us draw. 490

Sir Knight," he said, "my master and my lord,
 Let's see how Lady Luck will you award.
 Come near," quoth he, "my lady prioress;
 And you, sir clerk, don't be so modest — yes,
 We'll all take turns. Here, sir, the first is yours. 495
 Now, mind, the shortest cut first tale ensures."

We drew the lots; and, as was only right,
 The shortest straw of all fell to the Knight.
 It was good luck, indeed, a happy choice;
 It made us all applaud and much rejoice. 500

When this good man perceived that it was true,
 He did not "Hem!" and "Ha!" as lesser do,
 But said: "Well, since I must begin the game,
 Why, welcome be the lot, in God's good name!
 Now let us ride, and hark to what I say." 505

And with that word we rode along the way;
 And he began a pleasant tale in rhyme;
 He told it thus: "Now, once upon a time . . ."

Heere endeth the prolog of this book; and heere bigynneth the
 first tale which is the Knyghtes Tale.

482. *St. Thomas' watering place*: less than two miles from the Tabard Inn.

SELECTION FROM THE PROLOGUE IN THE ORIGINAL

Having read the Prologue in modern English, you will now be curious to see the language in which Chaucer himself described the characters. While at first glance it looks almost like a foreign language, you will soon see the dim shadow shaping itself into a clear-cut, recognizable profile of modern English. The pronunciation, too, may seem ludicrous when you first hear it, but it is only by trying it aloud that you can feel as if you were living temporarily in the fourteenth century, can realize the changes in our language, and can appreciate the rhythmical qualities which made Chaucer a great poet as well as a great observer of human life.

For your guidance a pronunciation table is given on page 111, but the best way to learn to read the original is to hear and imitate an experienced reader.

Whan that Aprillē with his shourēs sootē	
The droghte of Marche hath percēd to the rootē,	
And bathēd every veyne in swich licour,	
Of which vertu engendrēd is the flour;	
Whan Zephirus eek with his swetē breeth	5
Inspirēd hath in every holt and heeth	
The tendrē croppēs, and the yongē sonnē	
Hath in the Ram his halfē cours y-ronnē,	
And smalē fowlēs maken melodyē,	
That slepen al the night with open yē,	10
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages):	
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages,	
And palmers for to seken straungē strondēs,	
To fernē halwēs, couthe in sondry londēs;	
And specially, from every shirēs endē	15
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wendē,	
The holy blisful martir for to sekē,	
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were sekē.	
Bifel that, in that sesoun on a day,	
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay	20
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimagē	
To Caunterbury with ful devout coragē,	
At night was come in-to that hostelryē	
Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignyē,	
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-fallē	25

14. *fernē halwēs*: distant shrines.

In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they allë,
 That toward Caunterbury wolden rydë;
 The chambrës and the stablës weren wydë,
 And wel we weren esëd attë bestë.
 And shortly, whan the sonnë was to restë, 30
 So hadde I spoken with hem everichon,
 That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
 And madë forward erly for to rysë,
 To take our wey, ther as I yow devysë.
 But natheles, whyl I havë tyme and spacë, 35
 Er that I ferther in this talë pacë,
 Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
 To tellë yow al the condicioun
 Of ech of hem, so as it semëd me,
 And whiche they weren, and of what degree; 40
 And eek in what array that they were innë;
 And at a knight than wol I first biginnë.

The Knight

A Knight there was, and that a worthy man,
 That fro the tymë that he first bigan
 To ryden out, he lovëd chivalryë, 45
 Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.
 Ful worthy was he in his lordes werrë,
 And therto hadde he riden (no man ferrë)
 As wel in cristendom as hethenessë,
 And evere honoured for his worthinessë. 50
 At Alisaundre he was, whan it was wonnë;
 Ful oftë tyme he hadde the bord bigonnë
 Aboven allë naciouns in Prucë.
 In Lettow hadde he reysed and in Rucë,
 No cristen man so ofte of his degree. 55
 In Gernade at the sege eek hadde he be
 Of Algezir, and riden in Belmaryë.
 At Lyeys was he, and at Satalyë
 Whan they were wonne; and in the Gretë See
 At many a noble armee hadde he be. 60

51. **Alisaundre**: Alexandria. 52. **hadde the bord bigonnë**: had sat at the head of the table. 53. **Prucë**: Prussia. 54. **Lettow . . . Rucë**: Lithuania . . . Russia. 54. **reysed**: forayed. 56. **Gernade**: Granada, in Spain. 57. **Algezir**: Algeciras, in Southern Spain. 57. **Belmaryë**: a Moorish kingdom in Africa. 58. **Lyeys . . . Satalyë**: towns in Asia Minor.

At mortal batailles hadde he been fittenë,
 And foughten for our feith at Tramissenë
 In listes thryes, and ay slayn his foo.
 This ilkë worthy knight hadde been also
 Somtymë with the lord of Palatyë, 65
 Ageyn another hethen in Turkey:
 And everemore he hadde a sovereyn prys.
 And though that he were worthy, he was wys,
 And of his port as meek as is a maydë.
 He nevere yet no vileinyë ne saydë 70
 In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.
 He was a verray parfit gentil knight.
 But for to tellen yow of his array,
 His hors were goodë, but he was nat gay.
 Of fustian he wered a gipoun 75
 Al bismotered with his habergeoun.
 For he was late y-come from his viagë,
 And wente for to doon his pilgrimagë.

The Young Squire

With him ther was his sone, a yong Squyer,
 A lovyer, and a lusty bacheler, 80
 With lokkës crulle, as they were leyd in pressë.
 Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gessë.
 Of his stature he was of evenë lengthë,
 And wonderly deliverë, and greet of strengthë.
 And he hadde been somtyme in chivachyë, 85
 In Flaundrës, in Artoys, and Picardyë,
 And born him wel, as of so litel spacë,
 In hopë to stonden in his lady gracë.
 Embroudëd was he, as it were a medë
 Al ful of fressshë flourës, whyte and redë. 90
 Singinge he was, or floytinge, al the day;
 He was as fresh as is the month of May.
 Short was his goune, with slevës longe and wydë.
 Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fairë ryde.
 He coudë songës make and wel endytë, 95

62. *Tramissenë*: in Asia Minor. 65. *Palatyë*: in Asia Minor. 67. *sovereyn prys*: high praise. 74. *hors*: horses. 74. *gay*: gaily dressed. 75. *fustian* . . . *gipoun*: coarse cloth . . . short coat. 76. *bismotered* . . . *habergeoun*: spotted . . . coat of mail. 85. *chivachyë*: military expeditions. 86. Place names, all concerned with Edward III's war with France.

Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and wrytë.
 So hote he lovedë, that by nightertalë
 He sleep namore than doth a nightingalë.
 Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,
 And carf biforn his fader at the tablë. . . .

100

The Prioress

Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioressë,
 That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy;
 Hir gretteste ooth was but by sēynt Loy;
 And she was clepëd madame Eglentynë.
 Ful wel she song the servicë divynë,
 Entunëd in hir nose ful semëly;
 And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
 After the scole of Stratford attë Bowë,
 For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowë.
 At metë wel y-taught was she with-allë;
 She leet no morsel from hir lippës fallë,
 Ne wette hir fingrës in hir saucë depë.
 Wel coudë she carie a morsel, and wel kepë,
 That no dropë ne fille up-on hir brest.
 In curteisye was set ful mucho hir lest,
 Hir over lippë wypëd she so clenë,
 That in hir coppë was no ferthing senë
 Of grecë, whan she dronken hadde hir draughtë.
 Ful semëly after hir metë she raughtë,
 And sikerly she was of greet disport,
 And ful plesaunt, and amiable of port,
 And peynëd hir to countrefetë cherë
 Of court, and been estatlich of manerë,
 And to ben holden digne of reverencë.
 But, for to speken of hir consciencë,
 She was so charitable and so pitous,
 She woldë wepe, if that she sawe a mous
 Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
 Of smalë houndës had she, that she fedde
 With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel breed.

105

110

115

120

125

130

103. **sēynt Loy**: a sixth-century bishop who refused when commanded by the king to swear by the relics of all the saints; hence a mild oath. 104. **clepëd**: named. 108. **Stratford attë Bowë**: a village near London. Chaucer was probably poking fun at the courtiers who prided themselves on their excellent French, even though it had a decided English accent.

But sorë weep she if oon of hem were deed,
 Or if men smoot it with a yerdë smertë;
 And al was conscience and tendrë hertë.
 Ful semëly hir wimpel pinchëd was;
 Hir nose tretys; hir eyen greye as glas; 135
 Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and reed;
 But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed.
 It was almost a spannë brood, I trowë;
 For, hardily, she was nat undergrowë.
 Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war. 140
 Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
 A peire of bedës, gauded al with grenë;
 And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful shenë,
 On which ther was first write a crownëd A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*. 145

The Clerk

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
 That un-to logik haddë longe y-go.
 As lenë was his hors as is a rakë,
 And he nas nat right fat, I undertakë;
 But lokëd holwe, and ther-to soberly. 150
 Ful thredbar was his overest courtepy
 For he had geten him yet no beneficë,
 Ne was so worldly for to have officë.
 For him was levere have at his beddes heed
 Twenty bokës, clad in blak or reed 155
 Of Aristotle and his philosophyë,
 Than robës riche, or fithele, or gay sautryë.
 But al be that he was a philosophrë,
 Yet haddë he but litel gold in cofrë;
 But al that he mighte of his freendes hentë; 160
 On bokës and on lerninge he it spentë,
 And bisily gan for the soulës preyë
 Of hem that yaf him where-with to scoleyë.
 Of studie took he most cure and most hedë.
 Noght o word spak he morë than was nedë, 165
 And that was seyð in forme and reverencë,
 And short and quik, and ful of hy sentencë.
 Sowninge in moral vertu was his spechë
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly techë.

Pronunciation Table

VOWELS

a — always the sound *ah*. It may be prolonged as in *bathēd* (bahth-ed), l. 3; *maken* (mah-ken), l. 9; or shortened in *at*, *and*. Note that *a* is never pronounced as in modern *hate* or *hat*, but always with the *ah* sound.

ai, ay, ei, ey — as in *day*. *Veyne*, l. 3; *array*, l. 41.

au, aw — as in *house*. *Straungē*, l. 13; *Caunterbury*, l. 16; *felowshiþe*, l. 26.

e, long — as in *hate*, *they*. *Swetē* (swā-ta), l. 5. A vowel doubled is always long. *Eek* (āke), l. 5; *breeth* (brāth), l. 5.

e, short — as in *men*. *Hem*, l. 11; second syllable of *slepen*, l. 10 and *priketh*, l. 11.

Note that the final *e* which would usually be silent in modern English is almost always pronounced in Middle English. Its sound is like the final *a* in modern words. Thus *soote*, l. 1, is like the last two syllables of *Minnesota*. When the final *e* precedes a vowel or *h*, it is not pronounced, as in l. 2, *droghte of Marche hath*. In this text the *e* which is to be pronounced as another syllable is indicated thus: *ë*. The regular rhythm is also a guide as to when it is to be pronounced, when not.

e before **r** — as in *care*. *Percēd* (pair-ced), l. 2.

i or **y**, long — as in *machine*. *Inspirēd* (in-speer-ed), l. 6; *melodyë* (melodee-a), l. 9; *yë* (ee-a), l. 10.

i or **y**, short — as in *him*. *Priketh*, l. 11; *pilgrimages*, l. 12; *y-ronnë*, l. 8.

o, long — as in *note*. *Sootë* (so-ta), l. 1; *rootë* (ro-ta), l. 2.

o, short — as in *not*. *Croppës*, l. 7; *sonnë*, l. 7.

ou, ow — as in *boot*. *Licour* (li-coor), l. 3; *fowlës* (fool-es), l. 9.

u, long — a French sound. Fix the lips as if to say *o* and then say *ee* instead. *Vertu*, l. 4; *nature*, l. 11.

u, short — as in *but*. *Zephirus*, l. 5; *ful*, l. 22.

CONSONANTS

Most of the consonants are as in modern English. A few, however, show foreign influence.

g — as in *get*, except in French words before *e* and *i* where it is like *jh*. *Corages*, l. 11; *pilgrimages*, l. 12. (Similar to modern *garages*.)

gh, ch — never silent as in modern English. Pronounced like the German *ch* in *nicht*. *Droghte*, l. 2; *night*, l. 10. In *knight*, l. 42, the *k* is also pronounced as in German (*k-nicht*). Before a vowel or at the end of a word *ch* is pronounced as in *church*.

h — omitted at the beginning of short unaccented words as *he*, *his*, *hire*, *hem*.

c and **t** are never blended with a following *i* as in modern *condition*, or *special*, but the *i* is pronounced as a separate syllable. *Specially* (four syllables), l. 15; *condicioun* (four syllables), l. 38.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF THE PROLOGUE

1. As you read the Prologue, try to form a mental picture of each character and a clear impression of his personality. Inexpensive prints showing artists' conceptions may be obtained (see page 1143).

2. As you read of each character think whether this type of person still exists today. Have you seen or known persons similar to these characters? Are the chief differences between people of the fourteenth and twentieth centuries those of external appearance or of innate personal traits? Prove your points by examples.

3. Assemble the characters under the following heads:

By classes of society: (1) Aristocrats, (2) Representatives of the Church, (3) Professional men, (4) Trade and industrial classes, (5) Peasants and lower-class townsmen.

By character traits: (1) Highly admirable, (2) Likable, but showing human frailties, (3) Nondescript, (4) Somewhat dishonorable, (5) Genuinely bad.

4. What do you learn from the Prologue about conditions in Chaucer's day: travel, table manners, the Church, the practice of medicine, commerce, and manufacturing?

5. Practice reading at least the first section of the original until you have the swing of it. After that it is not hard to memorize a short passage so you may feel that you "possess" some of Chaucer.

6. Point out some of the best examples of Chaucer's humor. Can you detect differences in this humor, ranging from gentle poking of fun to sharp satire? Give examples. Find examples in the original of a humorous flavor in the words hard to catch in a modernized version.

For the Ambitious Student

1. An interesting project for a class is to collect illustrations from magazines which suggest modern parallels to Chaucer's characters.

2. For composition: (1) a modern Prologue (a group assembled in some modern situation), (2) a conversation between two or more of Chaucer's characters at the Tabard, (3) one or more of Chaucer's characters visiting your school or a modern town, (4) some character not included who might have been present.

3. For special reports, oral or written: (1) the life and death of Thomas à Becket, (2) description of Canterbury Cathedral, (3) description of the town of Canterbury with its many ancient buildings, (4) review of T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral*, (5) review of Percy Mackaye's *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, (6) Chaucer's England, (7) the Canterbury Pilgrims in art, (8) a report on the Ellesmere Manuscript of the Canterbury Pilgrims.

4. Drawings of the various pilgrims may be made and assembled into a

series. Some ambitious art students might design an original frieze of the pilgrims as a gift to the English classroom.

5. Small dolls may be dressed or sketches in color made to represent the pilgrims, thus bringing out details of the costume of that day.

6. Students of French may assemble examples of French influence on the Middle English, and students of German may do the same for that language.

THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE OF CHAUNTICLEER AND PERTELOTE

After many of the pilgrims had told their tales, the Monk narrated a series of seventeen tragedies, and seemed well on his way to tell the rest of the hundred which he said he had in his monastery, when the Knight protested, and the Host said that he was boring all the company with his gloomy stories. The Host, feeling an obligation to keep up the spirits of the party, called upon Sir John, the Nun's Priest, to relate a merry tale, a request with which he heartily complied. The following is a modernized version.

Once on a time a widow old and frail	
Lived in a tiny cottage in a dale.	
Her life was simple and her income slight;	
She and two daughters lived as best they might	
By frugal planning and hard work. Three cows,	5
A sheep called Molly, chickens, and three sows	
Formed all her fortune. She could not afford	
To serve rare morsels at her humble board;	
But all the dainties that she went without	
Kept her from apoplexy and the gout.	10
She drank no wine — no, neither white nor red —	
But never had she dizziness of head.	
The color of her meals was white and black —	
Milk and brown bread — of these she had no lack.	
Sometimes an egg or two, or bacon slice,	15
Would give a special meal an added spice.	
A yard she had, protected all about	
With sticks, and just beyond a ditch dug out.	
Here lived her cock, a bird named Chaunticleer.	
No other cock in crowing was his peer.	20
His merry voice outdid the organ's swell,	
And every hour of day he knew so well	

That the poor widow had no need of clock —
 She timed her actions by her faithful cock.
 His ruddy comb like coral was in hue; 25
 His bill jet black, his legs and toes of blue,
 His nails like whitest lilies; and like gold
 His burnished body flashed in perfect mold.
 This noble cock o'er seven hens was lord.
 They followed at a distance and adored. 30
 Of these the fairest was named Pertelote,
 On whom Lord Chaunticleer did truly dote.
 So courteous, discreet, and debonair,
 Companionable was she, and so fair
 That from the day when she was seven nights old 35
 She truly had his heart within her hold.
 What joy it was at sunrise in fair weather
 To hear them sing " My Love's Away " together.
 For in those days, I'd have you understand,
 The birds and beasts could speak in every land. 40
 One day just as the sun was to appear,
 The seven wives surrounding Chaunticleer
 Were startled by a groaning in his throat
 As if from troubled dreams. Then Pertelote
 Aghast cried out, " What ails you, my heart's dear, 45
 That you should groan in sleep as if in fear?
 You a fine sleeper! " quoth she. " Fie! For shame! "
 Then Chaunticleer awoke and answered, " Dame,
 Think not amiss that I have suffered fright,
 For such an evil dream I've had this night 50
 That I pray God I may its meaning read,
 To keep my body from foul prison freed.
 Methought that in the yard I roamed around,
 When suddenly I saw a fearful hound
 That would have seized me and have left me dead. 55
 His color was between yellow and red,
 But both his ears and tail were tipped with black.
 His piercing eyes would slay me. O alack!
 This was the horrid sight that made me start."
 " Away! " quoth she. " Shame on you, faint of heart! 60
 Have you a beard and call yourself a man?
 I cannot love a coward; no woman can.
 We want our husbands hardy, wise, and free.

What is a dream? Nothing but vanity.
 It may arise from eating too rich food. 65
 No doubt this came from choler of the blood,
 Which often makes men dream of arrows, fires,
 Great beasts of prey, and hideous vampires.
 Just so, if melancholia should attack,
 You then would dream of bears and bulls of black. 70
 Lo, Cato, wise man, as the world must deem,
 Has bid us take no notice of a dream.
 Now when we leave the perch, I strongly urge
 That you a laxative shall take to purge
 Yourself of choler and of melancholy. 75
 To fail to do so would be utter folly.
 Although our town has no apothecary,
 I can instruct you so you need not tarry.
 Here in our own yard I am very sure
 You'll find the herbs to bring about your cure. 80
 But if you scorn my counsel — or forget —
 A tertian fever may develop yet.
 Now for a day or two eat worms alone,
 And this will give your system just the tone
 To take the centaury and hellebore, 85
 Or caper spurge, or several doses more
 Of fumitory, then the gay-tree berry,
 And our ground ivy, sure to make you merry.
 Just peck at these wherever they are found,
 And you need fear no nightmares, I'll be bound. 90
 Cheer up now, husband, and I'll say no more."
 "Madam," quoth he, "I thank you for your lore,
 But this Lord Cato, though he may be wise,
 Opposes greater minds when he denies
 The prophecy of dreams, for joys or woes 95
 Are often forecast thus, experience shows.
 One of the greatest authors men may read
 Tells of two friends, and both devout indeed,
 Who on a pilgrimage came to a town
 Where lodgings there were none, though up and down 100

71. **Cato:** In the fourth century some unknown author compiled four books of popular maxims in Latin. The work was attributed to Cato the Elder (234-149 B.C.). 82. **tertian fever:** a fever recurring every other day. 97. **One of the greatest authors:** Cicero (106-43 B.C.), a Latin orator.

They walked inquiring at each hostelry.
 At last they found they must part company
 If they would have a place to sleep at all.
 Now one of them found quarters in a stall
 Where he beside the oxen had to rest. 105
 The other man was luckier in his quest,
 And found a room where he could have a bed.
 But in his dreams his friend appeared and said,
 ' Dear brother, in an ox's stall I lie,
 And by a murderer's hand I soon must die 110
 If you come not to save me from this fate.'
 The man awoke, but then bethought him straight
 That dreams are vanity, and slept once more;
 But then he had the same dream as before.
 Again he woke, and then he slept again. 115
 This time the friend reproached, ' Now I am slain.
 Behold my bloody wounds are deep and wide.
 Now rise up early in the morningtide
 And at the west gate stand until you see
 A farmer's cart which has apparently 120
 Nothing upon it but a load of dung.
 Here underneath my murdered corpse is flung.
 Now stop that cart and you will learn the truth.
 It was my gold they killed me for, in sooth.'
 Then rose the man and sought his comrade's inn. 125
 ' Your friend left just as daylight did begin,'
 The landlord said. The man's suspicion grew.
 He sought the west gate, and there soon came through
 A farmer's cart exactly as foretold.
 The man was now convinced and made so bold 130
 As to cry justice for his murdered friend.
 The folk rushed forth and tipped the cart on end.
 There was the body cut with gashes new!
 Murder will out, and dreams come surely true! "

[Chaunticleer offers several other examples to convince his wife, quoting the life of St. Kenelm, stories of the Old Testament, and legends of Greek mythology.]

" Now let us speak of mirth and stop all this; 135
 Dear Madam Pertelote, as I have bliss,
 In one thing God has sent me wondrous grace,

For when I see the beauty of your face,
 Your lovely eyes all rimmed with scarlet-red,
 Then suddenly is scattered all my dread;
 For certainly as *In principio*
Mulier est hominis confusio —

Now the true meaning of this Latin is
 ' Woman is man's delight and all his bliss ' —
 And such a joy to me your bright eye's beam
 That I defy the warning of the dream."

Then down he flew and found a grain of corn,
 Chucked at his hens and blithely hailed the morn.
 No longer fearful, like a lion grim
 He paced about the yard, his hens with him.
 He strutted on his toes scarce touching ground,
 And crowed with every grain of corn he found.
 Thus see we Chauncicleer a royal king,
 But later there befalls a dreadful thing.

A coal-black fox, full of iniquity,
 That in the grove for three years secretly
 Had lived, now thought to do his worst,
 And through the hedge that very night he burst
 Into the yard where Chauncicleer the fair
 Would with his wives be likely to repair.
 Concealed among the herbs the villain lay
 Until about eleven the next day,
 Waiting to fall upon poor Chauncicleer,
 Just as a human murderer lingers near
 His victim. O thou false Iscariot!

Thou Sinon who took Troy with subtle plot!
 Poor Chauncicleer! Accursèd be that hour
 That brought thee from thy perch to this brute's power!
 Venus, thy patron goddess, was away,
 And it was Friday, that ill-fated day!
 The warning dream he quite ignored, alas!
 What God foreknows, however, comes to pass,
 Although the scholars still have great dispute
 Upon this point, and some would quite refute

141. *In principio*, etc.: "In the beginning, woman is man's destruction." Note the contrast to Chauncicleer's interpretation. 165. *Iscariot*: Judas Iscariot, who betrayed Christ. 166. *Sinon*: the designer of the wooden horse by which Troy was captured by the Greeks in the Trojan War.

- The argument that God's foreknowledge still 175
 Can make us act contrary to our will.
 In metaphysics I take little stock,
 So let's proceed. My tale is of a cock —
 A cock who took his wife's ill-timed advice.
 'Twas Eve drove Adam out of Paradise! 180
 (But think not I would slander woman's wit;
 'Tis but in jest I gave that little hit.
 Some authors like to cast on woman a slur,
 But I have never seen the harm in her.)
- Fair Pertelote was bathing in the sand 185
 With all her sisters six; the air was bland,
 And Chauncleer was singing lustily,
 As merry as a mermaid in the sea.
 It then befell that as his roving eye
 Followed the flutter of a butterfly, 190
 It saw the visage of the hidden fox,
 Hereditary foe of all the cocks.
 Then the poor bird no longer wished to crow.
 "Cok, cok," he cried in fright and turned to go.
 But quickly said the fox, "O gentle sir, 195
 I am your loyal friend. Why all this stir?
 My presence here no harm to you can bring.
 I simply came to hear your lordship sing.
 How like an angel's voice from heaven each note
 That flows melodious from your noble throat! 200
 My lord your father (may God rest his name!)
 Also your mother to my house once came,
 And truly I would like to please their son.
 But as to singing I have known no one
 Save you, your father's equal. By my eyes, 205
 How he could sing to help the sun arise!
 He'd crane his neck and stretch upon his toes,
 And singing from the heart, his eyes he'd close.
 I'm sure his son to match him must aspire;
 Let's see if you can imitate your sire." 210
- Poor Chauncleer, intrigued by flattery,
 Began to flap his wings and shut his eye
 And stand on tiptoe, but before a note
 Was voiced, the fox had seized him by the throat

And dragged him to the wood without pursuit. 215
 The lady hens, however, were not mute:
 They raised such outcry as was made in vain
 By Trojan women for King Priam slain,
 And Pertelote shrieked louder than the rest
 Because among the seven she loved him best. 220
 No louder shrieked the great Hasdrubal's wife
 When she at Carthage saw him lose his life
 And threw herself into the deadly flames.
 No greater wailing among Roman dames
 When Nero had the guiltless senators slain, 225
 But to our story let's return again.

When the poor widow and her daughters two
 Heard the hens making such a great to-do,
 They rushed outdoors, saw the fox disappear
 Within the grove, bearing their Chaunticleer. 230
 They rushed pell-mell to save the frightened prey.
 "Out! Out!" they shouted. "Harrow! Weylaway!
 Ha, ha, the fox!" and after him they ran.
 Out dashed with staves their neighbors to a man.
 The dogs ran barking, Collie and Gerland; 235
 Then Malkin followed, distaff still in hand.
 The cows and calves ran too, and even hogs
 So frightened by the barking of the dogs
 And shouts of men and women at their backs,
 Scampered till due to fall right in their tracks. 240
 They yelled like fiends in hell; the ducks quacked shrill,
 Thinking the men with sticks were out to kill.
 The geese went flapping up into the trees,
 And from the hive outflew a swarm of bees.
 Such sights and sounds, ah *benedicite!* 245
 I hope I ne'er again may hear and see.
 Some came with horns of brass, and some of box,
 And some of bone, and blew to scare the fox.
 They whooped and hollered, blew and bellowed all,
 Until you'd think the very heavens would fall. 250
 Now listen while I tell to your amaze

221. **Hasdrubal**: the defender of Carthage when the Romans destroyed the city in 146 B.C. 225. **Nero**: a Roman Emperor (A.D. 54-68), famous for his brutal tyrannies. 232. **Harrow**: an ancient Norman cry to arouse pursuit of a thief. 236. **Malkin**: one of the widow's daughters. 245. *benedicite*: bless you.

How fortune may reverse her tricky plays.
 The cock who helpless lay upon the back
 Of Master Fox, though frightened, had no lack
 Of ready wit, and said, " If in your place, 255
 Safe by the entrance to the wood, I'd face
 Around, and to these silly men and girls
 I'd shout, " Turn back, turn back, you haughty churls!
 A plague upon you all! The cock is mine.
 I'll eat him up. Just think how well I'll dine! " 260
 The fox, quite blind to methods he'd begun,
 Replied at once, " In faith, it shall be done! "
 And thus to speak, unthinking spread his jaws.
 The cock, I can assure you, did not pause
 For second thought, but flapped his wings in glee, 265
 And presto! perched upon a lofty tree.
 Now when the fox discovered he'd been duped,
 A second time to trickery he stooped.
 " Alas, my friend," quoth he, " did I alarm
 By holding you so tight? I meant no harm. 270
 Surely you can't suspect some base intent.
 Come down and let me tell you what I meant.
 I'll speak the truth to you this time, I swear."
 " Nay then," quoth Chaunticleer, " you speak me fair,
 But let me be accursed, both blood and bone, 275
 If from experience I've no wiser grown.
 You fooled me once, you shall not fool me twice.
 If I came down you'd eat me in a trice.
 Who shuts his eyes when he should watchful be
 Need never hope from God prosperity." 280
 " Nay," quoth the fox, " and God shall never cease
 To plague the chattering tongue that should keep peace."
 Lo, thus it goes with carelessness, you see,
 And with too great a trust in flattery.
 Now do not judge as folly, my good men, 285
 This simple tale of fox and cock and hen.
 It has a moral hidden in a laugh;
 Be wise and take the grain, but leave the chaff.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF THE NUN'S PRIEST'S TALE

1. What amusing characteristics of husband and wife are given to the cock and hen? Show instances where the mock-heroic tone applied to the widow's humble farmyard adds to the humor.

2. Where is the climax of the story? By what details does the author work up to the highest point of excitement?
3. What is the moral of the tale? Is the story told primarily for the moral or for the fun in it? Give reasons for your answer.
4. This story is a fable. Explain the meaning of the term.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read Aesop's fable of the cock and fox, and note similarities and differences. What American author is famous for his animal fables? In what way are his like Chaucer's? See also La Fontaine's "Fable of the Crow and Fox" in *Adventures in World Literature*.
2. Prepare a special report on Rostand's drama *Chantecler* to show a famous treatment of the cock story in modern literature.
3. A modern musical treatment of a cock story is found in the light opera, *Le Coq d'Or* (*The Golden Cock*), by Rimsky-Korsakov.
4. Read as many of the other Chaucer stories in modern versions as possible (see page 129 for a reading list). An interesting way of exchanging these stories in class is for different students to represent different pilgrims, each telling his story as much in character as possible.

THE COMPLAINT OF CHAUCER TO HIS EMPTY PURSE

Toward the end of Chaucer's life his fortunes fell, and the small pension he received was not enough to support him. With characteristic originality he sent the following poem to the King and was rewarded a few days later by having his pension doubled. This version is modernized.

To you, my purse, and to none other wight
 Complain I, for you are my lady dear.
 I am so sorry now that you are light;
 For surely, but you make me heavy cheer
 I were as lief be laid upon my bier; 5
 Therefore unto your mercy thus I cry:
 Be heavy again — else must I die!

Now vouchsafe this day, ere it be night,
 That I the cheerful sound of you may hear,
 Or see your color like the sunshine bright, 10
 That for yellowness never yet had peer.
 You are my life, the one my heart to steer,
 Queen of comfort and of good company:
 Be heavy again — else must I die!

Now purse, that is to me my life's delight, 15
 And savior, in this world down here,
 Out of this town help me through your might,
 Since that you will not be my treasurer;
 For I am shavèd close as any friar.
 But yet I pray unto your courtesy: 20
 Be heavy again — else must I die!

L'ENVOY DE CHAUCER

O Conqueror of Brutus' Albion!
 Who by line and free election
 Art truly king, this song to you I send;
 And you, with power our harms to mend, 25
 Have mind upon my supplication!

22. Henry IV became king in 1399 after defeating Richard II. He claimed the throne by right of descent. Brutus was the legendary founder of Britain.

SIR THOMAS MALORY (? -1470?)

Of all the medieval heroes King Arthur has been the most dominant in English literature. The real Arthur is only a shadowy Celtic king of the sixth century, about whom there are no contemporary writings. He appears in written literature three hundred years later in the Welsh account by the monk Nennius. In the twelfth century his story is again told in Latin by Geoffrey of Monmouth, and in French by Wace, who added the Round Table legend. In the thirteenth century *Brut*, a rhyming chronicle by Layamon, is the first version in English. But by far the most important of the early accounts of King Arthur is *Le Morte d'Arthur* (*The Death of Arthur*) a complete and smoothly flowing narrative assembled from various sources by Sir Thomas Malory. Little is known of this knight except that he was a follower of the Earl of Warwick and fought at the famous siege of Rouen in the Hundred Years' War. He finished his great book in 1470, and fifteen years later Caxton printed it. Malory's version has been the chief source book for the many modern writers who have used the Arthur legends, such as Tennyson, Swinburne, Maschfield, and Edwin Arlington Robinson, and for the famous series of the Holy Grail paintings by Edwin Abbey.

LE MORTE D'ARTHUR

The title of the book is misleading, for the death of Arthur is only a small part of the total volume. The stories begin with the birth of Arthur and follow his reign through to the end, with many digressions into the stories of Sir Launcelot, Sir Galahad, and other Knights of the Round Table. The story given here of Arthur's establishment on the throne is typical of the mythical character of the stories, with emphasis on Merlin's magic and the supernatural powers of a great king. It is taken from Book I, Chapters 3, 4, and 5. The spelling is modernized.

Then within two years King Uther fell sick of a great malady; and in the meanwhile his enemies usurped upon him, and did a great battle upon his men, and slew many of his people. "Sir," said Merlin, "you may not lie so as you do, for you must to the field, though you ride in a horse litter; for you shall never have the better of your enemies but if your person be there, and then shall you have the victory."

So it was done as Merlin had devised, and they carried the king forth in a horse litter, with a great host toward his enemies. And at Saint Alban's there met with the king a great host of the north; and that day Sir Ulfius and Sir Brastias did great deeds of arms, and King Uther's men overcame the northern battle, and slew much people, and put the remnant to flight; and then the king returned to London, and made great joy of his victory. And within a while after he was passing sore sick, so that three days and three nights he was speechless, wherefore all the barons made great sorrow, and asked Merlin what counsel were best. "There is none other remedy," said Merlin, "but God will have his will; but look ye that all his barons be before him tomorrow, and God and I shall make him to speak."

So on the morrow all the barons, with Merlin, came before the king; then Merlin said aloud unto King Uther, "Sir, shall your son Arthur be king after your days of this realm, with all the appurtenances?"

Then Utherpendragon¹ turned him and said, in hearing of them all, "I give him God's blessing and mine, and bid him pray for my soul, and righteously and worshipfully that he claim the crown upon forfeiture of my blessing." And therewith he yielded up the ghost. And then he was interred as belonged unto a king; wherefore Igraine, the queen, made great sorrow, and all the barons.

¹ **Utherpendragon:** "Pendragon" attached to a name meant that he was the chief over other chiefs.

Then stood the realm in great jeopardy a long while, for every lord that was mighty of men made him strong, and many weened to have been king. Then Merlin went to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and counseled him to send for all the lords of the realm, and all the gentlemen of arms, that they should come to London before Christmas, upon pain of cursing; and for this cause, that as Jesus was born on that night, that He would of His great mercy show some miracle as He was come to be king of all mankind, for to show some miracle who should be rightwise king of this realm. So the archbishop, by the advice of Merlin, sent for all the lords and gentlemen of arms, that they should come by Christmas Eve to London: and many of them made them clean of their lives, that their prayer might be the more acceptable to God.

So in the greatest church of London (whether it were Paul's or not the French book ² maketh no mention) all the estates and lords were long or ³ it was day in the church for to pray. And when matins and the first mass was done, there was seen in the churchyard, against the high altar, a great stone, foursquare, like to a marble stone, and in the midst thereof was an anvil of steel, a foot of height, and therein stuck a fair sword, ~~naked by the point,~~ *out of scabbard* and letters of gold were written about the sword that said thus: "Whoso pulleth out this sword of this stone and anvil is rightwise king born of England." Then the people marveled and told it to the archbishop. "I command you," said the archbishop, "that you keep you within your church: and pray unto God still that no man touch the sword till the high mass be all done."

So when all the masses were done, all the estates went for to behold the stone and the sword, and when they saw the scripture, some assayed,⁴ such as would have been king: but none might stir the sword, nor move it. "He is not yet here," said the archbishop, "that shall achieve⁵ the sword, but doubt not God will make him to be known. But this is my counsel," said the archbishop, "that we let purvey⁶ ten knights, men of good fame, and they to keep this sword." And so it was ordained, and then there was made a cry, that every man should assay that would for to win the sword.

And, upon New Year's Day, the barons let make a joust and tournament, that all knights that would joust and tourney there might play; and all this was ordained for to keep the lords together, and

² the French book: Malory drew much of his information from a French version of the Arthur stories by Wace.

³ or: ere.

⁴ assayed: tried.

⁵ achieve: attain.

⁶ let purvey: cause to be provided.

the commons, for the archbishop trusted that God would make him known that should win the sword. So, upon New Years' Day, when the service was done, the barons rode to the field, some to joust, and some to tourney. And so it happened that Sir Ector, that had great livelihood about London, rode to the jousts, and with him rode Sir Kaye, his son, and young Arthur, that was his nourished ⁷ brother; and Sir Kaye was made knight at Allhallowmas ⁸ afore. So as they rode toward the jousts, Sir Kaye had lost his sword, for he had left it at his father's lodging; and so he prayed young Arthur to ride for his sword. "I will with a good will," said Arthur, and rode fast after the sword; and when he came home, the lady and all were gone out to see the jousting. Then was Arthur wrath, and said to himself, "I will ride to the churchyard and take the sword with me that sticketh in the stone, for my brother, Sir Kaye, shall not be without a sword this day."

And so, when he came to the churchyard, Arthur alighted, and tied his horse to the stile, and so went to the tent, and found no knights there, for they were all at the jousting; and so he handled the sword by the handles, and lightly and fiercely he pulled it out of the stone, and took his horse, and rode his way till he came to his brother, Sir Kaye, and delivered him the sword. And, as soon as Sir Kaye saw the sword, he wist well that it was the sword of the stone; and so he rode to his father, Sir Ector, and said, "Sir, lo! here is the sword of the stone; wherefore I must be king of this land."

When Sir Ector beheld the sword, he returned again, and came to the church, and there they alighted all three, and went into the church; and anon he made Sir Kaye to swear upon a book how he came to that sword.

"Sir," said Sir Kaye, "by my brother, Arthur, for he brought it to me."

"How gat you this sword?" said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"Sir, I will tell you; when I came home for my brother's sword I found nobody at home for to deliver me his sword; and so I thought my brother, Sir Kaye, should not be swordless, and so I came thither eagerly, and pulled it out of the stone without any pain."

"Found ye any knights about this sword?" said Sir Ector.

"Nay," said Arthur.

"Now," said Sir Ector to Arthur, "I understand that you must be king of this land."

⁷ nourished: foster.

⁸ Allhallowmas: mass on All Saints' Day, November 1.

"Wherefore I?" said Arthur, "and for what cause?"

"Sir," said Sir Ector, "for God will have it so; for there should never no man have drawn out this sword, but he that shall be right-wise king of this land. Now, let me see whether ye can put the sword there as it was, and pull it out again."

"That is no mastery,"⁹ said Arthur; and so he put it in the stone.

Therewith Sir Ector assayed to pull out the sword, and failed.

"Now assay you," said Sir Ector to Sir Kaye. And anon he pulled at the sword with all his might, but it would not be. "Now shall ye assay," said Sir Ector to Arthur.

"With a good will," said Arthur, and pulled it out easily. And therewithal Sir Ector kneeled down to the earth, and Sir Kaye also.

"Alas!" said Arthur, "mine own dear father, and my brother, why kneel you to me?"

"Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so. I was never your father, nor of your blood, but I wot well that you are of a higher blood than I weened you were." And then Sir Ector told him all how he was betaken¹⁰ him to nourish, and by whose commandment, and by Merlin's deliverance. Then Arthur made great moan when he understood that Sir Ector was not his father.

"Sir," said Sir Ector unto Arthur, "will you be my good and gracious lord when you are king?"

"Else were I to blame," said Arthur, "for you are the man in the world that I am most beholden unto, and my good lady and mother, your wife, that, as well as her own, hath fostered and kept me; and, if ever it be God's will that I be king, as you say, ye shall desire of me what I may do, and I shall not fail you; God forbid I should fail you."

"Sir," said Sir Ector, "I will ask no more of you but that you will make my son, your fostered brother, Sir Kaye, *seneschal* of all your lands."

"That shall be done, sir," said Arthur, "and more, by the faith of my body, and that never man shall have that office but he while that he and I live."

Therewithal they went unto the archbishop, and told him how the sword was achieved, and by whom. And, upon the Twelfth-day,¹¹ all the barons came thither for to assay to take the sword who that would assay. But there before them all there might none take it out but only Arthur, wherefore there were many great lords wrath, and

⁹ mastery: feat.

¹⁰ betaken: trusted to.

¹¹ the Twelfth-day: the festival of the Epiphany, the twelfth day after Christmas.

said, "It was great shame unto them all and the realm, to be governed with a boy of no high blood born." And so they fell out at that time, that it was put off till Candlemas,¹² and then all the barons should meet there again. But always the ten knights were ordained for to watch the sword both day and night; and so they set a pavilion over the stone and the sword, and five always watched.

And at Candlemas many more great lords came thither for to have won the sword, but none of them might prevail; and right as Arthur did at Christmas he did at Candlemas, and pulled out the sword easily, whereof the barons were sore aggrieved, and put it in delay till the high feast of Easter; and, as Arthur sped before, so did he at Easter; and yet there were some of the great lords had indignation that Arthur should be their king, and put it off in delay till the feast of Pentecost.¹³ Then the Archbishop of Canterbury, by Merlin's providence, let purvey of the best knights that might be gotten, and such knights as King Utherpendragon loved best, and most trusted in his days; and such knights were put about Arthur, as Sir Boudwine, of Britain; Sir Kaye, Sir Ulfius, and Sir Brastias; all these, with many others, were always about Arthur, day and night, till the feast of Pentecost.

And, at the feast of Pentecost, all manner of men assayed for to pull at the sword that would assay; and none might prevail but Arthur, and he pulled it out before all the lords and commons that were there; wherefore all the commons cried at once, "We will have Arthur unto our king, we will put him no more in delay, for we all see that it is God's will that he shall be our king, and who that holdeth against it we will slay him;" and therewithal they all kneeled down all at once, and cried Arthur mercy because they had delayed him so long. And Arthur forgave it them, and took the sword between both his hands, and offered it up to the altar, where the archbishop was, and was made knight of the best man that was there.

And so anon was the coronation made, and there was he sworn to the lords and commons for to be a true king, to stand with true justice from thenceforth all the days of his life; and then he made all the lords that held off the crown, to come in and do him service as they ought to do. And many complaints were made unto King Arthur, of great wrongs that were done since the death of King Utherpendragon, of many lands that were bereaved of lords, knights, ladies, and gentlemen; wherefore King Arthur made the lands for to be rendered again unto them that owned them. When this was done, that the king had established all the countries about London, then he did make Sir Kaye

¹² **Candlemas:** February 2. ¹³ **Pentecost:** the fiftieth day after Easter.

seneschal of England, and Sir Boudwine, of Britain, was made constable, and Sir Ulfius was made chamberlain, and Sir Brastias was made warden, for to wait upon the north from Trent forward: for it was that time, for the most part, enemy unto the king. But within few years after, King Arthur won all the north, Scotland, and all that were under their obeisance; also a part of Wales held against King Arthur, but he overcame them all, as he did the remnant, and all through the noble prowess of himself and his knights of the Round Table.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF LE MORTE D'ARTHUR

1. Since all of Malory is interesting and easily obtained in modernized versions, you would do well to read further in *Le Morte d'Arthur*, especially if you are not familiar with the legends of the Round Table.
2. What details in this story are clearly additions of the days of chivalry, and would not have been probable in primitive Celtic days?

For the Ambitious Student

1. A valuable class project would be the investigation of literature, art, and music centering around King Arthur and the Holy Grail legend. Different students might read the various stories of Tennyson, Swinburne, Lowell, and E. A. Robinson, and write short reports of how they follow closely or differ widely from Malory. Music students might investigate the Wagnerian operas of *Parsifal* and *Tristan and Isolde*. Art students might write on how the stories are used in the Abbey paintings in the Boston Public Library; inexpensive prints are obtainable. All this material might be assembled into a class booklet and filed in the library for future reference.

READING LIST FOR MIDDLE-ENGLISH PERIOD

LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD

Old Ballads

Love Ballads: Lord Thomas and Fair Annet; Glenlogie; Hind Horn; Fair Margaret and Sweet William; Barbara Allen's Cruelty. *Domestic Tragedy*: Edward; The Cruel Brother; The Douglas Tragedy; The Twa Sisters; The Maid Freed from the Gallows. *Outlaw Ballads*: Robin Hood and Alan a Dale; Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne;

Robin Hood Rescues the Widow's Sons; Robin Hood's Death and Burial; Johnie Cock. *War Ballads*: The Hunting of the Cheviot; The Battle of Otterburn. *Superstition*: The Wife of Usher's Well; Thomas Rymer

Collections of Old Ballads

Child, Francis J.: *English and Scottish Popular Ballads* (one-volume edition)

Armes, W. D.: *Old English Ballads and Folk Songs*

Bates, Katharine L.: *A Ballad Book*

Witham, R. A.: *Representative English and Scottish Popular Ballads*

Medieval Miracle Plays

The Fall of Lucifer; Noah; Abraham and Isaac; The Second Shepherd's Play; The Judgment Day

Modern Miracle Plays

The Passion Play of Oberammergau

The Freiburg Passion Play (given in the United States)

Connelly, Marc: *Green Pastures* (Negro miracle play)

Medieval Morality Play
Everyman

Chaucer, Geoffrey. *The Canterbury Tales*: The Knight's Tale, "Palamon and Arcite"; The Man of Law's Tale, "Constance"; The Clerk's Tale, "Patient Griselda"; The Squire's Tale, "The Brazen Horse"; The Prioress's Tale, "Hugh of Lincoln"; The Pardoner's Tale, "The Three Revelers and Death." Modern verse translations by Frank E. Hill and by Katharine Lee Bates. Modern prose translations by Mackaye, Tappan, Clarke, Darton, Haweis, Seymour, and others.

Froissart, Jean: *Chronicles of England and Other Countries* (modernized)

IMPORTANT BOOKS ABOUT THE PERIOD

Fiction and Biography

Belloc, Hilaire: * *William the Conqueror*

Bulwer-Lytton, Edward: *The Last of the Barons*

Converse, Florence: * *Long Will*

Davis, William Stearns: *God Wills It; Life on a Medieval Barony*

Doyle, Conan: * *The White Company*

Kingsley, Charles: * *Hereward the Wake*

Kipling, Rudyard: * *Puck of Pook's Hill*

Lanier, Sidney: * *The Boy's King Arthur* (based on Malory)

Porter, Jane: * *Scottish Chiefs*

Pyle, Howard: * *Men of Iron*; * *The Merry Adventures of*

Robin Hood; * *The Story of King Arthur and His Knights*

Reade, Charles: *The Cloister and the Hearth*

Scott, Walter: * *Ivanhoe*; * *The Talisman*; * *Quentin Durward*

Stevenson, Robert Louis: * *The Black Arrow*

Twain, Mark: * *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*;

* *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*; * *The Prince and the Pauper*

Drama and Poetry

De Koven, Reginald: * *Robin Hood* (light opera)

Eliot, T. S.: *Murder in the Cathedral*

* Starred books are those most suitable for high school students.

- Lowell, James Russell: * "The Vision of Sir Launfal"
- Mackaye, Percy: * *The Canterbury Pilgrims*
- Morris, William: "The Dream of John Ball"; "A Defence of Guenevere"
- Noyes, Alfred: * *Sherwood*
- Peabody, Josephine Preston: * *The Piper*
- Robinson, Edwin Arlington: *Merlin; Launcelot; Tristram*
- Rossetti, D. G.: "The White Ship"
- Shakespeare, William: *King John*; * *Richard II*; * *Henry IV*, Parts I and II; * *Henry V*; *Henry VI*, Parts I and II; *Richard III*
- Shaw, George Bernard: * *Saint Joan*
- Swinburne, Algernon: "Tristram of Lyonesse"
- Tennyson, Alfred: *Becket*; *Harold*; * *The Idylls of the King*; * "The Lady of Shalott"; * "Sir Galahad"; * "Sir Lance- lot and Queen Guinevere"
- History and Legend*
- Adams, George B.: *Civilization During the Middle Ages*
- Brendon, J. A.: * *The Age of Chaucer*
- Bulfinch, Thomas: * *The Age of Chivalry*
- Collins, R. W.: *A History of Medieval Civilization in Europe*
- Coulton, G. G.: * *Chaucer and His England*, * *The Medieval Scene, Life in the Middle Ages*
- Cutts, Edward L.: *Scenes and Characters from the Middle Ages*
- Mills, Dorothy: * *The Middle Ages* (good il.)
- Salzman, L. F.: * *English Life in the Middle Ages* (good il.)
- Snell, F. J.: *The Customs of Old England*
- Stuart, Dorothy: *Men and Women of Plantagenet England*
- Tappan, Eva M.: * *When Knights Were Bold*
- Wilmot-Buxton, Ethel M.: * *The Story of the Crusades*
- Art and Architecture* (all well illustrated)
- Anderson, M. D.: * *The Medieval Carver*
- Batsford, H. and Fry, C.: * *The Cathedrals of England*
- Bumpus, T. F.: *The Cathedrals of England and Wales*
- James, M. R.: *Abbeys*
- Mackenzie, W. M.: *The Medieval Castle in Scotland*
- Oman, Charles: * *Castles*
- Saunders, O. Elfrida: *A History of English Art of the Middle Ages*
- Costume Design*
- Brooke, Iris: * *English Costume of the Early Middle Ages*, * *English Costume of the Later Middle Ages*
- Hartley, Dorothy: * *Medieval Costume and Life*
- Music*
- Bantock, G.: * *One Hundred Songs of England* (Has original music of "Sumer is icumen in," and of several old ballads.)
- Sharp, Cecil J.: * *One Hundred English Folksongs* (Has old music of "Lord Randal.")
- Walker, Ernest: *A History of Music in England*, Chs. 1 and 2.



Queen Elizabeth I, A. 1

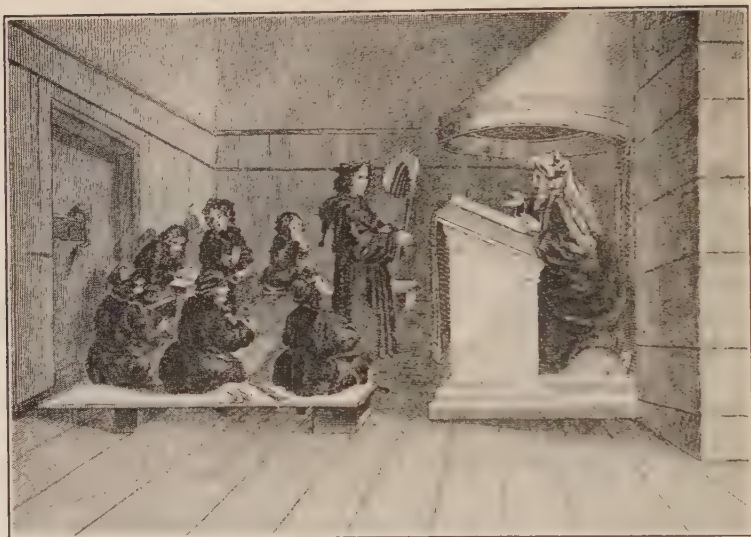
QUEEN ELIZABETH OPENS THE FIRST ROYAL EXCHANGE
Painting by Ernest Crofts

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE

1485-1625

What "Elizabethan" Means. If this book were a history of the English people, this chapter would be called "The Tudor Age," from the reigning family; but in a book which treats of literature with its culmination of great writing under Queen Elizabeth, the term Elizabethan Age is more suitable. The early Tudor poets, the first warblings of the "nest of singing birds," as sixteenth-century England has been called, came before her reign, and several of the greatest dramatists survived her by many years. When the term Elizabethan is used in a literary sense, it includes this overlapping.

England Becomes a Modern Nation. The end of the fifteenth century and the early part of the sixteenth witnessed the transition of England from a medieval to a modern country. Heretofore it had been governed by feudalism, entertained by chivalry, educated by monastic thought, and religiously controlled by the Church of Rome. Now it was struggling toward parliamentary representation, being entertained by the drama, educated by the study of humanity and the world of nature, and breaking away from established religious authorities. This change was not confined to England but was going on throughout Europe. Geographical discoveries affected it greatly. In 1492 Columbus, a Genoese mariner, believing that he could sail straight across the ocean to Cathay or China, found the West Indies. In 1497 an English father and son, John and Sebastian Cabot, discovered the American continent, and in the same year Vasco da Gama, a Portuguese navigator, rounded the southern point of Africa and, sailing eastward, touched India. Before that time, during the Middle Ages, there had been no voyaging outside the Mediterranean except along the coasts. Suddenly the world enlarged its bounds. No newspapers, moving pictures, or radio spread word of the discoveries of Columbus, Magellan, Vespucci, and the other great voyagers, but word passed rapidly from mouth to mouth, and what imaginative stirrings of progressive minds followed the news of fresh trade routes and an unknown continent risen, as it seemed, out of the ocean!



PRIMARY SCHOOL OF ELIZABETHAN DAYS. (Culver Service)

The New Learning Is Called Humanism. As the material world enlarged before men's eyes, so the boundaries of their mental world receded before the influx of a new learning. Italians for a long time had studied the ancient classics before the Turks captured Constantinople in 1453. This event caused fugitive scholars to bring many priceless Greek manuscripts to the Continent. Thus was aroused a new interest in the classic writers which spread all through western Europe and to England. The medieval schoolman had studied everything in the light of logic and theology, but the new fashion was to study the classics as *literature*, as the highest strivings of mankind toward truth and beauty apart from religious dogma. The men who studied these classics in a thoroughly human spirit received the name of Humanists, and the movement was called Humanism.

The Invention of Printing. Without the invention of printing, literature would always have remained the luxury of an educated minority. Though several rivals claim the honor of the invention, it is usually attributed to the Gutenbergs of Mainz, Germany, who at least perfected movable metal type. William Caxton, an Englishman in the employ of the Duchess of Burgundy, having learned the art from them, engaged in printing on the Continent, and about 1475 set up

near Westminster Abbey the first press in England. His first volume was *Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers*, but the greatest English works he printed were Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales* and Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur*. Caxton nobly endeavored in every way to make his work clear to the educated man of his day, but the task was a difficult one because of the many dialects in existence. Since his publications standardized the language and made books accessible to a far larger public than could ever read the few painfully copied and exceedingly costly manuscripts, it is difficult to overestimate his services to English literature.

Italian Renaissance Influences England. The pronounced mental stirring of the whole of Europe through the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries is called the Renaissance, or rebirth. It began in Italy. Because currents then moved slowly, as compared with today, England as a whole was not swept into the tide until the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, though Chaucer's travels brought him under the influence of Petrarch and Boccaccio. But Petrarch's spirit had to wait almost two hundred years for its fulfillment in the Elizabethan poets. In Italy the development of art was a marked aspect of the Renaissance. Budding since the early fourteenth century, it came to its richest bloom in the sixteenth with Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Michelangelo, and Titian. Though English art produced nothing to equal these masters, it began to emphasize portrait painting. The faces of the Tudor kings and courtiers are familiar to us through portraits by the Dutch artist, Hans Holbein, and his followers.

England was the last European country to be dominated by Italian Renaissance architecture. Inigo Jones, the first great exponent of this style in England, did his best work after Elizabeth's time. Tudor building is typified in dignified stone country mansions, many of them still standing, and in the "half-timbered" or "black and white" houses which still make Chester, Stratford, and other towns picturesque.

Science likewise felt the potent influence of the Renaissance. The artist Leonardo da Vinci was also an engineer of phenomenal foresight. In Poland, Copernicus elaborated a new system of astronomy that gave mankind an entirely new outlook on the universe. Later his findings were confirmed and amplified by Galileo, the mathematician and physicist. Although Galileo was forced to recant his heretical ideas of the movements of the earth about the sun, yet, according to tradition, he muttered under his breath, "Nevertheless it does move."



HENRY VIII. Charles Laughton, in his skillful film characterization, modeled his appearance directly from the famous Holbein painting. (From Alexander Korda's production, *Henry the Eighth*)

The Two Henrys Were Powerful Rulers. The last of the great movements influencing life during the Tudor period is the Reformation, largely a result of the intellectual independence of the Renaissance. In England the effect of the Reformation was the separation of the Church of England from the Roman Church. The Reformation in England is closely bound up with its monarchs. When Henry Bolingbroke in 1485 defeated Richard III, and ended the Wars of the Roses, he, as Henry VII, established the Tudor family on the throne. Cool of brain and cold of heart, he reduced lawlessness by forbidding the nobles to have retainers as of old, and he set up a special Court of Star Chamber, named from the room in which it convened,

to force noblemen to obey the laws like ordinary folk. His best gift to his people was a quarter-century of peace at home and abroad. Towns were then growing rapidly in importance, with the commercial middle classes gaining immense wealth and influence. With this gradual passing of the old order of feudalism and chivalry came the rise of a new aristocracy based on wealth and trade. Henry himself greedily accumulated all the wealth he could, and bequeathed a large fortune to his son. This son, Henry VIII (1509-1547) was England's most sensational king. Books and movies are still being produced about his vast energy, his superstitions, his skill in verse and music, his six wives, toward whom he acted like Bluebeard, and his famous daughters, Mary, the Catholic, and Elizabeth, the Protestant. The

most important historical event of his reign was the complete separation of the Church of England from papal authority at Rome. Events on the continent laid the way for this change.

How the Reformation Started. Martin Luther in Germany and, later, John Calvin in Geneva were the first to preach openly against the abuses of the Roman Catholic Church, though Wyclif had even earlier laid the way for English Protestantism. In England Parliament had long thought that the Church owned too much land and paid insufficient taxes, but both English and European kings stood in awe of the Pope and his authority. Eventually Luther, the greatest religious genius of the sixteenth century, having gained fame through his lectures at the University of Wittenberg, nailed up his ninety-five *theses* (protests) on the church door. "They were simply ninety-five sledge-hammer blows directed against the most flagrant ecclesiastical abuse of the age" — the sale of Indulgences. A famous Oxford chancellor in the fifteenth century has thus explained the popular view of Indulgences:

Sinners say nowadays "I care not how many or how great sins I commit before God, for I shall easily and quickly get plenary remission of any guilt and penalty whatsoever by absolution and indulgence granted to me from the Pope, whose writing and grant I have bought for 4d. or 6d. or for a game of tennis."

Later Luther protested against other practices also, and became head of the Protestant movement in Europe. In those days no one believed in religious toleration. A person was either a Catholic or one of the new, various kinds of Protestants. Each person had to subscribe to some belief, but he was not allowed to think for himself. Although Henry VIII, for publicly opposing Martin Luther, was named by the Pope "Defender of the Faith," a title which he cherished, yet he broke with Rome and made the Church of England the established church. The reason was largely personal. Henry wished to divorce his wife, Catharine of Aragon, in order to marry one of her maids of honor, Anne Boleyn. Divorce was not permitted by the Roman Catholic Church. In order to get his way Henry finally charged all the dignitaries of the English Church with high treason, and in desperation they declared him the Church of England's "supreme head on earth." Parliament later ratified this by the Act of Supremacy (1534). Henry promptly destroyed the monasteries of England, both small and large, and confiscated their wealth and property. A vast destruction of valuable manuscripts accompanied this plundering. No one

can compute how much Anglo-Saxon and Middle English literature was forever lost, but the amount must have been great. As a partial compensation for these losses there was the gain of a new translation of the Bible.

William Tyndale Translates the Bible. Although Wyclif had translated the Bible into English, a new version was needed because of the marked change in the language. In 1522 William Tyndale (1490?-1536) began to translate the New Testament. Since he knew Greek, he had an advantage over Wyclif, who knew only the Latin translation. As it was not then safe to issue a Bible in England, Tyndale had to go to Germany, where, incidentally, he visited Martin Luther. His New Testament was finally printed abroad, and copies were smuggled into England, but suppressed by the Church. Though constantly harried by the authorities, he managed to issue later certain books of the Old Testament. Miles Coverdale in 1535 was responsible for the first English version of the entire Bible, but Tyndale's scholarly and eminently literary translation has remained the basis for all subsequent versions, including the famous King James Version of 1611, which, brought over by the Pilgrims, "fixed the standard of English in America." This version is still in use. Tyndale was finally tried for heresy at Brussels, strangled at the stake and his body burned, a sadly ironic fate when we consider what happened in England two years after his death.

The English Bible Made Available to All. In 1538 Henry VIII ordered every parish priest, every church and cathedral in England to place a Bible translated into English where parishioners could read it openly. A sudden wealth of literature, of "histories, biographies, travels, sermons, love poems, battle songs, and dirges," was thus set before the common people. Those in the parish who could not read had one of the more gifted read aloud to them in the evening from one of these chained Bibles. For the ordinary man was becoming bored with the continuous repetition of the old romances and ballads, and Chaucer's English was even then growing a little hard for him to read. Thus were Wyclif and Tyndale avenged.

Two other significant writers of this reign are More, the scholar, and Skelton, the poet.

Sir Thomas More Writes "Utopia." Sir Thomas More (1478-1535) was the greatest of the English Humanists. After studying Greek and Latin at Oxford, he went to the Continent on a diplomatic mission, and there wrote in Latin his *Utopia* (Greek for *Nowhere*), which describes a country ideally governed. The word

Utopia now has a permanent place in our language to signify a perfect, if seemingly unattainable, state for mankind. His book is the fore-runner of some famous dream countries of modern literature such as Bellamy's *Looking Backward* and H. G. Wells's *A Modern Utopia*. Sir Thomas More became Lord High Chancellor of England, but was executed in the Tower because he refused to take the oath acknowledging Henry VIII as sole head of the English Church. With More is associated the name of Erasmus, the great Dutch Humanist, who, during a sojourn in England, wrote his *Praise of Folly* (in Latin), which has been called "a song of victory for the New Learning."

John Skelton (1460?–1529). To revise some of his books Caxton called to his aid John Skelton, author of *The Book of Colin Clout*, whom he praised as a fine scholar and poet laureate of the University of Oxford. Skelton was a poet of pronounced individuality. Lately he has been again brought to attention by the modern English poet, Robert Graves, who characterizes the man in an excellent imitation of his quick-stepping meter:

What could be dafter
Than John Skelton's laughter?
What sound more tenderly
Than his pretty poetry?
For he will not stop
To sweep nor mop,
To prune nor prop. . . .

But angrily, wittily,
Tenderly, prettily,
Laughingly, learnedly,
Sadly, madly,
Helter-Skelter John
Rhymes serenely on,
As English poets should,
Old John, you do me good!

The Troubled Reigns of Edward VI and "Bloody Mary." Henry VIII left the government practically bankrupt, through his extravagance with the fortune his father bequeathed him. He also left England surrounded by enemies. In fact, he handed over to his children a troublous inheritance. After a brief reign torn by uprisings and factions the young Edward VI (1547–1553) died. Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper* is an imaginary story of this young king, as well as a grim picture of the prevalence of paupers in London of that day.

Henry's separation of the Church of England from the Church of Rome had been essentially satisfactory to the people of England. When his oldest daughter, Mary (1553–1558), brought up by a Catholic mother, endeavored to restore England to the fold of Rome, she met open rebellion, which she endeavored to quell by severe persecutions. She fixed a death penalty for reading the Bible in English, and

executions for other practices of Protestantism. The reign of "Bloody Mary" was unhappy and tempestuous. Two Protestant archbishops, Ridley and Latimer, were signal martyrs to her persecutions. Half Spanish by birth, she married Philip of Spain, who soon ruled a vast empire. This unpopular marriage dragged England into war with France again, and lost Calais to England forever. When Mary died in 1558, after having reigned five years, her half sister, Elizabeth, came to the throne.

The Reign of Gloriana. The influence of the Renaissance had made any sovereign almost a sacred person. With Henry VIII, "terrible majesty invested the head of the State." Queen Elizabeth was worshiped by her subjects almost with idolatry. One of her greatest poets, Edmund Spenser, called her "Gloriana." More than any sovereign before or since, she seemed to be identified with England itself.

The English people, joyful in welcoming a thoroughly English queen, gave her their love and homage; but for the first twenty years of her reign she had to grapple with, and overcome, a spirit of deep depression in England. Of this period a modern historian has said:

If Elizabeth had perished by force of arms or by the assassin's knife at any time within the first twenty years of her reign, her name would have been linked with a time of singular barrenness, and we should perhaps have talked of "Poor Queen Bess's cheerless days."

This statement seems extraordinary, when we think of her glorious achievements and of the rich and prosperous heritage she left to her people. In fact her reign falls into three distinct periods.

The first was gloomy and foreboding, for several reasons: (1) The loss of Calais, although eventually good for England, was bitterly resented by the people. (2) The powerful Roman Catholic Church threatened a Counter Reformation. (3) England feared Spain and invasion by a Spanish army under the cruel Duke of Alva, Spanish military dictator of the Netherlands. (4) The claim of Mary Queen of Scots (Catholic) to the English crown was a storm center for all Catholic intrigue. (5) Among the common people a condition of unemployment and pauperism existed caused by the high cost of living, the eviction of men from their land so that their employers might raise sheep, and the plundering of the monasteries at a time when, under Henry VIII, "the richer classes went mad with the lust of gain." The second period was distinguished by extraordinary individual action in sea adventures, voyages, and discoveries, and an outburst of creative energy in the arts. In the third period, England, thoroughly

awakened as a nation to the fullness of her new powers, entered upon her Golden Age.

How Elizabeth Met Her Problems. Elizabeth, the young half sister to "Bloody Mary," who had tried to force England back into Catholicism, had been reared a Protestant. Consequently she swung England back into the Protestant faith and to the Church established by Henry VIII. Furthermore she reinstated the English Book of Common Prayer.

Although some persecution and martyrdom of Catholics stained Elizabeth's reign, she was a born diplomat and wisely neglected to enforce rigidly

some of the laws against nonconforming clergy. Her policy in general was one of tolerance, though her excommunication by the Pope and the menace to her throne of Mary Queen of Scots drove her to some grim retaliation on the Catholics. Furthermore she waged a war of extermination in Ireland that resulted in the final submission of a mere starving remnant of the people and a "barren victory which has ever since carried with it its own curse."

Then, by adroit action, she broke up an alliance between Scotland and France, dangerous to England. This masterly move made Scotland actually friendly with England for the first time, and led finally to amicable union. As for Spain and the feared Duke of Alva, Elizabeth captured the treasure ship sent him by the King of Spain with pay for his army, and he was too much occupied with revolt in the Netherlands to retaliate.

To stop the rise in prices and restore prosperity, Elizabeth had all the money in England reminted. She also established a Poor Law, which admitted that it was the duty of the State to care for the poor



QUEEN ELIZABETH. Remembered for her astounding wardrobe as well as for her keen brain and able statesmanship. (Culver Service)



MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. Elizabeth's beautiful rival, mother of James VI, and romantic heroine of many novels, poems, and plays. (Bodleian Library Portrait)

and that all unemployed persons were not necessarily rogues and vagabonds. As for Elizabeth's own expenses, she always strove to be as economical as possible. She has even been called penurious. Finally, she and her minister, Burleigh, managed to accomplish three great gains for England: (1) triumph over foreign foes, (2) her rise as a great industrial and mercantile power, (3) the beginning of a united Great Britain.

The Tragic Destiny of Mary Queen of Scots.

To the student of literature one of Elizabeth's most interesting problems was a rival queen. The ruling dynasty of Scotland was

the house of Stuart, descended from a daughter of Robert Bruce. James IV of Scotland, of this house, had married Margaret, the daughter of Henry VII of England. Her son, James V of Scotland, married a French princess, Mary of Guise. Their daughter was Mary Stuart, better known as Mary Queen of Scots, one of the most romantic and ill-fated queens of history. When a mere girl, she was married to the Dauphin of France, and soon found herself Queen of France, Queen of Scotland, and potential Queen of England. Through her grandmother she had a perfectly valid claim to the English throne. She was an ardent Roman Catholic.

On the death of her husband, the French king, this young, fascinating, and wholly feminine queen returned to rule Scotland. There the sour and violent John Knox, who religiously ruled Scotland with a rod of iron, denounced her because of her religious views. After a long struggle against her equally violent Scotch lords, she married a weakling, Lord Darnley, for certain reasons of state, but fell in love with Bothwell, a leading baron of Scotland, and started on a road that ended

at the executioner's block. Throughout it all, Mary remained Queen Elizabeth's greatest and most deadly rival. Civil war in Scotland followed Mary's third marriage, and she was forced to flee to England. There she became Queen Elizabeth's prisoner, and languished in captivity for nineteen years, from 1568 to 1587. Her highly romantic and tragic tale has been told again and again in novels, poems, and histories, and recently in Maxwell Anderson's play, *Mary of Scotland*.

Elizabeth did not actually wish to execute her, though she feared the Catholic plots that gathered about her. In Spain King Philip bided his time. While Mary lived he had hopes of a turn of fortune, her escape, her enthronement, and a Catholic England. If Queen Elizabeth's death could only be managed too! But Elizabeth also played a waiting game. Finally, however, Mary was accused of participation in a plot against Elizabeth's life, and, at the exact psychological moment, the queen sentenced her to execution. King Philip, of course, immediately set out to avenge her, but Elizabeth was now fully prepared to meet his forces.

The Defeat of the Spanish Armada. The "Invincible Armada" launched by King Philip against England was the greatest fleet of its day. It consisted of one hundred and fifty immense and towering galleons. But their bulk proved more awe-inspiring than efficient in the narrow English Channel. The fleet was intended to cover the landing in England of a huge Spanish army from the Netherlands. But "the unwieldy galleons, spread in a crescent of seven miles from end to end," were met by the easily handled small ships of Lord Howard, Sir Francis Drake, Hawkins, and the English sea dogs. These proved a nest of hornets. Helped by a favorable wind, the English utterly routed the floundering Spanish fleet. The endeavor of the galleons to escape round the north of Scotland completed their disaster. Scarce a third of that magnificent and pompous fleet ever returned to Spain. No greater impetus to English patriotism could be imagined than the winning of so unequal a battle! The destruction of the huge Armada was the foundation of England's sea supremacy, and the victory has gone ringing down the ages in song and story.

Portrait of a Queen. Queen Elizabeth was a dominant and shrewd woman of essentially modern temper. This "Virgin Queen" kept both France and Spain dangling in hope of an alliance. She had many favorites at her court, including the Earl of Leicester, Sir Walter Raleigh, and the Earl of Essex, whom she finally sent to the block. Maxwell Anderson's stirring play, *Elizabeth the Queen*, well depicts this part of her personal life. She traveled with great magnificence on

her "progresses" through her realm, the expense of these journeys falling largely on the nobles who entertained her. She dressed in satin and jewels, with "cartwheel" ruff and jeweled overdress, and often rode a great white horse, which is said to have inspired the nursery rhyme, "Ride a white horse to Banbury Cross." She was plain of feature, with a high-bridged aquiline nose and a painted complexion. Though she possessed a violent temper and could scold like a fishwife, she had deep worldly wisdom, personal magnetism, and a grandeur of spirit that demand high praise. As she herself declared, "I know I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and a king of England too."

Great Voyagers Push Back the Horizon. Elizabeth was no longer young when the defeat of the Armada climaxed the second period of her reign. Her era was the golden age of the sea rover. Even before she came to the throne, Englishmen had been seeking a north-east or northwest passage to the Indies. The Celtic blood in the men of Devon and Cornwall had made them particularly adventurous. The growth of the huge Spanish empire did not daunt them at all. The volumes of Richard Hakluyt, his *Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques & Discoveries of the English Nation*, enshrine many of the imperishable exploits of English seamen of her time. They visited, as Hakluyt avers, the "Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth." Sir Francis Drake, hero of the Armada defeat, who had uttered the rhythmic words: "Never was fleet so strong as this, but the Lord of Strength is stronger," now won new honors by sailing around the world.

On the roll of illustrious Elizabethan voyagers are the names of Sir Martin Frobisher, who reached Labrador; Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who discovered his New-found-land; and his more famous half brother, Sir Walter Raleigh, who settled colonists in Virginia, named in honor of the Virgin queen. Michael Drayton celebrated the last event in a poem, "To the Virginian Voyage." The first attempts at colonization in America were unsuccessful, and it was not until 1607 that the first permanent settlement was made at Jamestown, named in honor of James I.

The name of "pirate" has often been cast in aspersion on these early voyagers. It is true that some of them led dubious lives. It is true that they boarded and plundered the fleets of Spain, and sailed home with treasure from South America and Panama. Drake himself indulged in such buccaneering, and Elizabeth knighted him in the presence of the Spanish ambassador. The epic *Drake* by Alfred Noyes reveals the color and atmosphere of the period.



A MERCHANT'S OFFICE. Great fortunes were being made by the middle class in the sixteenth century. (Culver Service)

This era also saw the rise of merchant companies and trade corporations, such as the Russian Company, which found a trade route through the White Sea to Russia, the Hudson's Bay Company, and the famous East India Company. A novel which catches the glamour and excitement of those great days, including the defeat of the Armada, is *Westward Ho!* by Charles Kingsley.

How People Lived. That the age was essentially emotional, dramatic, and spectacular is shown by the costume of the day. Men dressed in multicolored slashed doublets, exaggerated ruffs, velvet capes, and beplumed hats. The costume of the ladies can be seen in its extreme style in the portraits of Queen Elizabeth. Her astounding encasements, said to be stiff enough to stand alone, were fortified by boning and buckram, and encrusted by ruffs, puffs, rosettes, jewels, and precious metals. Oddly enough the word *brave* in those days meant finely dressed. It must have taken considerable bravery in the modern sense to endure such clothes!

The age loved pageantry too. Henry VIII had shown the way when he met Francis I of France on the Field of the Cloth of Gold, and when he and Jane Seymour went in a barge from Greenwich to Westminster, "and all the Tower walls toward the water side were set



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S SITTING ROOM. A typical interior of a sixteenth-century mansion. Observe the initials of Elizabeth Regina above the fireplace.

with great streamers and banners." Elizabeth had her superb pageants and progresses also.

Strolling on the sixteenth-century wharves, you would have admired the high-pooped ships of that time, the *Bonadventure*, the *Elizabeth*, the *Triumph*, the *Golden Hind*. In a waterside tavern you could have heard fabulous tales of adventure and exploration. At the court there were hunting picnics, tourneys, and masques, even the servants imitating their swaggering masters. The merchants in London thronged to the new Royal Exchange to transact their business. The lively town apprentices kept the streets in an uproar. Ladies purchased auburn wigs like those of Queen Elizabeth, and used civet and musk for perfumes. Men wore beards, cut in many fashions.

Travel was difficult in the country, but the rich enjoyed hunting and falconry, while the humble danced to music around the Maypole on the village green. The new manor houses were made more homelike with wood paneling, carved fireplaces, and molded ceilings.

How People Thought and Talked. The people had sharp appetites, not only for food but for cruel sport. They could look on at an execution by hanging, drawing, and quartering, with the same interested attentiveness they gave to bearbaitings. They liked their experiences highly seasoned, just as they did their food. They believed in witchcraft, and alchemists sought for the "philosopher's stone." In the physiology of the time the body consisted of four moistures, or

"humors": melancholy, phlegm, blood, and choler. It is interesting to figure out how our present meaning of these words and their derivatives developed from the humors. Today, we often say that a person's conduct shows that he has too much, or too little, of a certain "gland"; but in those days he was dominated by a certain "humor."

The age was a hearty, highly colored, boisterous, ruffianly one, with hard labor and the tilling of the soil as a background for the gallantry of the court. Even the best people washed infrequently, and scented themselves to smell sweet. Expensive fabrics were constantly worn, though the plumbing and street-cleaning arrangements of the period were most primitive. Fighting was frequent. A sword was drawn upon the slightest affront, and it was distinctly to a man's interest to know how to wield one. Life was cheap, and revenge by murder was thought quite natural. The language of the day was either high-flown or a distinct colloquial speech which we can no more fully comprehend today than a future age will be able to understand our slang. The frankness of speech at the court would have scandalized the Victorians, but no censorship threatened Elizabethan conversation, and the Queen herself set the style! On the whole the people of this age were likable, warm-blooded, witty — above all, thoroughly alive.

ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE

"The Nest of Singing Birds." Elizabethan literature shows certain marked tendencies differentiating it from earlier writing. The first is the lyrical outburst of songs and sonnets which resulted from contacts with Italian Renaissance poetry, from the joyous abandon of good spirits which permeated the age, and from the courtly polish which seemed to demand expression in well-turned love verses. The development of musical instruments, such as the virginal or viola da gamba, set the world singing, and great collections of songs and lyrics were assembled. The first of these, *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557), led to similar collections with fantastic titles, such as *The Paradyse of Daynty Devises*, and *A Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*. Almost two hundred poets are on record for this brief period of seventy-five years — more than the preceding thousand years had produced.

Wyatt and Surrey Introduce the Sonnet and Blank Verse. *Tottel's Miscellany* included many poems by two distinguished courtiers, Wyatt and Surrey, who introduced two highly important verse forms into English literature. During a visit to Italy Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503?–1542) learned the sonnet form used by Petrarch, the



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. Sonneteer and soldier, the ideal gentleman of Elizabeth's court. (Culver Service)

great poet of Chaucer's day. This Italian sonnet consists of an octave of eight lines and a sestet of six lines, usually divided like two stanzas. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1517?-1547), originated an English form of the sonnet with three quatrains, or four-line stanzas, concluded by a couplet. This is the form that Shakespeare afterward used. In either type the sonnet is always fourteen lines written in iambic pentameter. Various rhyme schemes will be illustrated in the selections in this volume.

Nearly two generations passed before the Italian sonnet form was practiced to any extent in England,

even at the court. Then, between 1501 and 1505, came many sonnet sequences, each addressed to a particular lady. The best are: Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella*; Michael Drayton's *Idea*, and probably many of Shakespeare's sonnets; and the *Amoretti* of Edmund Spenser. Thus the spark brought from Italy by Wyatt eventually kindled a blaze of achievement in this one form of poetry alone comparable to the entire poetic output of earlier periods.

In a translation of Virgil's *Aeneid* Surrey wrote the first English blank verse, a form which became one of the glories of our literature in Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and other notable poets including many of today. This form is also iambic pentameter, but without rhyme or stanza division.

Two Important Poets. Among the sonneteers, Sir Philip Sidney (1554-1586) is noteworthy for his personality as well as his writing. He possessed every gift: noble birth proved by a noble life, breadth of mind, natural statesmanship, bravery in war, a courteous and generous spirit, a fine presence, eminence in court, and an ability in prose

and poetry that is still an ornament to English literature. The romantic story of his last hours is well known. When he was sorely wounded at the battle of Zutphen, some one brought him a cup of water, but Sidney, courteous to the end, passed it on to a common soldier, saying, "Thy need is greater than mine." An American poet, Lizette Woodworth Reese, has commemorated the incident in this quatrain:

IMMORTALITY

Battles nor songs can from oblivion save,
But Fame upon a white deed loves to build;
From out that cup of water Sidney gave,
Not one drop has been spilled.

Michael Drayton (1563-1631) not only wrote sonnets and lyrics, but also long poems: *Polyolbion* of thirty cantos in which hills, roads, and streams narrate myths of England; *Nymphidia*, "the most elaborate fairy poem in the language," with miniature contests over Queen Mab to satirize the exploits of Spenser's knights; and "The Battle of Agincourt," in a stirring meter which Tennyson later used in his famous tribute, "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Edmund Spenser (1552?-1599). Aside from writers of drama, Spenser is unquestionably the greatest Elizabethan poet. His reputation began in 1579 with *The Shepherd's Calendar*, twelve pastoral descriptive poems, one for each month, in various meters from Virgil and Theocritus. This series of poems brought him court recognition and began the vogue for pastoral poetry. His masterpiece is *The Faerie Queene*, a long allegorical poem of marvelously varied verbal music and sumptuous pictorial pageantry. Queen Elizabeth is represented as Gloriana, the Faerie Queene, from whose court the knights set forth. Each adventure symbolizes the interplay of different virtues and vices, and to a modern mind the allegorical scheme often seems clumsy and involved. But the rare beauty of certain passages will always live, and the distinctive nine-line stanza, much used by later poets, is still known as the Spenserian stanza.

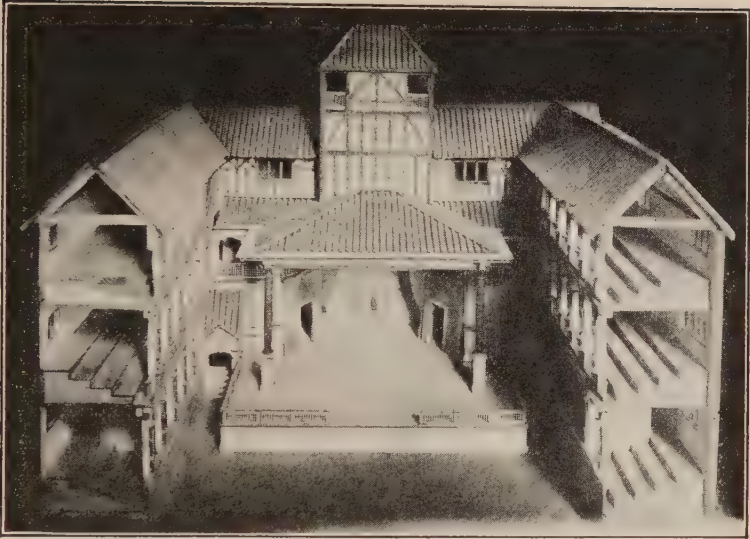
Sir Walter Raleigh (1552-1618). A contrast to the studious and dreamy Spenser is his friend and patron, Sir Walter Raleigh, the man of action. Everyone knows the stories of his voyages of discovery, his introduction into England of tobacco from Virginia, his gallantry in casting his coat into a mud puddle to save Queen Elizabeth from soiling her shoes, his long imprisonment in the Tower, and his final execution for treason. Yet besides being a courtier and free-

booter, he was also a poet and historian, remembered for his sonnets, *The Discovery of Guiana*, and *The History of the World*.

Drama, the Glory of the Elizabethan Age. Important as lyric and narrative poetry are in the story of Elizabethan literature, they are exceeded in glory by the poetic drama, which, rising slowly during the early Tudor days, reached its climax in Shakespeare, and then gradually degenerated until the theaters were finally closed in 1642. The drama, originating in the medieval church, had passed into the hands of the guilds, where it was elaborated into miracle and morality plays presented on movable stages, but in the reign of Henry VIII John Heywood introduced a new type of entertainment at the court banquets. This was the Interlude, or short play, usually humorous. The most famous one is *The Interlude of the Four P's*, in which a Pardoner, a Palmer, a Potycary (Apothecary), and a Pedlar argue as to which can tell the biggest lie. The Palmer wins the prize by declaring that he has never seen a woman out of patience.

The New Comedy and Tragedy. The first impetus toward the writing of carefully constructed plays with real human beings for characters came through the revival of interest in old Greek and Roman plays. The first comedy, *Ralph Roister Doister* by Nicholas Udall, was produced shortly before the reign of Elizabeth; the first tragedy, *Gorboduc* by Sackville and Norton, four years after her accession. Elizabeth had been on the throne eighteen years before the first London playhouse was built. From that time on, theaters multiplied rapidly and the demand for new plays to satisfy clamorous audiences set many people writing. Old classic plays were revised, history rewritten, the experiences of voyagers dramatized, Italian and French tales retold, murders and witchcraft capitalized — everything the dramatist could lay hands on was put before a London audience. The picture of this audience with its uninhibited mode of criticism by hoots and flung orange peels is indeed diverting. Interesting, too, is the picture of the barren, open-air stage from which our elaborate modern stages have been evolved. There were private theaters also in the homes of wealthy nobles, and Elizabeth in her progresses encouraged all sorts of dramatic performances such as the masque, a medley of music, poetry, dancing, and spectacular costuming.

Professional Companies Erect the First Theaters. Until the latter part of the sixteenth century English drama had a close connection with the court, the schools, and the universities. Then, under the patronage of certain nobles, wandering minstrels and scholars banded together in professional companies. The first public stages for these

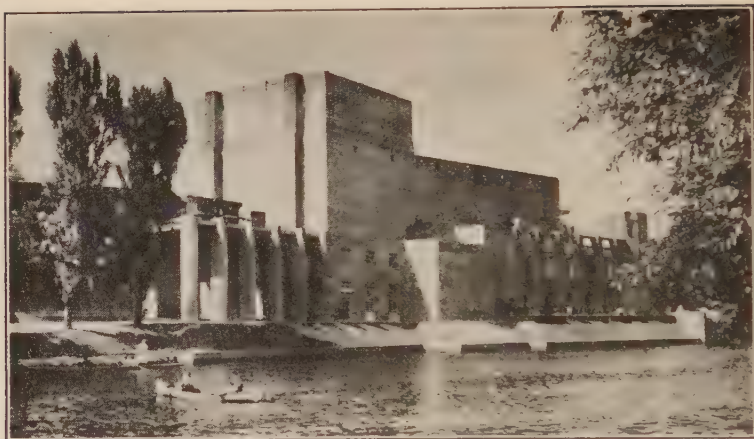


MODEL OF THE FORTUNE THEATER STAGE. On such a stage were Shakespeare's plays acted in his own day. (Courtesy of the Brander Matthews Dramatic Museum of Columbia University)

companies were erected in innyards inclosed on all sides by the inn buildings. The rooms opened on a gallery that ran all around the yard. Between the pillars of the gallery at one end was built the stage, projecting out into the yard. The gallery above might serve various stage purposes; the other three sides were the origin of the balcony and boxes of our own day. But to sit up in the gallery in those days cost at least sixpence, while one might stand in the innyard, in front of the stage, for a penny or two. This was the origin of "the pit," and those who stood there to watch were the "groundlings."

The nobles and gallants who wished to make a display could, for a still larger sum, get stools and sit right up on the stage with their retainers. When the play started, they were usually discovered taking their seats, and an uproar between them and the "groundlings" followed. While the play went on, that part of the audience seated on the stage pretended great *ennui* or criticized the acting audibly. There was practically no scenery in those days and few properties. There were no women actors, but boys took the women's parts.

The first Elizabethan theaters were built according to innyard plan. They were round or octagonal in shape with inside galleries that ran



SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATER. In this theater erected in 1932 at Stratford, Shakespeare's plays are ably presented every summer.

from either side of the entrance along the sides of the theater. Sometimes there were two galleries, one above the other. These were roofed, as was the back stage, but the theater was otherwise open to the sky. In front of the stage and around it on two sides was the pit, where one had only standing room. The curtain at the rear of the projecting stage hid an alcove or inner stage used for various purposes. A door on either side of this led to the "tiring" (attiring) or dressing rooms. Above was a curtained balcony. Above the roof of the back stage was a little house from which various superhuman characters might be lowered to the stage. From the roof of this "hut" flew the emblem of the theater, to indicate that a play was being given that afternoon. Plays began at two or three o'clock in the afternoon. The "pit" cost a penny, the galleries about two shillings, and a seat on the stage itself cost half a crown.

The first playhouse in London, called the Theater, was built about 1576 by James Burbage, a carpenter and actor. He founded the company for which Shakespeare wrote and worked. Famous ones erected later were the Curtain, the Rose (1592), the Swan (1596), and, most famous of all because Shakespeare's plays were frequently given there, the Globe (1599). The last three were on the Bankside, that is, across London Bridge on the opposite side of the River Thames from the City of London (see map of London, page 484). The Globe was in Southwark not far from the Tabard Inn whence Chaucer's Canter-

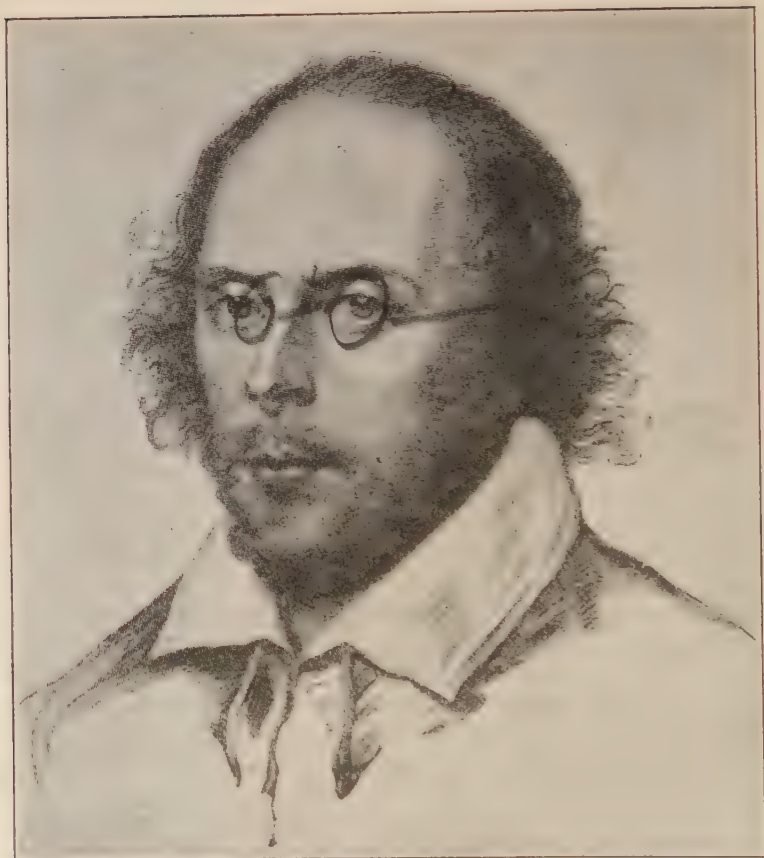
bury Pilgrims had started. Finsbury Fields, the seat of Burbage's first theater and also of the subsequent Curtain and the Fortune, was north of London. The City authorities had driven the theaters out of the city proper because so many actors at that time were regarded as mere rogues and vagabonds.

Shakespeare's Predecessors. Except to advanced students of drama, most of Shakespeare's predecessors are of little interest unless they are connected with him. For instance, Robert Greene wrote romances, plays, and some beautiful lyrics, but is remembered chiefly because one of his pamphlets gives the first contemporary reference to Shakespeare, and that an uncomplimentary one. Greene enviously calls him " Shake-scene," " an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers . . . his Tyger's hart wrapt in a Player's hyde." Of the many dramatists who were writing during Shakespeare's youth only one approaches him in power.

Christopher Marlowe (1564-1593). Though Marlowe lived to be only twenty-nine, and died when Shakespeare was just beginning to write, he and Shakespeare are the greatest geniuses of the Elizabethan drama. Indeed Marlowe may have collaborated with Shakespeare on one or two of the latter's earliest plays. They were born in nearly the same year, but Marlowe was the more precocious. Like Shakespeare he was both actor and playwright. Within the span of six years of writing Marlowe produced four great tragedies. *Tamburlaine the Great*, appearing in two parts when he was twenty-three, pictures a mighty chief of the Tartars. The story in *Dr. Faustus*, of the man who sold himself to the Devil, is familiar to the present-day audiences through Gounod's opera *Faust*. *The Jew of Malta* somewhat resembles Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*, but represents a more inhuman monster than Shylock. *Edward the Second* is a chronicle play like Shakespeare's histories. The power, sonorousness, rapidity, and color of Marlowe's blank verse is so mighty that if Shakespeare had died at twenty-nine, posterity might have called Marlowe the superior dramatist. At least for one so young he left a most glittering, comet-like literary reputation.

William Shakespeare (1564-1616). Of Shakespeare it is hard to speak except in superlatives. Among the lyrists his songs remain the most charming; his sonnet sequence has never been equaled; in his plays Elizabethan drama reached its pinnacle; by universal agreement he is judged the greatest English author.

In his early twenties Shakespeare went to London, an unknown youth from the country town of Stratford-upon-Avon; in the thirties



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. Master dramatist and word-wielder. "He was not of an age, but for all time." (From the Chandos Portrait)

he was able to purchase one of the handsomest houses of his home town; in his forties he retired to Stratford to live on the fortune amassed from the theater. But he still wrote plays up to within five years of his death at fifty-two. During the quarter of a century of his active writing he produced about thirty-seven plays (some not certainly his) representing all types — farce, history, romantic comedy, and tragedy. Since they were not published until after his death, and we have practically no records of his life in London, it is only through dates of production and by laborious study of evidence



ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE. To this cottage Anne's husband must have returned occasionally from his dramatic pursuits in London. This half-timbered thatch-roofed building is a typical Tudor home set in an attractive English garden. (De Cou from Ewing Galloway)

within the plays themselves that scholars have arranged a rough grouping of them into four periods.

The first period is marked by youthful dreams and exuberant spirits. Paramount among plays of this type are *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, loveliest of poetic fantasies; *The Merchant of Venice*, the most frequently produced of his romantic comedies; *The Taming of the Shrew*, his most popular farce; and *Romeo and Juliet*, a romantic tragedy of ageless beauty and world renown.

The second period is that of the great chronicles and romantic comedies. The fat, rollicking Falstaff rolls through the plays of *King Henry IV* and recurs in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, said to have been written at the queen's request to see Falstaff in love. By this time Shakespeare had a proprietary interest in the Globe theater for which he wrote three great comedies: *Much Ado about Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*. They have certain elements in common, such as the profusion of choice lyrics, the plot turning on concealed identity, the witty, self-reliant heroines (in the last two disguised as boys) and the highly individualized comic characters. In spite of their farcical elements all three of these comedies partake of the idyll and are imbued with the most delicate romance.

The third period is marked by depression and tragedy. What sor-

row or disillusionment in Shakespeare's life may have darkened his spirit, we can only guess, for there is no definite record. Among several plays laid in ancient Greece and Rome, the best known is *Julius Caesar*, analyzing man's relation to the state. Even greater are four tragedies which touch the depths of human experience in various stages of life. The young prince in *Hamlet* shows a sensitive and subtle intellect struggling to cope with the adverse circumstances of life. *Othello* is a powerful study of love in middle life slain by overmastering jealousy and suspicion. *Macbeth* analyzes the soul of the mature, grasping ruler who sacrifices every one to gratify his inordinate personal ambition. *King Lear* gives an unforgettable picture of an aged, childish king driven mad by the ingratitude of his daughters.

With the fourth period the storm and stress of Shakespeare's inner spirit seems to have passed away. *A Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* are plays of warmth and reconciliation. Old wrongs are righted and forgiven in the end. He returns to the spirited fantasy and tender romance of the earlier comedies, suffused with a mellow philosophy, especially in his last play, *The Tempest*. Thus Shakespeare's genius completes its full circle with no diminution of poetic power, and with an almost godlike return of poise.

Even so brief an outline as this helps to answer the question often asked by students, "Why is Shakespeare considered so great?" Think of the tremendous range of experience and the variety of characters he has created. Add to this the intrinsic power and music of his words, to be appreciated only by direct and repeated contact with the plays themselves, and you will realize why immortality has crowned the work of this remarkable man.

Ben Jonson (1573?-1637). The third great writer to stand with Marlowe and Shakespeare is Ben Jonson. Nine years younger than Shakespeare, he lived twenty-one years longer; so his life extends into the period of the decline of drama. In his early days he was a great friend of Shakespeare, and many an argument they may have had in the famous Mermaid Tavern over how a play should be constructed, for Jonson with his classical schooling upheld the three Greek unities of drama. The three unities of time, place, and action simply mean that a play should focus on one main plot concentrated in one place and covering only a short time. Shakespeare consistently violated these rules to gain flexibility of plot and opportunity for change and development of his characters.

Jonson lacked the versatility of Shakespeare. His tragedies built

on Roman plots were wooden and formal, but his comedies establish his reputation. They are not romantic like Shakespeare's, but are sharply satirical, dotted with slashing scenes of folly and hypocrisy which bring Elizabethan London with all its hurly-burly right to one's door. Often his characters become caricatures with such fantastic names as Down-Right, Well-Bred, and Brain Worm, or they are named for animals and birds as Volpone, the fox; Voltore, the vulture; Mosca, the fly. This emphasis on eccentric characters begins with his first play, *Every Man in His Humor*. Each of his three greatest comedies turns upon some one humor or whim of the leading character. *Volpone* unfolds the story of an old Venetian miser who pretends to be dying, in order to win rich gifts from those who hope to be remembered in his will. *The Alchemist* bares the tricks and impostures of the charlatan who in Jonson's day pretended he could turn lead into gold. *The Silent Woman* turns on a slighter farce idea, how Morose, with his perfect horror of noise, desires a wife who will not talk.

For King James's court Jonson wrote many masques presented with Inigo Jones's ingenious and beautiful scenery. The masque was a form of entertainment emphasizing the spectacular elements, music, dancing, and costuming. It was long popular and engaged the talents of the later poets Dryden and Milton. Naturally, the masques of these three excelled in their poetic quality, but in many other masques the words were quite inferior. Today we find the elements of the masque perpetuated in the pageant, the pantomime, and the musical extravaganza.

Through translations of many of the classical writings Jonson also gained the reputation of being the most erudite poet of his time. In fact, he became the great literary dictator of his day.

The Decline of the Drama. One might catalogue a dozen other of Shakespeare's and Jonson's contemporaries or followers who were prominent dramatists in their day but mean little now. Among them George Chapman's name lives principally through Keats's famous sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" (page 592), which is about his epic translation and not his plays. Beaumont and Fletcher were a favorite pair of collaborators, but of their fifty-two plays only one has been produced on the modern stage — *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*. Despite their skill in plot handling and lyrical verse, their analysis of human nature and their moral standards fell far below Shakespeare's. In 1642 the increasing viciousness of tone in the drama as a whole led to the closing of the theaters by the Puri-

tans. After that there was no further incentive to playwriting till their reopening twenty years later.

Elizabethan Prose. During the sixteenth century prose was distinctly overshadowed by poetry. Little of this early prose is read with enjoyment today; but it is interesting to see that many of the poets and dramatists already mentioned produced prose of great current vogue. Most typical of the age is Lyly's *Euphues, or the Anatomy of Wit*, which shows how a young courtier may be elegant in deportment and conversation. Its artificial style, extravagant similes, alliteration, and parade of obscure learning became the fashion of the day, and its title gave rise to the term *euphuism* applied later to any highly mannered writing. At first Shakespeare imitated it, but later he parodied it.

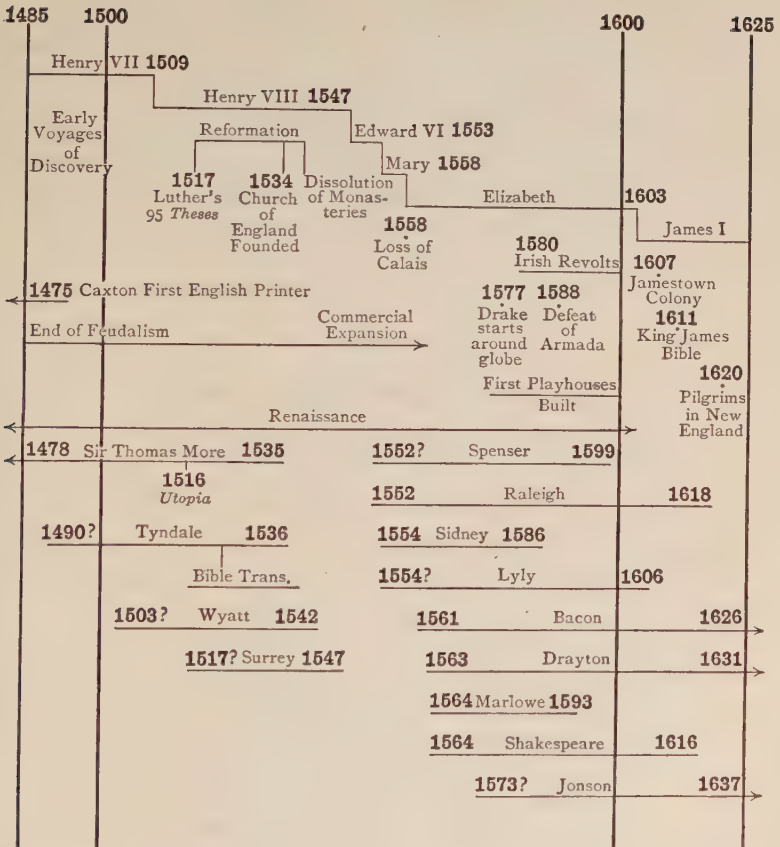
In a pastoral romance called *Arcadia* by Sir Philip Sidney the courtesy of the language seems comic to our ears. Yet Sidney occasionally coins a striking phrase, and often paints a scene charmingly. The story, in which virtue triumphs neatly over vice, may be called a remote ancestor of the novel, while his *Defense of Poesie* is our first piece of critical prose. Sir Walter Raleigh, too, contributed to prose writing with his ambitious but unfinished *History of the World*, written while he was imprisoned. But of all the prose of Elizabeth's reign the book most frequently read today is Hakluyt's *Voyages*, which in a somewhat modernized form is a favorite of those who love adventure on the high seas.

The reign of James I, however, is noteworthy for two prose contributions of deathless value: The King James Version of the Bible and the *Essays* of Francis Bacon. The first, of course, includes poetry also within its covers. This great translation, the work of some fifty scholars, was built upon the earlier translation of Tyndale; but coming during a period of great enrichment of the language, it perpetuated for all time the sonorous roll of Elizabethan English.

Bacon's *Essays* mark the beginning of the essay form in our literature. These short pithy discussions of some general topic are so packed with worldly wisdom and keen observation, and so concise and carefully molded in style, that they give genuine intellectual satisfaction and delight to the modern reader.

Summary. Historically a new period began with the Tudor family. Under the second monarch, Henry VIII, the Protestant Reformation sweeping over Europe resulted in the separation of the Church of England from the Church of Rome, and the dissolution of all monasteries, with a consequent destruction of much valuable old

THE ELIZABETHAN AGE



literature. Religious disputes and persecutions played a prominent part in the reigns of Edward VI and Mary Tudor, until England became definitely committed to Protestantism under Elizabeth. Great geographical discoveries, made during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, widened man's horizon and initiated national rivalries for possession of the New World. During the early Tudor period, the Renaissance, which had begun in Italy two centuries before, penetrated to England through the arrival of Continental scholars. The resultant intellectual and creative awakening culminated during the reign of Elizabeth in a great outpouring of literature. The innumerable writ-

ers of lyrics and sonnets were usually courtiers, many of whom wrote prose romances and histories as well. Narrative poetry reached its highest point in Spenser's *The Faerie Queen*. But above all the Elizabethan age was one of drama. The rapidly built theaters of London engaged the talents of numerous playwrights, three of whom are outstanding: Christopher Marlowe, in tragedy; Ben Jonson, in comedy; and, greatest of all, William Shakespeare, who excelled in all types of plays. Continuing into the reign of James I, this prolific literary age is notable for the prose essays of Sir Francis Bacon and the masterly King James Version of the Bible, the work of a group of scholars.

Elizabethan Lyrics and Sonnets

SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503?-1542)

UNSTABLE DREAM

THE LOVER HAVING DREAMED OF ENJOYMENT OF HIS LOVE, COMPLAINEETH
THAT THE DREAM IS NOT EITHER LONGER OR TRUER

Unstable dream, according to the place
Be steadfast once, or else at least be true.
By tasted sweetness make me not to rue
The sudden loss of thy false feignèd grace.
By good respect in such a dangerous case 5
Thou broughtst not her into these tossing seas,
But madest my spirit to live, my care t'increase,
My body in tempest her delight t'embrace.

The body dead, the spirit had his desire;
Painless was the one, the other in delight. 10
Why then, alas! did it not keep it right,
But thus return to leap into the fire,
And where it was at wish, could not remain?
Such mocks of dreams do turn to deadly pain.

JOHN LYLY (1554?-1606)

CUPID AND CAMPASPÉ

Cupid and my Campaspé played
 At cards for kisses; Cupid paid;
 He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
 Loses them too; then down he throws 5
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
 With these, the crystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple on his chin;
 All these did my Campaspé win; 10
 And last he set her both his eyes —
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
 O Love! has she done this to thee?
 What shall, alas! become of me?

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586)

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA, SONNET 31

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies!
 How silently, and with how wan a face!
 What, may it be that e'en in heavenly place
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries!
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes 5
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,
 I read it in thy looks; thy languish'd grace,
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes:—
 Then, e'en of fellowship, O moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deemed there but want of wit? 10
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
 Do they call virtue, there, ungratefulness?

MY TRUE LOVE HATH MY HEART

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,
 By just exchange one for the other given;
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss;
 There never was a better bargain driven;
 My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

5

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides;
 He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
 I cherish his because in me it bides;
 My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

10

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564-1593)

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That valleys, groves, hills and fields,
 Woods or steepy mountain yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

5

And I will make thee beds of roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

10

A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 Fair lined slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold;

15

A belt of straw and ivy buds
 With coral clasps and amber studs;
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come live with me and be my love. 20

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
 As precious as the gods do eat,
 Shall on an ivory table be
 Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing 25
 For thy delight each May morning;
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me and be my love.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552-1618)

THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD

If all the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 These pretty pleasures might me move
 To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold, 5
 When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
 And Philomel becometh dumb;
 The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward Winter reckoning yields; 10
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten, 15
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

7. **Philomel:** the nightingale.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
 Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
 All these in me no means can move
 To come to thee and be thy love.

20

But could youth last, and love still breed,
 Had joys no date, nor age no need,
 Then these delights my mind might move
 To live with thee and be thy love.

22. **no date:** no final date, no end.

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631)

IDEA LXI

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part, —
 Nay I have done, you get no more of me;
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free;

Shake hands forever, cancel all our vows,
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain.

5

Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,
 When his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes,

10

Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

Most of Shakespeare's songs are an integral part of a play and are best appreciated in the setting in which they first appeared. Especially is this true of songs in *The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Other songs such as "Who is Sylvia?"

are much better known than the plays of which they are a part. The complete collection of the songs from Shakespeare's plays numbers one hundred and twenty-four. He has been more popular with composers than any other Elizabethan writer, and available musical settings range from sixteenth- to twentieth-century music. This scope bears abundant witness to the singing quality of his words. For more about Shakespeare, see pages 151 and 180.

THREE SONGS FROM THE TEMPEST

By the first two songs, the elfin sprite Ariel lures the shipwrecked Ferdinand along the shore. The second song convinces the young man that his father is drowned (Act I, Sc. 2). The third song is an expression of Ariel's happiness in anticipating the freedom that his master has promised him (Act V, Sc. 1).

I

Come unto these yellow sands,
 And then take hands;
 Curtsied when you have and kissed
 The wild waves whist,
 Foot it featly here and there; 5
 And sweet sprites the burthen bear.
 Hark, hark!
 Bowwow.
 The watchdogs bark:
 Bowwow. 10
 Hark, hark! I hear
 The strain of strutting chanticleer
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow!

II

Full fathom five thy father lies.
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes;
 Nothing of him that doth fade
 But doth suffer a sea change 5
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Dingdong!
 Hark! now I hear them — Dingdong, bell!

III

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie;
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

5

HARK, HARK, THE LARK

This morning song from *Cymbeline* (Act II. Sc. 3) is sung to Princess Imogen by the musicians of her suitor. There are more than a dozen musical settings for it, the most famous being that by Franz Schubert.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phoebus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;
 And winking Marybuds begin
 To ope their golden eyes.
 With everything that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise!
 Arise, arise!

5

O MISTRESS MINE

This quaint love song from *Twelfth Night* (Act II. Sc. 3) is doubly interesting because it is one of the few for which we still have sixteenth-century music. It has also a score of more recent settings.

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
 O stay and hear! your true love's coming
 That can sing both high and low;
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
 Journeys end in lovers' meeting —
 Every wise man's son doth know.

5

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
 Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure;

In delay there lies no plenty, — 10
 Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

COME AWAY, DEATH

Sung by the Clown to the lovelorn Duke, this dirge from *Twelfth Night* (Act II, Sc. 4) is typical of the extravagant despair of those who think they are about to die of unrequited love. Of course they never do. It has a pleasing eighteenth-century musical setting and an even more famous one by Brahms.

Come away, come away, Death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away, breath;
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, 5
 O prepare it!
 My part of death, no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
 On my black coffin let there be strown; 10
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
 A thousand thousand sighs to save,
 Lay me, O where
 Sad true lover never find my grave, 15
 To weep there.

SONNETS

Shakespeare, like many others of his contemporaries, wrote a sonnet sequence. Critics have disputed for years whether these one hundred and fifty-four poems reflect Shakespeare's own emotional experiences or are merely the expression of an imaginary situation. The sonnets fall into two main divisions, the first one hundred and twenty-six addressed to a man friend, the rest to a "dark lady," both of whom have been identified by scholars with various persons in Elizabeth's court, but never with any certainty. Whichever conjectures are right, these sonnets stand as mas-

terpieces of this intricate form, and appeal to universal emotions. Observe the difference between the Shakespeare sonnets and the typical Italian form of Wyatt and Sidney.

SONNET 18

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date;

 Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines, 5
 And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed.

 But thy eternal summer shall not fade
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest; 10
 Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest —

 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

7. *And . . . declines:* Every beautiful thing will eventually lose some of its beauty.

SONNET 29

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
 I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate;

 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, 5
 Featured like him, like him with friends possest,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least;

 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on Thee — and then my state, 10
 Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;

 For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

SONNET 30

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow, 5
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since-canceled woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er 10
 The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan
 Which I new pay as if not paid before;

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

SONNET 65

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?

O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out 5
 Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays?

O fearful meditation! where, alack!
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid? 10
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back,
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?

O, none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

10. *Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?* The poet pictures Time as collecting jewels for a treasure chest, and wishes to preserve his friend from being seized by Time.

SONNET 73

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
 Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day 5
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.

In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire, 10
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie
 As the deathbed whereon it must expire,
 Consumed with that which it was nourished by.

— This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

SONNET 116

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove —

O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark 5
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks 10
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom —

If this be error, and upon me proved, 1
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved. 2

4. Or . . . remove: Ceases to love because the other has ceased. 8. Whose . . . taken: The sailor may be able to calculate the height of the star from the horizon, but not appreciate its full value. 9. Love's . . . fool: Time cannot cheat true love.

BEN JONSON (1573?-1637)

While Ben Jonson was second in importance to Shakespeare as a writer, his life was more picturesque. When his father set him to work at brick-laying, he ran off to the wars in the Netherlands. Here, in the view of both armies, he fought a duel with an enemy soldier and came off victorious with great acclaim. But when on English soil he killed an actor in a duel, he barely escaped hanging and was branded on the left thumb. Later, King James was offended by a passage in a comedy and sent two of its authors to prison. "Honest Ben" admitted a share in the writing and was sent to join them. In this scrape he narrowly escaped having his nose and his ears cut off. In contrast to these escapades, he was honored by being made the first poet laureate of England; and though he died in poverty, yet his burial in Westminster Abbey was marked by national mourning. The famous inscription on his tombstone, "O Rare Ben Jonson," has caused him to be described by that adjective ever since.

Jonson's plays are discussed on page 154. His beautifully wrought lyrics also have a secure place in our literature. "To Celia" is probably the only Elizabethan lyric well enough known to be sung by the general public today.

TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee!

HYMN TO DIANA

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair
 State in wonted manner keep;
 Hesperus entreats thy light, 5
 Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear when day did close; 10
 Bless us then with wishèd sight,
 Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
 And thy crystal-shining quiver;
 Give unto the flying hart 15
 Space to breathe, how short soever;
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright.

5. *Hesperus*: the evening star. 9. *Cynthia*: another name for Diana, who was goddess of the moon and also of the hunt, as suggested in the last stanza.

THE NOBLE NATURE

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere;
 A lily of a day 5
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night —
 It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see;
 And in short measures life may perfect be. 10

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways 5
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance; 10
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise. . . .
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age, 15
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage,
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room.
Thou art a monument without a tomb, 20
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so my brain excuses —
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years, 25
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee, I would not seek 30
For names, but call forth thundering Aeschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,

5. **suffrage**: vote, decision. 26. **commit**: compare. 27-28. **Lyly, Kyd, Marlowe**: English dramatists of Shakespeare's day. 31-32. **Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles**: writers of ancient Greek tragedy. 33. **Pacuvius, Accius**: Roman dramatists whose works have been lost. 33. **him of Cordova**: Seneca, a Roman dramatist, born in Spain.

To life again, to hear thy buskin tread,
 And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on, 35
 Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe. 40
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm.
 Nature herself was proud of his designs 45
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines,
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please, 50
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of Nature's family.
 Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part;
 For though the poet's matter nature be, 55
 His art doth give the fashion; and that he
 Who casts to write a living line must sweat,
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses' anvil, turn the same
 (And himself with it) that he thinks to frame, 60
 Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
 For a good poet's made, as well as born.
 And such wert thou; look how the father's face
 Lives in his issue, even so the race
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines 65
 In his well turnèd and true filèd lines,
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were

34. **buskin**: a thick soled boot used in ancient Greek tragedy to give height to the actors. It is used as a symbol of tragedy. 35. **socks**: thin-soled shoes used in Greek comedy and therefore a symbol of comedy. 49-50. **Aristophanes, Terence, Plautus**: all writers of comedy, the first Greek, the last two Romans. 56. **he**: used for the noun *man*. 57. **casts**: plans. 66. **filèd**: polished. 67. **shake a lance**: probably a pun on Shakespeare's name.

To see thee in our waters yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza and our James!
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced, and made a constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with rage
 Or influence chide or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

72. **That . . . James:** that so did please Queen Elizabeth and King James.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF THE LYRICS AND SONNETS

1. A lyric is a short poem expressing feeling or emotion, originally intended to be sung. It has no set form and permits of great variation in metrical patterns. The sonnet is a specific kind of lyric with a highly formalized metrical pattern. It has fourteen lines, and is written in iambic pentameter (five feet to a line, each foot containing one unaccented and one accented syllable). The rhyme scheme varies somewhat. The typical Italian sonnet is divided into an octave (eight lines) and a sestet (six lines), which usually show two different aspects of the subject. The rhyme scheme of the octave is a-b-b-a-a-b-b-a. The rhyme scheme of the sestet is not so fixed, having either two or three rhymes in various arrangements, as c-d-e-c-d-e, c-d-d-c-e-e, c-d-c-d-c-d, c-d-c-e-d-e. The English or Shakespearean sonnet consists of three quatrains (four-line stanzas) and a couplet. Analyze the rhyme scheme of the sonnets on pages 158-168 using the alphabet letters for each new rhyme, as above.

2. What differences in mood and effect do you feel between the lyrics and sonnets as a whole? How is this affected by the difference in form?

3. Whenever possible hear the lyrics with their musical setting, either by singer or phonograph record, and discuss whether the music fits the mood of the verse. See page 270 for list of records. Select your favorites. The music of "To Celia" is so well known that it may be sung by the entire class.

4. Make out a table of the lyrics, including for each the author, adjectives descriptive of the mood, and a sentence summary of the idea conveyed.

5. Make out a similar table of the sonnets, including the author, the form (Italian or Shakespearean), and a clear summary of the thought. Select your favorites.

6. Memorize your favorites from this group. Sonnet 29 and "To Celia" are probably the most often quoted poems in the group.

7. How does Jonson's "To the Memory of My Beloved Master William Shakespeare" differ from the others in this section? Point out evidence of

Jonson's classical learning and of his high regard for Shakespeare. In what way does the poem seem a fitting expression from the poet laureate?

8. From any part of the section point out examples of extravagant language, personification, classical allusions, pastoral touches, philosophical touches. How would you sum up the characteristics of Elizabethan lyric poetry?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Elizabethan lyrics and sonnets offer a wide field of reading for those who like poetry. Palgrave's *The Golden Treasury* is the classic collection. Brooke's *The Shakespeare Songs* gives all those of the most famous song writer of his day. A study of sonnet sequences in modern verse is also most interesting.

2. If you have poetic ambitions, try writing a sonnet. Though the form seems difficult at first, it gives excellent practice. Many skillful sonnets have been written by high-school students. Try also the free lyric forms. Poets and musicians in the class might co-operate on original words and music.

Elizabethan Narrative Poetry

EDMUND SPENSER (1552?–1599)

Some great poets seem to have lived in close touch with all mankind — for they show in their writings all the bright facets of human happiness or the dark recesses of human despair. They thrust us into a living world. Others, however, seem to dwell alone on a mountain side, their gaze fixed on pictures fancied in the sunset, where the clouds take on strange shapes of human beings, half real, half unreal. These thrust us into a dream world. Of the first group are Chaucer and Shakespeare. Of the second is Spenser, the greatest nondramatic poet of the Elizabethan age, the "poet's poet." Among Spenser's other distinctions is that he wrote the longest poem in the English language, and even so, it is only a fourth of his original plan. Furthermore this poem, written in an intricate verse form (called in his honor Spenserian stanza), fills one with wonder at the magnitude of the achievement before he reads a word of it.

Spenser, whose father was a poor London tailor, was practically a charity pupil at the Merchant Taylors' School and later worked his way through Cambridge as servant to some of the gentlemen students. Eventually, through some of his college friends who recognized his native ability, he was introduced into the court, where Sir Philip Sidney and the Earl of Leicester became his friends. Through these connections he was sent to

Ireland as Secretary of State, and much of his later life is bound up with that country, which, unfortunately, he hated. The gentle side of the man as revealed in his exquisite poetry is hard to reconcile with the fierceness of a tract in which he advocates complete extermination for the rebellious Irish.

Encouraged by Sir Walter Raleigh, he returned to England and published three books of *The Faerie Queene*, which so delighted Queen Elizabeth that she granted him a yearly pension of one hundred pounds. But the Lord Treasurer, considering this far too much for "a mere song," cut it in half and sometimes forgot to pay it. Spenser, unable to afford the high cost of London society, returned to his lonely exile. He fell in love with a beautiful Irish girl, the Elizabeth of his lyrics and sonnets, and with her as his wife in a picturesque old castle amid rare scenery, and with his poem coming along well, he was at last attaining happiness. Then another rebellion broke out, the castle and parts of his poem were burned, and his family barely escaped with their lives to England. From the shock of this experience he never recovered. He died the following year and was laid near Chaucer in Westminster Abbey.

THE FAERIE QUEENE

Spenser's great poem shows kinship with both the old metrical romances and the morality plays. Like the former, it deals with the chivalrous days of King Arthur, with knights and fair ladies, dragons and dwarfs, captives and caitiffs. Like the latter, its characters are really abstract virtues and vices personified, and therefore not genuine flesh-and-blood people who are bundles of virtues and vices all tied up together. In the original plan there were to be twenty-four books, each recounting the story of a knight who personifies one of the virtues, triumphing over the corresponding vice. The Faerie Queene, who sends out these knights on their quests, was supposed to be Queen Elizabeth — just one of the subtle flatteries of their great patron which was common among literary men of the day. The only adventures completed were those of the knights representing Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy.

The incident here given is the story of Una and the Lion from Book I, Canto III. To the Faerie Queene's court had come Una, accompanied by a dwarf leading a fully caparisoned war horse. Una besought the Queene to send a knight to slay the great dragon that held her mother and father prisoners in their castle. Thereupon, a young unknown knight claimed the quest and was clothed in the armor brought by Una. From the device on the shield, he is henceforth called the Red Cross Knight. He stands for Holiness, Una for Truth, and the attendant dwarf for Prudence. In the Wood of Error the three are lost. Here the Red Cross Knight kills the monster, Falsehood, with its horrible brood of little Falsehoods. Then

they encounter the magician, Archimago (Hypocrisy), in the guise of a hermit, who by his false wiles causes the Knight to believe Una untrue to him. The Knight deserts Una for Duessa (False Religion), but Una is protected by a lion as here described.

UNA AND THE LION

I

archaic pronunciation
 Nought is there under heavens wide hollownesse,
 That moves more deare compassion of mind,
 Then beautie brought t' unworthy wretchednesse
 Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
 I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
 Or through alleageance and fast fealtie,
 Which I do owe unto all woman kind,
 Feele my heart perst with so great agonie,
 When such I see, that all for pittie I could die.

5

2

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
 For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
 That my fraile eyes these lines with teares do steepe,
 To thinke how she through guilefull handeling,
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
 Though faire as ever living wight was faire,
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
 Is from her knight divorcèd in despaire,
 And her due loves derived to that vile witches share.

10

15

3

Yet she most faithfull Ladie all this while
 Forsaken, wofull, solitaire mayd
 Far from all peoples prease, as in exile,
 In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd,
 To seeke her knight; who subtilly betrayd
 Through that late vision, which th' Enchaunter wrought,
 Had her abandond. She of nought affrayd,
 Through woods and wastnesse wide him daily sought;
 Yet wishèd tydings none of him unto her brought.

20

25

8. **perst**: pressed. 14. **Though . . . touch**: though as true as if tested by a touchstone. 15. **wight**: person. 18. **her . . . derived**: the love due her, diverted to Duessa. 21. **all peoples prease**: all crowds of people.

an Alexandrine, rhyming ababbcc
 6 iambs EDMUND SPENSER 177

caesura after 3rd 4

One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way, g
 From her unhastie beast she did alight, b
 And on the grasse her daintie limbes did lay, g 30
 In secret shadow, farre from all mens sight; b
 From her faire head her fillet she undight, b
 And laid her stole aside. Her angels face c
 As the great eye of heaven shynèd bright, b
 And made a sunshine in the shadie place; c 35
 Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace. c

5

It fortunèd out of the thickest wood a iambic pentameter
 A ramping Lyon rushèd suddainly, b
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood; g
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy, b 40
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily, b
 To have attonce devoured her tender corse; c
 But to the pray when as he drew more ny, b
 His bloody rage asswagèd with remorse, c
 And with the sight amazed forgot his furious forse. c iambic hexameter (6)

extra unaccented syllable - feminine 6

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet, g
 And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong, b
 As he her wronged innocence did weet. g
 O how can beautie maister the most strong, b
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong? b 50
 Whose yeelded pride and proud submission, c
 Still dreading death, when she had markèd long, b
 Her hart gan melt in great compassion, c
 And drizling teares did shed for pure affection. c

7

The Lyon Lord of every beast in field, 55
 Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
 Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late

48. weet: know. 56. puissance: power.

Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate: .
 But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord, 60
 How does he find in cruell hart to hate,
 Her that him lov'd, and ever most adord,
 As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

8

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
 Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood: 65
 And sad to see her sorrowfull constraint
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
 With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
 At last in close hart shutting up her paine,
 Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood, 70
 And to her snowy Palfrey got againe,
 To seeke her strayed Champion, if she might attaine.

9

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong gard
 Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate 75
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
 Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
 And when she wakt, he waited diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepard:
 For her faire eyes he tooke commaundement, 80
 And ever by her lookes conceivèd her intent.

[Archimago, disguised as the Red Cross Knight, induces Una to go with him, but he is overthrown by Sansloy (Lawless), who kills the faithful lion and carries off Una. She is rescued by a strange race of simple woodland creatures, among whom she lives as a princess until she again falls into the hands of Hypocrisy. Escaping from him, she meets Prudence, who gives her tidings of the imprisonment of the Red Cross Knight by the Giant Pride. She is in despair until she encounters Prince Arthur, pattern of all knightly virtues, who slays Pride, reveals the hidden ugliness of Duessa, and frees the Red Cross Knight. A tender reunion with Una follows, and, after numerous other adventures, the Knight slays the dragon at Una's castle and is happily married to the faithful lady.]

64. Redounding: flowing.

SELECTED STANZAS

A few scattered stanzas from other parts of *The Faerie Queene* disclose certain qualities of Spenser's poetry more clearly. The first is the famous description of the house of Morpheus (Sleep), in which the soothing effect of the flowing rhythm is a notable adaptation of sound to sense (Book I, Canto I, Stanza 41).

And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
 And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
 Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne: 5
 No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
 As still are wont t'annoy the wallèd towne,
 Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
 Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemies.

[The second, describing the Queen Lucifera in the House of Pride, shows Spenser's appeal to the eye by rich sumptuous effects (Book I, Canto IV, Stanza 8).]

High above all a cloth of state was spread,
 And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
 On which there sate most brave embellishèd
 With royall robes and gorgeous array,
 A mayden Queene, that shone as Titans ray, 5
 In glistening gold, and peerelesse pretious stone:
 Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
 To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
 As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone.

[The third, setting forth a standard of knightly honor, shows Spenser's love of moralizing (Book I, Canto IV, Stanza 1).]

Young knight whatever that dost armes professe,
 And through long labors hunttest after fame,
 Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
 In choice, and change of thy deare lovèd Dame,
 Least thou of her beleewe too lightly blame, 5
 And rash misweening doe thy hart remove;
 For unto knight there is no greater shame,
 Than lightnesse and inconstancie in love;
 That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly prove.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF THE FAERIE QUEENE

1. Give an account in your own words of the lion's attendance upon Una.
2. Select words or phrases which show that Spenser was trying to produce an archaic effect in his language.
3. Find out the form of a Spenserian stanza by ascertaining the number of accents to a line (watch out for the last line), the kind of foot used, and the rhyme scheme. Is there any variation in the rhyme scheme?
4. Why is Spenser called "the poet's poet"?

Elizabethan Drama

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (1564-1616)

Probably no other English author has been so much written about as Shakespeare, and yet we probably know fewer actual facts of his life than of any other major writer. Certainly no stone has been left unturned by scholars, and yet much of Shakespeare's life is shrouded in mystery. Of his boyhood in Stratford-upon-Avon we do know, and this town in central England is still the chief memorial spot for "the Bard of Avon." There in the house where he was born, we can now see early editions and other mementos. There is the school that he attended, a great beamed room over the guildhall where as a boy he probably witnessed miracle and morality plays. There, too, is Trinity Church where he was baptized, as the exhibited records show, and where he was buried in the chancel near the stone bearing the famous lines:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

Thus England's greatest poet is by choice not buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

At Shottery near Stratford is the cottage of Anne Hathaway, whom Shakespeare married when he was only nineteen and whom he left not long after, to go up to London. One can also see the site of the handsome house he built after he returned to Stratford as a wealthy middle-aged man; the house itself was burned long ago. With all these concrete evidences, in Stratford, Shakespeare seems like a real person; but in London, where he spent the best years of his life, he seems almost like a myth, for the old theaters where he acted minor parts and in one of which he finally held a part ownership are all gone, and meager records give us only a few superficial facts about him. He apparently gave no thought to future fame, because except for his sonnets he never wrote about himself, nor even took

precaution to put his plays into permanent form. Thus he has caused scholars an infinite amount of labor ever since, to obtain the best version among the many recorded after his death. We do know, however, that he was popular with audiences of his day and that he made a goodly fortune by his plays. Most important of all, we know from his writings that he had a versatility, a power over words, and a wide and deep understanding of human nature such as no other English writer has equaled.

MACBETH

Macbeth is one of Shakespeare's four greatest tragedies; many critics think it the greatest. As an acting play it outdistances them all because of its admirable construction and its many scenes that are theatrically powerful as well as inherently dramatic. It is also the shortest of Shakespeare's tragedies, about two-thirds the length of *Hamlet*. It was written in 1606, and as far as we know, the only source for the story is Holinshed's *Chronicles*, a work frequently used by Shakespeare for his chronicle history plays. The playwright, however, takes great liberties with history, changing the character of Macbeth's reign and obtaining his idea for the method of Duncan's murder from a story in Holinshed that happened years before Macbeth's time. His purpose was not to write history but to portray human souls in the clutch of evil ambitions.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DUNCAN, king of Scotland	BOY, son to Macduff
MALCOLM	An English Doctor
DONALBAIN	A Scotch Doctor
MACBETH	A Sergeant
BANQUO	A Porter
MACDUFF	An Old Man
LENNOX	LADY MACBETH
ROSS	LADY MACDUFF
MENTEITH	Gentlewoman attending on Lady
ANGUS	Macbeth
CAITHNESS	HECATE
FLEANCE, son to Banquo	Three witches
SIWARD, Earl of Northumberland, general of the English forces	Apparitions
Young SIWARD, his son	Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers
SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth	

SCENE. *Scotland; England.*

ACT I

SCENE I. *A desert place.*[*Thunder and lightning. Enter three Witches.*]

First Witch. When shall we three meet again
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?

Sec. Witch. When the hurlyburly's done,
When the battle's lost and won.

Third Witch. That will be ere the set of sun.

5

First Witch. Where the place?

Sec. Witch. Upon the heath.

Third Witch. There to meet with Macbeth.

First Witch. I come, Graymalkin!

Sec. Witch. Paddock calls.

Third Witch. Anon.

10

All. Fair is foul, and foul is fair:
Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[*Exeunt.*]

3. *hurlyburly*: tumult. 8. *Graymalkin*: cat. 9. *paddock*: toad. The governing spirit of a witch was supposed to be embodied in some animal.

SCENE II. *A camp near Forres.*

[*Alarum within. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Sergeant.*]

Dun. What bloody man is that? He can report,
As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt
The newest state.

Mal. This is the sergeant
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought
'Gainst my captivity. Hail, brave friend!
Say to the king the knowledge of the broil
As thou didst leave it.

5

Ser. Doubtful it stood,
As two spent swimmers, that do cling together
And choke their art. The merciless Macdonwald —
Worthy to be a rebel, for to that

10

9. *choke*: make useless. 10. *for to that*: because.

The multiplying villainies of nature
 Do swarm upon him — from the western isles
 Of kerns and gallowglasses is supplied;
 And fortune, on his damnèd quarrel smiling,
 Showed like a rebel's wench. But all's too weak; 15
 For brave Macbeth — well he deserves that name —
 Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,
 Which smoked with bloody execution,
 Like valor's minion carved out his passage
 Till he faced the slave; 20
 Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
 Till he unseamed him from the nave to the chaps,
 And fixed his head upon our battlements.

Dun. O valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

Ser. As whence the sun 'gins his reflection 25
 Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break,
 So from that spring whence comfort seemed to come
 Discomfort swells. Mark, king of Scotland, mark:
 No sooner justice had with valor armed
 Compelled these skipping kerns to trust their heels, 30
 But the Norweyan lord, surveying vantage,
 With furbished arms and new supplies of men
 Began a fresh assault.

Dun. Dismayed not this
 Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

Ser. Yes; 35
 As sparrows eagles, or the hare the lion.
 If I say sooth, I must report they were
 As cannons overcharged with double cracks, so they
 Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.
 Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
 Or memorize another Golgotha, 40
 I cannot tell.

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.

Dun. So well thy words become thee as thy wounds;

12. **western isles**: the Hebrides and Ireland. 13. **kerns and gallowglasses**: light-armed and heavy-armed troops. 19. **minion**: favorite. 21. **Which**: i.e., Macbeth. 24. **cousin**: Macbeth was first cousin to Duncan, but the word was often used for any relative, and sometimes merely as a familiar term. 25. **whence**: direction from which, i.e., the east. 31. **vantage**: opportunity.

They smack of honor both. Go get him surgeons.

[*Exit Sergeant, attended.*]

Who comes here?

[*Enter ROSS.*]

Mal. The worthy thane of Ross. 45

Len. What a haste looks through his eyes! So should he look
That seems to speak things strange.

Ross. God save the king!

Dun. Whence camest thou, worthy thane?

Ross. From Fife, great king;
Where the Norweyan banners flout the sky
And fan our people cold. Norway himself, 50
With terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,
The thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict;
Till that Bellona's bridegroom, lapped in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons, 55
Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,
Curbing his lavish spirit; and, to conclude,
The victory fell on us.

Dun. Great happiness!

Ross. That now
Sweno, the Norways' king, craves composition;
Nor would we deign him burial of his men 60
Till he disbursèd at Saint Colme's inch
Ten thousand dollars to our general use.

Dun. No more that thane of Cawdor shall deceive
Our bosom interest. Go pronounce his present death,
And with his former title greet Macbeth. 65

Ross. I'll see it done.

Dun. What he hath lost noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

45. **thane**: minor nobleman. 40. **flout**: insult. 54. **Bellona's bridegroom**: Mars, to whom Macbeth is compared. 54. **lapped in proof**: wrapped in perfect armor. 59. **composition**: terms of peace. 61. **Saint Colme's inch**: an island near Edinburgh now called Inchcolm; named from its abbey dedicated to St. Colomb.

SCENE III. *A heath near Forres.*[*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*]*First Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?*Sec. Witch.* Killing swine.*Third Witch.* Sister, where thou?

First Witch. A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap,
 And munched, and munched, and munched. "Give me," quoth I. 5
 "Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries.
 Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tiger;
 But in a sieve I'll thither sail,
 And, like a rat without a tail,
 I'll do, I'll do, and I'll do. 10

Sec. Witch. I'll give thee a wind.*First Witch.* Thou'rt kind.*Third Witch.* And I another.

First Witch. I myself have all the other, 15
 And the very ports they blow,
 All the quarters that they know
 I' the shipman's card. (*chart*)
 I will drain him dry as hay;
 Sleep shall neither night nor day
 Hang upon his penthouse lid; 20
 He shall live a man forbid.
 Weary se'nights nine times nine
 Shall he dwindle, peak and pine;
 Though his bark cannot be lost,
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost. 25
 Look what I have.

Sec. Witch. Show me, show me.

First Witch. Here I have a pilot's thumb,
 Wrecked as homeward he did come.

[*Drum within.*]

Third Witch. A drum, a drum! 30
 Macbeth doth come.

2. **killing swine**: supposed to be a favorite pastime of witches. 6. **Aroint**: begone. 9. **without a tail**: Witches could assume the form of any animal, but the tail was always lacking. 10. **do**: gnaw. 15. **blow**: i.e., to which they blow. 17. **card**: chart. 20. **penthouse**: sloping. 21. **forbid**: cursed. 23. **dwindle . . . pine**: The belief was that witches, placing a wax image of a person before a fire, caused that person's slow death as the wax melted.

All. The weird sisters, hand in hand,
 Posters of the sea and land,
 Thus do go about, about;
 Thrice to thine and thrice to mine 35
 And thrice again, to make up nine.
 Peace! the charm's wound up.

[*Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.*]

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Ban. How far is 't called to Forres? What are these 40
 So withered and so wild in their attire,
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
 And yet are on 't? Live you? or are you aught
 That man may question? You seem to understand me,
 By each at once her choppy finger laying
 Upon her skinny lips. You should be women, 45
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
 That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can. What are you? *Macb.*

First Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

Sec. Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

Third Witch. All hail, Macbeth, that shalt be king hereafter! 50

Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
 Things that do sound so fair? I' the name of truth,
 Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
 Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner
 You greet with present grace and great prediction 55
 Of noble having and of royal hope,
 That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
 If you can look into the seeds of time,
 And say which grain will grow and which will not,
 Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear 60
 Your favors nor your hate.

First Witch. Hail!

Sec. Witch. Hail!

Third Witch. Hail!

First Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater. 65

Sec. Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

32. **weird**: fatal in the sense of determining fate. Compare with Saxon "Wyrd." 33. **posters**: rapid travelers. 35. **thrice**: Three and its multiples had magic significance. 53. **fantastical**: imaginary.

Third Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none;
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

First Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more. 70
By Sinel's death I know I amthane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? The thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence 75
You owe this strange intelligence, or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting? Speak, I charge you.

[Witches *vanish*.]

Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them. Whither are they vanished? 80

Macb. Into the air; and what seemed corporal melted
As breath into the wind. Would they had stayed!

Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten on the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner? 85

Macb. Your children shall be kings.

Ban. You shall be king.

Macb. And thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

Ban. To the selfsame tune and words. Who's here?

[*Enter ROSS and ANGUS.*]

Ross. The king hath happily received, Macbeth,
The news of thy success; and when he reads 90
Thy personal venture in the rebels' fight,
His wonders and his praises do contend
Which should be thine or his. Silenced with that,
In viewing o'er the rest o' the selfsame day,
He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks, 95
Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,
Strange images of death. As thick as hail
Came post with post; and every one did bear
Thy praises in his kingdom's great defense,
And poured them down before him.

Ang. We are sent 100

71. **Sinel's death:** Sinel was Macbeth's father. 81. **corporal:** having body.

To give thee from our royal master thanks;
Only to herald thee into his sight,
Not pay thee.

Ross. And, for an earnest of a greater honor,
He bade me, from him, call thee thane of Cawdor; 105
In which addition, hail, most worthy thane!
For it is thine.

Ban. [*Aside*] What, can the devil speak true?

Macb. The thane of Cawdor lives; why do you dress me
In borrowed robes?

Ang. Who was the thane lives yet;
But under heavy judgment bears that life 110
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was combined
With those of Norway, or did line the rebel
With hidden help and vantage, or that with both
He labored in his country's wreck, I know not;
But treasons capital, confessed and proved, 115
Have overthrown him.

Macb. [*Aside*] Glamis, and thane of Cawdor!
The greatest is behind. [*To ROSS and ANGUS*] Thanks for your pains.
[*To BAN.*] Do you not hope your children shall be kings,
When those that gave the thane of Cawdor to me
Promised no less to them?

Ban. That trusted home 120
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange;
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray 's 125
In deepest consequence.
Cousins, a word, I pray you.

Macb. [*Aside*] Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act
Of the imperial theme. — I thank you, gentlemen.
[*Aside*] This supernatural soliciting 130
Cannot be ill, cannot be good. If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor;
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion

104. earnest: pledge. 106. addition: title. 120. That trusted home: fully trusted.

Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings;
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man that function
 Is smothered in surmise, and nothing is
 But what is not. 140

Ban. Look, how our partner's rapt.

Macb. [*Aside*] If chance will have me king, why, chance may
 crown me,

Without my stir.

Ban. New honors come upon him,
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mold
 But with the aid of use. 145

Macb. [*Aside*] Come what come may,
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

Ban. Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

Macb. Give me your favor. My dull brain was wrought
 With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains
 Are registered where every day I turn
 The leaf to read them. Let us toward the king.
 [*To BAN.*] Think upon what hath chanced, and, at more time,
 The interim having weighed it, let us speak
 Our free hearts each to other. 150

Ban. Very gladly. 155

Macb. Till then, enough. Come, friends. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Forres. The palace.*

[*Flourish. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENNOX, and Attendants.*]

Dun. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
 Those in commission yet returned?

Mal. My liege,
 They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
 With one that saw him die; who did report
 That very frankly he confessed his treasons,
 Implored your highness' pardon and set forth
 A deep repentance. Nothing in his life 5

Became him like the leaving it; he died
 As one that had been studied in his death
 To throw away the dearest thing he owed, 10
 As 'twere a careless trifle.

Dun. There's no art
 To find the mind's construction in the face;
 He was a gentleman on whom I built
 An absolute trust.

[*Enter* MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSS, *and* ANGUS.]

O worthiest cousin!
 The sin of my ingratitude even now 15
 Was heavy on me. Thou art so far before
 That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
 To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved,
 That the proportion both of thanks and payment
 Might have been mine! Only I have left to say, 20
 More is thy due than more than all can pay.

Macb. The service and the loyalty I owe,
 In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part
 Is to receive our duties; and our duties
 Are to your throne and state children and servants, 25
 Which do but what they should, by doing everything
 Safe toward your love and honor.

Dun. Welcome hither;
 I have begun to plant thee, and will labor
 To make thee full of growing. Noble Banquo,
 That hast no less deserved, nor must be known 30
 No less to have done so, let me infold thee
 And hold thee to my heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
 The harvest is your own.

Dun. My plenteous joys,
 Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves
 In drops of sorrow. Sons, kinsmen, thanes, 35
 And you whose places are the nearest, know
 We will establish our estate upon
 Our eldest, Malcolm, whom we name hereafter
 The Prince of Cumberland; which honor must

Not unaccompanied invest him only, 40
 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine
 On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,
 And bind us further to you.

Macb. The rest is labor, which is not used for you.
 I'll be myself the harbinger and make joyful 45
 The hearing of my wife with your approach;
 So humbly take my leave.

Dun. My worthy Cawdor!

Macb. [*Aside*] The Prince of Cumberland! That is a step
 On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
 For in my way it lies. Stars, hide your fires; 50
 Let not light see my black and deep desires;
 The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [*Exit.*]

Dun. True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant,
 And in his commendations I am fed; 55
 It is a banquet to me. Let's after him,
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome.
 It is a peerless kinsman. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

42. **Inverness:** Macbeth's castle, twenty-five miles from Forres.

SCENE V. *Inverness. Macbeth's castle.*

[*Enter LADY MACBETH, reading a letter.*]

Lady M. "They met me in the day of success; and I have
 learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal
 knowledge. When I burned in desire to question them further, they
 made themselves air, into which they vanished. Whiles I stood rapt
 in the wonder of it, came missives from the king, who all-hailed 5
 me 'Thane of Cawdor'; by which title, before, these weird sisters sal-
 luted me, and referred me to the coming on of time, with 'Hail, king
 that shalt be!' This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest
 partner of greatness, that thou mightst not lose the dues of rejoicing,
 by being ignorant of what greatness is promised thee. Lay it 10
 to thy heart, and farewell."

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be
 What thou art promised. Yet do I fear thy nature;
 It is too full o' the milk of human kindness

To catch the nearest way. Thou wouldst be great; 15
 Art not without ambition, but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
 And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou 'ldst have, great Glamis,
 That which cries, " Thus thou must do, if thou have it "; 20
 And that which rather thou dost fear to do
 Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
 That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,
 And chastise with the valor of my tongue
 All that impedes thee from the golden round, 25
 Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
 To have thee crowned withal.

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

What is your tidings?

Mess. The king comes here tonight.

Lady M. Thou'rt mad to say it!
 Is not thy master with him? who, were 't so,
 Would have informed for preparation. 30

Mess. So please you, it is true; our thane is coming.
 One of my fellows had the speed of him,
 Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more
 Than would make up his message.

Lady M. Give him tending;
 He brings great news. [Exit Messenger.]

The raven himself is hoarse 35
 That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
 Under my battlements. Come, you spirits
 That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
 And fill me from the crown to the toe top-full
 Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood; 40
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse,
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers, 45

15. **nearest way**: i.e., murder. 17. **illness**: unscrupulousness. 20. **That**: the crown. 25. **golden round**: crown. 26. **metaphysical**: supernatural. 35. **raven**: bird of ill omen. 38. **mortal**: murderous. 41. **remorse**: compassion. 42. **compunctious** . . . **nature**: feelings of pity.

Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief! Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
 Nor Heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
 To cry " Hold, hold! "

50

[*Enter* MACBETH.]

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
 Thy letters have transported me beyond
 This ignorant present, and I feel now
 The future in the instant.

Macb. My dearest love,
 Duncan comes here tonight.

55

Lady M. And when goes hence?

Macb. Tomorrow, as he purposes.

Lady M. O, never

Shall sun that morrow see!

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,
 Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
 Your hand, your tongue; look like the innocent flower,
 But be the serpent under 't. He that's coming
 Must be provided for; and you shall put
 This night's great business into my dispatch;
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

60

65

Macb. We will speak further.

Lady M. Only look up clear;
 To alter favor ever is to fear.
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.* 70

46. **sightless**: invisible. 60, 61. **To . . . time**: To deceive, you must look natural. 69. **alter . . . fear**: Change of countenance shows fear.

SCENE VI. *Before Macbeth's castle.*

[*Hautboys and torches. Enter DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, BANQUO, LENNOX, MACDUFF, ROSS, ANGUS, and Attendants.*]

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve,
By his loved mansionry, that the heaven's breath 5
Smells wooingly here; no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle.
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observed,
The air is delicate.

[*Enter LADY MACBETH.*]

Dun. See, see, our honored hostess! 10
The love that follows us sometime is our trouble,
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you
How you shall bid God 'ild us for your pains,
And thank us for your trouble.

Lady M. All our service 15
In every point twice done and then done double
Were poor and single business to contend
Against those honors deep and broad wherewith
Your majesty loads our house; for those of old,
And the late dignities heaped up to them,
We rest your hermits.

Dun. Where's the thane of Cawdor? 20
We coursed him at the heels, and had a purpose
To be his purveyor; but he rides well;
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,
We are your guest tonight.

Lady M. Your servants ever 25
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt,

1. *seat*: location. 5. *mansionry*: masonry. 20. *We . . . hermits*: i.e.,
We shall always pray for you. 22. *purveyor*: forerunner. 26. *compt*: readi-
ness.

To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,
Still to return your own.

Dun. Give me your hand;
Conduct me to mine host. We love him highly,
And shall continue our graces toward him.
By your leave, hostess.

30

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE VII. *Macbeth's castle.*

[*Hautboys and torches. Enter a Sewer, and divers Servants with dishes and service, and pass over the stage. Then enter MACBETH.*]

Macb. If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. If the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success; that but this blow
Might be the be-all and the end-all here, 5
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We 'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor. This even-handed justice 10
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door, 15
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off; 20
And pity, like a naked newborn babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,

Stage direction: **Sewer:** one who arranges the table. 3. **trammel up:** tangle up, or suspend. 6. **But:** only. 7. **jump:** take chances on. 8. **that:** so that. 10. **even-handed:** impartial. 11. **Commends:** offers. 17. **faculties:** royal powers. 23. **sightless couriers:** the winds.

That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
 And falls on the other.

25

[Enter LADY MACBETH.]

How now! what news?

Lady M. He has almost supped. Why have you left the
 chamber?

Macb. Hath he asked for me?

Lady M. Know you not he has?

30

Macb. We will proceed no further in this business.
 He hath honored me of late; and I have bought
 Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
 Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady M. Was the hope drunk
 Wherein you dressed yourself? Hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this time
 Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
 To be the same in thine own act and valor
 As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
 And live a coward in thine own esteem,
 Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
 Like the poor cat i' the adage?

35

Macb. Prithee, peace!
 I dare do all that may become a man;
 Who dares do more is none.

45

Lady M. What beast was 't, then,
 That made you break this enterprise to me?
 When you durst do it, then you were a man;
 And, to be more than what you were, you would
 Be so much more the man. Nor time nor place
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both.
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now
 Does unmake you. I have given suck, and know

50

How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me;
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
 Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums,
 And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
 Have done to this. 55

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady M. We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place,
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep — 60
 Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey
 Soundly invite him — his two chamberlains
 Will I with wine and wassail so convince
 That memory, the warder of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason 65
 A limbeck only. When in swinish sleep
 Their drenchèd natures lie as in a death,
 What cannot you and I perform upon
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon
 His spongy officers, who shall bear the guilt 70
 Of our great quell?

Macb. Bring forth men-children only;
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose
 Nothing but males. Will it not be received,
 When we have marked with blood those sleepy two 75
 Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,
 That they have done 't?

Lady M. Who dares receive it other,
 As we shall make our griefs and clamor roar
 Upon his death?

Macb. I am settled, and bend up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat. 80
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show;
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know. [*Exeunt.*]

60. **sticking-place**: The line refers to the tuning process of a stringed instrument. 64. **convince**: overpower. 66. **fume**: i.e., filled with fumes. 66, 67. **receipt . . . only**: The reasoning power will be a condenser, in this case filled with fumes. 72. **quell**: murder. 80. **corporal agent**: bodily power.

ACT II

SCENE I. *Court of Macbeth's castle.*

[Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE bearing a torch before him.]

Ban. How goes the night, boy?

Fle. The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

Ban. And she goes down at twelve.

Fle. I take 't, 'tis later, sir.

Ban. Hold, take my sword. There's husbandry in heaven;
Their candles are all out. Take thee that too. 5
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursèd thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!

[Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a torch.]

Give me my sword.

Who's there? 10

Macb. A friend.

Ban. What, sir, not yet at rest? The king's abed.
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and
Sent forth great largess to your offices.
This diamond he greets your wife withal, 15
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up
In measureless content.

Macb. Being unprepared,
Our will became the servant to defect;
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.
I dreamt last night of the three weird sisters: 20
To you they have showed some truth.

Macb. I think not of them;
Yet, when we can entreat an hour to serve,
We would spend it in some words upon that business,
If you would grant the time.

Ban. At your kind'st leisure.

Macb. If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis, 25

4. **husbandry**: thrift; i.e., it is cloudy. 14. **largess** . . . **offices**: presents to your servants. 18. **Our will, etc.**: i.e., We could not entertain as we should have liked. 25. **cleave**: agree to my wishes.

It shall make honor for you.

Ban. So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My bosom franchised and allegiance clear,
I shall be counseled.

Macb. Good repose the while!

Ban. Thanks, sir; the like to you! 30

[*Exeunt BANQUO and FLEANCE.*]

Macb. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [*Exit* Servant.]

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. 35

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressèd brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable *real* 40
As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still, 45
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.

It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse 50
The curtained sleep; witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings, and withered murder,

Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl 's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design 55
Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
Thy very stones prate of my whereabouts,

28. **franchised**: free from guilt. 29. **counseled**: willing to discuss.
36, 37. **sensible to feeling**: perceptible to the touch. 44, 45. **Mine . . . rest**: i.e., If the dagger is not real, my eyes are fooled by my imagination; if real, my eyes are worth all my other senses. 46. **dudgeon**: hilt. 51. **curtained**: Beds had curtains. 52. **Hecate's offerings**: rites to the goddess of the lower regions.

And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives; 60
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives. [*A bell rings.*
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

59. **time:** i.e., midnight.

SCENE II. *The same.*

[*Enter* LADY MACBETH.]

Lady M. That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;
 What hath quenched them hath given me fire. Hark! Peace!
 It was the owl that shrieked, the fatal bellman,
 Which gives the stern'st good night. He is about it,
 The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms 5
 Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugged their possets,
 That death and nature do contend about them,
 Whether they live or die.

Macb. [*Within*] Who's there? what, ho!

Lady M. Alack, I am afraid they have awaked, 10
 And 'tis not done. The attempt and not the deed
 Confounds us. Hark! I laid their daggers ready;
 He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
 My father as he slept, I had done 't.

[*Enter* MACBETH.]

My husband!

Macb. I have done the deed. Didst thou not hear a noise? 15

Lady M. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry.
 Did not you speak?

Macb. When?

Lady M. Now.

Macb. As I descended?

Lady M. Ay.

Macb. Hark!

3. **fatal bellman:** The night before execution, a condemned man was notified by a bellman that the execution was set for the next day. 6. **possets:** bedtime drinks made of a mixture of milk and hot ale. 11, 12. **The . . . us:** If unsuccessful, we are ruined.

Who lies i' the second chamber?

Lady M. Donalbain. 20

Macb. This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.

Lady M. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

Macb. There's one did laugh in 's sleep, and one cried "Murder!"
That they did wake each other: I stood and heard them;
But they did say their prayers, and addressed them 25
Again to sleep.

Lady M. There are two lodged together.

Macb. One cried "God bless us!" and "Amen" the other,
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say "Amen,"
When they did say "God bless us!"

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply. 30

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce "Amen"?
I had most need of blessing, and "Amen"
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry "Sleep no more!" 35
Macbeth does murder sleep," the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the raveled sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast —

Lady M. What do you mean? 40

Macb. Still it cried "Sleep no more!" to all the house;
"Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

Lady M. Who was it that thus cried? Why, worthy thane, 45
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things. Go get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there; go carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.

Macb. I'll go no more. 50
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on 't again I dare not.

21. **sorry**: miserable. 28. **hangman**: any executioner. 37. **raveled sleave**: tangled silk before it is spun.

Lady M. Infirm of purpose!
 Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
 Are but as pictures; 'tis the eye of childhood
 That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed, 53
 I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal;
 For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within*
Macb. Whence is that knocking?
 How is 't with me, when every noise appalls me?
 What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.
 Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood 60
 Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
 The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
 Making the green one red.

[*Re-enter LADY MACBETH.*]

Lady M. My hands are of your color; but I shame
 To wear a heart so white. [*Knocking within.*] I hear a knocking
 At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber; 66
 A little water clears us of this deed.
 How easy is it, then! Your constancy
 Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking within.*] Hark! more
 knocking.
 Get on your nightgown, lest occasion call us, 70
 And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
 So poorly in your thoughts.

Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself.

[*Knocking within.*

Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou couldst!

[*Exeunt.*

56. **gild** 57. **guilt**: Observe the pun. Elizabethan writers frequently used puns in serious scenes. 62. **incarnadine**: make red. 68. **constancy**: firmness.

SCENE III. *The same.*

[*Knocking within. Enter a Porter.*]

Porter. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have old turning the key. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's there, i' the name of Beelzebub?

2. **have old**: have a hard time.

Here's a farmer, that hanged himself on the expectation of plenty.
 Come in time; have napkins enow about you; here you'll sweat 5
 for 't. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock! Who's there, in the other
 devil's name? Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both
 the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for
 God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven. O, come in, equivo-
 cator. [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock, knock! Who's 10
 there? Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out
 of a French hose. Come in, tailor; here you may roast your goose.
 [*Knocking within.*] Knock, knock; never at quiet! What are you?
 But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further; I
 had thought to have let in some of all professions that go the 15
 primrose way to the everlasting bonfire. [*Knocking within.*] Anon,
 anon! I pray you, remember the porter. [*Opens the gate.*]

[*Enter MACDUFF and LENNOX.*]

Macd. Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed,
 That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, sir, we were carousing till the second cock; and 20
 drink, sir, is a great provoker.

Macd. I believe drink gave thee the lie last night.

Port. That it did, sir, i' the very throat on me. But I requited
 him for his lie; and, I think, being too strong for him, though he
 took up my legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him. 25

Macd. Is thy master stirring?

[*Enter MACBETH.*]

Our knocking has awaked him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble sir.

Macb. Good morrow, both.

Macd. Is the king stirring, worthy thane?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him. 30
 I have almost slipped the hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful trouble to you;
 But yet 'tis one.

7. **equivocator**: deceiver. 12. **goose**: another pun, since *goose* was the term
 for a tailor's smoothing iron. 16. **primrose**: easy. 20. **second cock**: about
 three in the morning.

Macb. The labor we delight in physics pain.
This is the door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, 35
For 'tis my limited service. [Exit.]

Len. Goes the king hence today?

Macb. He does: he did appoint so.

Len. The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down; and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death, 40
And prophesying with accents terrible
Of dire combustion and confused events
New hatched to the woeful time. The obscure bird
Clamored the livelong night; some say, the earth
Was feverous and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough night. 45

Len. My young remembrance cannot parallel
A fellow to it.

[*Re-enter* MACDUFF.]

Macd. O horror, horror, horror! Tongue nor heart
Cannot conceive nor name thee!

Macb. }
Len. } What's the matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his masterpiece! 50
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence
The life o' the building!

Macb. What is 't you say? The life?

Len. Mean you his majesty?

Macd. Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight 55
With a new Gorgon. Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves. [*Exeunt* MACBETH and LENNOX.]

Awake, awake!

Ring the alarum-bell. Murder and treason!
Banquo and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit, 60
And look on death itself! Up, up, and see
The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!

34. *physics*: cures. 42. *combustion*: tumult. 43. *obscure bird*: owl.
62. *great doom's image*: a sight like that of the end of the world.

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprites,
To countenance this horror! Ring the bell.

[*Bell rings.*]

[*Enter LADY MACBETH.*]

Lady M. What's the business,
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak!

65

Macd. O gentle lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak;
The repetition, in a woman's ear,
Would murder as it fell.

[*Enter BANQUO.*]

O Banquo, Banquo,
Our royal master's murdered!

70

Lady M. Woe, alas!
What, in our house?

Ban. Too cruel anywhere.
Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself,
And say it is not so.

[*Re-enter MACBETH and LENNOX, with ROSS.*]

Macb. Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessèd time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality.
All is but toys: renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.

75

80

[*Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*]

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know 't:
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped.

Macd. Your royal father's murdered.

Mal. O, by whom?

Len. Those of his chamber, as it seemed, had done 't.

85

75. *chance*: happening. 77. *serious in mortality*: worth while in life.

Their hands and faces were all badged with blood;
So were their daggers, which unwiped we found
Upon their pillows.

They stared, and were distracted; no man's life
Was to be trusted with them.

90

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my fury,
That I did kill them.

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
Loyal and neutral, in a moment? No man.

The expedition of my violent love

95

Outrun the pauser, reason. Here lay Duncan,

His silver skin laced with his golden blood,

And his gashed stabs looked like a breach in nature

For ruin's wasteful entrance; there, the murderers,

Steeped in the colors of their trade, their daggers

100

Unmannerly breeched with gore. Who could refrain,

That had a heart to love, and in that heart

Courage to make 's love known?

Lady M. Help me hence, ho!

Macd. Look to the lady.

Mal. [*Aside to DON.*] Why do we hold our tongues,
That most may claim this argument for ours?

105

Don. [*Aside to MAL.*] What should be spoken here, where our
fate,

Hid in an auger hole, may rush, and seize us?

Let's away;

Our tears are not yet brewed.

Mal. [*Aside to DON.*] Nor our strong sorrow
Upon the foot of motion.

Ban. Look to the lady:

110

[*LADY MACBETH is carried out.*]

And when we have our naked frailties hid,

That suffer in exposure, let us meet,

And question this most bloody piece of work,

To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.

In the great hand of God I stand; and thence

115

Against the undivulged pretense I fight

Of treasonous malice.

86. **badged**: smeared. 101. **breeched**: completely covered. 105. **argument**: matter for discussion. 111. **naked frailties**: They were in their night clothes.

Macd. And so do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly readiness,
And meet i' the hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt all but MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*

Mal. What will you do? Let's not consort with them; 120
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office
Which the false man does easy. I'll to England.

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated fortune
Shall keep us both the safer. Where we are,
There's daggers in men's smiles; the near in blood, 125
The nearer bloody.

Mal. This murderous shaft that's shot
Hath not yet lighted, and our safest way
Is to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,
But shift away. There's warrant in that theft 130
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left. [*Exeunt.*

118. **manly readiness:** armor. 127. **Hath . . . lighted:** i.e., more murder
will follow. 130. **shift:** steal.

SCENE IV. *Outside MACBETH'S castle.*

[*Enter ROSS and an Old Man.*]

Old M. Threescore and ten I can remember well;
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange; but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

Ross. Ah, good father, 5
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threaten his bloody stage. By the clock, 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp.
Is 't night's predominance, or the day's shame,
That darkness does the face of earth entomb,
When living light should kiss it?

Old M. 'Tis unnatural, 10
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.

7. **traveling lamp:** the sun.

Ross. And Duncan's horses — a thing most strange and certain —
 Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race, 15
 Turned wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,
 Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would make
 War with mankind.

Old M. 'Tis said they eat each other.

Ross. They did so, to the amazement of mine eyes
 That looked upon 't. Here comes the good Macduff. 20

[*Enter MACDUFF.*]

How goes the world, sir, now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

Ross. Is 't known who did this more than bloody deed?

Macd. Those that Macbeth hath slain.

Ross. Alas, the day!

What good could they pretend?

Macd. They were suborned;

Malcolm and Donalbain, the king's two sons, 25
 Are stolen away and fled; which puts upon them
 Suspicion of the deed.

Ross. 'Gainst nature still!

Thriftless ambition, that wilt ravin up
 Thine own life's means! Then 'tis most like
 The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth. 30

Macd. He is already named, and gone to Scone
 To be invested.

Ross. Where is Duncan's body?

Macd. Carried to Colmekill,
 The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,
 And guardian of their bones.

Ross. Will you to Scone? 35

Macd. No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

Ross. Well, I will thither.

Macd. Well, may you see things well done there. Adieu!
 Lest our old robes sit easier than our new!

Ross. Farewell, father.

Old M. God's benison go with you; and with those 40
 That would make good of bad, and friends of foes! [*Exeunt.*]

15. **minions**: favorites. 24. **suborned**: bribed. 28. **ravin up**: gobble up.
 31. **Scone**: ancient home of the kings of Scotland. See page 61 for story of the
 Coronation Stone. 36. **Fife**: Macduff's castle. 36. **thither**: i.e., to Scone.

ACT III

SCENE I. *Forres. The palace.*[*Enter BANQUO.*]

Ban. Thou hast it now: king, Cawdor, Glamis, all,
 As the weird women promised, and, I fear,
 Thou play'dst most foully for 't; yet it was said
 It should not stand in thy posterity,
 But that myself should be the root and father 5
 Of many kings. If there come truth from them —
 As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine —
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,
 May they not be my oracles as well,
 And set me up in hope? But hush! no more. 10

[*Sennet sounded. Enter MACBETH, as king, LADY MACBETH, as queen, LENNOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*]

Macb. Here's our chief guest.

Lady M. If he had been forgotten,
 It had been as a gap in our great feast,
 And all-thing unbecoming.

Macb. Tonight we hold a solemn supper, sir,
 And I'll request your presence.

Ban. Let your highness 15
 Command upon me; to the which my duties
 Are with a most indissoluble tie
 For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good lord. 20

Macb. We should have else desired your good advice,
 Which still hath been both grave and prosperous,
 In this day's council; but we'll take tomorrow.
 Is 't far you ride?

Ban. As far, my lord, as will fill up the time 25
 'Twixt this and supper. Go not my horse the better,
 I must become a borrower of the night

4. **stand:** continue. Stage direction: **Sennet:** sound of trumpets announcing the entrance of a person of importance. 13. **all-thing:** altogether
 14. **solemn supper:** formal banquet.

For a dark hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our feast.

Ban. My lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody cousins are bestowed
In England and in Ireland, not confessing 30

Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers
With strange invention. But of that tomorrow,
When therewithal we shall have cause of state
Craving us jointly. Hie you to horse; adieu, 35
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good lord. Our time does call upon 's.

Macb. I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;
And so I do commend you to their backs.
Farewell. [Exit BANQUO. 40

Let every man be master of his time
Till seven at night. To make society
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself
Till suppertime alone; while then. God be with you!

[*Exeunt all but MACBETH, and an Attendant.*

Sirrah, a word with you: attend those men 45
Our pleasure?

Atten. They are, my lord, without the palace gate.

Macb. Bring them before us.

[Exit Attendant.

To be thus is nothing;

But to be safely thus. — Our fears in Banquo
Stick deep; and in his royalty of nature 50
Reigns that which would be feared. 'Tis much he dares;

And, to that dauntless temper of his mind,
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valor
To act in safety. There is none but he
Whose being I do fear; and, under him, 55
My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Caesar. He chid the sisters
When first they put the name of king upon me,
And bade them speak to him; then prophetlike
They hailed him father to a line of kings. 60
Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,

33. **invention**: falsehoods. 34, 35. **cause . . . jointly**: affairs of state that concern us both. 44. **while**: until. 49. **But . . . thus**: unless we are safely thus. 50. **royalty**: nobility. 56. **Genius**: guardian spirit.

And put a barren scepter in my gripe,
 Thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand,
 No son of mine succeeding. If 't be so,
 For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind; 65
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murdered;
 Put rancors in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings! 70
 Rather than so, come fate into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance! Who's there?

[*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*]

Now go to the door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

Was it not yesterday we spoke together?

First Mur. It was, so please your highness.

Macb. Well then, now 75

Have you considered of my speeches? Know
 That it was he in the times past which held you
 So under fortune, which you thought had been
 Our innocent self. This I made good to you
 In our last conference, passed in probation with you, 80
 How you were borne in hand, how crossed, the instruments,
 Who wrought with them, and all things else that might
 To half a soul and to a notion crazed
 Say "Thus did Banquo."

First Mur. You made it known to us.

Macb. I did so, and went further, which is now 85
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find
 Your patience so predominant in your nature
 That you can let this go? Are you so gospeled
 To pray for this good man and for his issue,
 Whose heavy hand hath bowed you to the grave 90
 And beggared yours for ever?

First Mur. We are men, my liege.

Macb. Ay, in the catalogue ye go for men;
 As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,

65. **filed**: defiled. 68. **jewel**: soul. 69. **common enemy**: devil. 80. **passed in probation**: proved in detail. 81. **borne in hand**: fooled. 88. **gospeled**: i.e., believers in the gospel of forgiveness.

Shoughs, water rugs and demiwolves are clept
 All by the name of dogs; the valued file 95
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,
 The housekeeper, the hunter, every one
 According to the gift which bounteous nature
 Hath in him closed, whereby he does receive
 Particular addition, from the bill 100
 That writes them all alike; and so of men.
 Now, if you have a station in the file,
 Not i' the worst rank of manhood, say 't;
 And I will put that business in your bosoms,
 Whose execution takes your enemy off, 105
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,
 Which in his death were perfect.

Sec. Mur. I am one, my liege,
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
 Have so incensed that I am reckless what 110
 I do to spite the world.

First Mur. And I another
 So weary with disasters, tugged with fortune,
 That I would set my life on any chance,
 To mend it, or be rid on 't.

Macb. Both of you
 Know Banquo was your enemy.

Both Mur. True, my lord. 115

Macb. So is he mine; and in such bloody distance,
 That every minute of his being thrusts
 Against my near'st of life; and though I could
 With barefaced power sweep him from my sight
 And bid my will avouch it, yet I must not, 120
 For certain friends that are both his and mine,
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall
 Who I myself struck down; and thence it is,
 That I to your assistance do make love,
 Masking the business from the common eye 125
 For sundry weighty reasons.

Sec. Mur. We shall, my lord,

95. **valued file**: list of values. 100. **addition**: distinction. 100. **bill**: list.
 112. **tugged with**: pulled hither and yon by. 120. **avouch**: account for.
 121. **For**: because of. 122. **wail**: I must bewail.

Perform what you command us.

First Mur.

Though our lives —

Macb. Your spirits shine through you. Within this hour at most
I will advise you where to plant yourselves;
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time, 130
The moment on 't; for 't must be done tonight,
And something from the palace; always thought
That I require a clearness; and with him —
To leave no rubs nor botches in the work —
Fleance his son, that keeps him company, 135
Whose absence is no less material to me
Than is his father's, must embrace the fate
Of that dark hour. Resolve yourselves apart;
I'll come to you anon.

Both Mur.

We are resolved, my lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.

140

[*Exeunt Murderers.*

It is concluded. Banquo, thy soul's flight,

If it find heaven, must find it out tonight.

[*Exit.*

130. perfect . . . time: the exact time. 132, 133. always . . . clearness: Remember that I must remain clear of this. 134. leave . . . botches: There must be no mistakes or bungling.

SCENE II. *The palace.*

[*Enter LADY MACBETH and a Servant.*]

Lady M. Is Banquo gone from court?

Serv. Ay, madam, but returns again tonight.

Lady M. Say to the king, I would attend his leisure
For a few words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

[*Exit.*

Lady M. Naught's had, all's spent,
Where our desire is got without content. 5

'Tis safer to be that which we destroy *dead*
Than by destruction dwell in doubtful joy. *live by killing*

[*Enter MACBETH.*]

How now, my lord! why do you keep alone,
Of sorriest fancies your companions making,
Using those thoughts which should indeed have died 10

10. Using: constantly thinking.

With them they think on? Things without all remedy
Should be without regard; what's done is done.

Macb. We have scotched the snake, not killed it:
She'll close and be herself, whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth. 15
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly. Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace, 20
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing, 25
Can touch him further.

Lady M. Come on;
Gentle my lord, sleek o'er your rugged looks;
Be bright and jovial among your guests tonight.

Macb. So shall I, love; and so, I pray, be you.
Let your remembrance apply to Banquo; 30
Present him ^{in his} eminence, both with eye and tongue;
Unsafe the while, that we
Must lave our honors in these flattering streams,
And make our faces vizards to our hearts,
Disguising what they are.

Lady M. You must leave this. 35

Macb. O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!
Thou know'st that Banquo, and his Fleance, lives.

Lady M. But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Macb. There's comfort yet; they are assailable;
Then be thou jocund; ere the bat hath flown 40
His cloistered flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne beetle with his drowsy hums
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done
A deed of dreadful note.

Lady M. What's to be done?

13. **scotched**: cut. 16. **frame of things**: the universe. 21. **torture**: the rack. 22. **ecstasy**: mental torment. 34. **vizards**: masks. 41. **cloistered**: lonely, dark. 42. **shard-borne**: wings hard as pieces of pottery. 43. **yawning**: drowsy.

Macb. Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,
 Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,
 Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;
 And with thy bloody and invisible hand
 Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
 Which keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the crow
 Makes wing to the rooky wood;
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowse;
 Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
 Thou marvel'st at my words; but hold thee still;
 Things bad begun make strong themselves by ill.
 So, prithee, go with me. 55
[Exeunt.]

46. **seeling**: a term from falconry. The eyes of the falcon were covered (seeled) by a hood or scarf. 49. **bond**: Banquo's life, together with the promise of the witches. 51. **rooky**: full of rooks or crows.

SCENE III. *A park near the palace.*

[Enter three Murderers.]

First Mur. But who did bid thee join with us?

Third Mur. Macbeth.

Sec. Mur. He needs not our mistrust, since he delivers
 Our offices and what we have to do
 To the direction just.

First Mur. Then stand with us.
 The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day; 5
 Now spurs the lated traveler apace
 To gain the timely inn; and near approaches
 The subject of our watch.

Third Mur. Hark! I hear horses.

Ban. [Within] Give us a light there, ho!

Sec. Mur. Then 'tis he; the rest
 That are within the note of expectation 10
 Already are i' the court.

First Mur. His horses go about.

Third Mur. Almost a mile; but he does usually,

2. **needs not**: We need not distrust the newcomer. 3. **offices**: duties.
 10. **note of expectation**: invited guests. 11. **horses go about**: a Shakespearean device for avoiding the use of horses on the stage.

So all men do, from hence to the palace gate
Make it their walk.

Sec. Mur. A light, a light!

[*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE with a torch.*]

Third Mur. 'Tis he.

First Mur. Stand to 't. 15

Ban. It will be rain tonight.

First Mur. Let it come down.

[*They set upon BANQUO.*]

Ban. O treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly!
Thou mayst revenge. O slave! [*Dies. FLEANCE escapes.*]

Third Mur. Who did strike out the light?

First Mur. Was 't not the way?

Third Mur. There's but one down; the son is fled.

Sec. Mur. We have lost

Best half of our affair. 21

First Mur. Well, let's away, and say how much is done.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. Hall in the palace.*

[*A banquet prepared. Enter MACBETH, LADY MACBETH, ROSS, LENNOX, Lords, and Attendants.*]

Macb. You know your own degrees; sit down. At first
And last the hearty welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your majesty.

Macb. Ourself will mingle with society,
And play the humble host.
Our hostess keeps her state, but in best time 5
We will require her welcome.

Lady M. Pronounce it for me, sir, to all our friends;
For my heart speaks they are welcome.

[*First Murderer appears at the door.*]

Macb. See, they encounter thee with their hearts' thanks.
Both sides are even; here I'll sit i' the midst; 10
Be large in mirth; anon we'll drink a measure

1. degrees: rank. 5. keeps her state: remains on her chair of state.

The table round. [*Approaching the door.*] There's blood upon thy face.

Mur. 'Tis Banquo's then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without than he within.

Is he dispatched?

15

Mur. My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him.

Macb. Thou art the best o' the cutthroats: yet he's good
That did the like for Fleance. If thou didst it,
Thou art the nonpareil.

Mur. Most royal sir,

Fleance is 'scaped.

20

Macb. Then comes my fit again. I had else been perfect,
Whole as the marble, founded as the rock,
As broad and general as the casing air;
But now I am cabined, cribbed, confined, bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe?

25

Mur. Ay, my good lord; safe in a ditch he bides,
With twenty trenched gashes on his head,
The least a death to nature.

Macb. Thanks for that;

There the grown serpent lies; the worm that's fled
Hath nature that in time will venom breed,

30

No teeth for the present. Get thee gone; tomorrow
We'll hear ourselves again.

[*Exit Murderer.*]

Lady M. My royal lord,

You do not give the cheer. The feast is sold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis a-making,

'Tis given with welcome. To feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;

35

Meeting were bare without it.

Macb. Sweet remembrancer!

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

Len. May 't please your highness sit.

[*The Ghost of BANQUO enters, and sits in MACBETH'S place.*]

Macb. Here had we now our country's honor roofed,

40

14. 'Tis . . . within: The blood is better outside thee than inside him.
19. nonpareil: without equal. 23. casing: enveloping. 25. saucy: insolent.
29. worm: a serpent's young. 32. We'll . . . again: i.e., talk the matter
over. 33-36. The . . . ceremony: i.e., Unless hospitality is shown to guests
one might as well dine at an inn; at home one merely eats, but away from
home one expects ceremony.

Were the graced person of our Banquo present;
 Who may I rather challenge for unkindness
 Than pity for mischance!

Ross. His absence, sir,
 Lays blame upon his promise. Please 't your highness
 To grace us with your royal company.

45

Macb. The table 's full.

Len. Here is a place reserved, sir.

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good lord. What is 't that moves your highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
 Thy gory locks at me.

50

Ross. Gentlemen, rise: his highness is not well.

Lady M. Sit, worthy friends: my lord is often thus,
 And hath been from his youth. Pray you, keep seat;
 The fit is momentary; upon a thought

55

He will again be well. If much you note him,
 You shall offend him and extend his passion.
 Feed, and regard him not. Are you a man?

Macb. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
 Which might appal the devil.

Lady M. O proper stuff!

60

This is the very painting of your fear;
 This is the air-drawn dagger which, you said,
 Led you to Duncan. O, these flaws and starts,
 Impostors to true fear, would well become
 A woman's story at a winter's fire,
 Authorized by her grandam. Shame itself!
 Why do you make such faces! When all's done,
 You look but on a stool.

65

Macb. Prithee, see there! behold! look! lo! how say you?
 Why, what care I? If thou canst nod, speak too.
 If charnel houses and our graves must send
 Those that we bury back, our monuments
 Shall be the maws of kites.

[Ghost *vanishes*.]

Lady M. What, quite unmanned in folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

63. **flaws**: emotional displays. 64. **Impostors**: imitations of. 73. **maws of kites**: i.e., Instead of having monuments, the dead shall be given to vultures.

Lady M. Fie, for shame!

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
 Ere humane statute purged the gentle weal;
 Ay, and since too, murders have been performed
 Too terrible for the ear. The time has been,
 That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
 And there an end; but now they rise again,
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
 And push us from our stools. This is more strange
 Than such a murder is. 80

Lady M. My worthy lord,
 Your noble friends do lack you.

Macb. I do forget.
 Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing 85
 To those that know me. Come, love and health to all;
 Then I'll sit down. Give me some wine; fill full.
 I drink to the general joy o' the whole table,
 And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;
 Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst, 90
 And all to all.

Lords. Our duties, and the pledge.

[*Re-enter Ghost.*]

Macb. Avaunt! and quit my sight! let the earth hide thee!
 Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes 95
 Which thou dost glare with!

Lady M. Think of this, good peers,
 But as a thing of custom; 'tis no other;
 Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

Macb. What man dare, I dare.
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear, 100
 The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
 Shall never tremble; or be alive again,
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
 If trembling I inhabit then, protest me 105

81. **murders**: wounds. 95. **speculation**: i.e., the eyes are dead. 104. **desert**: open. 105. **inhabit**: remain. 105. **protest**: call me publicly.

The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!

[Ghost *vanishes*.]

Why, so; being gone,
I am a man again. Pray you, sit still.

Lady M. You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting,
With most admired disorder.

Macb. Can such things be, 110
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder? You make me strange
Even to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks, 115
When mine is blanced with fear.

Ross. What sights, my lord?

Lady M. I pray you, speak not; he grows worse and worse;
Question enrages him. At once, good night.
Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once.

Len. Good night; and better health 120
Attend his majesty!

Lady M. A kind good night to all!

[*Exeunt all but MACBETH and LADY MACBETH.*]

Macb. It will have blood; they say, blood will have blood.
Stones have been known to move and trees to speak;
Augurs and understood relations have
By magot-pies and choughs and rooks brought forth 125
The secret'st man of blood. What is the night?

Lady M. Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his person
At our great bidding?

Lady M. Did you send to him, sir?

Macb. I hear it by the way; but I will send. 130
There's not a one of them but in his house
I keep a servant fee'd. I will tomorrow,
And betimes I will, to the weird sisters.
More shall they speak; for now I am bent to know,
By the worst means, the worst. For mine own good, 135

106. **baby . . . girl:** doll. 110. **admired:** wondered at. 112, 113. **You . . . owe:** I do not understand my own character. 124. **understood relations:** i.e., understood only by augurs. 125. **magot-pies and choughs:** magpies and jack-daws.

All causes shall give way. I am in blood
 Stepped in so far that, should I wade no more,
 Returning were as tedious as go o'er.
 Strange things I have in head, that will to hand;
 Which must be acted ere they may be scanned.

140

Lady M. You lack the season of all natures, sleep.

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep. My strange and self-abuse
 Is the initiate fear that wants hard use;
 We are yet but young in deed.

[*Exeunt.*

141. **season:** seasoning.

SCENE V. *A Heath.*

[*Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting HECATE.*]

First Witch. Why, how now, Hecate! you look angrily.

Hec. Have I not reason, beldams as you are,
 Saucy and overbold? How did you dare

To trade and traffic with Macbeth

In riddles and affairs of death;

5

And I, the mistress of your charms,

The close contriver of all harms,

Was never called to bear my part,

Or show the glory of our art?

And, which is worse, all you have done

10

Hath been but for a wayward son,

Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,

Loves for his own ends, not for you.

But make amends now; get you gone,

And at the pit of Acheron

15

Meet me i' the morning; thither he

Will come to know his destiny.

Your vessels and your spells provide,

Your charms and everything beside.

I am for the air; this night I'll spend

20

Unto a dismal and a fatal end;

Great business must be wrought ere noon.

Upon the corner of the moon

7. **close:** secret. 15. **Acheron:** one of the rivers of Hades, but here evidently some local pit supposed to lead to Hades.

There hangs a vaporous drop profound;
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground; 25
 And that distilled by magic sleights
 Shall raise such artificial sprites
 As by the strength of their illusion
 Shall draw him on to his confusion.
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear 30
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear;
 And you all know, security
 Is mortals' chiefest enemy.

[*Music and a song within: "Come away, come away," &c.*

Hark! I am called; my little spirit, see,
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit. 35

First Witch. Come, let's make haste; she'll soon be back again.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE VI. *Forres. The palace.*

[Enter LENNOX and another Lord.]

Len. My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,
 Which can interpret further; only, I say,
 Things have been strangely borne. The gracious Duncan
 Was pitied of Macbeth; marry, he was dead;
 And the right-valiant Banquo walked too late; 5
 Whom, you may say, if 't please you, Fleance killed,
 For Fleance fled; men must not walk too late.
 Who cannot want the thought how monstrous
 It was for Malcolm and for Donalbain
 To kill their gracious father? Damnèd fact! 10
 How it did grieve Macbeth! Did he not straight
 In pious rage the two delinquents tear,
 That were the slaves of drink and thralls of sleep?
 Was not that nobly done? Ay, and wisely too;
 For 'twould have angered any heart alive 15
 To hear the men deny 't. So that, I say,
 He has borne all things well; and I do think
 That had he Duncan's sons under his key —
 As, an 't please Heaven, he shall not — they should find
 What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance. 20

3. borne: carried on. 10. fact: deed.

But, peace! for from broad words and 'cause he failed
His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The son of Duncan,
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth, 25
Lives in the English court, and is received
Of the most pious Edward with such grace
That the malevolence of fortune nothing
Takes from his high respect. Thither Macduff
Is gone to pray the holy king, upon his aid 30
To wake Northumberland and warlike Siward;
That by the help of these — with Him above
To ratify the work — we may again
Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights,
Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives, 35
Do faithful homage and receive free honors;
All which we pine for now; and this report
Hath so exasperate the king that he
Prepares for some attempt of war.

Len. Sent he to Macduff?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute "Sir, not I," 40
The cloudy messenger turns me his back,
And hums, as who should say, "You'll rue the time
That clogs me with this answer."

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance
His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel 45
Fly to the court of England and unfold
His message ere he come, that swift blessing
May soon return to this our suffering country
Under a hand accursed!

Lord. I'll send my prayers with him.

[*Exeunt.*]

21. **broad words:** plain speaking. 27. **pious Edward:** Edward the Confessor (1002?-1066). 36. **free:** unbribed. 41. **cloudy:** gloomy.

ACT IV

SCENE I. *A cavern. In the middle, a boiling caldron.*

[*Thunder. Enter the three Witches.*]

First Witch. Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed.

Sec. Witch. Thrice and once the hedge-pig whined.

Third Witch. Harpier cries, "'Tis time, 'tis time."

First Witch. Round about the caldron go;

In the poisoned entrails throw.

5

Toad, that under cold stone

Days and nights has thirty-one

Sweltered venom sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

10

Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

Sec. Witch. Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the caldron boil and bake;

Eye of newt and toe of frog,

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,

15

Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg and howlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;

20

Fire burn, and caldron bubble.

Third Witch. Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf,

Witches' mummy, maw and gulf

Of the ravined salt-sea shark,

Root of hemlock digged i' the dark,

25

Liver of blaspheming Jew,

Gall of goat, and slips of yew

Slivered in the moon's eclipse,

Nose of Turk and Tartar's lips,

Finger of birth-strangled babe

30

Ditch-delivered by a drab,

1. **brinded**: streaked. 3. **Harpier**: probably coined from "harpy."
8. **sweltered venom**: poison sweated out from a toad. 23. **mummy**: In Shakespeare's day a sticky fluid was actually concocted from mummies and used as a medicine. 23. **gulf**: stomach. 24. **ravined**: full from overfeeding

Make the gruel thick and slab;
Add thereto a tiger's chaudron,
For the ingredients of our caldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn, and caldron bubble. 35

Sec. Witch. Cool it with a baboon's blood,
Then the charm is firm and good.

[*Enter HECATE to the other three Witches.*]

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i' the gains; 40
And now about the caldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Enchanting all that you put in.

[*Music and a song: "Black spirits," &c.*
[*HECATE retires.*]

Sec. Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes. 45
Open, locks,
Whoever knocks!

[*Enter MACBETH.*]

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags!
What is 't you do?

All. A deed without a name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess, 50
Howe'er you come to know it, answer me;
Though you untie the winds and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged and trees blown down; 55
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken; answer me 60
To what I ask you.

First Witch. Speak.

32. **slab**: slimy. 33. **chaudron**: entrails. 53. **ysty**: foamy. 55. **corn**:
i.e., wheat blown flat to the ground before it was ripe. 59. **germens**: seeds.

Sec. Witch. Demand.

Third Witch. We'll answer.

First Witch. Say, if thou 'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?

Macb. Call 'em; let me see 'em.

First Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet throw
Into the flame.

65

All. Come, high or low;
Thyself and office deftly show!

[*Thunder.* First Apparition: an armed Head.]

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power —

First Witch. He knows thy thought;

Hear his speech, but say thou naught.

70

First App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife. Dismiss me. Enough. [*Descends.*]

Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution, thanks;
Thou hast harped my fear aright: but one word more —

First Witch. He will not be commanded: here's another.
More potent than the first.

75

[*Thunder.* Second Apparition: a bloody Child.]

Sec. App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Macb. Had I three ears, I 'ld hear thee.

Sec. App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man, for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth.

80

[*Descends.*]

Macb. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate. Thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.

85

[*Thunder.* Third Apparition: a Child crowned, with a tree in his hand.]

65. **farrow**: litter. Stage direction: **an armed Head**: symbolic of Macbeth.
Stage direction: **a bloody Child**: the child Macduff. 84. **bond of fate**: To
make the promise of the Apparition "double sure," he will kill Macduff.
Stage direction: **a Child crowned**: Malcolm.

What is this
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby-brow the round
And top of sovereignty?

All. Listen, but speak not to 't.

Third App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care 90
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.
Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.

Macb. That will never be.
Who can impress the forest, bid the tree 95
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements! good!
Rebellion's head, rise never till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-placed Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time and mortal custom. Yet my heart 100
Throbs to know one thing: tell me, if your art
Can tell so much: shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

Macb. I will be satisfied; deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! Let me know. 105
Why sinks that caldron? and what noise is this? [Hautboys.

First Witch. Show!

Sec. Witch. Show!

Third Witch. Show!

All. Show his eyes, and grieve his heart; 110
Come like shadows, so depart!

[A show of Eight Kings, the last with a glass in his hand; BANQUO'S
Ghost following.]

Macb. Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!
Thy crown doth sear mine eyeballs. And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.
A third is like the former. Filthy hags! 115
Why do you show me this? A fourth! Start, eyes!
What, will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?
Another yet! A seventh! I'll see no more.

Stage direction: **Eight Kings:** the Stuart kings of Scotland.

And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass
Which shows me many more; and some I see 120
That twofold balls and treble scepters carry.

Horrible sight! Now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-boltered Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. [Apparitions *vanish*.] What, is this so?

First Witch. Ay, sir, all this is so; but why 125
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?

Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprites,
And show the best of our delights.
I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antic round; 130
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Music. The Witches dance, and then vanish, with HECATE.*]

Macb. Where are they? Gone! Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursèd in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

[*Enter LENNOX.*]

Len. What's your grace's will? 135

Macb. Saw you the weird sisters?

Len. No, my lord.

Macb. Came they not by you?

Len. No, indeed, my lord.

Macb. Infected be the air whereon they ride;
And damned all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of horse: who was 't came by? 140

Len. 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word
Macduff is fled to England.

Macb. Fled to England!

Len. Ay, my good lord.

Macb. Time, thou anticipatest my dread exploits;
The flighty purpose never is o'ertook 145
Unless the deed go with it. From this moment
The very firstlings of my heart shall be
The firstlings of my hand. And even now,

119. *glass*: magic mirror. 121. *twofold . . . carry*: a reference to James I, who united Scotland with England, and later Ireland. There was a tradition that he was descended from Banquo. 123. *blood-boltered*: hair wet with blood. 127. *sprites*: spirits. 145. *flighty*: fleeting.

To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done.
 The castle of Macduff I will surprise;
 Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword
 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
 That trace him in his line. No boasting like a fool;
 This deed I'll do before this purpose cool.
 But no more sights! — Where are these gentlemen?
 Come, bring me where they are.

150

155

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE II. *Fife. Macduff's castle.*[*Enter* LADY MACDUFF, *her* Son, *and* ROSS.]

L. Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the land?

Ross. You must have patience, madam.

L. Macd. He had none;

His flight was madness. When our actions do not,
 Our fears do make us traitors.

Ross. You know not

Whether it was his wisdom or his fear.

5

L. Macd. Wisdom! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,
 His mansion and his titles in a place
 From whence himself does fly? He loves us not;
 He wants the natural touch; for the poor wren,
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight,
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.
 All is the fear and nothing is the love;
 As little is the wisdom, where the flight
 So runs against all reason.

10

Ross. My dearest coz,

I pray you, school yourself; but for your husband,

15

He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows

The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further;

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors

And do not know ourselves, when we hold rumor

From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,

20

But float upon a wild and violent sea

Each way and move. I take my leave of you;

12. All . . . love: i.e., To Macduff fear is everything, love nothing.
 17. fits: disorders. 19. ourselves: i.e., as traitors.

Shall not be long but I'll be here again.

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward

To what they were before. My pretty cousin,

25

Blessing upon you!

L. Macd. Fathered he is, and yet he's fatherless.

Ross. I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,
It would be my disgrace and your discomfort.

I take my leave at once.

[Exit. 30

L. Macd. Sirrah, your father's dead;
And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As birds do, mother.

L. Macd. What, with worms and flies?

Son. With what I get, I mean; and so do they.

35

L. Macd. Poor bird! thou 'ldst never fear the net nor lime,
The pitfall nor the gin.

Son. Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are not set for.
My father is not dead, for all your saying.

L. Macd. Yes, he is dead. How wilt thou do for a father?

40

Son. Nay, how will you do for a husband?

L. Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L. Macd. Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet, i' faith,
With wit enough for thee.

45

Son. Was my father a traitor, mother?

L. Macd. Ay, that he was.

Son. What is a traitor?

L. Macd. Why, one that swears and lies.

Son. And be all traitors that do so?

50

L. Macd. Every one that does so is a traitor, and must be hanged.

Son. And must they all be hanged that swear and lie?

L. Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must hang them?

L. Macd. Why, the honest men.

55

Son. Then the liars and swearers are fools, for there are liars and
swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang up them.

L. Macd. Now, God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou
do for a father?

Son. If he were dead, you 'ld weep for him; if you would 60

25. **My pretty cousin**: addressed to the boy. 29. **disgrace**: i.e., if I broke down and wept. 36. **lime**: a sticky substance smeared on limbs of trees to catch birds. 37. **gin**: trap.

not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

L. Macd. Poor prattler, how thou talk'st!

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

Mess. Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known,
Though in your state of honor I am perfect.

I doubt some danger does approach you nearly. 65

If you will take a homely man's advice,

Be not found here; hence, with your little ones.

To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage;

To do worse to you were fell cruelty,

Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve you!

I dare abide no longer. 70 [Exit.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly?

I have done no harm. But I remember now

I am in this earthly world; where to do harm

Is often laudable, to do good sometime

Accounted dangerous folly. Why then, alas, 75

Do I put up that womanly defense,

To say I have done no harm?

[*Enter Murderers.*]

What are these faces?

First Mur. Where is your husband?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified

Where such as thou mayst find him.

First Mur. He's a traitor. 80

Son. Thou liest, thou shag-haired villain!

First Mur. What, you egg! [Stabbing him.

Young fry of treachery!

Son. He has killed me, mother:

Run away, I pray you! [Dies.

[Exit LADY MACDUFF, crying "Murder!"]

[Exeunt Murderers, following her.]

64. **perfect:** perfectly acquainted with. 66. **homely:** without rank.

SCENE III. *England. Before the King's palace.*[*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.*]

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and like good men
Bestride our downfall'n birthdom. Each new morn
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows 5
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds
As if it felt with Scotland and yelled out
Like syllable of dolor.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail,
What know, believe, and what I can redress,
As I shall find the time to friend, I will. 10
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance.
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have loved him well;
He hath not touched you yet. I am young: but something
You may deserve of him through me, and wisdom 15
To offer up a weak poor innocent lamb
To appease an angry god.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.
A good and virtuous nature may recoil
In an imperial charge. But I shall crave your pardon;
That which you are my thoughts cannot transpose. 20
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foul would wear the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so.

Macd. I have lost my hopes.

Mal. Perchance even there where I did find my doubts. 25
Why in that rawness left you wife and child,
Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,
Without leave-taking? I pray you,
Let not my jealousies be your dishonors,

10. to friend: suitable. 16, 17. offer up . . . god: i.e., By betraying me to him you will win favor. 19. recoil: revert to evil at the command of the king. 23. foul: ugly. 24. so: i.e., fair. 26. rawness: unseemly haste. 29. jealousies . . . dishonors: suspicions be insults to you.

But mine own safeties. You may be rightly just,
Whatever I shall think. 30

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor country!
Great tyranny! lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dare not check thee; wear thou thy wrongs;
The title is affeered! Fare thee well, lord;
I would not be the villain that thou think'st 35
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.
I think our country sinks beneath the yoke;
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash 40
Is added to her wounds. I think withal
There would be hands uplifted in my right;
And here from gracious England have I offer
Of goodly thousands. But, for all this,
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head, 45
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country
Shall have more vices than it had before,
More suffer and more sundry ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be? 50

Mal. It is myself I mean; in whom I know
All the particulars of vice so grafted
That, when they shall be opened, black Macbeth
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor state
Esteem him as a lamb, being compared
With my confineless harms.

Macd. Not in the legions 55
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damned
In evils to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin
That has a name; but there's no bottom, none, 60
In my voluptuousness. Your wives, your daughters,
Your matrons and your maids, could not fill up
The cistern of my lust, and my desire

30. **safeties**: precautions. 34. **affeered**: confirmed, i.e., tyranny's title.
43. **England**: the king, Edward the Confessor.

All continent impediments would o'erbear
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth 65
Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless intemperance
In nature is a tyranny; it hath been
The untimely emptying of the happy throne
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours. You may 70
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.
We have willing dames enough; there cannot be
That vulture in you, to devour so many
As will to greatness dedicate themselves, 75
Finding it so inclined.

Mal. With this there grows
In my most ill-composed affection such
A stanchless avarice that, were I king,
I should cut off the nobles for their lands,
Desire his jewels and this other's house; 80
And my more-having would be as a sauce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the good and loyal,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This avarice
Sticks deeper, grows with more pernicious root 85
Than summer-seeming lust, and it hath been
The sword of our slain kings. Yet do not fear;
Scotland hath foisons to fill up your will,
Of your mere own. All these are portable,
With other graces weighed. 90

Mal. But I have none. The king-becoming graces,
As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,
Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,
Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,
I have no relish of them, but abound 95
In the division of each several crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should
Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,

64. **continent impediments**: restraining motives. 71. **convey**: have secretly. 77. **affection**: nature. 80. **summer-seeming**: youthful. 88. **foisons**: rich harvests. 89. **portable**: bearable.

Uproar the universal peace, confound
All unity on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland! 100

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak.
I am as I have spoken.

Macd. Fit to govern!

No, not to live. O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant bloody-sceptered,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again, 105
Since that the truest issue of thy throne

By his own interdiction stands accursed,
And does blaspheme his breed? Thy royal father
Was a most sainted king; the queen that bore thee,
Oftener upon her knees than on her feet, 110
Died every day she lived. Fare thee well!

These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself
Have banished me from Scotland. O my breast,
Thy hope ends here!

Mal. Macduff, this noble passion,
Child of integrity, hath from my soul 115

Wiped the black scruples, reconciled my thoughts
To thy good truth and honor. Devilish Macbeth
By many of these trains hath sought to win me
Into his power, and modest wisdom plucks me
From overcredulous haste; but God above 120

Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put myself to thy direction, and
Unspeak mine own detraction, here abjure
The taints and blames I laid upon myself,
For strangers to my nature. I am yet 125

Unknown to woman, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no time broke my faith, would not betray
The devil to his fellow, and delight
No less in truth than life; my first false speaking 130

Was this upon myself. What I am truly,
Is thine and my poor country's to command;
Whither indeed, before thy here-approach,
Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,

Already at a point, was setting forth.

135

Now we'll together; and the chance of goodness

Be like our warranted quarrel! Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome and unwelcome things at once
'Tis hard to reconcile.

[*Enter a Doctor.*]

Mal. Well; more anon. — Comes the king forth, I pray you?

Doct. Ay, sir; there are a crew of wretched souls

141

That stay his cure; their malady convinces

The great assay of art; but at his touch —

Such sanctity hath Heaven given his hand —

They presently amend.

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

[*Exit Doctor.* 145

Macd. What's the disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis called the evil;

A most miraculous work in this good king;

Which often, since my here-remain in England,

I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,

Himself best knows; but strangely visited people,

150

All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,

The mere despair of surgery, he cures,

Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,

Put on with holy prayers; and 'tis spoken,

To the succeeding royalty he leaves

155

The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,

He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy,

And sundry blessings hang about his throne,

That speak him full of grace.

[*Enter ROSS.*]

Macd. See, who comes here?

Mal. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

160

Macd. My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The means that makes us strangers!

135. at a point: prepared. 136. goodness: success. 137. quarrel: argument. The sense of this passage is, "May our chance of success be as good to our cause as the outcome of our quarrel was to us." 143. assay: effort; their maladies baffle the doctors. 146. evil: scrofula, a skin disease. 152. mere: absolute. 153. stamp: coin. 163. means: woes.

Ross. Sir, amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Ross. Alas, poor country!

Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot 165

Be called our mother, but our grave: where nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;

Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rend the air

Are made, not marked; where violent sorrow seems

A modern ecstasy. The dead man's knell 170

Is there scarce asked for who; and good men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,

Dying or ere they sicken.

Macd. O, relation

Too nice, and yet too true!

Mal. What's the newest grief?

Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker; 175

Each minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my wife?

Ross. Why, well.

Macd. And all my children?

Ross. Well too.

Macd. The tyrant has not battered at their peace?

Ross. No; they were well at peace when I did leave 'em.

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech; how goes 't? 180

Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,

Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumor

Of many worthy fellows that were out;

Which was to my belief witnessed the rather,

For that I saw the tyrant's power afoot. 185

Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland

Would create soldiers, make our women fight,

To doff their dire distresses.

Mal. Be 't their comfort

We are coming thither. Gracious England hath

Lent us good Siward and ten thousand men; 190

An older and a better soldier none

That Christendom gives out.

Ross. Would I could answer

170. **modern ecstasy:** an everyday feeling. 173. **relation:** account.
174. **nice:** exact. 175. **hiss:** i.e., because he tells things that are out of date.
176. **teems:** brings forth. 183. **out:** up in arms. 186. **your eye:** Macduff's.

This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howled out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concern they? 195

The general cause? or is it a fee-grief
Due to some single breast?

Ross. No mind that's honest
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it. 200

Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughtered: to relate the manner, 205
Were, on the quarry of these murdered deer,
To add the death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows:
Give sorrow words. The grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'erfraught heart and bids it break. 210

Macd. My children too?

Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife killed too?

Ross. I have said.

Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief. 215

Macd. He has no children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so; 220
But I must also feel it as a man.

195. *latch*: catch. 196. *fee-grief*: private grief. 206. *quarry*: dead bodies.
220. *Dispute*: fight with.

I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me. Did Heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am, 225
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,

Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword; let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes 230
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly. 235

Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day. [*Exeunt.* 240

225. **naught:** worthless.

ACT V

SCENE I. *Dunsinane. Anteroom in the castle*

[*Enter a Doctor of Physic and a Waiting-Gentlewoman.*]

Doct. I have two nights watched with you, but can perceive no
truth in your report. When was it she last walked?

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise
from her bed, throw her nightgown upon her, unlock her closet, take
forth paper, fold it, write upon 't, read it, afterward seal it, and 5
again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature, to receive at once the benefit
of sleep, and do the effects of watching! In this slumbry agitation,
besides her walking and other actual performances, what, at any time,
have you heard her say? 10

Gent. That, sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

8. **effects of watching:** actions done while awake.

Gent. Neither to you nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

[*Enter LADY MACBETH, with a taper.*]

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close. 15

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her; she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open. 20

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands. I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot. 25

Doct. Hark! she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say! — One: two: why, then 'tis time to do 't. — Hell is murky! — Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call 30 our power to account? — Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him.

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now? — What, will these hands ne'er be clean? — No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that; you mar all with this starting. 35

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that; Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh, oh, oh! 40

Doct. What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body.

Doct. Well, well, well — 45

Gent. Pray God it be, sir.

Doct. This disease is beyond my practice; yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep who have died holily in their beds.

Lady M. Wash your hands, put on your nightgown; look not so pale. — I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come 50 out on 's grave.

Doct. Even so?

Lady M. To bed, to bed! There's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, give me your hand. What 's done cannot be undone. — To bed, to bed, to bed! [Exit. 55

Doct. Will she go now to bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisperings are abroad; unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets. 60
More needs she the divine than the physician.
God, God forgive us all! Look after her;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her. So, good night;
My mind she has mated, and amazed my sight. 65
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good night, good doctor. [Exeunt.

63. **annoyance:** doing herself violence. 65. **mated:** bewildered.

SCENE II. *The country near Dunsinane.*

[*Drum and colors. Enter MENTEITH, CAITHNESS, ANGUS, LENNOX, and Soldiers.*]

Ment. The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,
His uncle Siward and the good Macduff.
Revenge burns in them; for their dear causes
Would to the bleeding and the grim alarm
Excite the mortified man.

Ang. Near Birnam wood 5
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

Caith. Who knows if Donalbain be with his brother?

Len. For certain, sir, he is not; I have a file
Of all the gentry. There is Siward's son,
And many unrough youths that even now 10
Protest their first of manhood.

Ment. What does the tyrant?

Caith. Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.
Some say he's mad; others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant fury; but, for certain,

4. **bleeding:** bloody deeds. 5. **mortified:** dead to feeling. 10. **unrough:** beardless.

He cannot buckle his distempered cause
Within the belt of rule. 15

Ang. Now does he feel
His secret murders sticking on his hands;
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;
Those he commands move only in command,
Nothing in love. Now does he feel his title 20
Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe
Upon a dwarfish thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
His pestered senses to recoil and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there?

Caith. Well, march we on, 25
To give obedience where 'tis truly owed.
Meet we the medicine of the sickly weal,
And with him pour we in our country's purge
Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
To dew the sovereign flower and drown the weeds. 30
Make we our march toward Birnam. [*Exeunt, marching.*]

15, 16. **buckle . . . rule**: He is losing control of his affairs. 18. **minutely**: every minute. 20. **owed**: i.e., to Malcolm. 27. **medicine**: Malcolm.

SCENE III. *Dunsinane. A room in the castle.*

[*Enter* MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.]

Macb. Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Malcolm?
Was he not born of woman? The spirits that know
All mortal consequences have pronounced me thus: 5
"Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman
Shall e'er have power upon thee." Then fly, false thanes,
And mingle with the English epicures!
The mind I sway by and the heart I bear
Shall never sag with doubt nor shake with fear. 10

[*Enter a Servant.*]

8. **epicures**: overinclined to luxury.

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!
Where got'st thou that goose look?

Serv. There is ten thousand —

Macb. Geese, villain?

Serv. Soldiers, sir.

Macb. Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,
Thou lily-livered boy. What soldiers, patch? 15
Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine
Are counselors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

Serv. The English force, so please you.

Macb. Take thy face hence. [Exit Servant.

Seyton! — I am sick at heart,

When I behold — Seyton, I say! — This push 20

Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.

I have lived long enough. My way of life

Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf;

And that which should accompany old age,

As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends, 25

I must not look to have; but, in their stead,

Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honor, breath,

Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Seyton!

[Enter SEYTON.]

Sey. What is your gracious pleasure?

Macb. What news more? 30

Sey. All is confirmed, my lord, which was reported.

Macb. I'll fight till from my bones my flesh be hacked.
Give me my armor.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Macb. I'll put it on.

Send out moe horses; skirr the country round; 35

Hang those that talk of fear. Give me mine armor.

How does your patient, doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased, 40

Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,

Err in report of us.

Soldiers. It shall be done.

Siw. We learn no other but the confident tyrant
Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure
Our setting down before 't.

Mal. 'Tis his main hope; 10
For where there is advantage to be given,
Both more or less have given him the revolt,
And none serve with him but constrained things
Whose hearts are absent too.

Macd. Let our just censures 15
Attend the true event, and put we on
Industrious soldiership.

Siw. The time approaches
That will with due decision make us know
What we shall say we have and what we owe.
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate; 20
Toward which advance the war. [Exeunt, marching.]

10. **setting down:** laying siege. 11. **advantage:** opportunity. 12. **more or less:** higher and lower classes. 14-16. **just . . . soldiership:** Let our final judgment await the actual outcome, and meanwhile let's keep busy fighting. 19, 20. **Thoughts . . . arbitrate:** i.e., There's no use trying to figure things out beforehand; action alone will decide.

SCENE V. *Dunsinane. Within the castle.*

[Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with drum and colors.]

Macb. Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still "They come!" Our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn; here let them lie
Till famine and the ague eat them up.
Were they not forced with those that should be ours, 5
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,
And beat them backward home. [A cry of women within.]

What is that noise?

Sey. It is the cry of women, my good lord. [Exit.]

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears.
The time has been, my senses would have cooled 10
To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair

5. **forced:** reinforced.

Would at a dismal treatise rouse and stir
 As life were in 't. I have supped full with horrors;
 Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
 Cannot once start me.

[*Re-enter SEYTON.*]

Wherefore was that cry? 15

Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.

Macb. She should have died hereafter;
 There would have been a time for such a word.
 Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day 20
 To the last syllable of recorded time,
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage 25
 And then is heard no more. It is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing.

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

Thou comest to use thy tongue; thy story quickly.

Mess. Gracious my lord, 30
 I should report that which I say I saw,
 But know not how to do it.

Macb. Well, say, sir.

Mess. As I did stand my watch upon the hill,
 I looked toward Birnam, and anon, methought,
 The wood began to move.

Macb. Liar and slave! 35

Mess. Let me endure your wrath, if 't be not so.
 Within this three mile may you see it coming;
 I say, a moving grove.

Macb. If thou speak'st false,
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,
 Till famine cling thee; if thy speech be sooth, 40
 I care not if thou dost for me as much.

12. *treatise*: story. 17. *should*: i.e., would have died some day anyhow.
 40. *cling*: shrivel up.

I pull in resolution, and begin
 To doubt the equivocation of the fiend
 That lies like truth: "Fear not, till Birnam wood
 Do come to Dunsinane." And now a wood 45
 Comes toward Dunsinane. Arm, arm, and out!
 If this which he avouches does appear,
 There is nor flying hence nor tarrying here.
 I 'gin to be aweary of the sun,
 And wish the estate o' the world were now undone. 50
 Ring the alarum-bell! Blow, wind! come, wrack!
 At least we'll die with harness on our back. [Exeunt.

43. **equivocation**: deceit through double meaning. 50. **estate**: established order.

SCENE VI. *Dunsinane. Before the castle.*

[*Drum and colors. Enter MALCOLM, old SIWARD, MACDUFF, and their Army, with boughs.*]

Mal. Now near enough; your leavy screens throw down,
 And show like those you are. You, worthy uncle,
 Shall, with my cousin, your right-noble son,
 Lead our first battle. Worthy Macduff and we
 Shall take upon 's what else remains to do, 5
 According to our order.

Siw. Fare you well.
 Do we but find the tyrant's power tonight,
 Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our trumpets speak; give them all breath,
 Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death. [Exeunt. 10

4. **battle**: division.

SCENE VII. *Another part of the field.*

[*Alarums. Enter MACBETH.*]

Macb. They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly,
 But, bearlike, I must fight the course. What's he
 That was not born of woman? Such a one
 Am I to fear, or none.

[*Enter young SIWARD.*]

2. **course**: round.

Yo. Siw. What is thy name?

Macb. Thou 'lt be afraid to hear it. 5

Yo. Siw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name
Than any is in hell.

Macb. My name's Macbeth.

Yo. Siw. The devil himself could not pronounce a title
More hateful to mine ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Siw. Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword 10
I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight and young SIWARD is slain.*]

Macb. Thou wast born of woman.

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,
Brandished by man that's of a woman born. [Exit.

[*Alarums. Enter MACDUFF.*]

Macd. That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face!
If thou be'st slain and with no stroke of mine, 15
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms
Are hired to bear their staves; either thou, Macbeth,
Or else my sword with an unbattered edge
I sheathe again undeeded. There thou shouldst be; 20
By this great clatter, one of greatest note
Seems bruited. Let me find him, fortune!
And more I beg not. [Exit. *Alarums.*]

[*Enter MALCOLM and old SIWARD.*]

Siw. This way, my lord; the castle's gently rendered:
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight; 25
The noble thanes do bravely in the war;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.

Mal. We have met with foes
That strike beside us.

Siw. Enter, sir, the castle. [Excunt. *Alarums.*]

22. **bruited**: indicated. 24. **gently**: without resistance. 29. **strike beside us**: i.e., as friends so that they purposely miss us.

SCENE VIII. *Another part of the field.*[*Enter* MACBETH.]

Macb. Why should I play the Roman fool, and die
On mine own sword? Whiles I see lives, the gashes
Do better upon them.

[*Enter* MACDUFF.]

Macd. Turn, hell-hound, turn!

Macb. Of all men else I have avoided thee.
But get thee back; my soul is too much charged 5
With blood of thine already.

Macd. I have no words;
My voice is in my sword, thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out! [They fight.]

Macb. Thou lovest labor;
As easy mayst thou the intrenchant air
With thy keen sword impress as make me bleed. 10
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests;
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield
To one of woman born.

Macd. Despair thy charm;
And let the angel whom thou still hast served
Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb 15
Untimely ripped.

Macb. Accursèd be that tongue that tells me so,
For it hath cowed my better part of man!
And be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense; 20
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yield thee, coward,
And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.
We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are, 25
Painted upon a pole, and underwrit,
"Here may you see the tyrant."

Macb. I will not yield,

1. **Roman fool:** i.e., Romans who committed suicide like Brutus and Cassius. 8. **terms:** words. 9. **intrenchant:** that cannot be cut.

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
 And to be baited with the rabble's curse.
 Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, 30
 And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
 Yet I will try the last. Before my body
 I throw my warlike shield. Lay on, Macduff,
 And damned be him that first cries "Hold, enough!"
[*Exeunt, fighting. Alarums.*]

[*Retreat. Flourish. Enter, with drum and colors, MALCOLM, old
 SIWARD, ROSS, the other Thanes, and Soldiers.*]

Mal. I would the friends we miss were safe arrived. 35
Siw. Some must go off; and yet, by these I see,
 So great a day as this is cheaply bought.
Mal. Macduff is missing, and your noble son.
Ross. Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt.
 He only lived but till he was a man; 40
 The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
 In the unshrinking station where he fought,
 But like a man he died.
Siw. Then he is dead?
Ross. Ay, and brought off the field. Your cause of sorrow
 Must not be measured by his worth, for then 45
 It hath no end.
Siw. Had he his hurts before?
Ross. Ay, on the front.
Siw. Why then, God's soldier be he!
 Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
 I would not wish them to a fairer death.
 And so, his knell is knolled.
Mal. He's worth more sorrow, 50
 And that I'll spend for him.
Siw. He's worth no more.
 They say he parted well, and paid his score;
 And so, God be with him! Here comes newer comfort.

[*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S head.*]

Macd. Hail, king! for so thou art. Behold, where stands
 The usurper's cursèd head. The time is free. 55
 20. **baited**: pestered. 30. **go off**: die. 52. **parted**: departed. 54. **stands**:
 i.e., on the end of a pike.

I see thee compassed with thy kingdom's pearl,
 That speak my salutation in their minds;
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine:
 Hail, King of Scotland!

All. Hail, King of Scotland!

[*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large expense of time
 Before we reckon with your several loves,
 And make us even with you. My thanes and kinsmen,
 Henceforth be earls, the first that ever Scotland
 In such an honor named. What's more to do,
 Which would be planted newly with the time,
 As calling home our exiled friends abroad
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;
 Producing forth the cruel ministers
 Of this dead butcher and his fiendlike queen,
 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
 Took off her life; this, and what needful else
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,
 We will perform in measure, time, and place;
 So, thanks to all at once and to each one,
 Whom we invite to see us crowned at Scone.

60

65

70

75

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

56. *pearl*: the nobility.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF MACBETH

The following are general problems for the entire play, to be worked out by individuals, special groups, or the class as a whole.

INTERPRETATION OF CHARACTERS

1. The gradual disintegration of Macbeth's character and its results may be made clearer by studying in each Act the following questions:

(1) What is going on in Macbeth's mind?

(2) What outward acts result from his state of mind?

(3) What is the attitude of others toward him? (Growing suspicion and punishment.) The examples or points of evidence to show the changes from Act to Act may be arranged in outline form or on a chart, and the student can thereby gain a more complete grasp of the magnificent onward sweep of circumstances.

2. The same plan can be used on a lesser scale for Lady Macbeth. Question (3) will be negligible in her case, except for Macbeth's and the gentlewoman's attitude toward her.

VISUALIZATION

1. As you go through the play, picture each scene as you would like to see it on the stage. Think of setting, costuming, and action.
2. Assemble as many pictures as you can of productions and actors of *Macbeth*, especially of the famous Gordon Craig settings. See lists of illustrative material at the end of this book.

DRAMATIZATION

Presenting a tragedy is more difficult than presenting a comedy, for unless the real spirit of the play is conveyed to the audience it becomes farcical.

Certain scenes of *Macbeth*, however, have been effectively presented by high-school students with the limited facilities of an improvised stage in the classroom. A clever use of a few screens, a darkened room, candles, or properly directed electric lights, and simple, dark, flowing costumes will do wonders to create atmosphere. But above all, the characters chosen must interpret the parts with genuine feeling. Unless there are students in the class capable of doing this, it is better to omit dramatization. Recommended scenes are: Act I, Scs. 1 and 3 (with brief interval of thunder or appropriate music); Act II, Scs. 1, 2, 3; Act III, Sc. 4; Act IV, Sc. 1; Act V, Sc. 1, and Scs. 3 and 5 (consecutive with brief interval).

MEMORIZATION

Macbeth is full of quotable passages and phrases. Each student should memorize at least some of these famous lines according to a minimum determined by class and teacher. Recommended passages are: Act I, Sc. 7, ll. 1-28; Act II, Sc. 1, ll. 33-64, and Sc. 2, ll. 35-43; Act III, Sc. 2, ll. 13-26 and 46-56; Act V, Sc. 3, ll. 22-28, and Sc. 5, ll. 10-28. Students may also make collections of memorable single lines or phrases. Dramatization is an incentive to more extensive memorization.

STUDY BY ACTS

Since each act consists of several scenes, it is well for the student to write a brief summary of each act as a whole in about one hundred to one hundred and fifty words in order to bring out the main thread of the story.

ACT I

1. Into what mood does the author put his audience by the opening scene? Show details that contribute to this mood. Remember that in Shakespeare's day many people believed in witches. How does this opening differ from that of other plays you have read?
2. What important information is given in Scene 2 about conditions in Scotland, and Macbeth's character and reputation?

3. In Scene 3 pick out lines that depict the witches' appearance and evil disposition. What three prophecies are given to Macbeth and what three to Banquo? What effect do these have on each of them? Find passages suggesting that Macbeth's ambition to be king was not new. Remember that originally his claim to the throne had been equal to Duncan's.

4. What important point is introduced in Scene 4? Could this scene be omitted in a modern stage production?

5. In Scene 5 contrast Lady Macbeth and Macbeth in leadership, decision, conscience. Can they read each other's minds? Have they ever before discussed the possibility of destroying Duncan?

6. Why is Scene 6 introduced? How does it increase the horror of the impending tragedy?

7. In Scene 7 study Macbeth's soliloquy carefully and line up his arguments in favor of the deed and against it. What is his final decision? How does Lady Macbeth manage to change his decision?

ACT II

1. Study the opening dialogue between Banquo and Macbeth to discover how the effect of the witches is evident, and what the two men think of each other.

2. The "dagger" speech is a famous soliloquy. Find three different ways in which the dagger appears to Macbeth and show how this shift indicates the progress of his thoughts about the murder. On the stage should this dagger be actually shown to the audience or not? Discuss. Does Macbeth know that there is not really a dagger in the air? What brings him back to the business of the moment? What effect would this scene have on the audience?

3. In Scene 2 why did Lady Macbeth say she did not commit the deed herself? What does this speech show of her character?

4. Point out lines that add to the suspense and horror of this scene. What shows that Macbeth is now completely unnerved?

5. How does the knocking at the palace gate affect both characters? How does it affect the audience at this point? (Have one member of the class prepare a special report on De Quincey's essay, "On the Knocking at the Gate in *Macbeth*.")

6. Do you like having the comic interlude of the drunken porter at this point? Discuss.

7. After the discovery of the crime does Macbeth keep up his part well, or not? Why did he kill the grooms? Was it a wise move? Comment.

8. Did Lady Macbeth really faint or did she only pretend? Give arguments *pro* and *con*.

9. How does Banquo seal his fate at this point? Were the suspicions of Duncan's sons correct? Was their flight playing into Macbeth's hands or not? Comment.

10. What information does Scene 4 give? In a modern production would it be advisable to include or omit it?

ACT III

1. Of what importance to the play is Banquo's opening speech? How does the dialogue between Macbeth and Banquo foreshadow what comes later in the act?

2. What reasons does Macbeth have for desiring Banquo's death? What reasons does he give the murderers? Why does he include Fleance in the plan?

3. In Scene 2 show how the positions of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth have been reversed from what they were in Act II. Select lines to show Macbeth's state of mind. Is it conscience that worries him, or fear?

4. The supposition that Macbeth was the third murderer has been advanced by many critics. Find evidence for and against this supposition.

5. In Scene 4 what is the effect of the murderers' message on Macbeth?

6. Show how the appearance of the ghost in this act suggests a more serious nervous breakdown than does the dagger scene in Act II. Consider time and surroundings in discussing the point.

7. Which do you think is the most effective way of presenting the ghost on the stage — by an actual person, by a suggestive lighting effect, or by nothing except Macbeth's excellent acting? Discuss.

8. In Macbeth's speech, lines 130-140, find at least two points which show further degeneracy on Macbeth's part.

9. Study Lady Macbeth's conduct throughout this scene. Has she retained or lost her leadership?

10. Should Scenes 5 and 6 be dropped or retained in a modern production? Is one more important than the other? Discuss.

ACT IV

1. Note carefully the ingredients of the hell-broth and how the "charm" is made "firm and good."

2. Which of the apparitions tend to increase Macbeth's self-confidence? which to discourage him? What is his final attitude toward the witches? Give evidence of Macbeth's deterioration throughout the scene.

3. What makes the news of Macduff's flight especially dramatic at this point?

4. In Scene 2 characterize Lady Macduff and her son. What is her attitude toward her husband? Is it justified or not? This scene is often omitted in modern presentations. Give reasons why you think it should or should not be.

5. In Scene 3 why does Malcolm give a false picture of himself to Macduff?

6. What plans are afoot for saving Scotland from Macbeth?

7. Why does Ross delay his real news? How does Macduff receive it?

Does this make you admire him more or less? This has been called the most dramatic moment in the play. Give arguments pro and con.

ACT V

1. How is Lady Macbeth changed? Reread her words in earlier scenes to find out if this change has been prepared for in any way. Note her reference to the different crimes. Which one recurs most frequently in her words? Why is that one significant? What lines foreshadow her death later in the play? This scene has been called the most tragic one in drama. Comment.

2. What is the purpose of Scene 2? Should it be included in a modern production? Could it be combined with Scene 4?

3. In Scenes 3 and 5 how does Macbeth receive the news of his wife's illness and death? Find evidence in his words that he has become callous to horrors, that he is tired of life, and that his nerves are on edge. Does he mean all the things he says? In what spirit does he approach the combat?

4. Scenes 6, 7, and 8 together picture the final battle between Macbeth and his opponents. What difference in spirit is shown by the leaders of the opposite sides? What evidence is there that Macbeth still trusts the witches? Is his trust increased or diminished by what happens in Scene 7?

5. Why does Macbeth not want to fight Macduff? Does this attitude show remorse? How does Macbeth act when he realizes that his last hope in the prophecies is gone? What in general is your feeling toward Macbeth in these final scenes? Give reasons.

6. What kind of men do old Siward and Malcolm show themselves to be at the end? Note how Shakespeare here, as in *Julius Caesar* and *Hamlet*, makes definite and adequate provision for a newer and better order in the state.

For the Ambitious Student

1. For artists: (1) illustrations of characters, (2) stage settings, (3) sketches of Shakespearean theaters.

2. For those who like to construct: (1) model of a Shakespearean theater, (2) model of a modern stage with sets of scenery for *Macbeth*, (3) dolls dressed as characters for scenes from the play, (4) design for reflecting mirrors by which the effect of a ghost on the stage may be produced.

3. For musicians: (1) select appropriate music to accompany witch scenes, banquet scene, etc., (2) compose music to accompany any scenes in the play.

4. For writers: (1) adapt the play to a moving-picture scenario, (2) adapt the play to a half-hour radio program, (3) write a modern short story of the downfall of a too ambitious man, or other type of character (see Alice Duer Miller's *Instruments of Darkness* for a short novel modernizing *Macbeth*), (4) write an account of famous actors, who have played any parts in *Macbeth*.

The English Bible

In the Middle Ages the Bible was brought to the people indirectly through the miracle plays and directly through the translation supervised by Wyclif. In the sixteenth century came Tyndale, whose ambition was thus expressed to a well-known divine of his day: "If God spare me life, I will cause the boy that driveth the plow to know more of the Scriptures than you do." Tyndale was a sacrifice to the cause, but his translation of the New Testament and part of the Old Testament enabled his successor, Coverdale, to complete it. By 1540 religious dissensions were somewhat quieted down, and this "Great Bible," as it was called, was established in all the churches.

When James I came to the throne, it was thought advisable to have a more authentic version; consequently a large group of scholars assembled, and after seven years of labor they produced the excellent translation known as the King James Version. As they made considerable use of Tyndale's vigorous phrases, we owe more to Tyndale than to any other one man. Though many translations have been made since 1611, the King James Version remains the standard for literary style. It has had tremendous influence on the literary expression of many of our great writers, and its simple, eloquent, and beautiful phrases have become part of the basic mental stuff of generations of English-speaking people.

The Bible is, of course, a whole library in itself, containing varied sorts of writing. The selections that follow illustrate stories, essays, and poetry, culled from both the Old and New Testaments.

NAAMAN THE LEPER: A SHORT STORY

II KINGS 5

Now Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honorable, because by him the LORD had given deliverance unto Syria: he was also a mighty man in valor, but he was a leper. And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress, "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy." And one went in, and told his lord, saying, "Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel." And the king of Syria said, "Go to, go, and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel."

And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment. And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, "Now when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy." And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, "Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Wherefore, consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me."

And it was so, when Elisha the man of God had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, "Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel."

So Naaman came with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean." But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, "Behold, I thought, 'He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the LORD his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper.' Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean?" So he turned and went away in a rage.

And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather then, when he saith to thee, 'Wash, and be clean?' " Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God, and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came, and stood before him; and he said, "Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth, but in Israel; now therefore, I pray thee, take a blessing of thy servant." But he said, "As the LORD liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none." And he urged him to take it; but he refused. And Naaman said, "Shall there not then, I pray thee, be given to thy servant two mules' burden of earth? for thy servant will henceforth offer neither burnt offering nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the LORD. In this thing the LORD pardon thy servant, that when my master goeth into the house of Rimmon to worship there, and he leaneth on my hand, and I bow myself in the

house of Rimmon: when I bow down myself in the house of Rimmon, the LORD pardon thy servant in this thing." And he said unto him, "Go in peace." So he departed from him a little way.

But Gehazi, the servant of Elisha the man of God, said, "Behold, my master hath spared Naaman this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought: but, as the LORD liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him." So Gehazi followed after Naaman. And when Naaman saw him running after him, he lighted down from the chariot to meet him, and said, "Is all well?" And he said, "All is well. My master hath sent me, saying, 'Behold, even now there be come to me from mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets; give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments.'" And Naaman said, "Be content, take two talents." And he urged him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags, and two changes of garments, and laid them upon two of his servants; and they bare them before him. And when he came to the tower, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house; and he let the men go, and they departed.

But he went in, and stood before his master. And Elisha said unto him, "Whence comest thou, Gehazi?" And he said, "Thy servant went no whither." And he said unto him, "Went not mine heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and olive-yards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and menservants, and maid-servants? The leprosy therefore of Naaman shall cleave unto thee, and unto thy seed for ever."

And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow.

THE PRODIGAL SON: A SHORT STORY

LUKE 15: 11-32

A certain man had two sons. And the younger of them said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me." And he divided unto them his living.

And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land, and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country, and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled

his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, and no man gave unto him.

And when he came to himself, he said, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and go to my father, and will say to him, 'Father, I have sinned against Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants.'"

And he arose and came to his father.

But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, "Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

But the father said to his servants, "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet; and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat, and be merry. For this my son was dead and is alive again; he was lost, and is found." And they began to be merry.

Now his elder son was in the field; and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing. And he called one of the servants and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him, "Thy brother is come, and thy father has killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound."

And he was angry and would not go in; therefore came his father out and entreated him. And he answering said to his father, "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment; and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends. But as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf."

And he said unto him, "Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

THE IDEAL WIFE: AN ESSAY

PROVERBS 31

Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. She seeketh wool, and flax, and worketh willingly with

her hands. She is like the merchants' ships; she bringeth her food from afar. She riseth also while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She perceiveth that her merchandise is good; her candle goeth not out by night. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She stretcheth out her hand to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the LORD, she shall be praised. Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her in the gates.

BUT THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY: AN ESSAY

I CORINTHIANS 13

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels and have not charity,¹ I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth

¹ **charity:** Throughout this essay, "charity" is used in the old sense of "love" rather than its more modern sense of "almsgiving." The modern revised versions usually substitute the word "love."

all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

PSALM 1: A LYRIC POEM

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,
 Nor standeth in the way of sinners,
 Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.
 But his delight is in the law of the LORD;
 And in his law doth he meditate day and night. 5
 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth
 forth his fruit in his season;
 His leaf also shall not wither;
 And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.
 The ungodly are not so;
 But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away. 10
 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment,
 Nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.
 For the LORD knoweth the way of the righteous;
 But the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM 121: A LYRIC POEM

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
 From whence cometh my help.
 My help cometh from the LORD,
 Which made heaven and earth.
 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; 5
 He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
 Behold, he that keepeth Israel

Shall neither slumber nor sleep.
 The LORD is thy keeper;
 The LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand. 10
 The sun shall not smite thee by day,
 Nor the moon by night.
 The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil;
 He shall preserve thy soul.
 The LORD shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in 15
 From this time forth, and even for evermore.

ECCLESIASTES 12: A LYRIC POEM

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy Youth.
 While the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh,
 When thou shalt say, "I have no pleasure in them";

 While the sun, or the light, or the moon,
 Or the stars, be not darkened, 5
 Nor the clouds return after the rain;

 In the days when the keepers of the house shall tremble,
 And the strong men shall bow themselves,
 And the grinders cease because they are few,
 And those that look out of the windows be darkened, 10

 And the doors shall be shut in the streets
 When the sound of the grinding is low,
 And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird,
 And all the daughters of music shall be brought low;

 Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, 15
 And fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish.
 And the grasshopper shall be a burden,
 And desire shall fail;

 Because man goeth to his long home,
 And the mourners go about the streets. 20

 Or ever the silver cord be loosed,
 Or the golden bowl be broken,

Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
Or the wheel broken at the cistern,

Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; 25
And the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE

1. In the two stories, what human frailties are illustrated in the characters of Naaman, Gehazi, the prodigal son, the elder brother? Which of these characters show a mingling of good and bad traits?
2. Why is the story of the prodigal son so much better known than that of Naaman the Leper? What other stories do you know that deal with lepers?
3. What is your opinion of the definition of an ideal wife? Would it require any modification or addition to make it apply to life today?
4. What part does "charity" play in life, according to the essay on that subject? Which of the qualifications of real "charity" do you think the hardest to live up to? What point does the author make about the place of childhood in life? What is the connection between this and "charity"? Is the word "charity" preferable to "love" in this selection?
5. Why are the Psalms poetry even though they lack regular meter and rhyme? For each Psalm indicate by a sentence the prevailing mood. Does the mood change within any of them? Select words or phrases that appeal to you as especially poetic in idea.
6. The passage from Ecclesiastes is a famous description of the coming of old age by means of figures and symbols. Its interpretation is not agreed on by commentators. What parts of the human body might be symbolized by "the keepers of the house," "the strong men," "the silver cord," "the golden bowl," etc.? What justifies calling this poetry?
7. From all these selections point out especially quotable lines and passages of beauty in sound or phrasing.
8. Memorize passages which especially appeal to you.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Write a modern short story comparable in its general idea to the story of either Naaman or the Prodigal Son.
2. Write a dialogue between the Prodigal Son and the Elder Brother which might have taken place shortly after the former's return.
3. Write an essay on an ideal father, mother, teacher, or other type of person with whom you come in contact; try to give your style a Biblical touch. The style of "The Ideal Wife" is easy to imitate.
4. Choose some virtue other than "charity" and write a definition of its meaning and application to human life.
5. Write in free verse a short psalm of praise, petition, or mourning.

6. Compare any of these selections line by line with some of the other revised versions of the Bible and discuss wherein you received slightly different interpretations, and which you liked the best.

7. For modern styles of printing the Bible, see editions by Moulton, Moffatt, Goodspeed, and Bates. What advantages do these have over the old format of the Bible?

Essays

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626)

Francis Bacon is the first union in English literature of the man of letters and the man of science, and there have been only a few striking examples since, for science and literature do not seem to blend naturally. Besides these interests, he had also a remarkable political career. Even when one has measured the three sides of this triangular life, one is still at a loss to understand him, for his motives and standards show a strange mingling of nobility and baseness. Alexander Pope described him as "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind."

Bacon began life with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father was Lord Keeper of the Seal to Queen Elizabeth; his mother was a lady of high connections and a brilliant Latin and Greek scholar. Francis went to Cambridge at twelve, but soon denounced the whole system of education then in vogue, not as the ordinary schoolboy might rebel against going to school, but because it failed to give intellectual satisfaction or to produce anything really valuable toward the advancement of the world. Law, travel, and private study provided him with that wide learning which he said he had "taken for his province." His political ambitions never found great satisfaction during the reign of Elizabeth, though his self-seeking led him to help prosecute for treason the Earl of Essex, who had befriended him; but when James ascended the throne, Bacon rose by rapid promotions to his father's office and later to the position of Lord Chancellor, with the titles of Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans. But soon up, soon down. Bacon's enemies convicted him of accepting bribes, and the sentence was permanent banishment from Parliament, a prison sentence, and a tremendous fine. The last two were reduced to practically nothing by the king, but Bacon's political career was over.

The rest of his life was spent in scientific and philosophic writing. The modern world owes much to Bacon for his insistence on the inductive method (that is, deriving the laws of nature experimentally by observing the points of similarity in a great number of cases) rather than the deductive (that is, assuming some earlier authority to be right and then making all cases fit in with that theory). This reasoning paved the way for real scientific research. He was, in fact, a martyr to his cause. When he went

to a farmhouse in a snowstorm to get a chicken to test out his idea that snow could be used as a preservative instead of salt, the exposure to which the experiment subjected him caused his death soon after.

Bacon's literary ventures differ entirely from those of the other Elizabethans. In the age of poetry and drama, he contributed unique essays, so packed with thought that one must read them again and again to attain full understanding. They have never been excelled for pithiness and penetration. In fact, Bacon was such an intellectual giant that a certain group of scholars have believed that he, and not an obscure actor, must have written the plays of Shakespeare. Their ingenious proofs, though repudiated by the best scholarship, nevertheless offer a tempting bypath of reading to the curious student.

OF STUDIES

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert ¹ men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshaling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor ² of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men ³ condemn studies, simple men admire ⁴ them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted; nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; ⁵ and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are like common dis-

¹ **expert men:** men of practical skill and experience, as opposed to men of theoretical book learning. ² **humor:** in the Elizabethan sense of whim or disposition. ³ **crafty men:** men skilled in crafts, similar to "expert men." ⁴ **simple men admire them:** unlettered men wonder at them. ⁵ **curiously:** thoroughly and carefully.

tilled waters, flashy⁶ things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit: and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that⁷ he doth not. Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtile; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend. *Abeunt studia in mores*.⁸ Nay, there is no stond⁹ or impediment in the wit but may be wrought out by fit studies; like as diseases of the body may have appropriate exercises. Bowling is good for the stone and reins;¹⁰ shooting for the lungs and breast; gentle walking for the stomach; riding for the head; and the like. So if a man's wit be wandering, let him study the mathematics: for in demonstrations, if his wit be called away never so little, he must begin again. If his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let him study the Schoolmen;¹¹ for they are *cymini sectores*. If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a special receipt.

⁶ **flashy**: insipid. ⁷ **that**: that which. ⁸ *Abeunt studia in mores*: "Studies are turned into habits." ⁹ **stond**: obstacle. ¹⁰ **stone and reins**: stone was the old name for a disease of the kidneys (reins). ¹¹ **Schoolmen**: medieval scholars who were hairsplitters, or as Bacon says in the Latin phrase following, splitters of cuminseeds.

OF DISCOURSE

Some in their discourse¹ desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment, in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain commonplaces and themes wherein they are good, and want² variety: which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honorablest part of talk is to give the occasion; and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else; for then a man leads the dance. It is good, in discourse and speech of conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest; for it is a dull thing to tire, and as we say now, to jade anything too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great per-

¹ **discourse**: conversation.

² **want variety**: are lacking in variety.

sons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity. Yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant, and to the quick. That is a vein which would be bridled;

*Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris.*³

And generally, men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly, he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much shall learn much, and content much;⁴ but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge. But let his questions not be troublesome; for that is fit for a poser.⁵ And let him be sure to leave other men their turns to speak. Nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and to bring others on; as musicians use to do with those that dance too long galliards.⁶ If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought another time to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, "He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself"; and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace; and that is in commending virtue in another; especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch toward others⁷ should be sparingly used; for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen, of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house; the other would ask of those that had been at the other's table, "Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow⁸ given?" To which the guest would answer, "Such and such a thing passed." The lord would say, "I thought he would mar a good dinner." Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words or in good order. A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocution,⁹ shows slowness; and a good reply or second

³ *Parce, puer, stimulis, et fortius utere loris*: "Spare the whip, boy, and hold the reins more firmly." A quotation from Ovid. ⁴ *content much*: give much pleasure. ⁵ *poser*: person giving an examination. ⁶ *galliards*: lively Elizabethan dances for two persons. ⁷ *speech of touch toward others*: personal hits at other people. ⁸ *dry blow*: hard blow (satirical remark). ⁹ *speech of interlocution*: exchange of short speeches; in modern slang a "comeback."

speech, without a good settled speech, sheweth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts, that those that are weakest in the course are yet nimblest in the turn; as it is betwixt the greyhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances ere one come to the matter, is wearisome; to use none at all, is blunt.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF BACON'S ESSAYS

1. Apply Bacon's remarks on studies to subjects you have studied in school. Which ones seem especially to serve each of the three purposes he mentions?

2. What are the different values of practical skill and book learning, according to Bacon? From what you have observed in life, or heard discussed, do you agree with him? Discuss.

3. Give a number of good examples of each of the three kinds of books mentioned in the essay "Of Studies." Which of the three types of reading do you use most?

4. Draw a line down the middle of a sheet of paper. On one side list in your own words all the points Bacon makes which, if observed, will make one a good conversationalist. On the other list those points which should be avoided. Analyze yourself by these lists.

5. For the next few days listen to conversations you hear both among your schoolmates and among adults, with these points in mind. See which points of good conversation you find most frequently violated. A class discussion a week or so later would prove illuminating.

6. What things does Bacon say should be exempt from jest? From your observation of humor columns, cartoons, and stage jests would you say his list holds true in modern American life? Discuss.

7. Note the neat planning of Bacon's sentences. Select several good examples of his love for a balanced sentence, and for a sentence built on the one, two, three plan.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Write in essay form your own ideas on any of the subjects used or suggested by Bacon.

2. Read other Bacon essays. What do you note about the kind of subjects he chooses? Do you find any ideas in these essays with which you disagree? If so, state your side of the problem clearly.

3. Write a paper or arrange a debate with your classmates on the interesting theory that Bacon really wrote the plays attributed to Shakespeare.

4. Assuming for the moment that Bacon did write the Shakespeare plays, write an imaginary dialogue between the two men bringing out the motives of each in agreeing to the deception. (See John K. Bangs's *The House Boat on the Styx*.)

READING LIST FOR ELIZABETHAN AGE

LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD

Lyrics

- * Brooke, Tucker: *The Shakespeare Songs*
- Carpenter, Frederic I.: *English Lyric Poetry (1500-1700)*
- * Palgrave, Francis T.: *The Golden Treasury*, Book I
- Schelling, Felix E.: *Elizabethan Lyrics*

Narrative Poetry

- Spenser, Edmund: Incidents from *The Faerie Queene*: "The Red Cross Knight," Book I, Canto I; "The Knight at the House of Pride," Book I, Canto IV; "The Combat between the Knight and Sansjoy," Book I, Canto V.
- * Modern versions by Calvin Dill Wilson, (Book I only), Mary Macleod, and L. H. Dawson.

Prose

- * Bacon, Francis: essays, "Of Friendship," "Of Gardens," "Of Adversity," "Of Riches," "Of Youth and Age," "Of Revenge," "Of Expense," "Of Beauty," "Of Travel"
- * Hakluyt's *Voyages*
- Raleigh, Sir Walter: "The Last Fight of the Revenge"

Drama

- * Shakespeare, William: comedies: *As You Like It, A Comedy of Errors, The Merchant of Venice, A Midsummer Night's Dream, Much Ado about Noth-*

ing, The Taming of the Shrew, The Tempest, Twelfth Night; tragedies: *Coriolanus, Hamlet, Julius Caesar, King Lear, Othello, Romeo and Juliet*. For his chronicle plays see Middle English list, page 130.

- Marlowe, Christopher: *Dr. Faustus; Tamburlaine*
- Jonson, Ben: *Volpone, The Silent Woman*

Bible Selections

- * Psalms 8, 19, 23, 42, 46, 84, 90, 91, 103, 104, 107, 114, 126, 148
- * Song of Solomon: Chapter 2.
- * Genesis: "Abraham and Isaac," "Joseph and His Brethren"
- * Exodus: "The Story of Moses"
- * Judges: "Jephthah's Daughter," "Samson and Delilah"
- * Samuel: "The Calling of Samuel," "The Story of David"
- * The Book of Ruth
- * The Book of Esther

Fiction about the Period

- Bennett, John: *Master Skylark*
- Benson, R. H.: *The King's Achievement, The Queen's Tragedy*
- Hewlett, M.: *The Queen's Quair*
- Major, Charles: * *When Knighthood Was in Flower*, * *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall*
- Parker, G.: *A Ladder of Swords*
- Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur: *Shakespeare's Christmas*
- Scott, Sir Walter: *The Monastery, The Abbot*, * *Kenilworth, The Fortunes of Nigel*

* Starred books are those most suitable for high school students.

IMPORTANT BOOKS ABOUT THE PERIOD

Drama

- Anderson, Maxwell: * *Mary of Scotland, Elizabeth the Queen*
 Drinkwater, John: *Mary Stuart*
 Peabody, Josephine P.: *Marlowe*

Poetry

- Burton, Richard: * "Across the Fields to Anne"
 Macaulay, T. B.: "The Armada"
 Noyes, Alfred: * *Drake*; "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern"
 Tennyson, A.: * "The Revenge"

General Background

- Black, J. B.: *The Reign of Elizabeth*
 Byrne, M. S.: *Elizabethan Life in Town and Country*
 Creighton, M.: *The Age of Elizabeth*
 Goadby, E.: *The England of Shakespeare*
 Hall, H.: *Society in the Elizabethan Age*
 Harrison, W.: *Elizabethan England* (a contemporary account)
 Lee, S.: *Stratford-on-Avon*
 Rolfe, W. J.: * *Shakespeare the Boy*
 Stephenson, H. T.: *Shakespeare's London*
 Ward and Ward: *Shakespeare's Town and Times*
 Winter, William: *Shakespeare's England*

Biography and Criticism

- Bourne: *Life of Sidney* (in *Heroes of the Nations*)
 Bradford, Gamaliel: *Elizabethan Women*
 English Men of Letters Series:
 Church: *Bacon*; Church: *Spenser*;

ser; Raleigh: *Shakespeare*; Symonds: *Sidney*

- Denkinger, E. M.: *Immortal Sidney*
 Lee, S.: *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century*
 Lee, S.: *Life of Shakespeare*
 Steele: *O Rare Ben Jonson*
 Strachey, L.: * *Elizabeth and Essex*
 Zweig, Stefan: * *Mary Queen of Scotland and the Isles*

Art, Architecture, and Costume

- Blomfield, R.: *History of Renaissance Architecture in England*
 Gotch, J. A.: *Early Renaissance Architecture in England*
 Tipping, H. A.: * *English Houses of the Early Renaissance*
 Brooke, Iris: * *English Costume in the Age of Elizabeth*
 Linthicum, M. C.: *Costume in the Drama of Shakespeare and His Contemporaries*
 Morse, H. K.: * *Elizabethan Pageantry*

Music

- Glyn, M. H.: * *Music in the Days of Shakespeare*
 Vincent, C. J.: * *Fifty Shakespeare Songs*
 Phonograph records: Vocal—about twenty of Shakespeare's best known lyrics, Jonson's "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," several Elizabethan madrigals. Instrumental — *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Mendelssohn; *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Nicolai; *Romeo and Juliet*, Gounod; Country Dances from *Henry VIII*; Morris Dances; *Shepherd's Hey*, Grainger.



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CHARLES I OF ENGLAND
Portrait by Anthony Van Dyck

PURITAN AND RESTORATION PERIOD

1625-1700

The Stuarts Clash with Puritanism. Upon the death of Queen Elizabeth the crown went to the son of the ill-starred Mary Queen of Scots, James VI of Scotland, who now became James I of England (1603-1625). For more than a hundred years the Stuart line ruled in England. The accession of James united England and Scotland under one king, although the complete union of government was postponed for a century.

The new Stuart sovereigns soon came into conflict with the rising Puritan spirit. During the Protestant Reformation, while many things in church ritual and practice were being questioned, the extremists who wanted their religion completely simplified and purified were sneeringly dubbed Puritans by their opponents. Queen Elizabeth, absorbed in statecraft, paid little attention to religion, and the organized church was lukewarm in faith and observance. But after the defeat of the Armada, this indifference failed to satisfy the people as a whole. Now that their country had been saved from her enemies, Englishmen began to give more thought to the saving of their souls. Some began to murmur about parsons wearing surplices, because even this modified form of the old Roman vestments seemed to them a symbol of unnecessary ritual. This stripping away of what was considered nonessential was the root of Puritanism. The name did not designate any one sect, but referred to a general spirit of simplicity and independence of thought which eventually gave rise to various Protestant sects.

Unfortunately as Puritanism became more powerful toward the middle of the seventeenth century, it took on a sterner and more somber flavor. Fanatics, by picturing themselves as the Chosen People whose God rejoiced in the extermination of their enemies, made some of the Old Testament passages an excuse for all sorts of tyranny. The Puritans eventually destroyed the old Elizabethan Merrie England with its Maypole and morris dances, and its rural sports. The theater and all other forms of entertainment were put

under the ban. Some of the cruel sports — bearbaiting, for instance — were rightfully abolished. But the extreme Puritan came to frown upon all forms of innocent human enjoyment, as well as the drama, which by this time had sunk to mere witty immorality.

In the beginning, however, the Puritan had a high and holy vision of an England thoroughly purged of her sins. The more moderate ones simply wished ordinary goodness to prevail. Puritanism spread largely among the middle classes. It may be summarized as a spirit which stood for simplicity, honesty, frugality, earnestness of endeavor, and above all, freedom to follow the dictates of one's own conscience in the conduct of life and in the method of church worship.

The Stuart Idea of Divine Right of Kings. The first two Stuart kings, James I and Charles I, affronted this growing spirit by their assumption of the divine right of kings and the theory that the king could do no wrong. James I was a wretched king, conceited, narrow-minded, arbitrary, pedantic, and cowardly. He so feared assassination that he habitually wore thickly padded clothes. He was proud of what he conceived to be his intellectual attainments, yet he believed in witchcraft and was most superstitious. "God makes the King," he said, "and the King makes the Law." This proclaimed doctrine of the "divine right of kings" proved entirely unpalatable to the independent Britisher. So weak was James that "the power behind the throne" frequently resided in his corrupt "favorites." The seventeenth century became, in fact, one long struggle between the adherents of the Stuart kings and the opposing Puritans. The period falls into three easily remembered divisions: (1) The reigns of James I and Charles I, marked by the gathering of Puritan and Parliamentary opposition, culminating in civil war and the execution of Charles; (2) the establishment of a Commonwealth and later a Protectorate with Oliver Cromwell as Lord Protector; (3) the Restoration of the Stuarts, with Charles II and James II.

Parliament Asserts Itself against James. James I was a crafty politician and a buffoon in his own court. He did not command respect. He hated "the whole atmosphere of Elizabethan adventure." He hated the Puritans equally. The governing of a people he regarded as "kingcraft" to be played like a game of chess. He used his power to levy arbitrary taxes and demand loans which no subject dared refuse. The clergy supported him in these unfair dealings, but Parliament began to protest. At that time Parliament was composed of solid middle-class country gentry and merchants, nearly all Protestants. They wanted changes in the government because of altered

conditions in producing goods and trading. They demanded these changes from the king in return for the money he was constantly asking of them. In their increasing arguments both king and Parliament invoked the law against each other. This brought the king into conflict with Chief Justice Edward Coke, the great champion of Constitutional principles, whose opinions are still quoted.

Settlements in the New World. Certain events of James I's reign are of particular interest to Americans. In 1607 under Captain John Smith the first permanent English settlement in America was made at Jamestown, Virginia. In 1620 the *Mayflower* sailed from Plymouth, England, with about one hundred Pilgrims destined to establish the first permanent colony of New England, at Plymouth, Massachusetts. These two colonies set up streams of emigration from England which in the New World tended to separate the two groups that had almost come to grips in the old. The gay adventurous Cavaliers were drawn toward the Southern colony, the serious-minded Puritans toward the Northern one.

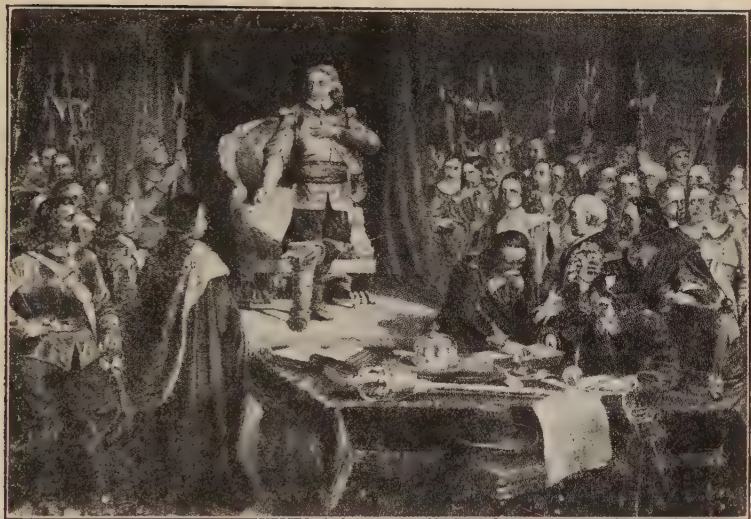
Charles I Travels the Road to Civil War. Charles I (1625-1649) unfortunately inherited as friend and adviser his father's favorite, the Duke of Buckingham. This unscrupulous courtier treated both kings as if they were puppets, but his ability was mere surface glitter, and none of his ambitious plans prospered. While James had been tactless in handling Parliament, Charles rode over it roughshod. He nearly ran the country into bankruptcy with his extravagant court and an expensive war against the Dutch, an undertaking that roused little sympathy among English people. King and Parliament tried highhanded measures on each other until matters came to open warfare. Parliament forced the king to sign the Petition of Right, whereby he consented to levy no taxes without consent of Parliament. But he did not keep his word. Back at him (after a night of fierce debate in which Parliamentary members drew swords on one another), came a Grand Remonstrance. Further impetus toward war was caused by such taxes as Tonnage and Poundage, and Ship Money, loudly protested by bold John Hampden. There was also a controversy between king and Parliament as to whether he should lead his troops into wretched and despoiled Ireland. The outcome of all this was that England was divided by Civil War (1642-1646).

Parliament Conquers the King. Parliament had control of the main part of the army and the stores of ammunition. Charles called for loyal subjects to rally to his banner. Great numbers of supporters

largely from the country nobility of north and central England gathered around him. These Royalists, or Cavaliers, still held many of the old ideals of feudalism. Devoted to their king, gay in their trappings, daring in spirit, polished in manners, and not overly scrupulous in morals, they were in marked contrast to the serious-minded, soberly dressed, religiously fervent "Ironsides," as the carefully picked soldiers of Oliver Cromwell, general of the Parliamentary (Puritan) army, were called. Curiously, most of the English people did not take sides in this war. They fought only when their cottages and fields were threatened. At first some of the Royalists were lukewarm about winning, and some of the Parliamentarians were still in awe of the king. The war began with the battle of Edgehill, where Prince Rupert of the Rhine, a grandson of James I, and his cavalry chased the Puritans like hares. The battle of Marston Moor in 1644 reversed victories. Then after what seemed interminable and desultory fighting, Cromwell reorganized the Parliamentary army into "the New Model," which won decisively at Naseby (1645). The next year the king surrendered. All this time the Long Parliament had been in session.

For almost two years the king's destiny was uncertain. His great personal magnetism and an indomitable spirit aroused more admiration in his adversity than in his previous sovereignty. His opponents in Parliament feared that a wave of popular enthusiasm might put him back on the throne. Then he escaped from the castle where he was held, but was recaptured. His possible restoration furnished an excuse for his speedy trial before a special Committee of the House of Commons. Found guilty of treason against England, he was executed at the beginning of 1649. This act of *regicide* sent a thrill of horror through all the courts of Europe.

Puritans Set Up the Commonwealth. At this point Parliament and the Puritan victors were not all of the same opinion. Parliament, envious of the New Model army, wanted to disband it without giving the soldiers their back pay. Colonel Pride of the New Model had "purged" Parliament by forcing out one hundred of its members, leaving ninety who constituted what was called the Rump Parliament. Then the rule of this Parliament, in turn, became unpopular. There were also two army groups. Cromwell led the largest, but in the New Model there was a group known as "the Levelers," that believed in absolute democracy. These Cromwell suppressed, and finally he turned out the Rump Parliament. A strong government was set up under the name of the Commonwealth



OLIVER CROMWELL. He refused the crown of England, but took the title of Lord Protector.

of England. In 1653 Cromwell was made Lord Protector, and his Protectorate lasted until his death in 1658.

Cromwell was not only a successful military leader but was also genuinely religious and honest. After the execution of King Charles, however, he wreaked havoc on Catholic Ireland with his pious war machine. Yet he was more liberal in his views of other peoples' religion than many of his time — a man, in fact, of strong virtues and grave faults. His son Richard (1658–1659), who succeeded him, lacked his father's personal force and grasp of public affairs. The growing dissatisfaction with the strict measures of the Puritan regime, which had swung to the opposite extreme from the gaities of the Stuart court, came to a head when there was no longer a strong hand at the wheel. Richard Cromwell abdicated. Again the pendulum swung back, and Charles II, the son of the beheaded monarch, was welcomed from his exile in France.

The Restoration Period a Reaction Against Puritanism. Charles II (1660–1685) was witty and self-indulgent. It was said of him:

If a hard thing were done to another man, he did not eat his supper the worse for it. . . . He would rather be eclipsed than troubled. His Minis-

ters were to administer business to him as doctors do physic . . . wrap it up in something to make it less unpleasant.

The Restoration period was the most profligate and pleasure-mad that England ever saw. The reopened theaters were provided with witty but indecent comedies. Executions of Puritan leaders, accompanied by harrowing tortures, were made public spectacles. The bodies of those who had died before the Restoration were dug up and thrown into the Thames. Moral standards in London were low. In the reversal of popular opinion it seemed as if the finer ideals of the Puritans had been completely lost; but it was not so, for the rank and file of the people throughout England retained their integrity and eventually reacted against the Stuart excesses.

The Plague and the Great Fire. Five years after Charles II took the throne London suffered a terrible disaster, which might have served as a solemn warning. Just as the Black Death had ravaged Europe and England at the time of the Hundred Years' War, the plague reappeared in a most virulent form. Nearly a quarter of London's population died of it. The next year (1666) brought the Great Fire of London, described in the famous diaries of Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn. Some thirteen thousand houses in London were destroyed, with a financial loss of about fifty million dollars (in our money).

The rebuilding furnished a rare opportunity to Christopher Wren. A member of the Royal Society, and a professor of astronomy at Oxford, he was England's most famous architect. Now, with most of London in ruins, he planned to rebuild it thoroughly in a new classic style. His plans were ambitious; but all he was actually allowed to accomplish was the rebuilding of some churches and St. Paul's Cathedral, which today stand as lasting monuments to his genius.

Trade Rivalry between the English and the Dutch. In the development of her important wool trade, England finally came to make cloth herself. In this industry she at first had depended upon and then competed with the Dutch in Flanders. Thence arose rivalry in trade. The Dutch had better ships and a better banking system. Both Cromwell and Charles II decreed that English goods must be carried in English ships. Therefore England and the Dutch went to war, and one result was that England won from Holland the colonies of New York and New Jersey.

The Royal Society Is Established. In this era science made real advances. Galileo (1564-1642), the Italian astronomer, had



LONDON IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. St. Paul's Church and most of its neighborhood were destroyed in the great fire of 1666. (Bettmann Collection)

proved positively that the earth moved round the sun — the opposite having been a matter of common belief up till then. The year he died there was born in England Sir Isaac Newton, the proudest name in the long line of English scientists. Other eminent scientists of this time, with Newton, started an organization which Charles II later named the Royal Society. Today the letters F. R. S., meaning Fellow of the Royal Society, are highly esteemed by English scientists. Boyle, called the "Father of Chemistry," Wren, the architect, Halley, the astronomer, for whom a famous comet was named, and other men of this caliber were all members of this society, which was dedicated to the advancement of science. Undoubtedly you know the story of how Newton discovered the law of gravity. It was the French philosopher, Voltaire, who started that anecdote about the falling of an apple upon Newton's head, as he sat under a tree. Whether or not the story is true, the fact remains that the apple tree that gave him the idea for his famous law was reverently marked and preserved for a century and a half! Newton's epitaph, as written by Alexander Pope, an eighteenth-century poet, reads:

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night.
God said, "Let Newton be," and all was light.

"Divine Right of Kings" Suffers Deathblow. Upon the death of Charles II his brother succeeded him as James II (1685–1688). Charles, with the private help of Louis XIV of France, had been making sovereignty too powerful. James stupidly tried to enhance further the power of the king. Finally his subjects revolted. The leading Protestants petitioned William, Prince of Orange, who had married Mary, the daughter of James II, to come from Holland and be their king. Thus the Restoration ended, with James II fleeing to France, and, incidentally, as an embarrassment to his son-in-law, throwing into the Thames the Great Seal with which all state documents must be stamped. William and Mary came to the throne through this Bloodless Revolution of 1688. Mary died in 1694, but William ruled till 1702. Twice the Stuarts had tried to establish their "divine right of kings." The first attempt led to Cromwell and the Commonwealth; the second, to the coming of William and the drawing up of a Bill of Rights which ended the "divine right" theory forever.

How People Lived and Dressed. In this age the countryside was attractive, but there was much waste ground in the moors.

heaths, fens, and marshes. However, the draining of the fenland was accomplished during this century. The countryfolk dressed simply. A man wore a coat of broadcloth, woolen trousers, worsted stockings, strong buckled shoes, and a wide felt hat. His hair was rather long until the Roundheads popularized cropped heads. A working peasant dressed in a stout cloth smock with leggings of twisted cloth. A country woman commonly wore a red petticoat, gray cloth waistcoat, linsey-woolsey apron, red neckerchief, black hood, and white cap. Their homes were simple also. The floors were either strewn with rushes or scrubbed and sanded. Feather beds were in common use; yet the women servants in a country house were herded in an attic, while in the cities apprentices and shopboys slept under the counter. The kitchens were furnished with spits, pastry boards, meal tubs, and various utensils of brass and copper; all the cooking and heating depended on the wood fires on the open hearth. Scanty light came from tallow candles, lanterns, and rushlights. Domestic animals were numerous. Dogs were everywhere; there was an abundance of poultry, bees, and cattle; women were doing all the work in the dairies.

On the other hand, court life was splendid and ceremonious. Noblemen in London usually lived near Drury Lane and the Strand, or had their palaces along the Thames. Although some of the smaller towns were neat, the London streets were dirty and narrow. Here stood many hackney coaches for hire, and the gay private coaches of the well to do. Samuel Pepys tell us that he paid fifty pounds for his! He also describes his dinner:

Home from my office to my lord's lodgings, where my wife had got ready a very fine dinner; viz., a dish of marrow bones, a leg of mutton, a loin of veal, a dish of fowl, three pullets, and a dozen of larks all in a dish; a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies, a dish of prawns and cheese.

It is said that the English then ate but two meals a day, dinner between eleven and twelve, and supper in the evening. Yet if each meal was as hearty as this one, two were ample! Chocolate and coffee were the usual beverages, and gallants congregated in alehouses to puff their long tobacco pipes.

From the court paintings we see that great changes had taken place in the dress of the nobility. Milady wore a broad lace collar above a gay basque, while her looped-up skirt showed a satin petticoat. Long ringlets fell over her ears. In summer she carried a wide feathered fan; in winter, a big fur muff. In Van Dyck's portrait of Charles I

we see the typical gentleman's costume of the period. Wide lace collar and cuffs, satin vest and smallclothes ribboned at the knee, plumed hat, and long scented curls marked the Cavalier. Indeed the new periwigs were a lavish cascade of curl upon curl. In contrast, the Cromwellian man wore a tall Puritan hat, wide Geneva "bands," leather jerkin, dark cloak, and broad shoes. But the dress of Charles II's day was fantastic. "The ribbon reigned triumphant!" It tied up periwigs, shirt sleeves, and knee breeches. Wigmakers, lacemakers, tailors, and shoemakers were kept busy indeed.

LITERATURE OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

Cavalier Poets Write Charming Lyrics. Naturally a century of controversy and civil war produced a less profuse and unified literature than that of the Elizabethan age. At the beginning of the period some beautiful lyrics reflected both the Puritan and Cavalier attitudes of mind. Among the many Cavalier poets, often called the Caroline poets because of their adherence to Charles I, were Herrick, Lovelace, and Suckling. Their lyrics are marked by lightness, gaiety, and charm. Their cynicism is smiling rather than sneering. Robert Herrick (1591-1633) was, according to the records, a Devonshire clergyman; but, judged by his fourteen hundred poems, he was an innocent pagan, who loved the merrymaking of the countryside.

Sir John Suckling (1609-1642), though a poor playwright, was a good lyricist. He illustrates the time when "their songs were struck from their wild lives like the sparks from their rapiers." As a child his precocious wit made him popular in court circles; later he became a prime favorite at the pleasure-mad court of Charles I. Detected in a Royalist plot during the Puritan Revolution, he fled to France for safety. It is generally supposed that after spending what little money he had left, he took his own life. His "Ballad on a Wedding" is an excellent human picture of the time, and his short lyrics illustrate the clever flippancy of Stuart court life.

Richard Lovelace (1618-1658), said to have possessed extreme personal grace and charm, also led a romantic life. Soon after leaving Oxford, he was put in prison for presenting a petition to Parliament asking favor for the deposed king. There he composed the exquisite lyric, "To Althea, from Prison." After his release he spent his inherited wealth for the Royalist cause. His "Lucasta," to whom he wrote several poems, credited a rumor that he had been killed in battle and married another man. In 1648 he was again in prison, and though

SIXTEENTH and SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES





EXETER CATHEDRAL, a good example of Gothic architecture in England.

"There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below."

(Photo by C. H. Stokes)

records of his later life are meager, it is thought that he died in destitution in a London alley. The tragedy of Lovelace's life is heightened by a nobility of spirit which he possessed above most of the Cavalier poets.

The love poems of these lyrists bear evidence of a changed attitude toward women from Elizabethan days. The earlier poets, inheriting ideals from the Age of Chivalry, placed woman upon an impossible pedestal. The Caroline poets, sometimes merely petulant, occasionally outrageous, treated her at least as a human being. In general it may be said that they learned the chief virtues of their polished and melodious poetry from the muse of Ben Jonson, and they in turn have inspired the writers of "society verse" ever since.

A Pre-eminent Puritan Poet. The Puritan cause shows no such clear-cut group of poet-adherents. Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639) and George Herbert (1593-1633) both express the serenity, honesty, and aspiration of the Puritan spirit at its best, but both died before the issue of civil war forced them to take definite sides. George

Wither (1588-1667) and Edmund Waller (1606-1687) are hard to classify because they both changed horses in midstream. Wither, at first a Royalist, shifted during the war to the Puritan side; whereas Waller, originally a Puritan, transferred to the king's party. The nature of their lyrics, however, is more akin to the Cavalier than the Puritan mood. But however lacking in minor poets, the Puritans had in Milton one of the greatest glories of the English race.

John Milton (1608-1674). While Milton was still a student at Cambridge, his great poetic gift showed in his "Hymn on the Morning of Christ's Nativity." While still in his twenties he wrote four poems unexcelled in their various forms. *Comus*, a masque surpassing any of Jonson's, was acted at Ludlow Castle by the family of the Lord President of Wales. Supported by all its pageantry and the glorious music of Henry Lawes, one of the best composers of his day, *Comus* reflects the Puritan spirit in its theme that evil is powerless to corrupt innate goodness. In 1637 the young poet contributed a great pastoral elegy, "*Lycidas*" to a "garland of elegies" written by Cambridge students in memory of their classmate, Edward King, drowned off the coast of Wales. With its sonorous ^{choice of words} diction, its classical references, and its high tribute to noble character "*Lycidas*" is one of the greatest elegies in our language. The much-loved twin poems, "*L'Allegro*" and "*Il Penseroso*" give a perfect blending of background with two contrasting moods, gaiety and thoughtfulness.

Milton's prose is highly controversial because most of it was written in defense of the Commonwealth. The style is ponderous, with involved sentences weighted down by long words of Latin derivation. Except for a group of nearly perfect sonnets, therefore, the period of his thirties and forties may be regarded as an interlude between his two great periods of literary production.

The Work of Milton's Later Years. Milton was fifty years old and had been blind for six years before he began his world masterpiece *Paradise Lost*. This great epic, on which he worked seven years, consists of twelve books depicting the expulsion of Satan from Heaven and his vengeance upon Jehovah by tempting Eve to disobedience. After Adam and Eve are driven from Paradise in punishment, the angel Michael informs them through a vision of great future events, such as the Flood and the coming of Christ. In the end Satan and his fallen angels living in a great palace, Pandemonium, are transformed into serpents. The power of this epic



MILTON AND HIS DAUGHTERS. The blind poet dictated his great epic poems to these young women. (Culver Service)

lies in the organ music of its blank verse, in the masterly portrayal of Satan, the hero of the story, and in the sense of vast space and elemental forces given the reader as the scene shifts back and forth between Heaven, Hell, and Earth.

Paradise Regained is said to have been written in response to the query of a Quaker friend, "But what hast thou to say of Paradise found?" Only a quarter as long as the earlier epic, it pictures the temptation of Christ in the wilderness. Though its verse is not inferior, it ranks somewhat below *Paradise Lost*. However, it was Milton's and many critics' favorite.

Milton's last work, *Samson Agonistes*, is a noble adaptation of the form of Greek tragedy to English verse. It tells the story of the blind Samson of the Bible, a slave among the Philistines, who at the end tugs down the pillars of the temple to destroy the flower of his enemies, and with them himself.

Milton's Place in Literature. Milton was to the seventeenth century what Chaucer was to the fourteenth, what Spenser and Shakespeare were to the sixteenth. His genius, however, is notably different. Though *Comus* and *Samson Agonistes* are in dramatic

form, it is doubtful whether Milton could have created extensively in the drama. His genius was not in the delineation of varied human characters with all their faults, foibles, and virtues, as was Shakespeare's in drama and Chaucer's in narrative. He more nearly resembled Spenser in dwelling in a world of imagination and in weighing moral values. Yet there is a grandeur, directness, and sonority in his verse beyond that of Spenser. Milton stands pre-eminent for his flawless sonnets and because he brought the use of blank verse in narrative poetry to its highest perfection.

The Spirit of the Restoration Typified in Dryden. Though Milton wrote his greatest work during the period of the Restoration, he was in no way typical of its spirit. The poet who represents its dominant mood is John Dryden (1631-1700), prolific writer of poetry, prose, and drama. After the infatuation with French styles in Charles II's court had led to the use of the rhymed couplets of French drama, Dryden's skill with this form established it as the poetic mode of the day, and for the next century it dominated English verse. Sometimes these couplets are called "closed couplets" because the thought ends neatly with each couplet; or they are called "heroic couplets" because much heroic poetry of the seventeenth century was written in this form. Dryden with his technical skill, elegance, and classical allusions ushered in the so-called "classic" age of the eighteenth century, but he died at its threshold. During his eighteen years as poet laureate he wrote an incredible number of dramas for the stage, but their poor construction and the bombastic style so popular at that time destroy our enjoyment in reading them today. The best one is *All for Love*, based on the same story as Shakespeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*. In the field of satire, however, Dryden was a master. How he could wield the heroic couplet with a rapier thrust! Note this on a rival author:

The rest to some faint meaning make pretense,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.

Among a number of his long satiric or descriptive poems is *The Hind and the Panther*, famous as a defense of Catholicism to which he was a convert. Of all his poems, however, the favorites today are his shorter odes, especially "Alexander's Feast," which was set to music and performed by a London choral society. In prose Dryden also changed the prevailing style from heavy, involved constructions to direct simple statements, and wrote the first distinguished literary criticisms. In fact he was the literary dictator of his time as Ben Jonson had



SAMUEL PEPYS

"—And so to bed"

Drawing by E. H. Shepard for
"Everybody's Pepys."

been in the reign of James I, and as Dr. Samuel Johnson was later in the eighteenth century.

Restoration Drama. Dryden was only one of a large group of dramatists who wrote for the newly opened theaters, dark since the Puritans closed their doors in 1642. With the restoration of the Stuarts the playhouses were alive after almost twenty years of silence. Then arose a group of comedy writers who in trying to imitate the continental master, Molière, generally exaggerated the worst elements of French comedy. They were always worldly, frequently witty, and usually indecent. Of these dramatists Congreve and Wycherley were the best, and Wycherley's *The Country Wife* has recently been revived with success in both London and New York.

Changes in the Restoration Theater. With the reopening of the theaters came many changes in styles of presentation. Sir William Davenant, then poet laureate, started the drama again in England with *The Siege of Rhodes*. This "heroic play in operatic form" used for the first time certain stage machinery, an idea adopted from France where Davenant had lived for a time. He used a great display of scenery, and for the first time an actress playing a leading part in an English play. After this it became the custom for women to appear on the stage. Four years later Davenant became manager of one of the two chief companies of actors which were under the patronage respectively of the King and the Duke of York. The Duke's Theater was roofed, but the pit of the King's Theater was unroofed as in Elizabethan days, and Pepys speaks of a hailstorm disordering the house. His *Diary* gives this excellent glimpse "back-stage" of the Restoration theater:

After dinner, we walked to the King's playhouse, all in dirt, they being altering of the stage to make it wider. But God knows when they will begin to act again; but my business here was to see the inside of the stage and all the tiring-rooms and machines; and, indeed, it was a sight worthy seeing. But to see their clothes, and the various sorts, and what a mixture

of things there was; here a wooden leg, there a ruff, here a hobbyhorse, and particularly Lacy's wardrobe, and Shottrell's. But then again to think how fine they show on the stage by candlelight, and how poor things they are to look at too near hand, is not pleasant at all. The machines are fine, and the paintings [scenery] very pretty.

A regular curtain and orchestra, as we know them, also came into use. But Pepys would rather see Nell Davis dancing than see Shakespeare performed. For we overhear him saying:

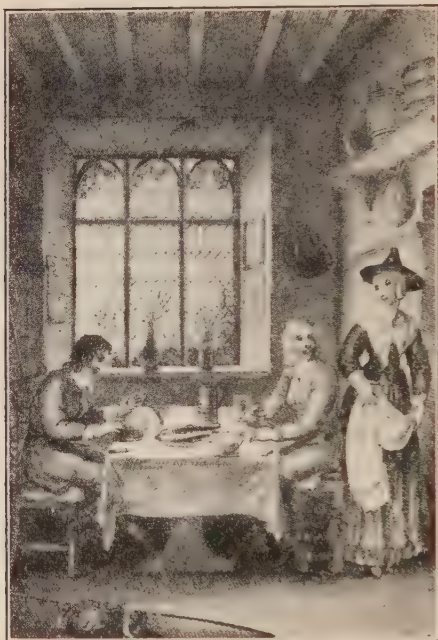
To the King's Theater, where we saw *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.

Pepys again illustrates the tendency of the time. In that age of manners serious dramatic work and serious poetry became enchained by sets of rules. The insistence was all on *correctness* without considering whether any given set of artistic precepts can cover all cases. One cannot imagine a fiery Marlowe in such an age.

Seventeenth-Century Prose. Most of the prose of the seventeenth century, concerned with politics, learning, or theology, is controversial and ponderous in its style. The work of the scholars and theologians, it draws today few readers outside of those groups. There are, however, besides Dryden three distinctly original writers who still command a general reading public: John Bunyan, with his vivid allegory of Christian life, *The Pilgrim's Progress*; Samuel Pepys, naïve and entertaining diary writer; and Izaak Walton, patron saint of all fishermen, with his *Compleat Angler*.

John Bunyan (1628-1688), spokesman for the poor, and the most influential exhorting evangelist of the Restoration period, offers a striking contrast to the tendencies, for instance, of Restoration comedy. *The Pilgrim's Progress* has been called "a lay Bible." His conversion is told in his second book, *Grace Abounding*, an autobiography. *The Holy City* and *Grace Abounding* were written during twelve years' imprisonment, and *The Pilgrim's Progress* probably during a second period in jail. *The Holy War* came in 1682, followed by *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*.

The Pilgrim's Progress is a highly original allegory. Many allegories and homilies, or sermons, had been written before his time, but it is extremely doubtful whether Bunyan ever came across one of them. His only reading was the Bible and Fox's *Book of Martyrs*,



THE AUTHOR OF "THE COMPLEAT ANGLER." Izaak Walton and his friend Venator dining in "an honest alehouse" where they found "a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall." They are being waited on by the hostess. (Culver Service)

which he studied in jail. His simple English rarely contains a four-syllable word. He was entirely occupied with the flaming within him of a conscience that acknowledged a revelation from God and demanded that he spread his revelation abroad throughout the earth. In all he composed some sixty works with this end in view.

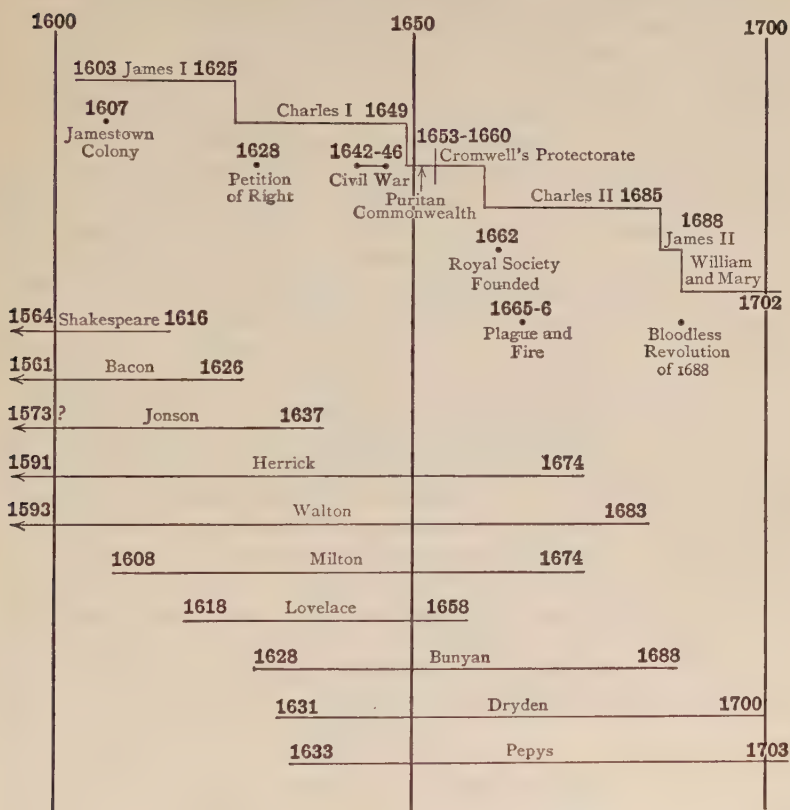
Samuel Pepys (1633-1703). Of the two famous diarists of the time, Samuel Pepys and John Evelyn, the former is the more important. Pepys's own pronunciation of his name was probably Peeps, though it is now often pronounced both Pepis and Peps. His diary, which he wrote in cipher and which was not decoded until the nineteenth century, gives us a most valuable picture of the manners and amuse-

ments of the seventeenth century. The *Diary* reveals Pepys's own human failings, but the fact remains that he was also a shrewd statesman.

John Evelyn (1620-1706) in 1641 began a record of his impressions of his time with its chief comments on the second half of the seventeenth century. His travels in Holland, France, and Italy show particularly his observation of public buildings and gardens.

Izaak Walton (1593-1683) contributed to literature a singular book, *The Compleat Angler*, but this was enough to perpetuate his name. Today through the Izaak Walton League, that name is more familiar to the public at large than the names of many ponderous prose writers who outshone him in his own day. The first version

PURITAN AND RESTORATION PERIOD



of this unique book appeared in 1653, but by the time of the last version in 1676 the author had added several chapters. The book consists of dialogues between a fisherman and his friends, which bring out the author's reflective mind and rich human experience, and which have contributed to the reputation of fishing as the ideal sport for a philosopher.

Summary. Nurtured during the Elizabethan era by the Protestant Reformation, Puritanism became a force to be reckoned with during the Stuart rule. The growing antagonism between the monarch and the Parliamentary party came to open war during the reign of Charles I. The victory of the Puritan cause resulted in the execution of the

king, and the establishment of a Protectorate under Oliver Cromwell. After his death the government disintegrated, and the Stuart heir, Charles II, was called to the throne. The Restoration period, reacting against Puritanism and influenced by the French court, was one of lavishness in manners and license in morals. James II, Charles's successor, antagonized the nation in many ways, and through the Bloodless Revolution the government was put into the hands of his son-in-law and daughter, William and Mary. Throughout this century English settlements were springing up all along our Atlantic seaboard.

The literature of this period lacks the spontaneity and unity of spirit characteristic of the Elizabethan age. The opposite points of view of Royalists and Puritans are reflected in their writings. The large group of Cavalier poets tended toward gaiety and cynicism, while a more serious note was sounded by Puritan poets, among whom John Milton stands out as the greatest epic poet of our language. John Dryden, literary dictator of the Restoration age, established the heroic couplet and satiric style which were to dominate English poetry for a century. In prose John Bunyan represented the spiritual struggles of the Puritans, while Samuel Pepys recorded in his *Diary* various aspects of London society life during the Restoration. Most seventeenth-century prose was controversial in nature and ponderous in manner until Dryden introduced a more simple modern style. Drama, completely dead during the middle decades of the century when the theaters were closed, was revived after the Restoration in witty and often licentious comedy. These facts about the life of the times should help you to understand the literature that follows.

A Group of Seventeenth-Century Poems

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633)

VIRTUE

These impressive lines were written when Herbert, a young clergyman, was facing certain death from tuberculosis. Notice the parallel construction of each of the first three stanzas leading up to the fine climax of the immortality of the soul.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave,
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die. 5

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die. 10

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like seasoned timber, never gives;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives. 15

5-8. **angry** . . . **die**: Its brilliant red, so brilliant that it brings tears to the eyes of the beholder, makes its early death more significant by contrast with its apparent strength. 11. **music**: probably referring to the two preceding stanzas, which show that all things earthly, no matter how beautiful, must die. 14. **gives**: degenerates or gives way to the inroads of time.

EDMUND WALLER (1606-1687)

GO, LOVELY ROSE!

Go, lovely Rose!
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be. 5

Tell her that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died. 10

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired. 15

Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee;
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair! 20

GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667)

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR

Shall I, wasting in despair,
 Die, because a woman's fair?
 Or make pale my cheeks with care,
 'Cause another's rosy are?
 Be she fairer than the day, 5
 Or the flowery meads in May,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how fair she be?

Should my heart be grieved or pined,
 'Cause I see a woman kind? 10
 Or a well-disposed nature
 Joinèd with a lovely feature?
 Be she meeker, kinder than
 Turtle dove, or pelican,
 If she be not so to me, 15
 What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
 Me to perish for her love?
 Or her well deserving known,
 Make me quite forget mine own? 20
 Be she with that goodness blest
 Which may gain her name of best,
 If she be not such to me,
 What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high, 25
 Shall I play the fool and die?

14. **pelican**: a bird which was believed to tear open its breast in order to feed its offspring with its own blood.

Those that bear a noble mind,
 Where they want of riches find,
 Think, "What, with them, they would do
 That, without them, dare to woo!" 30
 And unless that mind I see,
 What care I though great she be?

Great, or good, or kind, or fair,
 I will ne'er the more despair!
 If she love me (this believe!) 35
 I will die, ere she shall grieve;
 If she slight me when I woo,
 I can scorn, and let her go;
 For if she be not for me,
 What care I for whom she be? 40

ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1634)

COUNSEL TO GIRLS

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
 Old Time is still a-flying:
 And this same flower that smiles today,
 Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun, 5
 The higher he's a-getting
 The sooner will his race be run,
 And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
 When youth and blood are warmer; 10
 But being spent, the worse, and worst
 Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time;
 And while ye may, go marry:
 For having lost but once your prime, 15
 You may forever tarry.

CORINNA'S MAYING

Get up, get up for shame! The blooming morn
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
 See how Aurora throws her fair
 Fresh-quilted colors through the air:
 Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see 5
 The dew bespangling herb and tree.
 Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
 Above an hour since; yet you not drest,
 Nay! not so much as out of bed?
 When all the birds have matins said, 10
 And sung their thankful hymns; 'tis sin,
 Nay, profanation, to keep in —
 Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
 Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

 Rise; and put on your foliage, and be seen 15
 To come forth, like the Springtime, fresh and green,
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care
 For jewels for your gown, or hair;
 Fear not; the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you; 20
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
 Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
 Come, and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the dew locks of the night;
 And Titan on the eastern hill 25
 Retires himself, or else stands still
 Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
 Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

 Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark 30
 How each field turns a street; each street a park
 Made green, and trimmed with trees; see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough

2. **god unshorn**: Apollo, the young sun god. 3. **Aurora**: goddess of the dawn. 17. **Flora**: goddess of flowers. 22. **Against you come**: in preparation for your coming. 22. **orient pearls**: brilliant pearls. The idea of brightness was derived from the original meaning, "the east," because of the brightness of the morning sun. 25. **Titan**: the sun-god. 28. **Few beads**: the beads of a rosary — in other words, few prayers.

Or branch. Each porch, each door, ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of whitethorn neatly interwove; 35
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.

Can such delights be in the street,
 And open fields, and we not see't?
 Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey
 The proclamation made for May; 40
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.

A deal of youth, ere this, is come 45
 Back, and with whitethorn laden home.
 Some have dispatched their cakes and cream,
 Before that we have left to dream;

And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth; 50

Many a green gown has been given;
 Many a kiss, both odd and even;
 Many a glance, too, has been sent
 From out the eye, Love's firmament;
 Many a jest told of the keys betraying 55
 This night, and locks picked — Yet we're not a-Maying.

— Come, let us go, while we are in our prime;
 And take the harmless folly of the time!

We shall grow old apace, and die
 Before we know our liberty. 60

Our life is short; and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun —

And as a vapor, or a drop of rain
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again;

So when or you or I are made 65
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade;

All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drowned with us in endless night.

Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
 Come, my Corinna! come, let's go a-Maying. 70

51. **a green gown**: a gown stained green by a tumble in the grass. 65-66. **So**
 . . . **shade**: so when either you or I die and become just a memory.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609-1642)

THE CONSTANT LOVER

Out upon it, I have loved
 Three whole days together!
 And am like to love three more,
 If it prove fair weather.

Time shall molt away his wings 5
 Ere he shall discover
 In the whole wide world again
 Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise 10
 Is due at all to me:
 Love with me had made no stays,
 Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
 And that very face,
 There had been at least ere this 15
 A dozen dozen in her place.

SONG FROM AGLAURA

1

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
 Prithee, why so pale?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill prevail?
 Prithee, why so pale? 5

2

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
 Prithee, why so mute?
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing do't?
 Prithee, why so mute? 10

Title: **Aglaura**: a drama by Suckling, performed with great magnificence of scenery and costume at Blackfriars Theater.

3

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move;
 This cannot take her.
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can make her:
 The devil take her!

15

RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658)

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON

I

When Love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at the grates;
 When I lie tangled in her hair
 And fettered to her eye,
 The birds that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.

5

2

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses bound,
 Our hearts with loyal flames;
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free —
 Fishes that tipple in the deep
 Know no such liberty.

10

15

3

When, like committed linnets, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my king;

20

7. **wanton**: play about. 9-10. **cups** . . . **Thames**: wine undiluted with water (from the river Thames). 20. **my king**: Charles I, in whose service Lovelace was "committed" to prison. Notice that his punishment did not dampen his enthusiasm for the king.

When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
 Know no such liberty.

4

Stone walls do not a prison make, 25
 Nor iron bars a cage;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage;
 If I have freedom in my love
 And in my soul am free, 30
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

28. **hermitage:** Even a prison may be suitable for quiet meditation.

TO LUCASTA, GOING TO THE WARS

The last two lines of this poem sum up the Cavalier view of life with its high regard for honor as embodied in the soldier's fulfillment of duty to his king.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
 That from the nunnery
 Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
 To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase, 5
 The first foe in the field;
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you, too, shall adore; 10
 I could not love thee, dear, so much,
 Loved I not honor more.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF THE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY LYRICS

1. How does the general mood of these lyrics differ from that of the Elizabethan lyrics? Do you find them as "singable" as the Elizabethan ones?
2. Which of these poems do you think most worth remembering? most enjoyable? most poetic in expression? most cynical?
3. Contrast the poems of the two clergymen, Herbert and Herrick; of the two courtiers, Suckling and Lovelace.
4. In "To Althea" what four kinds of liberty are described? Note in the first three stanzas the comparison with something in nature. In what way is the choice appropriate for each stanza? How does the fourth stanza form a climax to the first three?
5. What subtle compliment does Lovelace pay Lucasta in the last stanza of the poem addressed to her? Why would this be especially pleasing to a Cavalier lady?
6. Select lines in any of these lyrics which you think particularly neat and well turned.
7. Memorize the lyrics which you especially like.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read other seventeenth-century lyrics from Palgrave's *The Golden Treasury*, and write a report on them, or read selected ones aloud before the class.
2. Find examples from Dorothy Parker or other modern writers of satirical verse to compare in mood with the poems of Wither and Suckling. Write some yourself in this mood.
3. Illustrate any of these poems by figures appropriately posed and dressed in the style of the century.

JOHN MILTON (1608-1674)

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart," sang Wordsworth of Milton. John Milton's high ideals of upright living and devotion to a great cause, together with the majesty of his poetry, sometimes make ordinary mortals feel that he is too remote and cold. Nevertheless Milton had his human struggles and sorrows like the rest of us. His life may be said to center around three great crises in which he was called upon to make some momentous decision. As a boy Milton had every advantage of a well-to-do home where the culture of the Renaissance was combined with the righteous life of the Puritans. Milton's indulgent father allowed him to sit up as late as he wished to read or study, and it was undoubtedly these voluntary mid-

night vigils that weakened his eyesight. From his musical mother he inherited that devotion to music which is reflected again and again in his poetry.

At Cambridge his first critical decision was made when he gave up taking orders in the Church as his family had planned, because he felt he could not be bound by fixed creeds and doctrines, but must be free to worship God in his own way. For several years after leaving college he lived on his father's country estate in retirement, studying, reflecting, and writing notable poetry. Then he traveled abroad and was enjoying to the utmost the cultured life of Italy and the friendship of foreign poets when the second crisis came. England was plunged into civil war to determine whether king or people should rule. Milton's conscience would not let him continue his comfortable life of travel with his country in the throes of such a war. Back he went and offered his services through the power of his pen rather than his sword. Under Cromwell he was made Secretary of Foreign Tongues, an office in which he handled the correspondence with other European countries. This was indeed a delicate and exacting task when England was overturning the current conception of the divine right of kings.

The third decision concerned his failing eyesight. Self-preservation would have made him heed various warnings and give up his work, but shortly before this time Charles I had been beheaded. Europe was aghast; England itself was almost terrified at the deed. Milton alone had the power to put the principles of the Commonwealth into convincing words to answer the numerous attacks from abroad. It was therefore a voluntary act of sacrifice that led him to produce two great defensive tracts. While writing the second of these, he went completely blind.

The following years of his life were pathetic enough. The restoration of the Stuarts destroyed everything for which he had been fighting; he was dependent on his three young daughters, between whom and himself there was little sympathetic understanding; his second wife died about a year after they were married. Finally, a third wife brought happiness to his home, and the publication of *Paradise Lost* won him recognition throughout England as a supreme poet. It is significant that Milton's last work was a tragedy, *Samson Agonistes*, based on the Bible story of the blind Samson, who destroyed himself in destroying the temple of his enemies.

Theme How does he develop main idea.

L'ALLEGRO

You have probably noticed on pieces of music the Italian word *allegro*, meaning "quick," "lively." In the title of this poem it means "the happy or merry man." Here Milton pictures the ideal day for a man in carefree mood. Before reading the poem, stop for a moment and imagine where you would choose to be and what you would like to do if you could have

an ideal day. You may discover that you and Milton have nearly the same ideas on the subject. He wrote this poem soon after he had left college, while he was living on his father's country estate at Horton, not far from London. Observe at the outset how, like the rest of us, he wishes to dispel all unpleasant thoughts in preparation for his ideal day.

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
 In Stygian cave forlorn,
 'Mongst horrid shapes and shrieks and sights unholy!
 Find out some uncouth cell, 5
 Where brooding darkness spreads his jealous wings,
 And the night raven sings;
 There under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
 As ragged as thy locks,
 In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
 But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
 In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
 And by men heart-easing Mirth;
 Whom lovely Venus, at a birth, *first amid the de-*
 With two sister Graces more, *otic graces, & they*
 To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore; *they were tamed*
 Or whether (as some sager sing) *and all*
 The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
 Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
 As he met her once a-Maying, 20
 There on beds of violets blue
 And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
 Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
 So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
 Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee 25
 Jest, and youthful Jollity,

1. **Hence**: begone. 2. **Cerberus**: three-headed dog that guarded the gates of Hades. 3. **Stygian cave**: a cave along the banks of the river Styx which had to be crossed by souls entering Hades. 4. **horrid**: in seventeenth-century English, "bristling." 5. **uncouth**: in Milton's time, "not well known." 10. **Cimmerian desert**: a land supposed by the Greeks to be beyond the reach of the sun's light. 12. **yclept**: called or named (from the Anglo-Saxon). 12. **Euphrosyne**: one of the Three Graces, named Joy. 14. **Venus**: goddess of love and beauty. 16. **Bacchus**: god of wine and therefore connected with revelry. 17. **sager**: This would indicate that Milton preferred Zephyr and Aurora as the parents of Joy. 18. **frolic**: frolicsome. 19. **Zephyr**: god of the west wind. 19. **Aurora**: goddess of the dawn. 24. **buxom**: originally meaning pliant; here, full of cheer. 24. **debonair**: gracious, courteous.

Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks and wreathèd smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek; 30
 Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Come, and trip it as you go,
 On the light fantastic toe;
 And in thy right hand lead with thee 35
 The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
 And if I give thee honor due,
 Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
 To live with her, and live with thee,
 In unprovèd pleasures free: 40
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And singing, startle the dull night,
 From his watchtower in the skies,
 Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
 Then to come in spite of sorrow, 45
 And at my window bid good morrow,
 Through the sweetbrier or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine;
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin, 50
 And to the stack, or the barn door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Clearly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill, 55
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Sometime walking, not unseen,
 By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
 Right against the eastern gate
 Where the great sun begins his state, 60
 Robed in flames and amber light,
 The clouds in thousand liveries dight;

27. **quips**: witty sayings. 27. **cranks**: twists or turns in speech. 27. **wanton wiles**: playful tricks. 29. **Hebe**: cupbearer to the gods. 40. **unprovèd**: not deserving of censure. 58. **hedgerow elms**: elm trees planted in rows for inclosure or separation of fields. 60. **the great sun**: a reference to the ancient belief that the sun drove across the sky in a golden chariot. 62. **liveries**: "Livery" means clothing given by a master to servants; hence, the clouds as servants of the sun, receive their colors from him.

While the plowman, near at hand,
 Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
 And the milkmaid singeth blithe, 65
 And the mower whets his scythe,
 And every shepherd tells his tale
 Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
 Whilst the landskip round it measures: 70
 Russet lawns and fallows gray,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The laboring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim with daisies pied, 75
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighboring eyes. 80
 Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
 Are at their savory dinner set
 Of herbs and other country messes, 85
 Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tanned haycock in the mead. 90
 Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And the jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid 95
 Dancing in the checkered shade;
 And young and old come forth to play

67. **tells his tale**: counts his sheep (Compare the use in "teller" in a bank).
 68. **hawthorn**: a tree or shrub with shiny leaves and white or pink fragrant flowers. 70. **landskip**: landscape. 75. **daisies**: The English daisy is a smaller, daintier flower than the American field daisy. 75. **pied**: of two or more colors.
 80. **cynosure**: the center of attention. 83. **Corydon and Thyrsis**: conventional names for rustics or shepherds in pastoral poetry. 86, 88. **Phyllis, Thestylis**: stock names for rustic maidens. 87. **bower**: a rustic cottage or room. 94. **rebecks**: an early form of the violin.

On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail:
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How faery Mab the junkets eat.
 She was pinched and pulled, she said;
 And he, by friar's lantern led,
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat 105
 To earn his cream bowl duly set,
 When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
 His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
 That ten day laborers could not end;
 Then lies him down, the lubber fiend, 110
 And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
 Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
 And crop-full out of doors he flings,
 Ere the first cock his matin rings.
 Thus done the tales, to bed they creep, 115
 By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
 Towered cities please us then,
 And the busy hum of men,
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
 In weeds of peace high triumphs hold, 120
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
 Rain influence, and judge the prize
 Of wit or arms, while both contend
 To win her grace whom all commend.
 There let Hymen oft appear 125
 In saffron robe, with taper clear,
 And pomp and feast and revelry,

102. **faery Mab**: probably a fairy of Welsh folklore. A famous description of how she brings dreams is in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I, Sc. 4, ll. 53-55.
 102. **junkets**: any delicate sweetmeat, often made of curdled milk. 103. **She**: one of the rustic maids. 104. **friar's lantern**: sometimes called "will o'-the-wisp," "friar's rush," or "friar's lantern"; a dancing light on marshy ground, supposed to lead travelers astray; hence, a mischievous fairy. 105. **drudging goblin**: Robin Goodfellow, who supposedly did chores at night to earn the food put out for him. 110. **lubber fiend**: awkward sprite. 114. **matin**: a morning song, or call to early prayers. 120. **weeds**: garments. 120. **triumphs**: public shows or pageants. 122. **influence**: The stars were once supposed to affect human action; hence, the bright eyes of the ladies are compared to stars. 125, 126. **Hymen**: Greek god of marriage. The smoking of his torch or taper was considered a bad omen; hence, **with taper clear** would signify a happy marriage.

With mask and antique pageantry;
 Such sights as youthful poets dream
 On summer eves by haunted stream. 130
 Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learnèd sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
 Warble his native wood-notes wild.
 And ever, against eating cares, 135
 Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
 Married to immortal verse,
 Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
 In notes with many a winding bout
 Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out, 140
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice through mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head 145
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice. 150
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

128. **mask:** or masque, a popular form of dramatic poetry in Milton's time, elaborated with music and dancing. 132. **sock:** symbolic of comedy. (See note on "sock," p. 172.) 134. **native wood-notes:** implying that Shakespeare's verse is as natural as the singing of a bird; in contrast with the more "learned" poetry of Jonson. 135. **against eating cares:** as a protection against worries which eat up one's vitality. 136. **Lydian airs:** soft melodies such as were popular in Lydia, a province of Asia Minor. 138. **meeting:** responsive. 138. **pierce:** comprehend. 139. **bout:** a turn. 145. **Orpheus:** the most famous musician of Greek mythology, who persuaded Pluto, king of the dead, to release his dead wife, Eurydice. The condition was that Orpheus should not look back while leading her to the upper world, but he forgot himself at the last minute, and so lost her completely.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF L'ALLEGRO

1. Point out the appropriateness of the companions whom L'Allegro wishes to accompany him. Why is Liberty called a mountain nymph? What two famous lines describe the way in which Mirth and her companions move onward?

2. Picture the farmyard and the landscape as Milton describes them. What details would apply to the country scenes of your own locality?

Which are distinctly English? What in an American country scene might at a distance give the effect of the towers and battlements?

3. What about Milton's description of the farm people gives them a romantic rather than a realistic quality? Describe similar occupations and pastimes in an American village. Compare American folklore with the stories told by these country people.

4. At line 117, where the description changes to the city, do you think L'Allegro actually went to the city or only thought about his past experiences there? Compare the city amusements with those of today. Name some specific plays which Milton may have had in mind in lines 131-134.

5. Prove that Milton was a musician. Name some pieces of music that answer the description of lines 135-144.

6. Select phrases or lines that you think especially beautiful or unusual. Notice how much color there is throughout the poem. How many color words can you find?

7. How does Milton's happy day compare with one you would choose for yourself?

IL PENSEROSO

There are two kinds of happiness—the merry, sociable kind as described in “L'Allegro” and the quiet, meditative kind as described in its twin poem, “Il Penseroso.” Here the title means “the thoughtful man.” Do you sometimes enjoy solitude, and if so, how do you like to pass the time? Find out whether your tastes and Milton's are similar when you are in this mood. Do not think that the word “melancholy,” as he uses it, has the idea of sorrow that we attach to it today. To Milton it meant a pleasantly, rather than an unpleasantly, thoughtful frame of mind. This poem was written about the same time and under the same circumstances as the preceding one.

(Go)

Hence, vain deluding Joys,

The brood of Folly without father bred!

How little you bested,

Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!

Dwell in some idle brain,

5

And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,

As thick and numberless

As the gay notes that people the sunbeams,

Or likest hovering dreams,

The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

10

But hail, thou Goddess sage and holy,

3. **bested**: profit or serve. 4. **fixèd**: steadfast. 6. **fond**: foolish. 6. **pos-**
sess: inhabit. 10. **Morpheus**: the god of sleep.

Hail, divinest Melancholy!
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above
 The sea nymphs', and their powers offended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended:
 Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain).
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
 He met her, and in secret shades
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
 Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,
 All in a robe of darkest grain,
 Flowing with majestic train,
 And sable stole of cypress lawn
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,
 With even step, and musing gait,
 And looks commercing with the skies,
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
 There, held in holy passion still,
 Forget thyself to marble, till
 With a sad leaden downward cast
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,

18. **Prince Memnon's sister**: a beautiful Ethiopian princess. 19. **starred**: Cassiopeia was placed among the stars after her death. The sea nymphs punished her for her pride by sending a sea monster to ravage her kingdom.
 23. **Vesta**: goddess of the hearth. 24. **Saturn**: ruler of Heaven before Jove.
 33. **grain**: dye. 35. **sable . . . lawn**: black veil of crape. 42. **to marble**: so completely engrossed in thought that she seems a marble statue. 46. **Spare**: an adjective, "lean."

9 goddesses,
 daughters of Jove
 and Mnemosyne
 the presiding over
 the arts and different
 kinds of poetry +
 sciences.
 Calliope
 Erato
 Terpsichore
 Euterpe
 Melpomene
 Thalia
 Urania

9 - Look up

And hear the Muses in a ring
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
 And add to these retirèd Leisure,
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure;
 But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
 Him that yon soars on golden wing,
 Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,
 The cherub Contemplation;
 And the mute Silence hist along,
 'Less Philomel will deign a song,
 In her sweetest, saddest plight,
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
 I woo, to hear thy evensong;
 And, missing thee, I walk unseen
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,
 To behold the wandering moon
 Riding near her highest noon,
 Like one that had been led astray
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
 Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
 I hear the far-off curfew sound
 Over some wide-watered shore,
 Swinging slow with sullen roar;
 Or if the air will not permit,
 Some still removèd place will fit,
 Where glowing embers through the room
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
 Far from all resort of mirth,
 Save the cricket on the hearth,
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm

50

55

60

65

70

75

80

56. **Philomel**: the nightingale. 59. **Cynthia**: or Diana, the moon goddess, whose chariot was drawn by dragons, and to whom the oak was sacred.
 65. **unseen**: Compare with the "not unseen" of "L'Allegro," line 57.
 83. **bellman's drowsy charm**: night watchman's calling of the hours as he guarded the streets.

To bless the doors from nightly harm.
 Or let my lamp, at midnight hour, 85
 Be seen in some high lonely tower
 Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
 The spirit of Plato, to unfold
 What worlds or what vast regions hold 90
 The immortal mind that hath forsook
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
 And of those demons that are found
 In fire, air, flood, or underground,
 Whose power hath a true consent, 95
 With planet or with element.
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
 In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
 Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
 Or what (though rare) of later age
 Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
 But, O sad Virgin! that thy power
 Might raise Musaeus from his bower;
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
 And made Hell grant what love did seek;
 Or call up him that left half-told
 The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
 Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
 And who had Canace to wife
 That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
 And of the wondrous horse of brass,
 On which the Tartar king did ride; 115

87. **outwatch the Bear:** to stay awake all night, for the constellation of the Bear never sets. 88, 89. **Hermes, Plato:** Greek philosophers who wrote on the immortality of the soul. 93. **demons:** According to Plato, there were four elements: earth, water, air, fire. Later philosophers taught that each had its own presiding spirit, or "demon." 98. **sceptered pall:** a kingly robe. 99, 100. **Thebes, Pelops' line, Troy:** all subjects of Greek tragedies. 102. **buskined stage:** Buskins were high boots worn by ancient actors to give dignity; hence a symbol of tragedy as the sock was of comedy. 104. **Musaeus:** a poet in mythology. 105. **soul of Orpheus:** See note on Orpheus for line 145 of "L'Allegro." 109. **him . . . half-told:** Chaucer never finished the Squire's Tale, described in the next few lines.

And if aught else great bards beside
 In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
 Of tourneys, and of trophies hung,
 Of forests, and enchantments drear,
 Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
 Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,
 Not tricked and frownced as she was wont
 With the Attic boy to hunt,
 But kerchiefed in a comely cloud, 125
 While rocking winds are piping loud;
 Or ushered with a shower still,
 When the gust hath blown his fill,
 Ending on the rustling leaves,
 With minute drops from off the eaves. 130
 And when the sun begins to fling
 His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
 To archèd walks of twilight groves,
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
 Of pine, or monumental oak, 135
 Where the rude ax with heavèd stroke
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
 There in close covert by some brook,
 Where no profaner eye may look, 140
 Hide me from day's garish eye,
 While the bee, with honeyed thigh,
 That at her flowery work doth sing,
 And the waters murmuring,
 With such consort as they keep, 145
 Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;
 And let some strange mysterious dream
 Wave at his wings in airy stream
 Of lively portraiture displayed,
 Softly on my eyelids laid; 150
 And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
 Above, about, or underneath,

122. **civil-suited**: in the sober garb of a citizen. 123. **tricked and frownced**:
 dressed in gay robes; probably with hair curled. 124. **Attic boy**: Cephalus, a
 young huntsman of Attica, beloved by Aurora. 134. **Sylvan**: Sylvanus, god
 of the woodlands.

Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
 Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
 But let my due feet never fail 155
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,
 And love the high embowèd roof,
 With antique pillars massy proof,
 And storied windows richly dight,
 Casting a dim religious light. 160
 There let the pealing organ blow
 To the full-voiced quire below
 In service high and anthems clear
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
 Dissolve me into ecstasies, 165
 And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
 And may at last my weary age
 Find out the peaceful hermitage,
 The hairy gown and mossy cell,
 Where I may sit and rightly spell 170
 Of every star that heaven doth shew,
 And every herb that sips the dew,
 Till old experience do attain
 To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give, 175
 And I with thee will choose to live.

154. **Genius . . . wood**: The ancient Greeks believed that a benignant deity dwelt in every grove. 156. **pale**: boundary. 158. **massy proof**: able to bear the weight they support. 159. **storied . . . dight**: stained-glass church windows telling Bible stories in rich colors. 170. **spell**: to learn the meaning by study.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF IL PENSEROSO

1. Since "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" are twin poems, the most interesting point of study is to note the resemblances and differences between the two. A graphic way to do this is by parallel columns showing points covered by the following headings: (1) What is dismissed, (2) Companions summoned, (3) Time of day of opening, (4) Elements of nature mentioned, especially birds, heavenly bodies, sounds, (5) Pastimes, (6) Kinds of literature mentioned, (7) Kinds of music mentioned, (8) Amount of time covered by the poem.

2. Pick out phrases, passages, or figures of speech which particularly appeal to you.

3. How does the description of the evening fit in with a thoughtful mood? Why does the poet not turn to the city in this poem as he did in the preceding?

4. What books would you choose for an evening of reading if you were in a thoughtful mood?
5. What type of building is Milton describing in lines 155-166? Can different types of architecture produce different moods? Illustrate.
6. Which of the two moods of these two poems do you think more characteristic of Milton's life as a whole? Which is more characteristic of yourself, of your friends? Is there a difference in the prevalence of one mood or the other in youth or age?

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

In this sonnet the earnest young Puritan analyzes himself as he realizes he is entering manhood. The fourth line suggests that he feels that he has accomplished nothing of note so far in his life. The seventh and eighth indicate that he feels in some ways less mature than others of his age. In the last six lines he dedicates himself to the service of God, a service to which he proved faithful the rest of his life.

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!

My hasting days fly on with full career,
But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.

Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth

That I to manhood am arrived so near;

And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.

Yet be it less or more, or soon or slow,

It shall be still in strictest measure even

To that same lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of heaven.

All is, if I have grace to use it so,

As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

*Shakespearean
or
Petrarchian
in
form?*

*general
situation*

5

*specific
application*

10

ON SHAKESPEARE

Though Milton was eight years old when Shakespeare died, it is unlikely that he ever saw the great Elizabethan, whose last days were spent in Stratford. Milton's admiration of his predecessor and master in poetry is most genuinely expressed in this poem.

What needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones

The labor of an age in piled stones?

Or that his hallowed relics should be hid

Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame, 5
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment
 Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
 For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavoring art,
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart 10
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
 Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie 15
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

11. **unvalued**: beyond any fixed value. 12. **Delphic**: prophetic or inspired; relating to the oracle at ancient Delphi. 14. **Dost . . . marble**: as still as marble through our thoughtful attention. Milton uses the same figure in "Il Penseroso," line 42. 15. **sepulchred**: Pronounce "sepulchred."

omit

TO CROMWELL

The occasion for this sonnet was an attempt on the part of the Presbyterians to establish a state church in England, to which Milton was opposed. Cromwell, by his military victories, had won England freedom from the tyranny of Charles; now Milton calls on him to win the victories of peace by preventing religious restraint.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plowed,
 And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud 5
 Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureate wreath; yet much remains
 To conquer still; peace hath her victories, 10
 No less renowned than war; new foes arise,
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.

9. **Worcester**: pronounced Wōōs'tēr

ON HIS BLINDNESS

Milton was only forty-three when he became blind, and he lived twenty-three years after that. This sonnet makes us fully realize what this affliction must have cost him, and how steadfast and patient he was in meeting it. Little did he realize, when he said that he must only stand and wait, that he would be able, in spite of this handicap, to do his greatest lifework. *Paradise Lost*, after active service to his country had been thus suddenly terminated.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present 5
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 "Doth God exact day labor, light denied?"
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best 10
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
 Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

3. **one talent:** For the parable of the talents, see Matthew 25: 14-30.
 8. **fondly:** foolishly.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF MILTON'S SONNETS

1. Which of these sonnets do you like best? Why?
2. Which tribute to Shakespeare do you consider more impressive, Ben Jonson's (see page 171) or Milton's? Discuss.
3. What were some of the victories of peace that Milton warned Cromwell he would have to win? What are some of the victories of peace which today require heroic qualities?
4. In the sonnet "On His Blindness," how does he apply the parable of the talents to himself? What mental debate does he have, and what is his conclusion?
5. Pick out lines in these sonnets that are often quoted.
6. Did Milton follow the Italian or the Shakespearian form of sonnet? See page 146 for explanation. Did he use the same rhyme scheme in all of them?

JOHN DRYDEN (1631-1700)

In the late seventeenth century Dryden, the accepted leader of the literary men of London, became poet laureate, and wrote many plays for the theaters of his time, but he is today remembered chiefly for a few outstanding lyric poems. Dryden differed from Jonson, however, in producing more political satire and prose. He has been called "The Father of English prose," because in his critical works he introduced a simple, direct style, in marked contrast to the flowery phrases of the Elizabethans and the ponderous sentences of Milton.

Political satire flourished in these days when party feeling ran high and England was constantly shifting between Puritan and Royalist control. Dryden proved himself a master of this art, for his own allegiances shifted in a most startling manner. His upbringing had been Puritan, and his early poetry, such as stanzas on the death of Cromwell, showed adherence to the policies of the Commonwealth. Yet with the restoration of Charles II, Dryden wrote a "Panegyric to His Sacred Majesty" and other poems in honor of the king. In religion, too, he shifted, writing a poem in defense of the Church of England at one time, and three years later, when a Catholic king came to the throne, changing over to the Catholic Church. The result of this was a noted poem, "The Hind and the Panther," representing the Catholic Church as a "milk-white Hind" beset by all sorts of other animals signifying other sects of the day. It is extremely difficult to know how many of these changes were the result of genuine conviction. Dryden himself protested absolute sincerity, but the timeliness of his changes gave his enemies sufficient excuse to brand him a turncoat. However, when another revolution put William and Mary on the throne, Dryden remained faithful to the exiled James II and lost all his political advantages. His last days were devoted to writing, chiefly to making translations from Greek and Latin classics, and retelling famous stories in rhymed couplets.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR THE POWER OF MUSIC (1697)

In Dryden's day the study of music was becoming more and more prominent in London life, partly through the influence of Italian opera and partly through that of Handel, the great composer of oratorios. In 1683 was formed a choral society which every year on November 22 gave a concert in honor of St. Cecilia. For these occasions Dryden wrote two famous odes (of which this is the second); Pope wrote one later.

St. Cecilia, the patron saint of music, was a beautiful and talented convert to Christianity in the third century. Of the many legends about her life and martyrdom, the best known is that she invented an arrangement of musical pipes, the forerunner of the organ, on which she played such

exquisite music that an angel came down from heaven to listen. Besides appealing to poets, St. Cecilia has caught the imagination of many painters from Raphael to the present day, several of whom have selected this legend to picture.

To honor St. Cecilia Dryden has chosen in this poem to show how Alexander, the greatest conqueror of the world, could be played upon emotionally by the power of his musician, Timotheus; but how Cecilia had performed even a greater feat than Timotheus — she called an angel from heaven.

Alexander was indeed a picturesque choice for the author's purpose. The son of Philip of Macedonia, also a famous conqueror, Alexander in his early thirties swept over Asia Minor, Syria, and Egypt and on into the interior of Asia until, according to legend, he wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. Handsome, brilliant, emotional, undefeated — what better subject on whom to try the subduing power of music?

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son —
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne; 5
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.
 (So should desert in arms be crowned);
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride 10
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride:
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair! 15

 Timotheus placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire
 With flying fingers touched the lyre;
 The trembling notes ascend the sky
 And heavenly joys inspire. 20
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above —

17. **quiere**: an old spelling of "choir." 21. **Jove**: Same as Jupiter or Zeus, the head of all the gods. In ancient days popular belief always had to acclaim a ruler as a descendant of a god. In Dryden's own day, the divine right of kings was a parallel superstition clung to by the Royalists.

Such is the power of mighty love!
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode 25
 When he to fair Olympia pressed,
 And while he sought her snowy breast,
 Then round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
 — The listening crowd admire the lofty sound; 30
 A present deity! they shout around;
 A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound;
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god; 35
 Affects to nod
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young;
 The jolly god in triumph comes; 40
 Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
 Flushed with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
 Bacchus, ever fair and young, 45
 Drinking joys did first ordain;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure, 50
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
 Fought all his battles o'er again,
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain!
 The master saw the madness rise, 55
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And while he Heaven and Earth defied
 Changed his hand and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse
 Soft pity to infuse; 60

26. **Olympia**: The name of Alexander's mother was Olympias. 38. **Bacchus** the god of wine. 44. **hautboys**: oboes, woodwind instruments.

He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood; 65
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate, 70
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of Chance below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see 75
 That love was in the next degree;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures. 80
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
 Honor but an empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying;
 If the world be worth thy winning, 85
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying;
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee!
 — The many rend the skies with loud applause;
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause. 90
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again; 95
 At length with love and wine at once oppressed
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

61. **Darius**: the Persian king whom Alexander had just defeated. 70. **Lydian**: The music of Lydia, a province of Asia Minor, was of light and delicate quality. Milton used the same word in "L'Allegro," line 136 (see page 305).

Now strike the golden lyre again:
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
 Break his bands of sleep asunder
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder. 100
 Hark, hark! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head;
 As awaked from the dead
 And amazed he stares around. 105
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the Furies arise!
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes! 110
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand!
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain. 115
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew!
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods. 120
 — The princes applaud with a furious joy;
 And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
 Thais led the way
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy! 125
 — Thus, long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre 130
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

107. **Furies**: the Greek avengers of crime, who were represented as furious creatures with snaky hair. 114. **unburied remain**: The Greeks believed that the soul of an unburied person could not cross the River Styx into the realms of the dead, but must wander piteously on the nearer shore until burial. This belief gives special force to the vengeance of the next lines. 125. **Helen**: the wife of the Greek King Menelaus, who, by eloping to Troy with Paris, brought on the Trojan war which resulted in the burning of Troy.

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame;
 The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds, 135
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
 — Let old Timotheus yield the prize
 Or both divide the crown;
 He raised a mortal to the skies; 140
 She drew an angel down!

133. **vocal frame:** the organ.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF ALEXANDER'S FEAST

1. By making a short outline, show what different emotions of Alexander are played on in each stanza. How does each emotion lead into the next?

2. What evidences can you find that this poem was written to be set to choral music? The poem is often printed with the last few lines of each stanza repeated in the form of a chorus. Select what you think would be a good chorus at the end of each stanza. Find lines throughout the poem in which the author has suggested the right emotion by the very sound of the words.

3. To reproduce the moods of the different parts of the poem it is interesting to play in class certain phonograph records appropriate to each mood. A suggestive list follows.

- (1) Lines 21-37. "Pomp and Circumstance," Elgar.
- (2) Lines 28-51. Soldiers' Chorus from *Faust*, Gounod.
- (3) Lines 52-74. "The Death of Åse," Grieg.
- (4) Lines 75-97. "Ständchen" (Serenade), Schubert.
- (5) Lines 98-125. "1812 Overture," Tschaikowsky.
- (6) Lines 126-141. Largo (for organ), Handel.

For the Ambitious Student

1. For the musically inclined: (1) enlarge the given list of music suitable to accompany the moods of the poem, (2) compose short selections to illustrate any of the moods described in the poem, (3) prepare a written or oral report on the real development of the organ, (4) prepare a report on the development of music in England in the late seventeenth century, (5) compare the music of Shakespeare's day with seventeenth-century music.

2. Read Dryden's "Song for St. Cecilia's Day" and Pope's poem on the same subject. How do they compare with "Alexander's Feast" in development? as a tribute to Cecilia? in their emphasis on different musical instruments? Which of the three do you like best? Why?

3. The many legends and paintings centering around St. Cecilia make an interesting subject of investigation. Good brief accounts are to be found in Rowland's *Among the Great Masters of Music* and Mannix's *Patron Saints*. Inexpensive prints can be obtained of paintings by Raphael, Dolci, Hofmann, and Naujok.

4. Alexander's personality and career is another valuable bypath of study. Good brief accounts are: Robert Steele's *The Story of Alexander*; chapters on Alexander in Lydia Farmer's *Boys' Book of Famous Rulers* and in Sanderson and Others' *Six Thousand Years of History*. His story is also given in Plutarch's *Lives*.

Seventeenth-Century Prose

DRYDEN'S "ON CHAUCER"

Dryden's admiration of Chaucer is particularly interesting in that both held the same government position, that of customs collector. Dryden's *Fables*, or metrical versions of older stories, published the year of his death, contained versions of some of Chaucer's stories, notably "The Cock and the Fox," retold in this book in modern verse. It is evident from Dryden's comments on Chaucer's irregular meter that some of the rules for pronunciation of Middle English were not understood in the seventeenth century, for modern scholars find Chaucer's rhythm remarkably smooth and regular.

This selection (taken from the preface to the *Fables*) shows well the natural, easy prose style that Dryden introduced. Except for the use of Latin quotations it differs little from the style of a book review in a modern magazine, whereas to modern readers the writings of previous critics are exceedingly unwieldy in sentence structure.

It remains that I say somewhat of Chaucer in particular.

In the first place, as he is the father of English poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of veneration as the Grecians held Homer or the Romans Virgil. He is a perpetual fountain of good sense, learned in all sciences, and therefore speaks properly on all subjects. As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off; a continence which is practiced by few writers, and scarcely by any of the ancients, excepting Virgil and Horace. One of our late great poets is sunk in his reputation because he could never forgive any conceit¹ which came in his way, but swept, like a dragnet, great and small.

¹ **forgive any conceit:** give up any odd fancy. The poet referred to was Abraham Cowley.

There was plenty enough, but the dishes were ill sorted; whole pyramids of sweetmeats for boys and women, but little of solid meat for men. All this proceeded, not from any want of knowledge, but of judgment. Neither did he want that in discerning the beauties and faults of other poets, but only indulged himself in the luxury of writing; and perhaps knew it was a fault but hoped the reader would not find it. For this reason, though he must always be thought a great poet, he is no longer esteemed a good writer: and for ten impressions,² which his works have had in so many successive years, yet at present a hundred books are scarcely purchased once a twelvemonth: for, as my last Lord Rochester said, though somewhat profanely, "Not being of God, he could not stand."

Chaucer followed nature everywhere, but was never so bold to go beyond her, and there is a great difference of being *poeta* and *nimis poeta*,³ if we believe Catullus, as much as betwixt a modest behavior and affectation. The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but 'tis like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends, it was *auribus istius temporis accommodata*:⁴ they who lived with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lydgate and Gower, his contemporaries; there is the rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing though not perfect. 'Tis true I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him, for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine; but this opinion is not worth confuting; 'tis so gross and obvious an error that common sense (which is a rule in everything but matters of faith and revelation) must convince the reader that equality of numbers in every verse which we call heroic⁵ was either not known or not always practiced in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses which are lame for want of half a foot and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first. We must be children before we grow men. . . .

He must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various manners and hu-

² ten impressions: ten reprintings. ³ *nimis poeta*: overmuch a poet. ⁴ *Auribus . . . accommodata*: suited to the ears of that time. ⁵ *heroic*: that is, a couplet in iambic pentameter.

mors (as we now call them) of the whole English nation in his age. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other, and not only in their inclinations but in their very physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta⁶ could not have described their natures better than by the marks which the poet gives them.

The matter and manner of their tales and of their telling are so suited to their different educations, humors, and callings that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity; their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding, such as are becoming of them and of them only. Some of his persons are vicious and some virtuous; some are unlearned, or (as Chaucer calls them) lewd, and some are learned. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different: the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook are several men, and distinguished from each other as much as the mincing Lady Prioress and the broad-speaking, gap-toothed Wife of Bath. But enough of this; there is such a variety of game springing up before me that I am distracted in my choice and know not which to follow. It is sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that here is God's plenty. We have our forefathers and great-grandames all before us as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England, though they are called by other names than those of monks and friars and canons and lady abbesses and nuns; for mankind is ever the same, and nothing lost out of nature though everything is altered.

⁶ **Baptista Porta**: an Italian who read character by the face.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF "ON CHAUCER"

1. With what great writers does Dryden compare Chaucer? With what writer of Dryden's own day does he contrast him? How does the latter discussion help to bring out Chaucer's good points?
2. From your own experience with Chaucer, give examples to show that he "followed nature everywhere."
3. What adverse criticism does Dryden offer on Chaucer? Do you regard this as a justifiable criticism?

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688)

While Milton voiced the Puritan ideals for the educated classes, John Bunyan spoke for the common people. On a purely numerical basis, Bunyan may therefore be said to have been a much more influential person than Milton.

His picturesque life should be read in detail. Because Bunyan was one of the first authors to write his autobiography, we know more of his inner life than of most of the early writers. He was a village tinker and for a while a common soldier in the Parliamentary army. The intense religious emotions prevalent at that time seized the imaginative Bunyan and caused him frightful pangs of conscience about his swearing, his Sunday sports on the green, and his failure to attend church. He visualized his mental struggles as the conflict between angels and devils. He longed to perform miracles, but was afraid to try lest he should fail and lose his faith. He became a preacher and drew such crowds of laboring people to his outdoor services that his influence was greatly feared by the Royalists.

After the Restoration an act was passed to forbid meetings hostile to the Established Church. Bunyan was brought to trial, and the judge urged him to give up his services. But though Bunyan suffered agonies of spirit at separation from his little blind daughter and the rest of his family, he would not yield his point. Consequently he spent almost twelve years in Bedford jail, though he was allowed considerable freedom to see his family and even to preach in the Baptist church. During these years his leisure enabled him to become a thorough master of two books — the only ones he had — the Bible and Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. Their influence is evident in his masterpiece, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, which, though probably written in jail, was not published until years after his release. The popularity of the book was remarkable, and during the remaining ten years of his life Bunyan became more famous than ever as an evangelist visiting many parts of England. Next to the Bible *The Pilgrim's Progress* now has the largest number of translations into foreign languages of any book in the world.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

story told by symbols

The great allegory of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is told as if it were a dream. Christian, the hero, is seen as he leaves the City of Destruction to journey to the Celestial City. He carries a heavy burden of sin on his back and the Scriptures in his hand. In spite of the protests of his family and neighbors, he hurries on. One of his earliest difficulties is the famous Slough of Despond, which proves too much for his companion, Pliable, but not for Christian, who, with the aid of Helpful, scrambles out and continues on his way. Further obstacles are encountered in the Lions, the Hill of Difficulty,

the Valley of Humiliation, the fight with the demon Apollyon, the Valley of the Shadow, the trial at Vanity Fair, and the imprisonment at Doubting Castle by the Giant Despair. Through the first few of these adventures Christian is accompanied by Faithful until he suffers martyrdom at Vanity Fair. After that, Hopeful joins Christian, and the two finally reach the Heavenly Gates, where they are greeted by angels. Throughout the book Christian engages in dialogues with vividly portrayed characters, such as Pliable, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, By-ends, Atheist, and Ignorance, and through these conversations the Puritan ideals are emphasized.

The following selection is one of the most significant passages, partly because the term, *Vanity Fair*, has been so frequently used as a symbol of worldliness, most notably in the title of Thackeray's famous novel.

Then I saw in my dream, that when they were got out of the wilderness, they presently saw a town before them, and the name of that town is Vanity. And at the town there is a fair kept, called Vanity Fair; it is kept all the year long; it beareth the name of Vanity Fair, because the town where 'tis kept is lighter than vanity; and also because all that is there sold, or that cometh thither, is vanity. As is the saying of the wise, "All that cometh is Vanity."

This fair is no new-erected business, but a thing of ancient standing; I will show you the original of it.

Almost five thousand years ago, there were pilgrims walking to the Celestial City, as these two honest persons are; and Beelzebub, Apollyon, and Legion, with their companions, perceiving by the path that the pilgrims made, that their way to the City lay through this town of Vanity, they contrived here to set up a fair; a fair wherein should be sold all sorts of vanity, and that it should last all the year long; therefore at this fair are all such merchandise sold, as houses, lands, trades, places, honors, preferments, titles, countries, kingdoms, pleasures, and delights of all sorts, as wives, husbands, children, masters, servants, lives, blood, bodies, souls, silver, gold, pearls, precious stones, and what not.

And moreover, at this fair there is at all times to be seen jugglings, cheats, games, plays, fools, apes, knaves, and rogues, and that of all sorts.

Here are to be seen too, and that for nothing, thefts, murders, false swearers, and that of a blood-red color.

And as in other fairs of less moment there are the several rows and streets under their proper names, where such and such wares are vended, so here likewise you have the proper places, rows, streets, (viz., countries and kingdoms) where the wares of this fair are soonest

to be found: Here is the Britain Row, the French Row, the Italian Row, the Spanish Row, the German Row, where several sorts of vanities are to be sold. But as in other fairs, some one commodity is as the chief of all the fair, so the ware of Rome and her merchandise is greatly promoted in this fair; only our English nation, with some others, have taken a dislike thereat.

Now, as I said, the way to the Celestial City lies just through this town where this lusty fair is kept; and he that will go to the City, and yet not go through this town, must needs go out of the world. The Prince of Princes¹ himself, when here, went through this town to his own country, and that upon a fair-day too; yea, and as I think, it was Beelzebub, the chief lord of this fair, that invited him to buy of his vanities: yea, would have made him Lord of the Fair, would he but have done him reverence as he went through the town. Yea, because he was such a person of honor, Beelzebub had him from street to street, and showed him all the kingdoms of the world in a little time, that he might (if possible) allure that Blessed One to cheapen and buy some of his vanities; but he had no mind to the merchandise, and therefore left the town, without laying out so much as one farthing upon these vanities. This fair, therefore, is an ancient thing, of long standing and a very great fair.

Now these pilgrims, as I said, must needs go through this fair. Well, so they did; but behold, even as they entered into the fair, all the people in the fair were moved, and the town itself as it were in a hubbub about them; and that for several reasons: for

First, The Pilgrims were clothed with such kind of raiment as was diverse from the raiment of any that traded in that fair. The people therefore of the Fair made a great gazing upon them; some said they were fools, some they were bedlams,² and some they are outlandish men.³

Secondly, And as they wondered at their apparel, so they did likewise at their speech; for few could understand what they said: they naturally spoke the language of Canaan,⁴ but they that kept the fair were the men of this world; so that, from one end of the fair to the other, they seemed barbarians each to the other.

Thirdly, But that which did not a little amuse the merchandisers was, that these pilgrims set very light by all their wares; they cared

¹ **Prince of Princes:** The story of Christ's temptation by Satan is in Matthew 4 and Luke 4. ² **bedlams:** insane. The word is a contraction of Bethlehem, the original name of a famous London insane asylum. ³ **outlandish men:** foreigners. ⁴ **Canaan:** Heaven, from the name of the land of promise sought by the Israelites.

not so much as to look upon them; and if they called upon them to buy, they would put their fingers in their ears, and cry, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding Vanity," and look upward signifying that their trade and traffic was in Heaven.

One chanced mockingly, beholding the carriages of the men, to say unto them, "What will ye buy?" But they, looking gravely upon him, answered, "We buy the Truth." At that there was an occasion taken to despise the men the more; some mocking, some taunting, some speaking reproachfully, and some calling upon others to smite them. At last things came to a hubbub and great stir in the fair, insomuch that all order was confounded. Now was word presently brought to the Great One of the fair, who quickly came down and deputed some of his most trusty friends to take those men into examination, about whom the fair was almost overturned. So the men were brought to examination; and they that sat upon them, asked them whence they came, whither they went, and what they did there in such an unusual garb. The men told them that they were pilgrims and strangers in the world, and that they were going to their own country, which was the heavenly Jerusalem; and that they had given no occasion to the men of the town, nor yet to the merchandisers, thus to abuse them, and to let⁵ them in their journey, except it was for that, when one asked them what they would buy, they said they would buy the Truth. But they that were appointed to examine them did not believe them to be any other than bedlams and mad, or else such as came to put all things into a confusion in the fair. Therefore they took them and beat them, and besmeared them with dirt, and then put them into the cage, that they might be made a spectacle to all the men of the fair. There, therefore, they lay for some time, and were made the objects of any man's sport, or malice, or revenge, the Great One of the fair laughing still at all that befell them. But the men being patient, and not rendering railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing, and giving good words for bad, and kindness for injuries done, some men in the fair that were more observing, and less prejudiced than the rest, began to check and blame the baser sort for their continual abuses done by them to the men; they, therefore, in angry manner let fly at them again, counting them as bad as the men in the cage, and telling them that they seemed confederates, and should be made partakers of their misfortunes. The others replied, that for aught they could see, the men were quiet, and sober, and intended nobody any harm; and that there were many that traded in their fair

⁵ let: hinder.

that were more worthy to be put into the cage, yea, and pillory too, than were the men that they had abused. Thus, after divers words had passed on both sides (the men behaving themselves all the while very wisely and soberly before them), they fell to some blows among themselves, and did harm one to another. Then were these two poor men brought before their examiners again, and there charged as being guilty of the late hubbub that had been in the fair. So they beat them pitifully and hung irons upon them, and led them in chains up and down the fair, for an example and a terror to others, lest any should speak in their behalf, or join themselves unto them. But Christian and Faithful behaved themselves yet more wisely, and received the ignominy and shame that was cast upon them, with so much meekness and patience, that it won to their side (though but few in comparison of the rest) several of the men in the fair. This put the other party yet into a greater rage, insomuch that they concluded the death of these two men. Wherefore they threatened, that the cage nor irons should serve their turn, but that they should die, for the abuse they had done, and for deluding the men of the fair.

Then were they remanded to the cage again, until further order should be taken with them. So they put them in, and made their feet fast in the stocks.

Here also they called again to mind what they had heard from their faithful friend Evangelist, and were the more confirmed in their way and sufferings, by what he told them would happen to them. They also now comforted each other, that whose lot it was to suffer, even he should have the best on 't; therefore each man secretly wished that he might have that preferment: but committing themselves to the all-wise disposal of Him that ruleth all things, with much content they abode in the condition in which they were, until they should be otherwise disposed of.

Then a convenient time being appointed, they brought them forth to their trial, in order to their condemnation. When the time was come, they were brought before their enemies, and arraigned. The judge's name was Lord Hategood. Their indictment was one and the same in substance, though somewhat varying in form, the contents whereof was this:

"That they were enemies to and disturbers of their trade; that they had made commotions and divisions in the town, and had won a party to their own most dangerous opinions, in contempt of the law of their prince."

Then Faithful began to answer, that he had only set himself

against that which had set itself against Him that is higher than the highest. And said he, "As for disturbance, I make none, being myself a man of peace; the parties that were won to us, were won by beholding our truth and innocence, and they are only turned from the worse to the better. And as to the king you talk of, since he is Beelzebub, the enemy of our Lord, I defy him and all his angels."

Then proclamation was made, that they that had aught to say for their Lord the King against the prisoner at the bar, should forthwith appear and give in their evidence. So there came in three witnesses, to wit, Envy, Superstition, and Pickthank. They were then asked if they knew the prisoner at the bar; and what they had to say for their Lord the King against him.

Then stood forth Envy, and said to this effect: "My Lord, I have known this man a long time, and will attest upon my oath before this honorable Bench, that he is —"

Judge. "Hold! Give him his oath."

So they swore him. Then he said, "My Lord, this man, notwithstanding his plausible name, is one of the vilest men in our country. He neither regardeth prince nor people, law nor custom; but doth all that he can to possess all men with certain of his disloyal notions, which he in the general calls principles of faith and holiness. And in particular, I heard him once myself affirm that Christianity and the customs of our town of Vanity were diametrically opposite, and could not be reconciled. By which saying, my Lord, he doth at once not only condemn all our laudable doings, but us in the doing of them."

Then did the Judge say to him, "Hast thou any more to say?"

Envy. "My Lord, I could say much more, only I would not be tedious to the Court. Yet if need be, when the other gentlemen have given in their evidence, rather than anything shall be wanting that will dispatch him, I will enlarge my testimony against him." So he was bid stand by.

Then they called Superstition, and bid him look upon the prisoner. They also asked what he could say for their Lord the King against him? Then they swore him; so he began:

Super. "My Lord, I have no great acquaintance with this man, nor do I desire to have further knowledge of him; however, this I know, that he is a very pestilent fellow, from some discourse that the other day I had with him in this town; for then talking with him, I heard him say that our religion was naught, and such by which a man could by no means please God. Which sayings of his, my Lord,

your Lordship very well knows what necessarily thence will follow, to wit, that we still do worship in vain, are yet in our sins, and finally shall be damned; and this is that which I have to say."

Then was Pickthank sworn, and bid say that he knew, in behalf of their Lord the King, against the prisoner at the bar.

Pick. "My Lord, and you gentlemen all: This fellow I have known of a long time, and have heard him speak things that ought not to be spoke; for he hath railed on our noble Prince Beelzebub, and hath spoken contemptibly of his honorable friends, whose names are the Lord Old Man, the Lord Carnal Delight, the Lord Luxurious, the Lord Desire of Vain Glory, my old Lord Lechery, Sir Having Greedy, with all the rest of our nobility; and he hath said, moreover, that if all men were of his mind, if possible, there is not one of these noblemen should have any longer a being in this town; besides, he hath not been afraid to rail on you, my Lord, who are now appointed to be his judge, calling you an ungodly villain, with many other such-like vilifying terms, with which he hath bespattered most of the gentry of our town."

When this Pickthank had told his tale, the Judge directed his speech to the prisoner at the bar, saying, "Thou runagate, heretic, and traitor, hast thou heard what these honest gentlemen have witnessed against thee? "

Faith. "May I speak a few words in my own defense? "

Judge. "Sirrah, sirrah, thou deserveth to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet that all men may see our gentleness toward thee, let us see what thou hast to say."

Faith. "1. I say, then, in answer to what Mr. Envy hath spoken, I never said aught but this, that what rule, or laws, or custom, or people, were flat against the Word of God, are diametrically opposite to Christianity. If I have said amiss in this, convince me of my error, and I am ready here before you to make my recantation.

"2. As to the second, to wit, Mr. Superstition, and his charge against me, I said only this, that in the worship of God there is required a divine faith; but there can be no divine faith without a divine revelation of the will of God; therefore whatever is thrust into the worship of God that is not agreeable to divine revelation, cannot be done but by an human faith, which faith will not profit to eternal life.

"3. As to what Mr. Pickthank hath said, I say (avoiding terms, as that I am said to rail, and the like) that the prince of this town, with all the rabblement his attendants, by this gentleman named,

are more fit for a being in hell, than in this town and country; and so, the Lord have mercy upon me."

Then the Judge called to the jury (who all this while stood by, to hear and observe), "Gentlemen of the Jury, you see this man about whom so great an uproar hath been made in this town; you have also heard what these worthy gentlemen have witnessed against him; also you have heard his reply and confession. It lieth now in your breasts to hang him, or save his life; but yet I think meet to instruct you into our Law.

"There was an act made in the days of Pharaoh⁶ the Great, servant to our Prince, that lest those of a contrary religion should multiply and grow too strong for him, their males should be thrown into the river. There was also an act made in the days of Nebuchadnezzar⁷ the Great, another of his servants, that whoever would not fall down and worship his golden image, should be thrown into a fiery furnace. There was also an act made in the days of Darius,⁸ that whoso, for some time, called upon any God but him, should be cast into the lions' den. Now the substance of these laws this rebel has broken, not only in thought (which is not to be borne) but also in word and deed; which must therefore needs be intolerable.

"For that of Pharaoh, his law was made upon a supposition, to prevent mischief, no crime being yet apparent; but here is a crime apparent. For the second and third, you see he disputeth against our religion; and for the treason he hath confessed, he deserveth to die the death."

Then went the jury out, whose names were, Mr. Blind-man, Mr. No-good, Mr. Malice, Mr. Love-lust, Mr. Live-loose, Mr. Heady, Mr. High-mind, Mr. Enmity, Mr. Liar, Mr. Cruelty, Mr. Hate-light, and Mr. Implacable; who every one gave in his private verdict against him among themselves, and afterward unanimously concluded to bring him in guilty before the Judge. And first Mr. Blind-man the foreman, said, "I see clearly that this man is a heretic." Then said Mr. No-good, "Away with such a fellow from the earth." "Ay," said Mr. Malice, "for I hate the very looks of him." Then said Mr. Love-lust, "I could never endure him." "Nor I," said Mr. Live-loose, "for he would always be condemning my way." "Hang him, hang him," said Mr. Heady. "A sorry scrub," said Mr. High-mind. "My heart riseth against him," said Mr. Enmity. "He is a rogue," said Mr. Liar. "Hanging is too good for him," said Mr. Cruelty.

⁶ **Pharaoh:** The story of Pharaoh's measures against the Israelites is told in Exodus 1. ⁷ **Nebuchadnezzar:** Daniel 3:1-7. ⁸ **Darius:** Daniel 6:1-9.

"Let us dispatch him out of the way," said Mr. Hate-light. Then said Mr. Implacable, "Might I have all the world given me, I could not be reconciled to him; therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death." And so they did; therefore he was presently condemned to be had from the place where he was, to the place from whence he came, and there to be put to the most cruel death that could be invented.

They therefore brought him out, to do with him according to their Law; and first they scourged him, then they buffeted him, then they lanced his flesh with knives; after that they stoned him with stones, then pricked him with their swords; and last of all they burned him to ashes at the stake.⁹ Thus came Faithful to his end.

Now I saw that there stood behind the multitude a chariot¹⁰ and a couple of horses, waiting for Faithful, who (so soon as his adversaries had dispatched him) was taken up into it, and straightway was carried up through the clouds, with sound of trumpet, the nearest way to the Celestial Gate. But as for Christian, he had some respite, and was remanded back to prison; so he there remained for a space. But he that overrules all things, having the power of their rage in his own hand, so wrought it about, that Christian for that time escaped them, and went his way. And as he went he sang, saying,

Well Faithful, thou has faithfully profest
Unto thy Lord; with Him thou shalt be blest,
When faithless ones, with all their vain delights,
Are crying out under their hellish plights;
Sing, Faithful, sing, and let thy name survive;
For though they killed thee, thou art yet alive.

⁹ The description of Faithful's execution is no great exaggeration of the kind of torture common enough in Europe during the religious persecutions.

¹⁰ **Chariot:** This resembles the story of Elijah's removal to heaven, 2 Kings 2:9-12.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

1. For what reasons did Christian and Faithful arouse the ire of the people at Vanity Fair? Which of these was probably the most serious cause of objection? Did the pilgrims have any sympathizers?
2. Point out how the persons involved in the trial are particularly appropriate for Bunyan's purpose. Show how their words are in accordance with their names.
3. How does this selection reveal Bunyan's knowledge of the Bible? Do you know any men in the New Testament from whose experiences Bunyan may have derived some ideas for this experience of Christian and Faithful?

4. In what ways does this resemble the old morality plays? Could it be easily adapted to play form? What teaching do you think Bunyan intended by this incident?

5. If you have read Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, show how the title is appropriate to the story. How is the title suited to the modern magazine of that name?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read other parts of *The Pilgrim's Progress* and give brief reports of the incidents to the class. Recommended portions: The Slough of Despond, the fight with Apollyon, the interview with Mr. Worldly Wiseman, the Hill of Difficulty, the approach to the Celestial City.

2. Write a dramatization of some part of the story and enact it with your classmates before the class.

3. Write a "Student's Progress," a parody on Bunyan, representing the difficulties and final goal of school life.

4. Draw a pictorial map of *The Pilgrim's Progress* (or "The Student's Progress") with little sketches of the different incidents.

IZAAK WALTON (1593-1683)

All ardent fishermen should make the acquaintance of Izaak Walton, who first put fishing into literature. He was a small shop owner of London whose Royalist sympathies led him to withdraw from the city during the Commonwealth and retire to his native county of Staffordshire. There he lived happily indeed, satisfied with his angling, his observations of nature, his writing, and his friendships with learned divines. During the most troubled century of English history, Walton reflects in his work only the peace of quiet pools, in contrast to Dryden, who was constantly churning about in the whirlpools of public life.

Walton's writings are of two kinds: biography, of which he was one of the first writers, and his unique book on fishing. His masterpiece, *The Compleat Angler*, is largely a dialogue between Piscator, a fisherman, and Venator, a hunter and scholar. Piscator does most of the talking—now praising the sport of angling, now making observant comments on nature, now philosophizing on human nature. No modern fisherman could be a greater enthusiast than Walton. Says Piscator, "We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did'; and so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling." Someone has said that Walton "drops little moral lessons into the reader's mind as gently as one casts a fly to a wary trout." "A Sermon on Content" is such a "fly." It is drawn from *The Compleat Angler*.

A SERMON ON CONTENT

Piscator. Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes¹ walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair; where he saw ribbons and looking glasses and nutcrackers and fiddles and hobbyhorses and many other gimcracks; and, having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns² that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that He hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless, for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want; though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be nothing but his will of his poor neighbor for not worshiping or not flattering him. And thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbor's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a lawsuit with a dogged neighbor who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other, and this lawsuit begot higher oppositions, and actionable words,³ and more vexations and lawsuits; for you must remember that both were rich and must, therefore, have their wills. Well, this willful, purse-proud lawsuit lasted during the life of the first husband; after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted⁴ meek and thankful hearts; for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches and several houses, all beautiful and ready furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by

¹ **Diogenes**: an ancient Greek philosopher who reduced life to such simple terms that he is said to have lived in a tub. ² **finnimbruns**: an expressive word coined by Walton. ³ **actionable words**: words which brought on legal action, probably libel suits. ⁴ **wanted**: in the old sense of "lacked."

a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, it was to find content in some one of them. But his friend, knowing his temper, told him, if he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul. And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Savior says in St. Matthew's Gospel; for He there says: "Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." And, "Blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy and see God and be comforted and at last come to the kingdom of Heaven; but in the meantime he, and he only, possesses the earth as he goes toward that kingdom of Heaven, by being humble and cheerful and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honor or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness; and to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and, indeed, of many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms; where there is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies as did make him to be accounted, even by God Himself, to be a man after His own heart. And let us, in that, labor to be as like him as we can; let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value or not praise Him because they be common; let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers and meadows and flowers and fountains that we have met with since we met together? I have been told that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in its full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various

beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers and showers, and stomachs and meat, and content and leisure to go afishing.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF A SERMON ON CONTENT

1. By looking up its Latin derivation, find out why *Piscator* is an appropriate name for the speaker here.
2. Does Walton make his sermon convincing to you? Give several of the illustrations he uses to prove his point. Can you find counterparts of these illustrations among modern people?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read other parts of *The Compleat Angler* and report on them to the class.
2. Prepare a report on the history and activities of the Izaak Walton League.
3. What American nature writers resemble Walton in describing simple outdoor life with bits of philosophy interspersed? Which one is particularly interested in fishing? Bring in some good examples from these writers to compare with Walton. (See *Adventures in American Literature*, Revised Edition, pages 254 and 270.)

SAMUEL PEPYS (1633-1703)

Probably the most entertaining work of the seventeenth century to the average modern reader is the *Diary* of Samuel Pepys, for it gives us such inside information on the life of a Londoner of that day as no other book can offer. Pepys's father was a poor tailor who, with eleven children to support, could not give his son much of a start in life. At twenty-two with not a penny to start housekeeping, the youth married a girl of fifteen, but by ambition and diligence he soon worked up to a good position in the Navy Office and later became Secretary of the Admiralty. With the abdication of James II, Pepys retired and spent the last fourteen years of his life in adding to his splendid library and enjoying the many honors bestowed upon him, such as the presidency of the Royal Society and Provostship of King's College, Cambridge.

The famous *Diary* represents only nine years of his young manhood, from 1660-1669. He wrote it in a code or shorthand which he had invented to secure secrecy for the intimate details of his life which he committed to this book. For years it lay undeciphered, but in 1825 the first

edition translated into intelligible English was published, and many others have followed. Reading this diary makes one an intimate member of the Pepys household. Nothing is concealed. His vanities, his irritations with his relatives, his vexations at his wife, his troubles with his servants, the repairs on his house, what he gave his guests for dinner, his opinion of the Sunday sermon, his pride in his increasing income — all are recorded. Then, too, we learn a great deal about the public affairs of the day, for he recounts the great events of the early Restoration period with considerable detail. Had it not been for his failing eyesight, he might have continued the *Diary* indefinitely, but the last entry concludes, "And for all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me." Although the threatened disaster did not overtake him, the diary was never resumed.

Samuel Pepys was a small man with bright eyes but features of no great beauty, as we judge from his portraits and his remarks about his nose. He was somewhat of a dandy in his dress, a great lover of music, a quick-tempered master, and an indefatigable worker, often arising at four and working until midnight. Delving into this *Diary*, more than anything else you can do, will make you feel that you yourself have lived in the seventeenth century.

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

PERSONAL AFFAIRS

August 18, 1660. This morning I took my wife toward Westminster by water and landed her at Whitefriars with £5 to buy her a petticoat, and I to the Privy Seal. By and by comes my wife to tell me that my father has persuaded her to buy a most fine cloth at 26s. a yard, and a rich lace, that the petticoat will come to £5, at which I was somewhat troubled, but she doing it very innocently I could not be angry. I did give her more money and sent her away. To the Cockpitt play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, "The Loyal Subject," where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life, only her voice not very good.

February 23, 1662. (Lord's Day.) This day by God's mercy I am 29 years of age, and in very good health, and like to live and get an estate; and if I have a heart to be contented, I think I may reckon myself as happy a man as any is in the world, for which God be praised.

March 26, 1662. To the office and Sir G. Carteret's all the morning about business. At noon come my good guests, Madame Tur-

ner, The., and Cozen Norton, and a gentleman, one Mr. Lewin of the King's Life Guard. I had a pretty dinner for them; viz., a brace of stewed carps, six roasted chickens, and a jowl of salmon, hot, for the first course; a tanzy and two neats' tongues, and cheese the second; and were very merry all afternoon, talking and singing and piping upon the flageolet. In the evening they went with great pleasure away, and I with great content and my wife walked half an hour in the garden, and so home to supper and to bed.

December 7, 1662. (Lord's Day.) A great snow, and so to church this morning with my wife, which is the first time she hath been at church since her going to Brampton. So home, and we dined above in our dining room, the first time since it was new done. In the afternoon to my aunt Wight's where great store of her usual company, and here we stayed a pretty while talking, I differing from my aunt, as I commonly do, in our opinion of the handsomeness of the Queen, which I oppose mightily, saying that if my nose be handsome, then is hers, and such like.

April 23, 1663. To my office and put a few things in order, and so home to spend the evening with my father. At cards till late; and being at supper, my boy¹ being sent for some mustard to a neat's tongue, the rogue stayed half an hour in the streets, it seems at a bonfire; at which I was very angry, and resolve to beat him tomorrow.

April 24, 1663. Up betimes, and with my salt eel went down in the parlor and there got my boy and did beat him till I was fain to take breath two or three times. Yet for all I am afeard it will make the boy never the better, he is grown so hardened in his tricks; which I am sorry for, he being capable of making a brave man, and is a boy that I and my wife love very well. So made me ready, and to my office, where all the morning, and at noon home, sending my boy to inquire after two dancing masters at our end of the town for my wife to learn, of whose names the boy brought word. After dinner all the afternoon fiddling upon my violin (which I have not done many a day) while Ashwell² danced, above in my upper best chamber, which is a rare room for music.

June 21, 1663. (Lord's Day.) Up betimes, and fell to reading my Latin grammar, which I perceive I have great need of, having lately found it by my calling Will to the reading of a chapter in Latin, and I am resolved to go through it. To church and slept all the sermon, the Scott, to whose voice I am not to be reconciled, preaching.

¹ **my boy**: a serving boy. Pepys had no children. ² **Ashwell**: the maid-servant.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

The Execution of a Regicide

October 13, 1660. I went out to Charing Cross, to see Major-General Harrison³ hanged, drawn, and quartered; which was done there, he looking as cheerful as any man could do in that condition. He was presently cut down, and his head and heart shown to the people, at which there was great shouts of joy. It is said that he said that he was sure to come shortly at the right hand of Christ to judge them that now had judged him; and that his wife do expect his coming again. Thus it was my chance to see the King beheaded at Whitehall, and to see the first blood shed in revenge for the blood of the King at Charing Cross. From thence to my Lord's, and took Captain Cuttance and Mr. Sheply to the Sun Tavern, and did give them some oysters. After that I went by water home, where I was angry with my wife for her things lying about, and in my passion kicked the little fine basket, which I bought her in Holland, and broke it, which troubled me after I had done it. Within all the afternoon setting up shelves in my study. At night to bed.

The Coronation of Charles II

April 23, 1660. Coronation Day. About four I rose and got to the Abbey, where I followed Sir J. Denham, the Surveyor, with some company that he was leading in. And with much ado, by the favor of Mr. Cooper, his man, did get up into a great scaffold across the north end of the Abbey, where with a great deal of patience I sat from past four till eleven before the King come in. And a great pleasure it was to see the Abbey raised in the middle, all covered with red, and a throne (that is a chair) and footstool on the top of it; and all the officers of all kinds, so much as the very fiddlers, in red vests.

At last comes in the Dean and Prebends of Westminster, with the Bishops (many of them in cloth-of-gold copes), and after them the Nobility, all in their Parliament robes, which was a most magnificent sight. Then the Duke and the King with a scepter (carried by my Lord Sandwich) and sword and wand before him, and the crown too. The King in his robes, bare-headed, which was very fine. And after all had placed themselves, there was a sermon and the service; and then in the Choir at the high altar, the King passed through all

³ **Major General Harrison:** one of the signers of the death warrant of Charles I.

the ceremonies of the Coronation, which to my great grief I and most in the Abbey could not see. The crown being put upon his head, a great shout began, and he came forth to the throne; and there did pass more ceremonies: as taking the oath, and having things read to him by the Bishop; and his Lords (who put on their caps as soon as the King put on his crown) and bishops come, and kneeled before him. And three times the King at Arms⁴ went to the three open places on the scaffold, and proclaimed, that if anyone could show any reason why Charles Stewart should not be King of England, that now he should come and speak. And a General Pardon also was read by the Lord Chancellor, and medals flung up and down by my Lord Cornwallis, of silver, but I could not come by any. But so great a noise that I could make but little of the music; and indeed, it was lost to everybody.

I went out a little while before the King had done all his ceremonies, and went round the Abbey to Westminster Hall, all the way within rails, and 10,000 people, with the ground covered with blue cloth; and scaffolds all the way. Into the Hall I got, where it was very fine with hangings and scaffolds one upon another full of brave ladies; and my wife in one little one, on the right hand. Here I stayed walking up and down, and at last, upon one of the side stalls I stood and saw the King come in with all the persons (but the soldiers) that were yesterday in the cavalcade; and a most pleasant sight it was to see them in their several robes. And the King came in with his crown on, and his scepter in his hand, under a canopy borne up by six silver staves, carried by Barons of the Cinque Ports,⁵ and little bells at every end.

And after a long time, he got up to the farther end, and all set themselves down at their several tables; and that was also a brave sight; and the King's first course carried up by the Knights of the Bath. And many fine ceremonies there was of the herald's leading up people before him, and bowing; and my Lord of Albemarle's going to the kitchen and eat a bit of the first dish that was to go to the King's table. But, above all, was these three Lords, Northumberland, and Suffolk, and the Duke of Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback, and staying so all dinnertime, and at last to bring up⁶ [Dymock] the King's champion, all in armor on horseback, with his spear and target carried before him. And a herald proclaims, "That if any

⁴ **King at Arms**: head of the heralds. ⁵ **Cinque Ports**: five ports on the English Channel: Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Romney, and Hythe. ⁶ The ceremony here described is no longer observed at the coronation ceremony.

dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a champion that would fight with him "; and with these words, the champion flings down his gauntlet, and all this he do three times in his going up toward the King's table. At last when he is come, the King drinks to him, and then sends him the cup, which is of gold, and he drinks it off, and then rides back again with the cup in his hand. I went from table to table to see the bishops and all others at their dinner, and was infinitely pleased with it. And at the Lord's table, I met with William Howe, and he spoke to my Lord for me, and he did give me four rabbits and a pullet, and so I got it and Mr. Creed and I got Mr. Minshell to give us some bread, and so we at a stall eat it, as everybody else did what they could get. I took a great deal of pleasure to go up and down, and look upon the ladies, and to hear the music of all sorts, but above all, the twenty-four violins.

The London Fire

September 2, 1666. (Lord's Day.) Some of our maids sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast today, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my nightgown, and went to her window, and thought it to be on the back side of Mark Lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was and farther off. So to my closet to set things to rights after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower, and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge.⁷ So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding Lane, and that it hath burned St. Magnus Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat and through bridge, and there saw a lamen-

⁷ on the bridge: Old London bridge was like a street with houses built on it.

table fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running farther, that in a very little time it got as far as the Steel Yard, while I was there. Everybody endeavoring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering from one pair of stairs by the waterside to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loath to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconies till they were, some of them burned, their wings, and fell down. Having stayed, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way, and nobody, to my sight, endeavoring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire, and having seen it get as far as the Steel Yard, and the wind mighty high and driving it into the City; and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and among other things the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. — lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down; I go to White Hall, and there up to the King's closet in the Chapel, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, and word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of York what I saw, and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of York bade me tell him that if he would have any more soldiers he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterward, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to Paul's, and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away laden with goods to save, and here and there sick people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkerchief about his neck. To the King's message he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night. So he left me, and I him, and walked home, seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very

thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tar, in Thames Street; and warehouses of oil, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Issake Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brothers' things, whose houses were on fire; and, as he says, have been removed twice already; and he doubts (as it soon proved) that they must be in a little time removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time.

By this time it was about twelve o'clock; and so home, and there find my guests, which were Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moone: she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my closet and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. While at dinner Mrs. Batelier come to inquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes (who, it seems, are related to them), whose houses in Fish Street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright. Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through the city, the streets full of nothing but people and horses and carts laden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street (which received goods in the morning) into Lombard Street, and farther; and among others I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse and his brother, whom I met in the street, and carried them below and above bridge to and again to see the fire, which was now got farther, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queenhithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them. Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the waterside; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and at Buttolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used; but the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not by the waterside what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good goods swimming in the water, and only I observed

that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of virginals^s in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment, and there walked to St. James' Park, and there met my wife and Creed and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat; and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still increasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little alehouse on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there stayed till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow: and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We stayed till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of the bridge and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the crackling of houses at their ruin.

So home with a sad heart, and there find everybody discoursing and lamenting the fire; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which is burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods, but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry, and moonshine, and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man, to bed a little; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down the goods.

3rd. About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to

^s *virginals*: a keyed musical instrument popular in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Sir W. Rider's at Bednall Green. Which I did, riding myself in my nightgown in the cart; and, Lord! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. I find Sir W. Rider tired with being called up all night, and receiving things from several friends. His house full of goods, and much of Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's. I am eased at my heart to have my treasure so well secured. Then home, with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF PEPYS'S DIARY

1. How many different traits of Samuel Pepys can you discover from his *Diary*? Do you think you would enjoy knowing such a person? What indication do you find that Pepys was "a rising young man" in London?
2. Which entries do you think he would not have made if he had thought outsiders would read his *Diary*?
3. What light does this *Diary* throw on life and customs of that day that differ from ours? What details of his description of public events stand out in your mind as being told with special vividness?

For the Ambitious Student

1. You can't afford to miss more of the *Diary*. See page 346.
2. Write some good diary entries of your own or another's experiences. Describe an imaginary visit to Pepys's home.
3. What well-known newspaper columnist of today frequently imitates the style of Pepys? Study some of these write-ups to see what phrases and mannerisms recur frequently.
4. Compare the coronation of Charles II with that of George VI in 1937.

READING LIST FOR PURITAN AND RESTORATION PERIOD

LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD

Collections of Lyric Poetry
 Carpenter, Frederic I.: *English Lyric Poetry (1500-1700)*
 Manly, John M.: *English Poetry Oxford Book of English Verse*
 * Palgrave, Francis T.: *The Golden Treasury*, Book II

Individual Authors

Milton, John: "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," * "Lyc-

idas"; * sonnets. * *Comus. Paradise Lost. Samson Agonistes*

Dryden, John: * "A Song for St. Cecilia's Day," * "Lines Printed under the Portrait of Milton," * "Song from *The Indian Emperer*," * "Song from *Cleomenes*"; fables: Chaucer's * "The Cock and the Fox" and other tales in rhymed couplets

* Starred books are those most suitable for high-school students.

- Bunyan, John: * *The Pilgrim's Progress, Grace Abounding*
 Walton, I.: * *The Compleat Angler*
 Pepys, Samuel: * *Everybody's Pepys*, edited by O. F. Morshead; * *Red-Letter Days of Samuel Pepys*, edited by E. F. Allen (arranged by topics)
 Evelyn, John: *Diary*

IMPORTANT BOOKS ABOUT THE PERIOD

Fiction

- Ainsworth, W. H.: * *Old St. Paul's*
 Barrington, E.: * "The Diurnal of Elizabeth Pepys" (in *The Ladies*), an imaginary diary
 Blackmore, R. D.: * *Lorna Doone*
 Buchan, John: *John Burnett of Barns, Witchwood*
 Deeping, Warwick: *Mad Barbara*
 Doyle, Conan: * *Micah Clarke*
 Dumas, Alexandre: *The Three Musketeers*
 "Maclaren, Ian": * *Graham of Claverhouse*
 Masefield, John: *Lost Endeavor*; * *Martin Hyde, the Duke's Messenger*
 Quiller-Couch, Sir Arthur: * *The Splendid Spur, The Blue Pavilion*, stories in *Corporal Sam*
 Sabatini, Raphael: *Fortune's Fool, The Tavern Knight*
 Scott, Sir Walter: * *The Bride of Lammermoor*, * *A Legend of Montrose*, * *Old Mortality*, * *Woodstock*
 Weyman, Stanley J.: *Shrewsbury*

Drama

- Drinkwater, John: * *Cromwell*
 Fagan, James B.: *And So to Bed* (a comedy about Pepys)

History and Biography

- Gardiner, S. R.: *The First Two Stuarts and the Puritan Revolution*

- Hale, E.: *The Fall of the Stuarts*
 Macaulay, T. B.: *History of England*
 Sydney, W. C.: *Social Life in England from the Restoration to the Revolution*
 Lives of Cromwell by Belloc, Buchan, * Taylor, Morley
 Lives of Milton by * Belloc, Hanford. R. Macaulay, T. B. Macaulay
 Lives of Bunyan by Brown, Speight, Froude
 Lives of Dryden by Saintsbury, Scott
 Lives of Pepys by * A. Bryant, Bradford, Drinkwater, R. Macaulay
 Mrs. Pepys by Astin, Brunner, Bradford (in *Portraits of Women*)
- Art, Architecture, and Costume*
 Brooke, Iris: * *English Costume of the Seventeenth Century*
 Gotch, J. A.: *The English Home from Charles I to George IV*
 Weaver, L.: *Sir Christopher Wren*

Music

- Sears, M. E.: *Song Index* lists music for over forty lyrics by poets of this period.
 Phonograph records of *Comus* (Lawes setting) and other Milton poems (Handel setting)



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MRS. SIDDONS, A FAMOUS SHAKESPEAREAN ACTRESS

Portrait by Thomas Gainsborough

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

1700-1800

Rapid Change and Expansion Mark Eighteenth Century.

In the eighteenth century great changes occurred in England. Internal fighting over religion ceased, while national energies were directed toward fighting France. The nation, expanding from an island to an empire, developed commerce, increased wealth, enriched the arts, and enhanced the comforts of life. Englishmen became more practical, analytical, skeptical, and sophisticated. A typical figure of the eighteenth century is the well-to-do Londoner sitting for hours at a time in his favorite coffeehouse, reading the newspapers, which now first appeared in England, or discussing the events of the day with his friends. There was much to discuss, for great things were going on in the world, and England was becoming more and more involved in Continental affairs.

England Begins Long War with France. The reasons for conflict were many. In the first place, William III, the Dutch king who came to the throne with Queen Mary, was less interested in the internal problems of England than in his desperate struggle against the ambitious Louis XIV of France. This egotistic king was not content with having the most brilliant court in Europe — a court which led the world in art, literature, and manners. He must also gather into his realm all the other countries possible. Through his Spanish wife he laid claim to the Netherlands. William's idea was to bring the whole force of England to aid his homeland in this Continental quarrel and thereby overthrow Louis. Thus opened a series of wars with France which, with added provocations, continued at intervals from 1689 until 1815, a period longer than the former Hundred Years' War. As in nearly all prolonged international struggles, the results were most unsatisfactory. What advances mankind might have made if all that energy, ability, and money had been used for the well-being of a whole people! Instead, the net result to France of Louis's ambitions was a load of national debt, the reduction of the common people to beggary, the ruin of any attempted reforms, and the first steps on the road to the French Revolution.

England Fears Stuart Restoration. Another source of irritation between the two countries was that each harbored the refugees of the other. Louis XIV's persecution of the Huguenots had sent thousands of these Protestants out of France. Even before William's time French émigrés were common in London and won the sympathy of Protestant England. On the other hand Louis had given refuge to the expelled James II. and had plotted with him to attack England through Catholic Ireland. In fact, the threat of another Stuart restoration hung over England for almost half the eighteenth century. The hope of the Jacobites, or adherents of James, lay in James's son and grandson, James Edward and Charles Edward, nicknamed "the Old Pretender" and "the Young Pretender." With the aid of Scotland both made attempts to secure the English crown. The exciting and romantic story of Charles Edward, also called "the Young Chevalier," has been told in many a ballad and novel, for he was a charming, gallant, and cultivated youth with the same ability to enlist ardent and loyal sympathies as his great ancestor, Mary Queen of Scots. The cruel and decisive defeat of Charles Edward at Culloden in northern Scotland in 1746 finally ended the Stuart cause.

One reason why England as a whole opposed the Pretenders and Louis XIV was that these rulers stood for absolute monarchy, an idea hated and feared by the rising middle class. Since Parliament controlled William through the Bill of Rights, its support of him against France really meant that the old struggle between Parliament and King had been renewed on the Continent.

Rivalry in Trade and Colonies Prolongs the War. Of course, as always, even today, trade was another cause of war. To encourage its own industries each country put heavy duties on the products of the other. If an Englishman bought French goods in England, he would have to pay a high price for them, while the cost to a Frenchman of English goods in France, was increased by a tax. These "protective tariffs" engendered bad feeling, resulted in cutthroat competition, and prolonged the war between the two countries. Later England became noted for her stand for free trade between nations.

Another form of competition between France and England involved their colonies in North America. At one time France had a strong colony in Canada and another in Louisiana, named for the king. Through the numerous explorations of the French from the Great Lakes down to the mouth of the Mississippi, France might have linked the northern and southern colonies by control of the entire Mississippi Basin had not Louis wasted his man power in European wars. But

England, fearing this danger, was not satisfied with having acquired Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, and the Hudson Bay territory. After the middle of the century the conflict between the two countries was transferred largely to America in the French and Indian Wars. In 1759 General Wolfe astounded the world by capturing the supposedly impregnable fortress of Quebec, and thus extended British possessions into Canada. Fifteen years later France retaliated by helping the American colonies win their independence from Great Britain. Then France, busy with her own internal revolution, ignored outsiders, but after the execution of Louis XVI, the two countries again engaged in a conflict which lasted with brief intervals until the final defeat of Napoleon in 1815.

These wars were all on foreign soil, however, and were fought largely by professional soldiers, often by foreign mercenaries. As far as the ordinary Londoner was concerned, war affected only his morning news, his trade ledger, and the heavy taxes payable on such things as linen, silk, sugar, tea, coffee, wine, and, curiously enough, window glass. Even the American Revolution, so momentous in our own history, was to this ordinary Londoner simply another distant current event to be discussed over a comfortable dinner table along with the latest play. Consequently, though he might grumble at the discomforts resulting from war, he never stood aghast at its horrors or suggested that civilized nations should abandon it. Most literature that dealt with war glorified it and exulted in the victories that carried the British flag around the globe.

The Reign of Queen Anne. Queen Anne (1702-1714), the sister of William's wife, Mary, was a pious and rather commonplace woman, but the age of "Good Queen Anne" became brilliant in literature, in London society life, and in military triumphs. It was also self-complacent and smug. The English navy was strong, and "Britannia" did literally "rule the waves." At sea England won the Rock of Gibraltar, which is still her stronghold on the Mediterranean. On the Continent one of England's most famous generals, the Duke of Marlborough, was victor in three battles. For his triumph in the battle of Blenheim he was extolled to the skies by poets of that time, but Southey's poem, written a century later, conveys the sense of futility that all such wars now arouse (see page 613).

Rise of Political Parties. In England this reign was a great age of political factions. The Tory party stood for personal loyalty to the royal family and the conservative ideals of the country nobility. The Whigs were principally the aristocratic and merchant classes of

the city, eager to extend the powers of Parliament and to advance commerce, education, and liberal ideas. Back and forth between the two parties passed the control of the cabinet.

This rivalry resulted in much political satire and often "dirty politics." Even such eminent writers as Daniel Defoe, author of *Robinson Crusoe*, and Jonathan Swift, author of *Gulliver's Travels*, were not above writing abusive political diatribes, and Defoe turned his political coat whenever it best suited him.

Elegance versus Squalor. In social life and in literature, which was almost entirely concerned with upper-class society, the age was one of great formality. Fashionable London frowned upon the expression of human emotion and prided itself on polite restraints, polished manners, wit, artifice, and frivolity. The architecture and even the landscape gardening reflected this cultivated formality. Wild nature was abhorred. English arms might be victorious on the battlefield, but French affectations triumphed in garden and ballroom. Though society was highly polished on the surface, beneath lay much human misery. The common people were to be kept in their place and their sufferings politely passed by. "Man's inhumanity to man" flourished. There were brutal punishments for comparatively small offenses. Never before was there so much drunkenness in England among the rank and file. The poorer people often lived in conditions of almost unbelievable filth and squalor.

The First of "the Four Georges." After Queen Anne, came the kings whom the novelist Thackeray ably described in *The Four Georges*. The first three of these reigns fall within the eighteenth century. George I (1714-1727) was a cousin of Anne and a great-grandson of James I. The ruler of the small German state of Hanover, he could speak no English and was never interested in England. As his ministers spoke no German, they took over the government without much consultation with the king. One of them, Robert Walpole, became so dominant that he was nicknamed "Prime Minister," a term which has become official in English government.

George I's reign was marked by one of the most colossal financial scandals in history. A stock company formed to trade in the South Seas offered to pay the Government seven million pounds for the privilege of taking over the national debt! The people, thinking that the Government was backing the company, rushed to invest all their hard-earned savings. The company failed in the disaster, known as "The South Sea Bubble," and English people by the thousands were completely ruined.

When George II (1727-1760) succeeded his father, it was said, "A dapper and strutting German has stepped into the shoes of a boorish and surly one." His queen, Caroline, however, was very sensible. Although a London mob *cheered* at her funeral, she was during her lifetime a peace-making influence between her husband and his ministers. Troubles arising from the Continental wars held the center of the stage during most of this reign.

High Lights of George III's Reign. George III (1760-1820), grandson of George II, lived through a remarkable period extending well into the nineteenth century. He is known to us as the German King of England against whom we fought the American Revolution. We know that his Prime Minister, "the amiable and flabby Lord North," handled the Colonies with wretched stupidity. But we also remember that some of the best Englishmen, including the statesmen Pitt and Burke, sympathized with the Americans, despite the opposition of the sovereign. George III saw the United States made formally independent of England by the Treaty of Paris. He also saw Britain's empire expand. The British gained Canada from the French, and Robert Clive made the activity of the East India Company a foundation stone for British rule in India. Furthermore, Captain Cook reached New Zealand and Australia.

In 1789 the eyes of England were again focused on France. The fall of the great state prison, the Bastille, attacked by an angry mob, lighted the flare of the French Revolution. Breathlessly England watched the rapid reorganization of government under a representative assembly, the abolition of nobility, the imprisonment and finally the execution of Louis XVI and his famous queen, Marie Antoinette, during the Reign of Terror. In 1793 France declared war on England because of her hostility to these acts, and the century went out with the ancient enemies again in arms.

A Century of Progress and Invention. Before this final interruption by war, English trade had quadrupled by 1790. Prosperity was in the air. Though it was a day of "a landowning feudal upper class," yet the middle classes of the rapidly growing towns were challenging the control by the great Tory and Whig families. Better roads facilitated travel by stagecoach, and this caused the building of country inns all over England, while better canals helped in the interchange of goods. This century has been called the "Age of Invention," because of the many advances in farming and industrial methods. Jethro Hull's drill improved the method of sowing seed, and the first threshing machine was invented in 1732. A pumping machine for

mines, called by its inventors "the machine for raising water by fire," became the basis for later improvements. In 1768 Richard Arkwright patented his new loom, evolved from the earlier spinning jenny, and one year later James Watt obtained the first patent for his steam engine. These two helped to usher in the significant Industrial Revolution which came to a head in the next century.

Agricultural methods were improved by the use of root crops; that is, by growing turnips for cattle grazing in the fallow fields. Through this supply of fodder for their stock the people could have fresh meat in winter. But distress sometimes followed progress. For instance, poor people owning no land of their own, had been accustomed to let their livestock graze on the public "common." Now the common was inclosed, and their pigs, geese, and cows were forfeit. Thus "a class of landless farm workers steadily increased." Nevertheless, the housing of the common people and their general conditions were certainly better.

A Picture of the Countryside. What did this England look like? In the country most of the wasteland had been brought under cultivation. There were now neat hedged fields and pastures, dotted with comfortable-looking cattle and sheep. Majestic country houses loomed in the distance. There were fashionable "watering places" at Bath and Tunbridge Wells. The highroads were lively with traffic, as Thackeray describes it:

The ponderous wagon with its bells and plodding team; the light post coach that achieved the journey from the "White Hart," Salisbury, to the "Swan with Two Necks," London, in two days; the strings of pack horses that had not yet left the road; my lord's gilt post chaise-and-six with the outriders galloping on ahead; the country squire's great coach and heavy Flanders mares; the farmers trotting to market, or the parson jolting to the cathedral town on Dumpling, his wife behind on the pillion—all these crowding sights and brisk people greeted the traveler on his journey. Hodge the farmer's boy took off his hat, and Polly the milkmaid bobbed a curtsy, as the chaise whirled over the pleasant village green, and the white-headed children lifted their chubby faces and cheered. The church spires glistened with gold, the cottage gables glared in the sunshine, the great elms murmured in summer, or cast purple shadows over the grass.

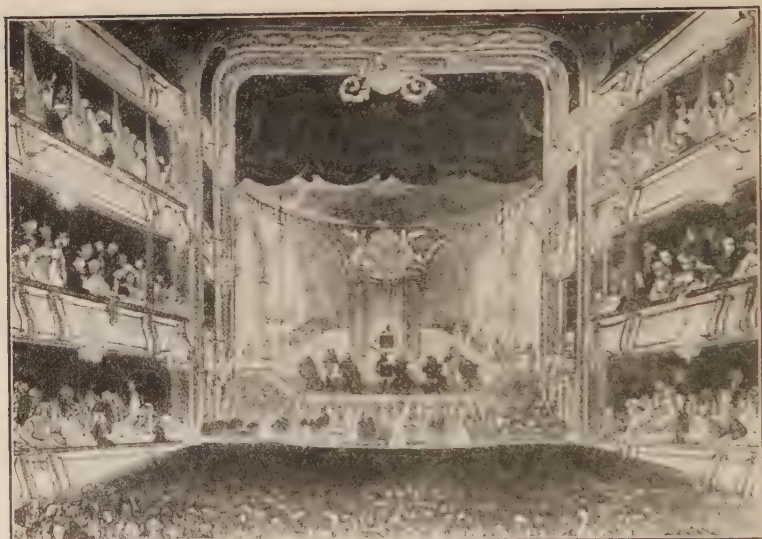
London Teems with Life. The kind of city life familiar to us today was then beginning. Its outstanding institution was the coffee-house, vividly pictured in the film, *Lloyd's of London*. Its origin went back to Cromwell's time when a certain English merchant first brought coffee as a new beverage from Turkey. Chocolate was also



GOLDSMITH, BOSWELL, AND JOHNSON AT THE MITRE TAVERN. Said Goldsmith about Johnson's arguments: "If his pistol misses fire, he knocks you down with the butt of it." (Culver Service)

served, but tea was still a luxury. The coffeehouses had now become, for their customers, meeting places in which to hear the news of the day. The aristocrats frequented White's chocolate house; the literati foregathered at Will's or Button's. Men ate at "ordinaries" or formed clubs for eating and drinking. The streets, crowded by day, were dimlit and dangerous at night, because of roisterers and "roughs" known as Mohocks. Making your way down a narrow, badly paved street, you were driven to the wall by splashing coaches, swaying sedan chairs, or a galloping horseman, while porters and peddlers surged past.

Here a sooty Chimney Sweeper takes the Wall of a grave Alderman, and a Broom Man justles the Parson of the Parish. There a fat greasie Porter runs a Trunk full butt upon you, while another salutes you with a Flasket of Eggs and Butter. *Turn out there, you Country Putt*, says a Bully with a sword two yards long jarring at his heels, and throws you into the Kennel [the street gutters were called kennels in those days].



COVENT GARDEN THEATER. Built in 1731. Its immense stage and numerous boxes enabled a glittering society to see and be seen. (Bettmann Collection)

It was easier to reach your destination by water, for there were many scullers and boatmen on the Thames. The price for any boat trip was fixed by law.

On the Thames itself are countless swarms of little boats, passing and repassing, many with one mast and one sail, and many with none, in which persons of all ranks are carried over. Thus there is hardly less stir and bustle on this river than London's crowded streets.

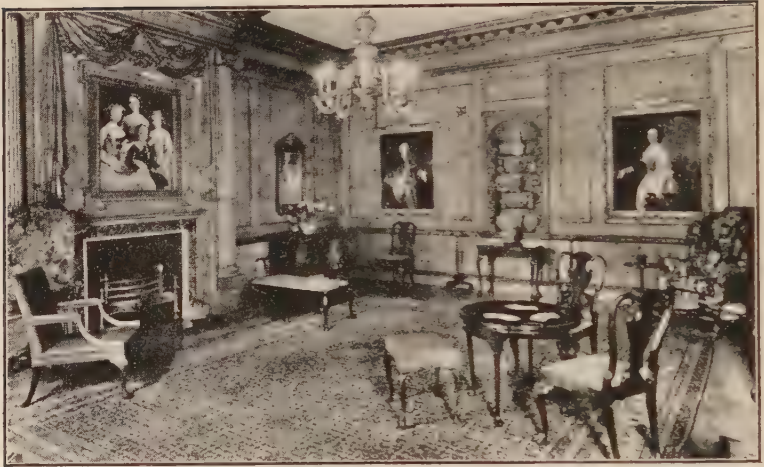
Outside the city, for diversion, were the pleasure gardens of Vauxhall and Ranelagh. Standing in the Grand Cross Walk of Vauxhall, you viewed the fireworks at night over the parterres and trees. Here were held masked balls called "ridottos." The admission fee was a guinea, the ticket including supper and music. Italian operas were high in fashionable favor, and also the oratorios of Handel, whose "Messiah" is famous. Cruel sports like bullbaiting and bearbaiting and cockfighting were still popular. At the boisterous theaters, Covent Garden, Drury Lane, the Haymarket, beaux and belles thronged to see the great Garrick, the incomparable Mrs. Siddons, or the roguish Peg Woffington.



AFTER BREAKFAST. One of Hogarth's paintings from the famous series entitled *Marriage à la Mode*. Hogarth satirized the artificiality of eighteenth century manners and morals as sharply as Swift attacked them with his pen. (Bettmann Collection)

How People Dressed. In those days men wore full-skirted coats with the waistcoat at first very long and elaborate, knee breeches, fastened with buckles, clocked stockings and shoes with large buckles. The three-cornered hat was typical. In Queen Anne's day the "full-bottomed" wig was fashionable, but later the hair was tied in a queue. A dude or "fop" of the time often wore a crimson cape, a feather in his hat, a small cane hanging from a button, and was generally accompanied by two greyhounds.

Ladies powdered their hair and wore an elaborate and enormous headdress, "decked with ribbons, feathers, little toy ships, and coaches." So much effort was spent in arranging these that frequently the coiffure was not disturbed for three days and nights! Little caps of lace were worn indoors, and outdoors "milkmaid" straw hats which tied under the chin; later large ostrich-plumed hats were in vogue. The dress had a pointed bodice, and a skirt full at the hips and reaching to the ankles, at first with a hooped underskirt. The sleeves were long or elbow-length. A patrician lady carried long gloves, a muff,



A GEORGIAN DRAWING ROOM. From Stanwick Park, Yorkshire, built in 1740. The pine paneling, carved mantel, portraits, and furniture are typical of the period. (Minneapolis Institute of Arts)

a fan or parasol, and usually a bouquet of artificial flowers. The popularity of beauty spots and patches on the face made a Frenchman of the time remark, "In England young, old, handsome, ugly, all are be-patched."

Art, Architecture, and Furniture. These eighteenth-century costumes have been perpetuated in many excellent portrait paintings. English art was now developing its own great masters, whereas the earlier, famous court painters, Holbein of the Tudors, Van Dyck and Lely of the Stuarts, had come from the Continent. Early in the century several art schools sprang up in London. One of these was owned by William Hogarth, whose brilliant caricatures, both in engraving and oil, of the life of his day are highly prized today. In the middle of the century Sir Joshua Reynolds and Thomas Gainsborough were great rivals in portraiture. Besides their many paintings of prominent men and women, Reynolds excelled in portraits of children, and Gainsborough set the style for landscapes, a form which soon had great vogue because of the increasing interest in nature awakened at the end of the century. In 1768 the Royal Academy was founded to encourage artists through its exhibits.

The related arts of architecture and interior decoration were so perfected that they are still widely imitated. The four Adam brothers,

who called one of their great blocks in London the "Adelphi," from the Greek word for "brothers," based their designs on ancient Greek models, and made their columns and pediments, doorways and staircases prevalent throughout England and America. Robert Adam also designed furniture. Some one has said that in this age "the names of the master designers of furniture eclipsed those of the reigning sovereigns." Fortunate indeed is anyone who today owns original chairs or tables by Chippendale, Hepplewhite, or Sheraton. Their names are still, of course, attached to modern imitations. In 1763 the Wedgwood potteries were founded, and that name is still the stamp of the finest china of England's great pottery industry. Some of our most prized designs in silverware date from this century, which was indeed a great age for the arts and crafts.

LITERATURE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

The various tendencies of the century discussed in this chapter are reflected in its literature. Since the characteristics of the first half and the last half of the century are decidedly different, it is well to separate them, and for convenience name them for their literary leaders, the Age of Pope and the Age of Dr. Johnson.

The Age of Pope Emphasizes Classicism. This period is sometimes called "the Augustan age" because its brilliant circle of writers has been compared to that of the Roman Emperor Augustus in the first century. Besides the great satiric poet, Alexander Pope, there were the journalist and novelist, Daniel Defoe, the prose satirist, Jonathan Swift, the periodical essayists, Addison and Steele, and a host of lesser lights. It is also known as "the classic age," because its literary men adhered to the rules of writing laid down by the French, and exhibited their intimate knowledge of Greek and Roman classics by allusion and quotation. Then, too, it was a generation of frivolity. Sedan chairs bore fine ladies through dark and miry streets to Milady So-and-So's salon where silken brocades rustled, jewels twinkled in the light of hundreds of candles, and the duel of wit often resulted in a duel of rapiers the next morning. Literature reflected this worship of fashion, usually by holding it up to ridicule, but always with smoothness, precision, and snap. Never was the exact word, the flashing phrase, or the correct construction in greater literary repute. So this period may also be called the age of elegance and satire.

Pope Supreme among Poets of His Day. When he was

twenty-three, Alexander Pope (1688-1744) enunciated in his *Essay on Criticism*, written in rhymed couplets, most of the principles which governed writing fashions of his day. It shows the influence of the French poet and critic Boileau, who stressed the idea of carefully reasoned thought and simplicity of expression. The next year came *The Rape of the Lock*, his masterly satire of the society life of London (see page 370). His translation of the *Iliad* and half of the *Odyssey* in his usual heroic couplets was good Pope, but not all good Homer. In his *Dunciad* he wrote an Iliad of Dunces in which he cruelly lampooned all the smaller fry of literature. His *Essay on Man*, however, has enriched human conversation with more gems of expression than we sometimes realize. Excelling in the pithy, the polished, the coldly rational, he was supreme among the poets of his time.

Swift Writes Devastating Satire. What Pope was to poetic satire, Jonathan Swift (1667-1745) was to prose satire. The two men were good friends, and while Pope flayed many others in his *Dunciad*, he praised Swift. The sharpness of their tongues was a bond between them. Swift wrote three major satires. *The Battle of the Books* discusses whether the ancient or modern writers were the best. *The Tale of a Tub*, on religious differences, pictures three brothers: Peter, symbolizing the Church of Rome; Martin, the Church of England; and Jack, the Protestant Dissenters. The appearance of their coats suggests the differences in ritual and service of the three, and their tyrannies and quarrels satirize the bitter struggles of the preceding century. The most famous of Swift's great satires is *Gulliver's Travels* (see page 382), which oddly enough has been read as a children's book for years. Though intended as a blasting, bitter fling at all the shortcomings of the human race, it was generally accepted as a romance concerning a man traveling in remote and incredible countries of pygmies, giants, strange scientists, and horses.

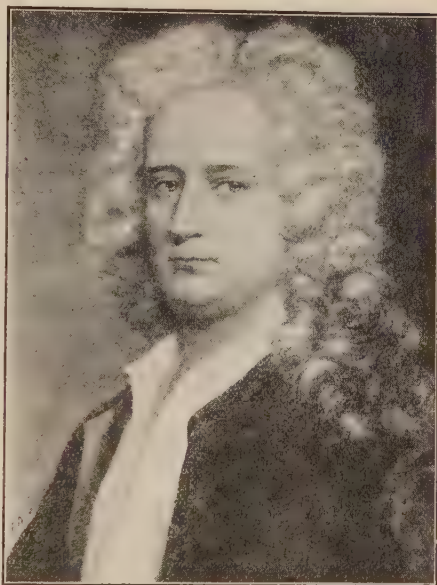
In his essay *A Modest Proposal* Swift suggested to poor Irish parents who found their children becoming a burden that the children be fattened for the tables of the landlords. His intention was deeply ironical, to point out flagrant abuses needing reform. Swift felt that he and Pope exercised a healthy influence against the hypocrisy, cant, and dullness of their time. But many of their shafts glanced off the tough hide of the literal-minded world.

Gay's *The Beggars' Opera*, a Popular Satire. Pope and Swift had a third intimate friend, John Gay (1685-1732), familiar to our time through the revival of his lyrical drama, *The Beggars' Opera*. Immediately successful on its original production in the eighteenth

century by a man named Rich, it "made Rich gay and Gay rich." It was actually a social satire in disguise, the idea being suggested, it is thought, by Swift. Sir Robert Walpole, who is caricatured in it, prevented the production of its sequel, *Polly*, but when published by subscription three years before Gay's death, it enriched the author with a profit of more than a thousand pounds. Gay is best remembered as a figure in the changing English theater of this time — a link between the Restoration drama and that of Goldsmith and Sheridan.

Addison and Steele Establish Periodicals.

In contrast to the devastating satires of Pope and Swift, another pair of friends developed the gentle, good-humored satire to a high degree of perfection. These two, Joseph Addison (1672-1719) and Richard Steele (1672-1729), founded *The Tatler* (1709) and *The Spectator* (1711), periodicals which anticipated our modern magazines as well as our newspapers (see page 392). At first concerned only with politics, they later branched out into current gossip, comments on manners and morals, and criticisms of literature and the theater. To add interest to the paper, Steele invented a club of imaginary characters through whom comments on the life of the day could be introduced. One of these, Sir Roger de Coverley, the country squire, caught Addison's fancy to such an extent that he wrote a famous series of essays on him alone. This full rounding out of a character from many angles is regarded as one of the steps leading to the later development of the novel. The work of these two men was urbane, and free from attacks on individuals in which many other writers of the time freely in-



JOSEPH ADDISON. By his genial essays in *The Spectator* he made Sir Roger de Coverley the most famous country gentleman in literature. (Ewing Galloway)

dulged. The great popularity of their periodicals served to spread culture throughout England and tactfully to correct the manners and morals of their time.

Both Addison and Steele were also playwrights, but their work in that field has not lived. Steele's comedies had humorous characterizations but were overly moral and sentimental. Addison's opera failed at once; his tragedy *Cato*, a success in its day because of its political nature, is no longer played. However, his hymns, with their resounding phrases, have lived and are still found in most hymn books. Undoubtedly Addison was a greater literary artist than Steele. Dr. Samuel Johnson lauded him in these words: "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

Defoe a Clever Journalist. Another journalist of note was Daniel Defoe (1661?–1731), who started *The Review* even before the day of *The Tatler*. He did not mingle in literary circles and was rather looked down upon by the elegant gentlemen of the coffee-houses. But he was a prolific writer, and full of modern-sounding projects for improving society, such as better education for women. He excelled in a simple graphic style, illustrated by his *Journal of the Plague Year* (see page 408). His masterpiece *Robinson Crusoe*, like *Gulliver's Travels*, has come to be looked upon as a book for children, though it was not so intended. It, too, is a step toward the novel, and even though dealing with a shipwrecked sailor on a desert island, it has sufficient story interest to have sometimes been called our first novel.

The Novel a New Form. This new form, however, really appeared with Richardson's *Pamela*, in 1740. Because of its importance as a type and the fact that it cannot be represented satisfactorily by selections, the novel is discussed in a separate chapter which includes the story of its rise in the eighteenth century (see page 485).

THE AGE OF DR. JOHNSON

By 1750 all the great men of Queen Anne's reign — Pope, Swift, Addison, Steele, Defoe — were either dead or through writing, and a new group of authors was springing up. Attitudes of mind were changing too. Common sense and sentiment had taken the place of mere wit; styles were simplified; the principles of liberty and equality were beginning to upset established orders; Rousseau's theories were



DR. JOHNSON'S CLUB. Reading from left to right are Boswell, Johnson, Reynolds, Garrick, Burke, Paoli, Burney, Wharton, and Goldsmith. (Culver Service)

popularizing a "back-to-nature" movement. Yet the old classical tradition was upheld by Dr. Samuel Johnson (1709-1784), who gathered around him a club of about two hundred notables. Among its members were: Sir Joshua Reynolds, the painter; Edmund Burke, the orator and politician; Garrick, the actor; Boswell, the biographer; Oliver Goldsmith, the poet and novelist; Charles James Fox, the statesman; and Edward Gibbon, the historian. One of Johnson's old haunts, the Cheshire Cheese Inn, is still a favorite with tourists in London.

Johnson conducted two papers, *The Rambler* and *The Idler* similar to *The Spectator*, but not so good. He also wrote long descriptive poems, a novel, a tragedy, and *Lives of the Poets*, a volume of such eccentricity of choice that Mrs. Browning afterward declared he had "left the poets out!" For none of these writings is he remembered so much as for the fact that he compiled our first important dictionary of the language (see page 421), and was the subject of one of our greatest biographies, Boswell's *The Life of Samuel Johnson* (see page 424). A conservative in politics, religion, literature, it is said that Johnson's opposition obstructed the new experimentation in English verse toward a freer atmosphere and informal methods.

Goldsmith's Writings Attain Immortality. Among all the members of Johnson's club, the one who has left us the most varied and living literature is Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774). Johnson said of him in a Latin epitaph that in any kind of writing "he touched

nothing that he did not adorn." Upon the publication of his lively essays, *The Citizen of the World* (see page 437), Goldsmith's acquaintance with Johnson began; and Johnson took under his wing the manuscript of Goldsmith's novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which appeared in 1766. This story, still widely read, is based on the rustic Ireland of Goldsmith's youth, and its Dr. Primrose is a sympathetic portrait of a man like the author's own father, a poverty-stricken curate in the village of Pallas. This same village is the scene of Goldsmith's most famous poem, *The Deserted Village* (see page 441).

Successful in essay, novel, and poetry, he now ventured into drama. *She Stoops to Conquer*, originally produced in 1773, has been reproduced many times in America, by both professional and amateur companies. It contains immortal comic characters in the Hardcastles and Tony Lumpkin. Its amusing situation of a young man's mistaking a country manor for an inn with many resulting misunderstandings is supposed to be based on an actual incident. Another comedy by Goldsmith, *The Good-Natured Man*, though less successful, abounds with his characteristic wit.

Sheridan Produces Brilliant Comedies. Another Irishman highly gifted in playwriting was Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816), whose father had been a member of Johnson's literary club. His comedy, *The Rivals* (1775), appeared two years after Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*. Sheridan's other noted comedy, *The School for Scandal* (1777), was also a great success. From a reputation for dullness in childhood the young Sheridan emerged as the most brilliant writer of comedy in the England of his time in *The Rivals*, a joyous and artificial comedy. Its most famous character is Mrs. Malaprop, whose unconscious misuse of long words has given the term "malapropism" to our language. Bob Acres, the absurd country squire, is also notable, as are Sir Anthony Absolute, the blustering father, and Sir Lucius O'Trigger, the fighting Irishman. Lydia Languish is said to be modeled from Sheridan's wife, a great beauty of her day. *The School for Scandal*, a satire on society, is not so well constructed; two plots are forced together, but the dialogue is brilliant. Both these plays are often revived on the modern stage. Sheridan's career as a writer was practically over at the age of twenty-eight. A gifted orator, he entered Parliament in 1780. During his political career, he still managed the Drury Lane theater.

The comedies of Goldsmith and Sheridan, all produced within a single decade, mark the highest point of drama in the long sweep of time from Elizabethan drama to that of our modern age.



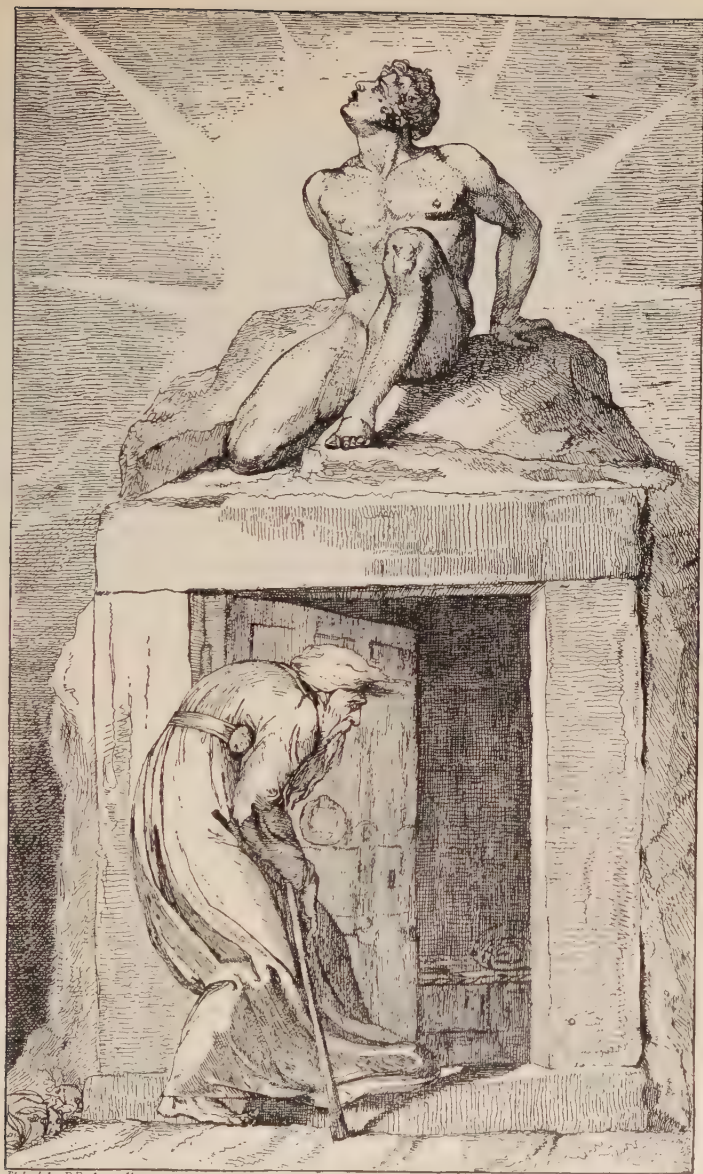
STOKE POGES CHURCHYARD. Gray's "Elegy" has immortalized this quiet spot where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." (Ewing Gallo-way)

Great Prose Comes out of Johnson's Club. Three other members of Dr. Johnson's literary club produced important pieces of prose, each in a different field. James Boswell (1740-1795) spent his life admiring and studying his patron, Dr. Johnson. The result was the greatest biography of the eighteenth century, his *Life of Samuel Johnson* (see page 424). Edmund Burke (1729-1797), an Irishman and a convincing orator in Parliament, has particular interest for Americans because of his speeches just before the Revolutionary War, "On American Taxation" and "On Conciliation with America." Burke's orations are literature. His use of effective repetition, telling figures of speech, and carefully evolved climax reveals a perfect sense of literary form. His *Reflections on the Revolution in France* were inspired by his loathing and dread of the

events of 1789. He was a tremendous force in the politics of his time, a convinced conservative as time went on, who could not see signs of a new era dawning, but who fought gallantly to the last, with terrible earnestness, for the truth as he saw it. The third member of the club to produce great prose was Edward Gibbon (1737-1794) the historian. Though much history was written during this century, Gibbon's *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* has best stood the test of time. Begun in 1770, the last of its six volumes appeared in 1788. Gibbon's rich style and thorough scholarship have brought his lifework the praise of "grandest of all historical designs."

Romantic Reaction Evident in Gray. In contrast to the brilliant group of Londoners concentrated in Dr. Johnson's club, we find scattered individuals, who, entirely independently of one another, reflect different aspects of the growing return to nature, sentiment, and romance. As early as Pope's time a reaction against the strictness of classical rules and the smartness of society was shown in a group of poems emphasizing nature and death: Thomson's "The Seasons," Young's "Night Thoughts," and Blair's "The Grave." These beginnings of "the school of melancholy" led on to the most famous poem of the century, Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" (see page 452). Thomas Gray (1716-1771) was also concerned with experimenting in various meters, and with investigating the ancient literatures of Britain on which he based some of his own poems, notably "The Bard."

Increasing Interest in Britain's Early Literature. This interest in the past of his own islands in contrast to the classicist's interest in Greece and Rome is one of the marked traits of the romanticist. It was furthered by Bishop Thomas Percy (1729-1811) who made a study of early English, and in 1765 brought out his famous *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry* in three volumes. The first collection of all the best old English and Scottish ballads, it was a veritable gold mine. The delving into ancient writings brought about two curious literary hoaxes. James Macpherson (1736-1796), a Scotch schoolmaster, claimed to have translated the ancient Gaelic poet, Ossian, though it is probable that the poems he published were taken down from the lips of Highland natives. Thomas Chatterton (1752-1770) pretended that in the charter room of the church of St. Mary Redcliffe in Bristol, where his mother was a schoolmistress, he had found certain poems by a priest and poet of the fifteenth century, Thomas Rowley. Actually, he had studied old medieval parchments, and written poems of his own in an ancient script, to carry out



Engraved by P.D. Arguilla.

(Culver Service)

BLAKE'S DRAWING, "DEATH'S DOOR."

" 'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone! "

the illusion, but the poet Thomas Gray detected the forgery through the misuse of some fifteenth-century words. Nevertheless, Chatterton had indubitable original genius. His story is one of the strangest and saddest in literature. Starving in London, he died at the age of eighteen. Clemence Dane has written a remarkable verse play, *Come of Age!*, which opens with Chatterton's suicide.

Cowper Shows a Wide Range of Emotions. William Cowper (1731-1800) went even further than James Thomson in an easy, natural, descriptive style. His life was poignantly sad in a different way from Chatterton's. But he wrote one rollicking ballad, "John Gilpin's Ride." Strange that a man who lived under the shadow of insanity should have produced the merriest poem of the eighteenth century before Burns! In contrast to this are his Olney hymns with their intense religious feeling, and "The Castaway" with its tragedy of human helplessness. His best long poem is *The Task*, showing his skill at pictures of the small affairs of a peaceful home.

Blake Lives in a World of Visions. In William Blake (1757-1827) we come suddenly upon a transcendental genius, so headlong a mystic that he flares above the ordered domain of Pope like a meteor in midheaven. He sits at the opposite pole from classicism. In fact, there is nothing of eighteenth-century formalism about him. A contemporary letter well illustrates the strange translunar sort of person he was:

Blake is an engraver by trade — a painter & a poet also whose works have been subject to derision to men in general, but he has a few admirers & some of eminence have eulogized his designs — he has lived in obscurity & poverty, to which the constant hallucinations in which he lives have doomed him. . . . His books (& his M.S.S. are immense in quantity) are dictated from the Spirits. He told me yesterday that when he writes, it is for the spirits only. — he sees the words fly about the room the moment he has put them on paper & his book is then published.

This may sound like the description of an insane man, but the fact remains that if Blake was mad, he yet produced some of the most moving and enchanting lyrics in our poetry, and some of the most superb draftsmanship in the annals of English art.

Burns the Loved Singer of Scotland. Robert Burns (1759-1796) is the pure untutored lyrist. Born in Scotland, and writing in the Ayrshire dialect, he seems entirely apart from all the classical rules or the manners of the eighteenth century; and his songs rank among the most beautiful in the poetry of Great Britain. Here at last



BIRTHPLACE OF ROBERT BURNS. In one room lived the family cow, as described in "The Cotter's Saturday Night." (Soibelman)

was pure emotion gushing forth with a felicitous spontaneity that makes the work of Pope seem the mere mechanics of verse. The dangers of early fame laid traps for Burns's conduct; his vivid temperament burned itself out quickly. Yet in spite of all the vicissitudes of his private life never had there been a clearer or more beguiling lyric voice. His other principal characteristics are (1) a sturdy belief in the brotherhood of man, as expressed in "A Man's a Man for A' That" (see page 468), (2) a hatred of hypocrisy and a constant admonition to human charity, such as is found in his "Address to the Unco Guid, or the Rigidly Righteous," (3) a deep sympathy with humble lives whether human or found among the lesser creatures, which is illustrated by his poem to the field mouse (see page 470), (4) a deep sincerity of emotion, (5) and a command of the Scots dialect which brings out the full beauty of its phraseology.

Summary. The eighteenth century opened with the continuing influence of French styles, and under Queen Anne, last of the Stuarts, the elegance and formality of society reached its height. The first three of the four Georges reigned during the rest of the century. Great extension of colonial settlements and acquisition of territory throughout the world brought about rapid development of commerce,

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

1700	1750	1800
1702 Anne 1714 George I War with France 1704 Blenheim 1707 Union of Scot. and England 1661 Defoe 1667 Swift 1672 Addison 1688 Pope 1689 Richardson	1727 George I George II 1746 Young Pretender defeated 1745 1740 Pamela (the first English novel) Johnson Gray Goldsmith 1740 Boswell 1757 Blake Burns	1760 George III 1759 Wolfe at Quebec 1776 American Rev. 1789 French Rev. Fall of Bastille Industrial Rev. Begins 1768 Arkwright's loom 1769 Watt's steam engine 1768 Royal Academy founded 1784 1795 1796 1820 1827

which in turn raised the standard of living and encouraged all the arts. The British navy became the greatest in the world. Intermittent wars with France, sometimes involving other nations as well, continued throughout the century and played their part in the French and Indian Wars and the American Revolution. Later the French Revolution, resulting from the rapidly spreading ideas of democracy and equality, threw England into a panic and brought on another war between the two countries at the end of the century.

In literature classicism held complete sway during the first quarter of the century. A large group of writers made London a brilliant literary center. Pope was the pre-eminent poet; Swift was the master of

satiric prose; Addison and Steele developed the periodical foreshadowing the modern newspaper and magazine. Poetry was largely confined to the closed couplet. Satire was the prevailing mood. Gradually, however, reaction set in, and the first revival of the romantic spirit of earlier days appeared. By the middle of the century the fading classicism, which found a sturdy advocate in Dr. Johnson, was almost balanced by the oncoming romanticism represented by Gray, Cowper, and Blake. Johnson's literary club included outstanding writers of poetry, fiction, comedy, history, and essay. Goldsmith was the most ably diversified author, for he excelled in many of these forms. He and Sheridan were the greatest playwrights, and their comedies still live. Toward the end of the century, the Scottish poet, Robert Burns, embodied in his unsurpassed lyrics and narrative poems the whole spirit of romanticism which was about to sweep classicism entirely aside. Let us now turn to the literature of the period.

The Age of Pope

ALEXANDER POPE (1688-1744)

A little weazened, deformed man was Alexander Pope, but the mind in his puny body was more than a match for the brilliant minds of a brilliant age, and he was universally acknowledged *the* poet of his day. Styles in poetry have so changed that his verses today seem like the clever thrusts of an expert fencer, and lack the emotional appeal, the imagination, and the sensitiveness to beauty which we ascribe to poetic genius. Nevertheless, it is impossible to read Pope without admiring his acumen. His rhymed couplets remind one of a military parade, perfect in the uniform rhythm of well-trained feet, yet saved from monotony by the flash of sabers and flaunting of banners.

Pope's life presents striking contrasts to that of most literary men of his time. An unusually precocious youth, he did not attend school, but studied at home. Early in life he tried his hand at poetry. As he himself has put it, "I lisped in numbers for the numbers came." At the age of eleven he insisted on being taken to see John Dryden, then the elderly king of Will's coffeehouse in London, and forever after he remembered the incident. He was destined to excel Dryden in the heroic couplet. Because of prejudice against Catholics, he was denied the formal education of Oxford or Cambridge and the chances for political preferment open to other writers. He turned to literature as a means of livelihood and made a fortune from his writings in a day when literature was either the pastime of a politician or the pet extravagance of a wealthy patron. Unfortunately, Pope

quarreled with everyone and was perpetually engaged in writing sharp verses denouncing one or another of his personal or literary enemies. Undoubtedly the weakness and deformity of his body made him unduly sensitive to imagined insults, and satire was the popular weapon of the day.

Hectic London life was too much for Pope, and he wisely withdrew to Twickenham on the Thames, where he purchased a beautiful villa and developed a remarkable formal garden containing a subterranean grotto. Life was now happier for him, but even from this peaceful retreat he hurled his final bomb in the *Dunciad*, or epic of dunces, in which he metaphorically annihilated half the literary men of London.

Fame visited Pope early. At sixteen he had written his "Pastorals"; at twenty-three he was known all over London for his *Essay on Criticism*; at twenty-four he wrote *The Rape of the Lock*, which permanently established his reputation; at thirty-two he had made a fortune on his translation of the *Iliad* and had retired to his country home; he was only fifty-six when he died. His period was an age of prose, and he wrote only poetry; yet such was the influence that he wielded both during his life and in the lives of later writers that his generation is often called "the Age of Pope."

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK

Though Pope was irritable and quarrelsome, on one notable occasion he attempted unsuccessfully to act as peacemaker. The result was a unique piece of literature. A certain foppish young baron named Lord Petre had cut off a curl from the hair of Miss Arabella Fermor and refused to give it up. Out of this trivial incident there arose between the two families a quarrel which threatened to assume the proportions of a feud. A friend of Pope's named Caryl suggested that the author write a poem to show the absurdity of all this to-do. Pope, therefore, wrote a "mock-heroic" poem. In order to make the whole matter appear ridiculous, he treated it in the grand style of the old epic poems about the Greek heroes. If you have read the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, or the *Aeneid*, you will recognize the earmarks of the old epics.

The poem is in five cantos, but on account of its great length, only a part of it is here given. Canto I opens with a formal statement of the theme — "what mighty contests rise from trivial things" — and invokes the Muse to inspire the poet. Belinda, heroine of the story, while sleeping late in the morning, is visited by the sylph Ariel, who explains that fair ladies are guarded by sylphs and other supernatural creatures, once living women. Ariel then warns her that some dread fate is hanging over her head, and closes:

"Beware of all, but most beware of man!"

Belinda, then awakened by her lap dog, forgets all about the dream in reading a love letter and performing her morning worship before the toilet table where she adores the heavenly image appearing in the glass.

In Canto II Belinda is seen in a pleasure boat on the Thames, being conducted with a group of other young fashionables to the palace of Hampton Court. An adventurous baron admires two curls of hair lying upon Belinda's neck and determines to obtain them. Belinda's protecting sylph, Ariel, greatly agitated at the danger menacing the fair one, makes a long speech to the other airy beings hovering over her, exhorting them to protect her in every way. Each portion of Belinda's costume is assigned to a spirit appropriately named, as the fan to Zephyretta, the earrings to Brillante, the watch to Momentilla, and the lock to Crispissa. The closing lines of the canto are full of suspense:

With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III

[This canto, with its clever satire on the court gossip, the card game, and the frightful calamity of the cutting of the lock, is given complete.]

Close by those meads, forever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighboring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take — and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they passed,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,

3. **structure . . . frame:** Hampton Court, a handsome royal residence.

And the long labors of the toilet cease.
 Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25
 Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
 At omber singly to decide their doom;
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
 Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
 Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aerial guard
 Descend, and sit on each important card:
 First, Ariel perched upon a Matador,
 Then each, according to the rank they bore;
 For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
 Behold, four kings in majesty revered,
 With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
 And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flower,
 The expressive emblem of their softer power; 40
 Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
 And particolored troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
 The skillful nymph reviews her force with care: 45
 Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.
 Now move to war her sable Matadors,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
 Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
 Led off two captive trumps and swept the board. 50
 As many more Manillio forced to yield
 And marched a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
 Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
 With his broad saber next, a chief in years, 55
 The hoary majesty of spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,
 The rest his many-colored robe concealed.
 The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60

30. **the sacred nine**: nine cards in each player's hand, like the nine Muses of the Greeks. 33. **Matador**: a card that had power to take a trick, derived from the Spanish word for a successful bullfighter. 40. **Spadillio**: the ace of spades. 51. **Manillio**: another trump card. 53. **Basto**: the ace of clubs.

E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
 And mowed down armies in the fights of Loo,
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguished by the victor spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield; 65
 Now to the baron fate inclines the field.

His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 The imperial consort of the crown of spades;
 The club's black tyrant first her victim died,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride. 70

What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The baron now his diamonds pours apace; 75
 Th' embroidered king who shows but half his face,
 And his refulgent queen, with powers combined,
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.

Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strew the level green. 80

Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye,

The pierced battalions disunited fall, 85
 In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
 And wins (oh, shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.

At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look; 90

She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.

And now (as oft in some distempered state)

On one nice trick depends the general fate.

An ace of hearts steps forth; the king unseen 95
 Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive queen:

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,

61, 62. **Pam, Loo:** In another card game called Loo, the knave of clubs, called Pam, was the highest card and therefore had more conquering power than in the game of ombre. 92. **codille:** a term meaning the defeat of the lone hand.

And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
 The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
 The walls, the woods, and long canals reply. 100

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
 Sudden, these honors shall be snatched away.
 And cursed forever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned. 105
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;

On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide. 110

At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed. 115
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.

Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
 And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapors to the baron's brain
 New stratagems the radiant lock to gain. 120

Ah, cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
 Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will, 125
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill!

Just then Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
 So ladies in romance assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130

He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.

100. **The berries . . . round:** Prepared coffee could not be bought in those days, but the berries were ground in a small hand mill at the table. 107. **altars of Japan:** Lacquered imported tables were popular at this time. 122. **Scylla's fate:** Scylla betrayed her father, King Nisus, by sending the enemy a lock of his hair.

Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
 He watched th' ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
 Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering *forfex* wide,
 T' inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
 E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
 A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
 Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again).
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, forever, and forever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
 Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
 When husbands, or when lap dogs breathe their last;
 Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
 In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"
 The victor cried; "the glorious prize is mine!
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and six the British fair,
 As long as *Atalantis* shall be read,
 Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
 When numerous wax lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honor, name, and praise shall live!
 What Time would spare, from steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
 Steel could the labor of the gods destroy,

147. *forfex*: Latin for "shears." 165. *Atalantis*: a popular scandalous novel of the day.

And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound, 175
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel,
 The conquering force of unresisted steel? "

[In Canto IV Umbriel, a melancholy sprite, brings a bag (similar to the bag of winds once held by Ulysses) in which are contained "the force of female lungs, sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues." These he empties over the head of Belinda, who immediately bursts into loud lamentations on the loss of her lock and calls upon Sir Plume to demand back her hair. This typical brainless fop swears the favorite oaths of the time, "Zounds! Plague on't! Prithee, pox!" but fails to move the baron, who maintains that he will keep the lock forever.

[In Canto V, Clarissa, a more serious-minded young lady than the others, urges good sense and good humor, but in vain. The story concludes with the mighty battle between the belles and the beaux.]

"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
 Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise, 5
 And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapons in their hands are found,
 Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
 So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
 And heavenly breasts with human passions rage; 10
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars, Latona, Hermes arms;
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
 Jove's thunder roars, Heaven trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound;
 Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way, 15
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
 Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
 Clapped his glad wings, and sat to view the fight;
 Propped on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
 The growing combat, or assist the fray. 20

11. **Pallas, Mars, Latona, Hermes:** all gods who directed the Trojan war. The first and fourth were on the side of the Greeks, the second and third on the Trojan side. 17. **sconce's height:** A sconce was an elaborate chandelier, usually of crystal.

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,
 A beau and witling perished in the throng,
 One died in metaphor; and one in song.
 "O cruel nymph! a living death I bear," 25
 Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upward cast,
 "Those eyes are made so killing" — was his last.
 Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
 Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies. 30

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
 Chloe stepped in and killed him with a frown;
 She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
 But, at her smile, the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air, 35
 Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes; 40
 Nor feared the chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold lord with manly strength endued,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew, 45
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
 The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose. 50

"Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda cried,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side. . . .

"Boast not my fall," he cried, "insulting foe!
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low;
 Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind; 55
 All that I dread is leaving you behind!
 Rather than so, ah, let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames — but burn alive."

"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all around
 "Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound. 60
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain

Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
 But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
 The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain, 65
 In every place is sought, but sought in vain.
 With such a prize no mortal must be blessed,
 So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest?
 Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasured there. 70
 There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
 And beaux' in snuffboxes and tweezer cases;
 There broken vows and deathbed alms are found,
 And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound. . . .
 But trust the Muse — she saw it upward rise, 75
 Though marked by none but quick, poetic eyes. . . .
 A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair. . . .
 Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravished hair.
 Which adds new glory to the shining sphere! 80
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
 Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
 For, after all the murders of your eye,
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must, 85
 And all those tresses shall be laid in dust:
 This lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

62. **handkerchief:** In one of Shakespeare's tragedies Othello is convinced of his wife's unfaithfulness by finding a certain handkerchief.

FAMOUS QUOTATIONS FROM POPE

No author except Shakespeare has contributed so many quotable lines and phrases as Pope. The exclusive use of neat couplets makes his lines easy to remember, and his comments on life and learning are applicable to so many occasions that it is no wonder his words are frequently on men's tongues. Most of these familiar lines are to be found in poems which, as their names suggest, are really essays put into verse.

FROM THE ESSAY ON MAN

1. Eye Nature's walk, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise;

Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

Epistle I, ll. 13-16.

2. Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is but always to be blest.

Ibid., ll. 95-96.

3. All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

Ibid., ll. 289-294.

4. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.

Epistle II, ll. 1-2.

5. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Ibid., ll. 217-220.

6. Behold the child by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw;
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite;
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer books are the toys of age.
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Ibid., ll. 274-281.

7. Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Epistle IV, ll. 193-194.

8. Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and prunello.

Ibid., ll. 203-204.

9. A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Ibid., ll. 247-248.

FROM MORAL ESSAYS

10. 'Tis education forms the common mind:
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.
Epistle I, ll. 149-150.

FROM ESSAY ON CRITICISM

11. 'Tis with our judgments as our watches — none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
Part I, ll. 9-10.
12. A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow drafts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Part II, ll. 15-18.
13. Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
Ibid., ll. 109-110.
14. In words as fashions, the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old;
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
Part II, ll. 133-136.
15. True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offense —
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Ibid., ll. 162-165.
16. To err is human, to forgive divine.
Ibid., l. 325.
17. For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Part III, l. 66.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF POPE

1. In *The Rape of the Lock* observe how Pope makes trivial games and disputes sound momentous. Study the card game especially, as this is one of his most carefully worked-out satires. What can you discover as to the rules of this old-fashioned game? Are kings and queens portrayed on a modern pack of cards exactly as Pope pictures them?

2. How is the battle between the beaux and the belles in Canto V made ridiculous? What details of the battle suggest the fashions of that day?

3. Select lines from *The Rape of the Lock* which you think witty, especially where a sharp contrast is made between something serious and something trivial.

4. How many of the miscellaneous quotations from Pope have you heard before? Which have you heard most frequently? Do you agree with Pope in all these sayings? Discuss.

5. Memorize a number of the quotations from Pope. They may prove useful.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read all of *The Rape of the Lock*. Point out definite lines where Pope is imitating the old heroic poems and explain points of similarity.

2. Write a mock-heroic account of some game, athletic contest, or dispute in your school or neighborhood. If you are particularly ambitious, try your hand at rhymed couplets.

3. Compare Quotation 6 with Jaques's famous speech in *As You Like It*, beginning "All the world's a stage." Find a poem in the *Spoon River Anthology* based on Number 7. (See *Adventures in American Literature*.) What American novel takes its title from Number 10? How does the title apply to the story?

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745)

Swift showed the same sharp-edged brilliance in prose that Pope did in poetry. The two men were good friends; Pope largely owed his fortune to Swift, who raised a good share of the tremendous subscription price for Pope's *Iliad* among his wealthy friends. It was this sort of power over the destinies of people in which Swift delighted, especially as his own early life had been one long distasteful subjection to others.

He was born in Dublin, Ireland, of English parents, highly intellectual and aristocratic, but, unfortunately, without money. The death of Swift's father made it necessary for the son to be educated at the expense of an uncle. Jonathan was a proud, independent, keen-witted boy who went his own way at Dublin University to such an extent that he "flunked" two subjects and had to be given a special examination to get his degree. The next year his uncle died, and the young man was offered the position of private secretary to Sir William Temple, a distant relative, in Surrey, England. Here were passed years of bondage irritating to this proud young fellow, forced to eat in the servants' hall and to obey the beck and call of a man whom he thought condescending and pretentious. Undoubtedly, neither employer nor employee was wholly to blame, but the situation growing unbearable, Swift ran away, took orders in the Church, and was given a small parish in Ireland. Though he was faithful in his duties, the monotonous life irked him to the point of accepting an invitation to



JONATHAN SWIFT. Clergyman, politician, and supreme satirist of society. (Bettmann Collection)

return to Sir William Temple's employ.

The second experience at Moor Park proved more agreeable than the first, and Swift even wrote his first great satire, *The Battle of the Books*, to defend his patron in a literary controversy in which he had become entangled. At Moor Park also developed his friendship with Esther Johnson, to whom he wrote numerous letters under the title *Journal to Stella* (*Esther* is the Persian, *Stella* the Latin, for *star*). His devotion to "Stella" was lifelong, and whether the two were ever married to each other remains one of the great mysteries of literary history.

Swift's mastery of satire made him eventually a political power in London. During this period he gloried in haughtily controlling the destinies of lords and ladies, thus making up for his long years of enforced subserviency. Swift expected to be made a bishop in return for his services to the Tory party, but alas, he was shunted off to Dublin as Dean of St. Patrick's. Though this was a sad blow to his ambition, he turned manfully to championing the Irish against English misgovernment and became quite the idol of those who had formerly hated him. For thirty-two years he lived in Dublin. During the last seven of these he suffered a serious mental disorder which made his mind practically a blank. Apparently he had previously sensed that such would be his end, for once on passing a tree struck by lightning he remarked, "I shall be like that tree. I shall die at the top first." Moreover, he had saved a third of his income, and his will provided about twelve thousand pounds for the founding of a hospital for the insane.

GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

It is a good example of the irony of fate that a book written by one of the keenest-witted politicians and prelates of his time, to satirize everything from the king to all mankind, should today be looked on by most

people as a book for young readers. Because Swift made use of pygmies and giants, the first part of the book is an entertaining fairy tale for children, who of course see nothing in it but strange adventure. With that aspect of the story you are probably already familiar. But the advanced high-school student can find a new interest in the book by looking for the underlying meanings and by reading from the later voyages, usually omitted from the children's versions.

The book was published anonymously, purporting to be the true adventures of one Lemuel Gulliver. To make this convincing, preliminary letters by his supposed cousin were printed, recommending the value of Gulliver's discoveries. The opening chapter of the book contributes to the illusion of reality by its details of Gulliver's past life and the circumstances of the voyage and shipwreck, all told in the most matter-of-fact way. Then Gulliver suddenly finds himself in the land of the Lilliputians, creatures only six inches tall; but again the narrative moves with such directness and simplicity and with such careful attention to mathematical proportions that it becomes almost plausible in its absurdity.

THE VOYAGE TO LILLIPUT

The first two chapters show how Gulliver is discovered in his sleep by the Lilliputians, how he is transported with great difficulty to their capital, where he is housed in a deserted temple, how he wins favor with the Emperor, is taught their language, and is deprived of his sword and pistols. The satire in this adventure becomes more evident in Chapter III, where the honors, the favors, the magnificent military reviews, and other pretentious matters of the royal English court are made ridiculous by reduction to a tiny scale. Watch for the satire throughout this chapter.

CHAPTER III

My gentleness and good behavior had gained so far on the emperor and his court, and indeed upon the army and people in general, that I began to conceive hopes of getting my liberty in a short time. I took all possible methods to cultivate this favorable disposition. The natives came by degrees to be less apprehensive of any danger from me. I would sometimes lie down, and let five or six of them dance on my hand; and at last the boys and girls would venture to come and play at hide-and-seek in my hair. I had now made a good progress in understanding and speaking their language.

The emperor had a mind, one day, to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the ropedancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground.

Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practiced by those persons who are candidates for great employments and high favor at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap,¹ the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the strait rope, at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the somersault several times together upon a trencher, fixed on a rope, which is no thicker than a common packthread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity! for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who hath not received a fall,² and some of them two or three. I was assured that a year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would have infallibly broke his neck if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the emperor and empress and first minister, upon particular occasions. The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads,³ of six inches long; one is purple, the other yellow, and the third white. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor hath a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favor. The cere-

¹ **Flimnap**: a satire on the Lord of the Treasury, Sir Robert Walpole, who had incurred Swift's enmity by not promoting him. ² **a fall**: a satire on loss of office. At this time there was considerable shitting of power between Whigs and Tories. Walpole had been deprived of his office previous to the publication of this book. The "cushion" referred to a few lines down is a satire on the intervention in his behalf of one of the king's favorites. ³ **three . . . threads**: a satire on the badges of the Orders of the Garter, Bath, and Thistle, which were often given as political awards.

mony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the old or the new world.

The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates, advancing one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it backward and forward several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the purple colored silk; the yellow is given to the next, and the white to the third, which they all wear girt twice round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

The horses of the army, and those of the royal stables, having been daily led before me, were no longer shy, but would come up to my very feet without starting. The riders would leap them over my hand as I held it on the ground; and one of the emperor's huntsmen, upon a large courser, took my foot, shoe and all, which was indeed a prodigious leap.

I had the good fortune to divert the emperor one day after a very extraordinary manner. I desired he would order several sticks of two feet high, and the thickness of an ordinary cane, to be brought me; whereupon his majesty commanded the master of his woods to give directions accordingly; and the next morning six woodmen arrived with as many carriages, drawn by eight horses to each.

I took nine of these sticks, and fixing them firmly in the ground in a quadrangular figure, two feet and a half square, I took four other sticks and tied them parallel at each corner, about two feet from the ground; then I fastened my handkerchief to the nine sticks that stood erect, and extended it on all sides, till it was as tight as the top of a drum; and the four parallel sticks, rising about five inches higher than the handkerchief, served as ledges on each side.

When I had finished my work, I desired the emperor to let a troop of his best horse, twenty-four in number, come and exercise upon this plain. His majesty approved of the proposal, and I took them up one by one in my hands, ready mounted and armed, with the proper officers to exercise them. As soon as they got into order, they divided into two parties, performed mock skirmishes, discharged blunt arrows, drew their swords, fled and pursued, attacked and retired, and,

in short, discovered the best military discipline I ever beheld. The parallel sticks secured them and their horses from falling over the stage; and the emperor was so much delighted that he ordered this entertainment to be repeated several days, and once was pleased to be lifted up and give the word of command; and, with great difficulty, persuaded even the empress herself to let me hold her in her close chair within two yards of the stage, from whence she was able to take a full view of the whole performance.⁴

It was my good fortune that no ill accident happened in these entertainments; only once a fiery horse, that belonged to one of the captains, pawing with his hoof, struck a hole in my handkerchief, and his foot slipping, he overthrew his rider and himself; but I immediately relieved them both, and covering the hole with one hand, I set down the troop with the other, in the same manner as I took them up. The horse that fell was strained in the left shoulder, but the rider got no hurt, and I repaired my handkerchief as well as I could; however, I would not trust to the strength of it anymore in such dangerous enterprises.

About two or three days before I was set at liberty, as I was entertaining the court with these kinds of feats, there arrived an express to inform his majesty that some of his subjects riding near the place where I was first taken up had seen a great black substance lying on the ground, very oddly shaped, extending its edges round as wide as his majesty's bedchamber, and rising up in the middle as high as a man; that it was no living creature, as they at first apprehended, for it lay on the grass without motion; and some of them had walked round it several times; that, by mounting upon each other's shoulders, they had got to the top, which was flat and even, and, stamping upon it, they found it was hollow within; that they humbly conceived it might be something belonging to the man-mountain; and if his majesty pleased, they would undertake to bring it with only five horses.

I presently knew what they meant, and was glad at heart to receive this intelligence. It seems, upon my first reaching the shore after our shipwreck, I was in such confusion that, before I came to the place where I went to sleep, my hat, which I had fastened with a string to my head while I was rowing, and had stuck on all the time I was swimming, fell off after I came to land; the string, as I conjecture, breaking by some accident which I never observed, but thought my hat had

⁴ the whole performance: a satire on the royal family's love of military exhibitions.

been lost at sea. I entreated his imperial majesty to give orders it might be brought to me as soon as possible, describing to him the use and nature of it; and the next day the wagoners arrived with it, but not in a very good condition; they had bored two holes in the brim, within an inch and a half of the edge, and fastened two hooks in the holes; these hooks were tied by a long cord to the harness, and thus my hat was dragged along for above half an English mile; but the ground in that country being extremely smooth and level, it received less damage than I expected.

Two days after this adventure, the emperor, having ordered that part of the army which quarters in and about his metropolis to be in readiness, took a fancy of diverting himself in a very singular manner.⁵ He desired I would stand like a colossus, with my legs as far asunder as I conveniently could. He then commanded his general (who was an old, experienced leader and a great patron of mine) to draw up the troops in close order and march them under me; the foot by twenty-four in a breast and the horse by sixteen, with drums beating, colors flying, and pikes advanced. This body consisted of three thousand foot and a thousand horse. . . .

I had sent so many memorials and petitions for my liberty that his majesty at length mentioned the matter, first in the cabinet, and then in a full council; where it was opposed by none, except Skyresh Bolgolam who was pleased, without any provocation, to be my mortal enemy. But it was carried against him by the whole board, and confirmed by the emperor. That minister was *galbet*, or admiral of the realm, very much in his master's confidence, and a person well versed in affairs, but of a morose and sour complexion. However, he was at length persuaded to comply; but prevailed that the articles and conditions upon which I should be set free, and to which I must swear, should be drawn up by himself.

These articles were brought to me by Skyresh Bolgolam in person, attended by two undersecretaries, and several persons of distinction. After they were read, I was demanded to swear to the performance of them, first in the manner of my own country, and afterward in the method prescribed by their laws;⁶ which was, to hold my right foot in my left hand, and to place the middle finger of my right hand on the crown of my head, and my thumb on the tip of my right ear.

But because the reader may be curious to have some idea of the

⁵ **a very singular manner:** a satire on King George's love of parades.

⁶ **their laws:** The rest of the chapter is a satire on the legal formalities and the extravagant terms used to describe the monarch in government documents.

style and manner of expression peculiar to that people, as well as to know the articles upon which I recovered my liberty, I have made a translation of the whole instrument, word for word, as near as I was able, which I here offer to the public.

“*Golbasto Momaren Evlame Gurdilo Shefin Mully Ully Gue*, most mighty Emperor of Lilliput, delight and terror of the universe, whose dominions extend five thousand *blustrugs* (about twelve miles in circumference) to the extremities of the globe; monarch of all monarchs, taller than the sons of men; whose feet press down to the center, and whose head strikes against the sun; at whose nod the princes of the earth shake their knees; pleasant as the spring, comfortable as the summer, fruitful as autumn, dreadful as winter. His most sublime Majesty proposeth to the man-mountain, lately arrived to our celestial dominions, the following articles, which by a solemn oath he shall be obliged to perform.

“1. The man-mountain shall not depart from our dominions without our license under our great seal.

“2. He shall not presume to come into our metropolis without our express order; at which time the inhabitants shall have two hours’ warning to keep within their doors.

“3. The said man-mountain shall confine his walks to our principal high roads, and not offer to walk or lie down in a meadow or field of corn.

“4. As he walks the said roads, he shall take the utmost care not to trample upon the bodies of any of our loving subjects, their horses or carriages, nor take any of our said subjects into his hands without their own consent.

“5. If an express requires extraordinary dispatch, the man-mountain shall be obliged to carry in his pocket the messenger and horse a six days’ journey once in every moon, and return the said messenger back (if so required) safe to our imperial presence.

“6. He shall be our ally against our enemies in the island of Blefuscu, and do his utmost to destroy their fleet, which is now preparing to invade us.

“7. That the said man-mountain shall at his times of leisure be aiding and assisting to our workmen, in helping to raise certain great stones toward covering the wall of the principal park, and other our royal buildings.

“8. That the said man-mountain shall, in two moons’ time, deliver in an exact survey of the circumference of our dominions, by a computation of his own paces round the coast.

“9. That upon his solemn oath to observe all the above articles, the said man-mountain shall have a daily allowance of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 of our subjects, with free access to our royal person, and other marks of our favor. Given at our palace at Belfalorac the twelfth day of the ninety-first moon of our reign.”

I swore and subscribed to these articles with great cheerfulness and content, although some of them were not so honorable as I could have wished; which proceeded wholly from the malice of Skyresh Bolgolam the high admiral; whereupon my chains were immediately unlocked, and I was at full liberty; the emperor himself in person did me the honor to be by at the whole ceremony. I made my acknowledgments by prostrating myself at his majesty's feet; but he commanded me to rise; and after many gracious expressions, which to avoid the censure of vanity, I shall not repeat, he added, that he hoped I should prove a useful servant, and well deserve all the favors he had already conferred upon me, or might do for the future.

The reader may please to observe, that in the last article for the recovery of my liberty the emperor stipulates to allow me a quantity of meat and drink sufficient for the support of 1724 Lilliputians. Sometime after, asking a friend at court how they came to fix on that determined number, he told me that his majesty's mathematicians having taken the height of my body by the help of a quadrant, and finding it to exceed theirs in the proportion of twelve to one, they concluded, from the similarity of their bodies, that mine must contain at least 1724 of theirs, and consequently would require as much food as was necessary to support that number of Lilliputians. By which the reader may conceive an idea of the ingenuity of that people, as well as the prudent and exact economy of so great a prince.

[Gulliver's greatest service to Lilliput is his capture of the fleet of the enemy country, Blefuscu. By cutting the anchor ropes with his knife and attaching fifty ships to a central cable, he is able to drag them after him as he wades across the channel between the two countries.]

[The jealousy of Skyresh Bolgolam, mentioned in Chapter III, finally results in the proposed impeachment of Gulliver, of which he is warned in time to escape to Blefuscu. Here he is kindly received in spite of his previous treatment of this nation. This is a satire on the impeachment and escape to France of Bolingbroke. Soon after, Gulliver discovers a derelict lifeboat and manages to get away in it, carrying home in his pocket some cattle and sheep as proof of his strange experiences.]

VOYAGE TO BROBDINGNAG

[Gulliver's second voyage takes him to the land of the giants, where the situation of the previous trip is exactly reversed. The inhabitants are twelve times as large as Gulliver instead of one-twelfth the size. Here again the king's court is satirized, partly through the contempt the giant king feels for England as described by Gulliver. Man is also made ridiculous through the misadventures of Gulliver, such as being almost devoured by the baby, torn to pieces by the rats, drowned in the cream pitcher by the queen's jealous dwarf, and dropped from the roof of the gigantic palace by a playful monkey. Finally his little cagelike house is carried away by a great eagle, and he is dropped in the ocean, rescued by a passing vessel, and returned to his native country, where he has great difficulty in readjusting himself to people of his own size.]

VOYAGE TO LAPUTA AND BALNIBARBI

[The third voyage is a satire on learned people. Gulliver is drawn up into a flying island, Laputa, inhabited by musicians, mathematicians, and philosophers who are so absent-minded that they must be attended by servants who recall their masters' attention to practical affairs by tapping them lightly with an inflated bladder. In the light of our modern slang it is amusing to know that these servants are called "flappers." Later Gulliver is lowered to the mainland, Balnibarbi, where he visits the academy at Lagado, the metropolis. Here the satire is on scientific experimentation, with which Swift was not in sympathy.]

THE COUNTRY OF THE HOUYHNHNMS

[Gulliver's last voyage is the most biting satire of all. He finds a land governed by horses of the highest intelligence and uprightness. Their name and the occasional words of their language quoted by Gulliver are intended to represent the whinnying of horses. After learning this language Gulliver is able to converse with the king, but in describing the affairs of Europe he discovers that the horse-people have no words for many evils of personal character or government. Gulliver's account of a European war so horrifies the noble Houyhnhnm that he condemns Gulliver's countrymen as worse than the repulsive Yahoos, creatures in the shape of men who serve the horses, without pretense of intelligence. Gulliver pictures the land of the horses as one where peace and contentment are never marred by disease, bribery, flattery, fraud, politics, vice, envy, punishments, cheats, doctors, courtiers, lords, fiddlers, judges, or dancing masters. In short, it is an ideal state.]

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF GULLIVER'S TRAVELS

1. Make a list of the different aspects of life that Swift satirizes in these selections. How many of them might still be satirized today? How many of them would no longer exist as subjects for satire?

2. Which examples of satire in these selections amused you most?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read other parts of *Gulliver's Travels*. A series of special reports given by different students will enable the entire class to have a clearer impression of the whole book. Be sure to bring out the satire in the various incidents.

2. Try writing an original journey to an imaginary country through which you satirize practices of your own school or of modern life, such as automobile touring, Christmas shopping, motion pictures, high-pressure salesmanship, "radio fans," facial make-up, the dominance of athletics.

3. If you are interested in satire, read Swift's *A Modest Proposal* about the wrongs of Ireland, and his *Tale of a Tub* about the religious sects. These and others are in Alden's *Readings in English Prose of the Eighteenth Century*.

SIR RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729)

Another literary man to come out of Ireland was Richard Steele, whose disposition and personality were quite the opposite of Swift's. He was good-natured, lively, versatile, somewhat sentimental, eloquent, extravagant, and inefficient. His very versatility and enthusiasm were often his undoing, for he would rush from one interest to another without due consideration. Thus he was captain of the Guards, manager of a theater, playwright, magazine publisher, essay writer, poet, reformer, Gazetteer to the Crown (that is, publisher of an official government newspaper), and member of Parliament. He was expelled from the two last positions partly because of Tory jealousy and partly because of his poor judgment, which laid him open to suit for libel.

Steele's name is inevitably linked with Addison's. The two became fast friends at the Charterhouse School and at Oxford, where Addison was the polished and accomplished scholar, Steele the devoted follower and merry scapegrace. In 1709 Steele conceived the original idea of getting out a periodical that should contain, besides some political news, the gossip of the coffeehouses and comments on the life of the day. Further details of this paper and the one that succeeded will be found under the essays that follow. These two enterprises, in which Addison and Steele combined efforts, cemented their earlier friendship, and though Addison was a greater literary figure eventually, Steele is still remembered for his originality, his lively humor, and his sensitiveness to kindly and noble conduct.

THE TATLER (1709-1711)

This paper was the forerunner of the more noted *Spectator* (see page 397). Steele published it under the pseudonym of Isaac Bickerstaff, a name which, alone, was enough to make London grin, because of a practical joke which had been played the year before by Swift. A quack astrologer and almanac maker named Partridge had been making a great deal of money out of gullible people by his predictions. To expose the faker, Swift had issued a rival almanac by an imaginary Isaac Bickerstaff, predicting "by the unerring stars" the death of Partridge on March 30. On that day the newspapers carried detailed accounts of the funeral of Partridge and an elegy on him. When Partridge protested that he was not dead, Bickerstaff retorted that his own stars had proved him so, and that these statements came from an impostor. When, therefore, this new periodical appeared under the name of Bickerstaff, the town would naturally be alert for further entertainment. It was clever advertising on Steele's part.

After the paper had been running for some time, Addison discovered the real author to be his old college friend and sent in a number of contributions. In the two years of *The Tatler's* life there were two hundred and seventy-one numbers, of which Steele himself wrote about two-thirds. Finally, because of political difficulties, it seemed wiser to discontinue *The Tatler* and start again with a new paper devoted only to literature, manners, and morals. Thus *The Spectator* came in as a replacement.

PROSPECTUS

No. 1. Tuesday, 12 April, 1709.

*Quicquid agunt homines —
nostri est farrago libelli.*¹

Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

Though the other papers, which are published for the use of the good people of England, have certainly very wholesome effects, and are laudable in their particular kinds, they do not seem to come up to the main design of such narrations, which, I humbly presume, should be principally intended for the use of politic persons, who are so public-spirited as to neglect their own affairs to look into transactions of state. Now these gentlemen, for the most part, being persons of strong zeal, and weak intellects, it is both a charitable and necessary work to offer something, whereby such worthy and well-

¹ *Quicquid . . . libelli*: Pope's translation of this Latin motto is:

"Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,
Our motley paper seizes for its theme."

affected members of the commonwealth may be instructed, after their reading, what to think; which shall be the end and purpose of this my paper, wherein I shall, from time to time, report and consider all matters of what kind soever that shall occur to me, and publish such my advices and reflections every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday in the week, for the convenience of the post. I resolve to have something which may be of entertainment to the fair sex, in honor of whom I have invented the title of this paper. I therefore earnestly desire all persons, without distinction, to take it in for the present *gratis*, and hereafter at the price of one penny, forbidding all hawkers to take more for it at their peril. And I desire all persons to consider that I am at a very great charge for proper materials for this work, as well as that, before I resolved upon it, I had settled a correspondence in all parts of the known and knowing world. And forasmuch as this globe is not trodden upon by mere drudges of business only, but that men of spirit and genius are justly to be esteemed as considerable agents in it, we shall not, upon a dearth of news, present you with musty foreign edicts, and dull proclamations, but shall divide our relation of the passages which occur in action or discourse throughout this town, as well as elsewhere, under such dates of places as may prepare you for the matter you are to expect in the following manner.

All accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment shall be under the article of White's Chocolate House; poetry under that of Will's Coffeehouse; Learning, under the title of Grecian; foreign and domestic news, you will have from St. James's Coffeehouse; and what else I have to offer on any other subject shall be dated from my own Apartment.

I once more desire my reader to consider, that as I cannot keep an ingenious man to go daily to Will's under two-pence each day, merely for his charges; to White's under six-pence; nor to the Grecian, without allowing him some plain Spanish,² to be as able as others at the learned table; and that a good observer cannot speak with even Kidney³ at St. James's without clean linen; I say, these considerations will, I hope, make all persons willing to comply with my humble request (when my *gratis* stock is exhausted) of a penny apiece; especially since they are sure of some proper amusement, and that it is impossible for me to want means to entertain them, having, besides the force of my own parts, the power of divination, and that I can, by casting a figure, tell you all that will happen before it comes to pass.

But this last faculty I shall use very sparingly, and speak but of

² Spanish: wine. ³ Kidney: name of a waiter.

few things until they are passed, for fear of divulging matters which may offend our superiors.

FASHIONABLE HOURS

The Tatler, No. 263. Thursday, December 14, 1710.

*Minima contos nocte Britannos*¹ — *Juvenal*.

An old friend of mine being lately come to town, I went to see him on Tuesday last, about eight o'clock in the evening, with a design to sit with him an hour or two and talk over old stories; but upon inquiry after him, I found he was gone to bed. The next morning, as soon as I was up and dressed and had dispatched a little business, I came again to my friend's house, about eleven o'clock, with a design to renew my visit; but upon asking for him his servant told me he was just sat down to dinner. In short, I found that my old-fashioned friend religiously adhered to the example of his forefathers and observed the same hours that had been kept in the family ever since the Conquest.

It is very plain that the night was much longer formerly in this island than it is at present. By the night, I mean that portion of time which nature has thrown into darkness and which the wisdom of mankind had formerly dedicated to rest and silence. This used to begin at eight o'clock in the evening and conclude at six in the morning. The curfew, or eight-o'clock bell, was the signal throughout the nation for putting out their candles and going to bed.

Our grandmothers, though they were wont to sit up the last in the family, were all of them fast asleep at the same hours that their daughters are busy at crimp and basset.² Modern statesmen are concerting schemes and engaged in the depth of politics at the time when their forefathers were laid down quietly to rest and had nothing in their heads but dreams. As we have thus thrown business and pleasure into the hours of rest and, by that means, made the natural night but half as long as it should be, we are forced to piece it out with a great part of the morning; so that near two-thirds of the nation lie fast asleep for several hours in broad daylight. This irregularity is grown so very fashionable at present that there is scarce a lady of quality in Great Britain that ever saw the sun rise. And, if the humor increases in proportion to what it has done of late years, it is not impossible but

¹ *Minima . . . Britannos*: "Britons, contented with the shortest night."

² *crimp and basset*: popular card games.

our children may hear the bellman going about the streets at nine o'clock in the morning and the watch making their rounds until eleven. This unaccountable disposition in mankind to continue awake in the night and sleep in the sunshine has made me inquire whether the same change of inclination has happened to any other animals? For this reason, I desired a friend of mine in the country to let me know whether the lark rises as early as he did formerly; and whether the cock begins to crow at his usual hour. My friend answered me "that his poultry are as regular as ever and that all the birds and beasts of his neighborhood keep the same hours that they have observed in the memory of man; and the same which, in all probability, they have kept for these five thousand years."

If you would see the innovations that have been made among us in this particular, you may only look into the hours of colleges, where they still dine at eleven and sup at six, which were doubtless the hours of the whole nation at the time when those places were founded. But, at present, the courts of justice are scarce opened in Westminster Hall at the time when William Rufus³ used to go to dinner in it. All business is driven forward. The landmarks of our fathers, if I may so call them, are removed and planted further up into the day; insomuch that I am afraid our clergy will be obliged, if they expect full congregations, not to look any more upon ten o'clock in the morning as a canonical hour. In my own memory, the dinner has crept by degrees from twelve o'clock to three, and where it will fix nobody knows.

I have sometimes thought to draw up a memorial in the behalf of Supper against Dinner, setting forth that the said Dinner has made several encroachments upon the said Supper and entered very far upon his frontiers; that he has banished him out of several families and in all has driven him from his headquarters and forced him to make his retreat into the hours of midnight; and, in short, that he is now in danger of being entirely confounded and lost in a breakfast. Those who have read Lucian, and seen the complaints of the letter T against S, upon account of many injuries and usurpations of the same nature, will not, I believe, think such a memorial forced and unnatural. If dinner has been thus postponed, or, if you please, kept back from time to time, you may be sure that it has been in compliance with the other business of the day, and that supper has still observed a proportionable distance. There is a venerable proverb, which we have all of us heard in our infancy, of "putting the children to bed,

³ William Rufus: son of William the Conqueror.

and laying the goose to the fire." This was one of the jocular sayings of our forefathers but may be properly used in the literal sense at present. Who would not wonder at this perverted relish of those who are reckoned the most polite part of mankind, that prefer sea coals and candles to the sun and exchange so many cheerful morning hours for the pleasures of midnight revels and debauches? If a man was only to consult his health, he would choose to live his whole time, if possible, in daylight; and to retire out of the world into silence and sleep while the raw damps and unwholesome vapors fly abroad without a sun to disperse, moderate, or control them. For my own part, I value an hour in the morning as much as common libertines do an hour at midnight. When I find myself awakened into being and perceive my life renewed within me and at the same time see the whole face of nature recovered out of the dark uncomfortable state in which it lay for several hours, my heart overflows with such secret sentiments of joy and gratitude as are a kind of implicit praise to the great Author of nature. The mind, in these early seasons of the day, is so refreshed in all its faculties and borne up with such new supplies of animal spirits that she finds herself in a state of youth, especially when she is entertained with the breath of flowers, the melody of birds, the dews that hang upon the plants, and all those other sweets of nature that are peculiar to the morning.

It is impossible for a man to have this relish of being, this exquisite taste of life, who does not come into the world before it is in all its noise and hurry; who loses the rising of the sun, the still hours of the day, and immediately upon his first getting up plunges himself into the ordinary cares or follies of the world.

Suggestions for Study of Steele are combined with Addison, page 406.

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672-1719)

Probably no figure in this age of elegance and satire is more typical than Joseph Addison. His elegance was always quiet and dignified, his satire always restrained and polished. Pope strove for "correctness" in an intellectual sense; Addison embodied without effort "correctness" in a social sense. Scholarship, tact, keen observation, and wise standards of judgment were his natural inheritance. At Oxford his attainments made a deep impression, and there today one can stroll down the beautiful elm-bordered "Addison's Walk," and still sense his gracious presence.

The step from college into a position of literary and political prominence

in London was easy for Addison. His well-turned verses celebrating the battle of Blenheim and other public events of the day, together with his natural diplomacy, won him one political position after another. Finally he was rewarded with the important post of Secretary of State. Marriage to the Countess of Warwick added wealth and social prestige. But only two or three years after these triumphs, Addison died at the age of forty-seven. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Addison was a Whig and his political fortunes depended on the party in power. During the period of political dark days for Addison, between 1711 and 1714 when the Whigs were out, he and Steele won their permanent literary fame with *The Spectator*. Unfortunately the two friends quarreled over politics the year before Addison's death, but their literary partnership had already borne its fruit, and their names, like those of David and Jonathan, are today spoken in one breath. Although noticeably unlike in disposition, each supplemented the special abilities of the other and provided a striking example of what we today call "teamwork."

THE SPECTATOR (1711-1712)

Two months after the appearance of the last number of *The Tatler*, the first number of *The Spectator* was issued. The "Spectator," who was supposed to write his impressions of town life and characters, is pictured as a man of quiet breeding, good sense, and good nature, who goes about London unobtrusively, saying little but seeing much. It is a good portrait of Addison himself, who contributed approximately half the numbers. The others were the work of Steele and other collaborators. *The Spectator's* avowed purpose is "to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality." The extravagances and absurdities of the fashionable life of the day were gently yet pointedly satirized. The popularity of the little periodical was tremendous. From about three thousand, the readers increased until as many as twenty thousand of certain especially well-liked issues were printed. Considering the size of London at that time, the educational conditions, and the limited number of possible readers, one is bound to admit that this was an astounding circulation.

The little paper was a cross between the modern newspaper and magazine. Like the former, it was a daily adjunct of the breakfast table and contained its "classified ads" of Wanted, Lost or Stolen, Amusements, and Merchandise, many of which offer amusing reading today. Like the latter, it was written in more finished literary style and was more limited in its scope than a newspaper, having only one main article to an issue. It lasted through five hundred and fifty-five numbers.

To Steele is given credit for originating the club to which the Spectator was supposed to belong, consisting of a lawyer, a merchant, an ex-army captain, an elderly gallant, and a country baronet. The last of these ap-

pealed to Addison's imagination especially, and some of the most famous essays of *The Spectator* were devoted to this country gentleman, Sir Roger de Coverley. This combination resulted in a running narrative which has often been considered the immediate predecessor of the novel.

Even more amusing to many modern young people are the social satires hitting so neatly the vanities and follies of the eighteenth century, to which parallels may be found in the twentieth.

SIR ROGER AT CHURCH

The Spectator, No. 112. Monday, July 9, 1711.

*First, in obedience to thy country's rites,
Worship th' immortal gods.*

I am always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common prayer book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms: upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's peculiarities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend in the midst of the service calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite¹ enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechizing day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and

¹ polite: versed in etiquette.

their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire; and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe stealers; ² while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them almost in every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

² **tithe stealers:** persons who neglect to pay their church tax.

SIR ROGER AT THE THEATER

Spectator No. 335. Tuesday, March 25, 1712.

Respicere exemplar vitae morumque jubebo

Doctum imitatore, et veras hinc ducere voces.¹

Hor. Ars Poet. 317.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy ² with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was *The Committee*, which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a schoolboy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me,

¹ **Respicere . . . voces:** "I shall bid the trained actor look for a model of life and manners, and thence get truth of speech." ² **the new tragedy:** *The Distressed Mother*, based on the story of Andromache, wife of the Trojan hero, Hector.

in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks³ should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me halfway up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me, in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the knight with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design: for as I am an old fox hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added, "that if these gentlemen had any such intentions, they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us tomorrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you; for John tells me he has got the forewheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bade Sir Roger fear nothing, for he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When he had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up, and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a

³ **Mohocks:** wild young aristocrats who infested the London streets at night, annoying and often injuring passers-by. The name was borrowed from an American Indian tribe.

very proper center to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me, that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, sir, what it is to have to do with a widow."⁴ Upon Pyrrhus' threatening afterward to leave her, the knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, "These widows, sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. "Well," says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a-praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage."

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts, to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they

⁴ **widow:** *Spectator*, Paper 113, describes Sir Roger's hopeless love affair with a widow.

were afterward applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time. "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive ear toward Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke ⁵ the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus' death, and, at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterward Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the old man.

⁵ **smoke**: eighteenth-century slang, corresponding to the modern slang "kid," meaning to tease or ridicule.

THE COQUETTE'S HEART

Spectator No. 281. Tuesday, January 22, 1712.

*Pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.*¹

Virgil. 1

Having already given an account of the dissection of a beau's head, with the several discoveries made on that occasion, I shall here, according to my promise, enter upon the dissection of a coquette's heart, and communicate to the public such particularities as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

I should perhaps have waived this undertaking, had not I been put in mind of my promise by several of my unknown correspondents, who are very importunate with me to make an example of the coquette, as I have already done of the beau. It is therefore in compliance with the request of friends that I have looked over the

¹ **Pectoribus . . . exta**: "Anxious, the reeking entrails he consults."

minutes of my former dream, in order to give the public an exact relation of it, which I shall enter upon without further preface.

Our operator, before he engaged in this visionary dissection, told us that there was nothing in his art more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coquette, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not appear in the heart of any other animal.

He desired us first of all to observe the pericardium, or outward case of the heart, which we did very attentively; and by the help of our glasses discerned in it millions of little scars, which seemed to have been occasioned by the points of innumerable darts and arrows, that from time to time had glanced upon the outward coat; though we could not discover the smallest orifice by which any of them had entered and pierced the inward substance.

Every smatterer in anatomy knows that this pericardium, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin reddish liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapors which exhale out of the heart and, being stopped here, are condensed into this watery substance. Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had in it all the qualities of that spirit which is made use of in the thermometer to show the change of weather.

Nor must I here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the heart of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He affirmed to us that he had actually inclosed it in a small tube made after the manner of a weatherglass; but that, instead of acquainting him with the variations of the atmosphere, it showed him the qualities of those persons who entered the room where it stood. He affirmed also that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered coat, or a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat came into his house. Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us that upon his laughing aloud when he stood by it, the liquor mounted very sensibly, and immediately sank again upon his looking serious. In short, he told us that he knew very well by this invention whenever he had a man of sense or a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the pericardium, or the case, and liquor above mentioned, we came to the heart itself. The outward surface of it was extremely slippery, and the mucro, or point, so very cold withal, that upon endeavoring to take hold of it, it glided through the fingers like a smooth piece of ice.

The fibers were turned and twisted in a more intricate and per-

plexed manner than they are usually found in other hearts; insomuch that the whole heart was wound up together like a Gordian knot,² and must have had very irregular and unequal motions, while it was employed in its vital function.

One thing we thought very observable, namely, that upon examining all the vessels which came into it, or issued out of it, we could not discover any communication that it had with the tongue.

We could not but take notice likewise that several of those little nerves in the heart which are affected by the sentiments of love, hatred, and other passions, did not descend to this before us from the brain, but from the muscles which lie about the eye.

Upon weighing the heart in my hand, I found it to be extremely light, and consequently very hollow, which I did not wonder at, when, upon looking into the inside of it, I saw multitudes of cells and cavities running one within another, as our historians describe the apartments of Rosamond's bower.³ Several of these little hollows were stuffed with innumerable sorts of trifles, which I shall forbear giving any particular account of, and shall, therefore, only take notice of what lay first and uppermost, which, upon our unfolding it, and applying our microscopes to it, appeared to be a flame-colored hood.

We are informed that the lady of this heart, when living, received the addresses of several who made love to her, and did not only give each of them encouragement, but made everyone she conversed with believe that she regarded him with an eye of kindness; for which reason we expected to have seen the impression of multitudes of faces among the several plaits and foldings of the heart; but to our great surprise not a single print of this nature discovered itself till we came into the very core and center of it. We there observed a little figure, which, upon applying our glasses to it, appeared dressed in a very fantastic manner. The more I looked upon it, the more I thought I had seen the face before, but could not possibly recollect either the place or time; when at length one of the company, who had examined this figure more nicely than the rest, showed us plainly by the make of its face, and the several turns of its features, that the little idol which was thus lodged in the very middle of the heart was

² **Gordian knot:** a famous intricate knot in ancient history. The legend was that whoever could undo it would reign over the entire East. Alexander the Great, on hearing this, cut it in two with his sword. ³ **Rosamond's bower:** a labyrinth or maze which Henry II built for the fair Rosamond in order to hide her from his jealous wife.

the deceased beau, whose head I gave some account of in my last Tuesday's paper.

As soon as we had finished our dissection, we resolved to make an experiment of the heart, not being able to determine among ourselves the nature of its substance, which differed in so many particulars from that in the heart of other females. Accordingly, we laid it into a pan of burning coals, when we observed in it a certain salamandrine quality that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed or so much as singed.

As we were admiring this strange phenomenon, and standing round the heart in a circle, it gave a most prodigious sigh, or rather crack, and dispersed all at once in smoke and vapor. This imaginary noise, which methought was louder than the burst of a cannon, produced such a violent shake in my brain, that it dissipated the fumes of sleep, and left me in an instant broad awake.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF ADDISON AND STEELE

1. What information is given in the "Prospectus" of *The Tatler* as to its purpose, frequency, price, type of readers to whom it will appeal, and types of reading matter in the new periodical? How did *The Spectator* differ from *The Tatler*? How do these papers resemble a modern newspaper? a magazine? How do they differ?

2. What examples can you find in the various essays of the differences between city and country life? Are these differences the same today? Discuss. What was the Londoner's attitude toward country manners?

3. Give a picture of Sir Roger from these two essays and others which you may read outside. Which of his traits make you like him? Which are amusing? Have you ever known anyone like him? Is there any modern American type which resembles him?

4. How does the Coquette compare with the characters in *The Rape of the Lock*? Which do you consider the more enjoyable satire, Pope's or Addison's? Select passages from this essay which are particularly clever hits on the light-mindedness of such a person as the Coquette. Which details would apply to modern young people? Which are quite out of style?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read the essays on Sir Roger given in the list on page 481. Read other famous accounts of country squires, such as those in Irving's "Christmas Sketches" in *The Sketch Book* and in *Bracebridge Hall*, or the picture of Squire Cass in George Eliot's *Silas Marner*. What similarities and differences do you find?

2. The following composition suggestions may be used independently or combined into a class paper in imitation of *The Spectator*:

- (1) A prospectus for a small paper to circulate in your school or neighborhood.
- (2) Character sketches of class members or town characters in the manner of the Sir Roger papers.
- (3) Satires on school life, such as "A Freshman's Head" or "A Senior's Heart."
- (4) Draw a "medical map" of the coquette's heart following the description in the essay. Read the companion essay "A Beau's Head," No. 275, and draw a similar sketch.
- (5) Read "The Fan Drill," No. 102. From suggestions in it, plan and carry out for a school program a pantomime dance for a group of girls in eighteenth-century costume. Choose appropriate music. Write a school satire suggested by this essay, such as "The Vanity-Case Drill," "The Fan Drill" (in the sense of the football fan).
- (6) Read "The Vision of Mirza," No. 159, a well-known allegory on human life, and draw a diagram of the bridge described, or write an original allegory on some aspect of school life.

DANIEL DEFOE (1661?-1731)

Defoe was a typical journalist when newspapers were just beginning in England in 1702. Two years later Defoe originated *The Review*, which he ran almost single-handed for nine years.

Defoe was a middle-class Whig whose brain was teeming with projects and reforms, many of which were far beyond the ideas of his day. One of his satires had a rather amusing outcome which showed his keen sense for publicity. To ridicule the attitude of the High Church party he wrote a pamphlet called *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*, advocating death and other violent penalties for all members of the dissenting churches, to one of which he himself belonged. The very people he was ridiculing played into his hands by approving it as a serious suggestion. On discovering how they had been fooled, they had Defoe put in the pillory; but he cleverly composed and scattered among his adherents a "Hymn to the Pillory," which they sang in the street while pelting him with flowers. Thus he turned punishment into temporary triumph. But his social and political hopes were blasted, and he became a mere government spy for many years.

At the age of sixty he began to write realistic fiction. The first of these writings, *Robinson Crusoe* (1719), like *Gulliver's Travels*, is now popularly regarded as a book for children, although it was written for adults. In this as in all his writings Defoe shows his remarkable gifts for making an imaginary situation seem like actual fact by the straightforward narration of circumstantial details which apparently could come only from an eyewitness.

THE JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE YEAR

One of the best examples of Defoe's ability to convince his readers that fiction was literal truth is his *The Journal of the Plague Year*. This purports to be the diary of a Londoner who lived through the Great Plague of 1665. Since Defoe himself was little more than an infant at that time, he has of course drawn entirely upon his reading of records, his conversations with old inhabitants, and his imagination; yet so convincing is every detail that even librarians have sometimes thought it a genuine document.

The narrative first tells of the writer's indecision about remaining in London when everyone who could get away was fleeing to the country. His brother urges him to go, but because he is a bachelor and needs to look out for his business and servants, he feels an obligation to remain. Finally he consults the Bible, and opening at random to the Psalm containing the line, "Surely he shall deliver thee . . . from the noisome pestilence," his decision to remain is confirmed. With graphic detail he pictures the alarming spread of the disease, the futile attempts at quarantine, the agonies of the victims, the great pits in which the dead were buried, many specific cases which had come to his attention, and the final abatement of the disease toward winter. The narrative is fascinating in its very horror, and makes the modern reader doubly appreciative of the strides made by medical science in the control of great epidemics.

1665. It pleased God that I was still spared, and very hearty and sound in health, but very impatient of being pent up within doors without air, as I had been for fourteen days, or thereabouts; and I could not restrain myself, but I would go to carry a letter for my brother to the Posthouse. Then it was, indeed, that I observed a profound silence in the streets. When I came to the Posthouse, as I went to put in my letter, I saw a man stand in one corner of the yard, and talking to another at a window, and a third had opened a door belonging to the office. In the middle of the yard lay a small leather purse, with two keys hanging at it, and money in it, but nobody would meddle with it. I asked how long it had lain there; the man at the window said it had lain almost an hour, but they had not meddled with it, because they did not know but the person who dropped it might come back to look for it. I had no such need of money, nor was the sum so big that I had any inclination to meddle with it to get the money at the hazard it might be attended with; so I seemed to go away, when the man who had opened the door said he would take it up; but so that if the right owner came for it, he should be sure to have it. So he went in and fetched a pail of water, and set

it down hard by the purse, then went again and fetched some gunpowder and cast a good deal of powder upon the purse, and then made a train from that which he had thrown loose upon the purse; the train reached about two yards. After this he goes in a third time, and fetches out a pair of tongs red hot, and which he had prepared, I suppose, on purpose; and first setting fire to the train of powder, that singed the purse, and also smoked the air sufficiently. But he was not content with that; but he then takes up the purse with the tongs, holding it so long till the tongs burnt through the purse, and then he shook the money out into the pail of water, so he carried it in. The money, as I remember, was about thirteen shillings, and some smooth groats, and brass farthings.

There might, perhaps, have been several poor people, as I have observed above, that would have been hardy enough to have ventured for the sake of the money; but you may easily see, by what I have observed, that the few people who were spared were very careful of themselves at that time when the distress was so exceeding great. . . .

It would pierce the hearts of all that came by to hear the piteous cries of those infected people, who being thus out of their understandings by the violence of their pain, or the heat of their blood, were either shut in, or perhaps tied in their beds and chairs, to prevent their doing themselves hurt, and who would make a dreadful outcry at their being confined, and at their not being permitted to "die at large," as they called it, and as they would have done before.

This running of distempered people about the streets was very dismal, and the Magistrates did their utmost to prevent it; but as it was generally in the night and always sudden, when such attempts were made, the officers could not be at hand to prevent it, and even when they got out in the day, the officers appointed did not care to meddle with them, because, as they were all grievously infected, to be sure, when they were come to that height, so they were more than ordinarily infectious, and it was one of the most dangerous things that could be to touch them. On the other hand, they generally ran on, not knowing what they did, till they dropped down stark dead, or till they had exhausted their spirits so as that they would fall, and then die in perhaps half an hour or an hour; and what was most piteous to hear, they were sure to come to themselves entirely in that half-hour or hour, and then to make most grievous and piercing cries and lamentations in the deep afflicting sense of the condition they were in. This was much of it before the order for shutting up of houses was strictly put in execution, for at first the watchmen

were not so rigorous and severe, as they were afterward, in the keeping the people in; that is to say, before they were, I mean some of them, severely punished for their neglect, failing in their duty, and letting people who were under their care slip away, or conniving at their going abroad, whether sick or well. But after they saw the officers appointed to examine into their conduct were resolved to have them do their duty, or be punished for the omission, they were more exact, and the people were strictly restrained; which was a thing they took so ill, and bore so impatiently, that their discontents can hardly be described; but there was an absolute necessity for it, that must be confessed, unless some other measures had been timely entered upon, and it was too late for that.

Had not this particular of the sick being restrained as above, been our case at that time, London would have been the most dreadful place that ever was in the world; there would, for aught I know, have as many people died in the streets as died in their houses; for when the Distemper was at its height, it generally made them raving and delirious, and when they were so, they would never be persuaded to keep in their beds but by force; and many, who were not tied, threw themselves out of windows, when they found they could not get leave to go out of their doors.

It was for want of people conversing one with another, in this time of calamity, that it was impossible any particular person could come at the knowledge of all the extraordinary cases that occurred in different families; and particularly I believe it was never known to this day how many people in their deliriums drowned themselves in the Thames, and in the river which runs from the marshes by Hackney, which we generally called Ware River, or Hackney River. As to those which were set down in the weekly bill, they were indeed few; nor could it be known of any of those, whether they drowned themselves by accident or not. But I believe, I might reckon up more, who, within the compass of my knowledge or observation really drowned themselves in that year than are put down in the bill of all put together, for many of the bodies were never found, who yet were known to be so lost: and the like, in other methods of self-destruction. There was also one man, in or about Whitecross Street, who burnt himself to death in his bed; some said it was done by himself, others that it was by the treachery of the nurse that attended him; but that he had the Plague upon him was agreed by all.

. . . We that were Examiners were often not able to come at the knowledge of the Infection being entered into a house till it was too

late to shut it up; and sometimes not till the people that were left were all dead. In Petticoat Lane two houses together were infected, and several people sick; but the Distemper was so well concealed, that the Examiner, who was my neighbor, got no knowledge of it, till notice was sent him that the people were all dead, and that the carts should call there to fetch them away. The two heads of the families concerted their measures, and so ordered their matters, as that when the Examiner was in the neighborhood, they appeared generally at a time, and answered, that is, lied for one another; or got some of the neighborhood to say they were all in health, and, perhaps, knew no better, till death making it impossible to keep it any longer as a secret, the Dead carts were called in the night to both houses, and so it became public; but when the Examiner ordered the constable to shut up the houses, there was nobody left in them but three people, two in one house, and one in the other, just dying, and a nurse in each house, who acknowledged that they had buried five before, that the houses had been infected nine or ten days, and that for all the rest of the two families, which were many, they were gone, some sick, some well, or whether sick or well, could not be known.

In like manner, at another house in the same lane, a man, having his family infected, but very unwilling to be shut up, when he could conceal it no longer, shut up himself; that is to say, he set the great Red Cross upon his door, with the words — “Lord have Mercy upon Us”; and so deluded the Examiner, who supposed it had been done by the constable by order of the other Examiner, for there were two Examiners to every district or precinct; by this means he had free egress and regress into his house again, and out of it, as he pleased, notwithstanding it was infected; till at length his stratagem was found out, and then he, with the sound part of his servants and family, made off, and escaped; so they were not shut up at all. . . .

It is here, however, to be observed, that after the funerals became so many that people could not toll the bell, mourn, or weep, or wear black for one another, as they did before; no, nor so much as make coffins for those that died; so after a while the fury of the Infection appeared to be so increased, that in short, they shut up no houses at all. It seemed enough that all the remedies of that kind had been used till they were found fruitless, and that the Plague spread itself with an irresistible fury; so that as the Fire, the succeeding year, spread itself, and burnt with such violence, that the citizens, in despair, gave over their endeavors to extinguish it, so in the Plague, it came at last to such violence that the people sat still, looking at one

another, and seemed quite abandoned to despair. Whole streets seemed to be desolated, and not to be shut up only, but to be emptied of their inhabitants; doors were left open, and windows stood shattering with the wind in empty houses for want of people to shut them. In a word, people began to give up themselves to their fears, and to think that all regulations and methods were in vain, and that there was nothing to be hoped for, but an universal Desolation; and it was even in the height of this general despair, that it pleased God to stay his hand, and to slacken the fury of the Contagion, in such a manner, as was even surprising (like its beginning), and demonstrated it to be his own particular Hand, and that above, if not without, the Agency of Means, as I shall take notice of in its proper place.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF THE JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE YEAR

1. Point out all the evidence that shows London to have been in a state of panic during the Plague. How does Defoe create an atmosphere of horror? What examples are given of evasion of the orders during the Plague?
2. What epidemics have occurred within recent times in the United States? How have they been handled? Against what diseases are physicians today making special campaigns?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read Poe's "The Masque of the Red Death" and discuss its method of presenting a plague situation and its effect on the reader in comparison with Defoe's. Sabatini's *Fortune's Fool* also pictures the Plague of 1665. What famous Italian writer mentioned earlier in this volume introduced a plague situation into literature?
2. A special report on the great plagues of the fourteenth and seventeenth centuries and their effects on England would be of interest to prospective medical students or nurses.

Famous Letter Writers

The art of letter writing flourished in the eighteenth century as it never had before. Its rise can be attributed to the facts that people were better educated and more traveled than heretofore and that the postal system was greatly improved during the reign of Queen Anne. Then, too, life

moved in a leisurely fashion for the upper classes, and correspondence became a favorite form of amusement. Journals and memoirs were likewise popular. Nineteenth-century life also fostered letter writing, but not so many people made literary names for themselves through their letter writing alone. The twentieth century, with its telephone, telegraph, radio, stenographers, picture postal cards, and counterattractions in the way of amusements, bids fair to put an end to letter writing as a fine art.

The persons represented in this section won their literary reputations largely through letters. The first two, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Horace Walpole, were famous for notable personal correspondence, especially on their travels; the third, Lord Chesterfield, for embodying in letters of advice to his son the prevailing standards of etiquette and social thinking.

Letters, as Bacon said, are "to be tasted." One does not sit down and study a collection of letters as he would a serious essay or great poem. Neither does he read consecutively as he would a novel or drama. But rather he dips in here and there, reading what holds his fancy for the moment and rejecting what bores him. Good letters must reveal the individuality of the writer and leave the reader with the same lingering pleasure that remains after a conversation with a pleasant person. Letters are the most natural and unstudied form of literature. If the following letters seem too formal in tone, remember that all phases of eighteenth-century life were governed by greater formality than the life of today.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU (1689-1762)

In the days when the "bluestocking," or intellectual woman, was beginning to occupy a conspicuous place in social life, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu achieved a great reputation as a beauty and wit. You will notice that she is the first woman writer to appear in this book. Her romantic marriage to Edward Wortley Montagu gave her great opportunity to travel, and many of her best letters were written while her husband was ambassador at Constantinople. Possibly Lady Mary wrote with one eye on the public, for she advised her family to keep her letters and suggested that they would be valuable forty years later!

TO HER SISTER

Vienna, September 8, 1716.

I am now, my dear sister, safely arrived at Vienna, and I thank God, have not at all suffered in my health, nor — what is dearer to me — in that of my child, by all our fatigues. We traveled by water from Ratisbon, a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of those little vessels that they very properly call wooden houses,

having in them all the conveniences of a palace — stoves in the chambers, kitchens, etc. They are rowed by twelve men each, and move with such an incredible swiftness that in the same day you have the pleasure of a vast variety of prospects, and within the space of a few hours you have the pleasure of seeing a populous city, adorned with magnificent palaces, and the most romantic solitudes, which appear distant from the commerce of mankind, the banks of the Danube being charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities, and ruins of ancient castles. I saw the great towns of Passau and Linz, famous for the retreat of the Imperial Court when Vienna was besieged. This town, which has the honor of being the Emperor's residence, did not at all answer my expectation nor ideas of it, being much less than I expected to find it; the streets are very close, and so narrow one cannot observe the fine fronts of the palaces, though many of them are all built of fine white stone, and are excessive high; for as the town is too little for the number of people that desire to live in it, the builders seem to have projected to repair that misfortune by clapping one town on the top of another, most of the houses being of five, and some of them of six, stories. You may easily imagine that, the streets being so narrow, the rooms are extremely dark, and, what is an inconvenience much more intolerable in my opinion, there is no house that has so few as five or six families in it. The apartments of the greatest ladies, and even of the ministers of state, are divided but by a partition from that of a tailor or shoemaker, and I know nobody that has above two floors in any house — one for their own use, and one higher for their servants. Those that have houses of their own let out the rest of them to whoever will take them, and thus the great stairs — which are all of stone — are as common and as dirty as the street. It is true, when you have once traveled through them, nothing can be more surprisingly magnificent than the apartments. They are commonly a suite of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and the furniture such as is seldom seen in the palaces of sovereign princes in other countries. Their apartments are adorned with hangings of the finest tapestry of Brussels, prodigious large looking glasses in silver frames, fine Japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies, and window curtains of the richest Genoa damask or velvet, almost covered with gold lace or embroidery. All this is made gay by pictures and vast jars of Japan china, and large lusters¹ of rock crystal. I have already had the honor of being invited to dinner by several of

¹ lusters: chandeliers.

the first people of quality, and I must do them the justice to say, the good taste and magnificence of their tables very well answer to that of their furniture. I have been more than once entertained with fifty dishes of meat, all served in silver, and well dressed; the dessert proportionable, served in the finest china. But the variety and richness of their wines is what appears the most surprising; the constant way is to lay a list of their names upon the plates of the guests along with the napkins, and I have counted several times to the number of eighteen different sorts, all exquisite in their kinds. I was yesterday at Count Schoonbourn the Vice-Chancellor's garden, where I was invited to dinner. I must own I never saw a place so perfectly delightful as the Faubourg² of Vienna. It is very large, and almost wholly composed of delicious palaces. If the emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the Faubourgs might be joined to it, he would have one of the largest and best-built cities in Europe. Count Schoonbourn's villa is one of the most magnificent; the furniture all rich brocades, so well fancied and fitted up nothing can look more gay and splendid; not to speak of a gallery full of rarities of coral, mother-of-pearl, and throughout the whole house a profusion of gilding, carving, fine painting, the most beautiful porcelain, statues of alabaster and ivory, and vast orange and lemon trees, in gilt pots. The dinner was perfectly fine and well ordered, and made still more agreeable by the good humor of the Count. I have not yet been at court, being forced to stay for my gown, without which there is no waiting on the Empress; though I am not without great impatience to see a beauty that has been the admiration of so many different nations. When I have had the honor, I will not fail to let you know my real thoughts, always taking a particular pleasure in communicating them to my dear sister.

² **Faubourg:** a suburb.

HORACE WALPOLE (1717-1797)

King of letter writers was Horace Walpole (Earl of Orford), who left behind him more than three thousand letters addressed to more than a hundred and fifty different persons. The letters cover sixty years of his life and give a remarkable picture of the eighteenth century, for Walpole was in close touch with many sides of life. After leaving Cambridge, Horace Walpole took Thomas Gray with him for a long tour of the Continent; this was the brightest spot in Gray's life. Though Walpole was a member of Parliament, he was little interested in politics. Instead, he

spent most of his time at his handsome country residence, Strawberry Hill, where he established a private printing press, wrote a thrilling romance, *The Castle of Otranto*, and entertained his literary friends. The light satirical tone of Walpole's letters is well illustrated by the following:

TO GEORGE MONTAGU

Arlington Street, Dec. 16, 1764.

As I have not read in the paper that you died lately at Greatworth, in Northamptonshire, nor have met with any Montagu or Trevor in mourning, I conclude you are living; I send this, however, to inquire, and if you should happen to be departed, hope your executor will be so kind as to burn it. Though you do not seem to have the same curiosity about my existence, you may gather from my handwriting that I am still in being; which being perhaps full as much as you want to know of me, I will trouble you with no further particulars about myself — nay, nor about anybody else; your curiosity seeming to be pretty much the same about all the world. News¹ there are certainly none; nobody is even dead, as the Bishop of Carlisle told me today — which I repeat to you in general; though I apprehend in his own mind he meant no possessor of a better bishopric.

If you like to know the state of the town, here it is. In the first place, it is very empty; in the next, there are more diversions than the week will hold. A charming Italian opera, with no dances and no company, at least on Tuesdays; to supply which defect the subscribers are to have a ball and a supper — a plan that in my humble opinion will fill the Tuesdays and empty the Saturdays. At both playhouses are woeful English operas, which, however, fill better than the Italian, patriotism being entirely confined to our ears; how long the sages of the law may leave us those I cannot say. Mrs. Cornelis, apprehending the future assembly at Almack's,² has enlarged her vast room and hung it with blue satin, and another with yellow satin; but Almack's room, which is to be ninety feet long, proposes to swallow up both hers as easily as Moses' rod gobbled down those of the magicians.³ Well, but there are more joys — a dinner and assembly every Tuesday at the Austrian minister's; ditto on Thursdays at the Spaniard's; ditto on Wednesdays and Sundays at the French ambassador's; besides Madame de Wolderen's on Wednes-

¹ **News**: considered a plural word in those days. ² **Almack's**: a popular resort of society people. ³ **Moses' . . . magicians**: For this story see Exodus 7:10-13.

days, Lady Harrington's Sundays, and occasional private mobs at my Lady Northumberland's. Then for the morning, there are levees and drawing rooms without end, not to mention the Macaroni Club, which has quite absorbed Arthur's, for you know old fools will hobble after young ones. Of all these pleasures, I prescribe myself a very small pittance — my dark corner in my own box at the opera, and now and then an ambassador to keep my French going till my journey to Paris. . . .

[There follows a discussion of some books of that day not familiar to the modern student.]

Tell me whether I am likely to see you before I go to Paris, which will be early in February. I hate you for being so indifferent about me. I live in the world, and yet love nothing, care a straw for nothing, but two or three old friends that I have loved these thirty years. You have buried yourself with half a dozen parsons and squires and yet never cast a thought upon those you have always lived with. You come to town for two months, grow tired in six weeks, hurry away, and then one hears no more of you till next winter. I don't want you to like the world, I like it no more than you; but I stay a while in it, because while one sees it one laughs at it, but when one gives it up one grows angry with it — and I hold it much wiser to laugh than to be out of humor. You cannot imagine how much ill blood this perseverance has cured me of; I used to say to myself, "Lord! this person is so bad, that person is so bad, I hate them." I have now found out that they are all pretty much alike, and I hate nobody. Having never found you out but for integrity and sincerity, I am much disposed to persist in a friendship with you; but if I am to be at all the pains of keeping it up, I shall imitate my neighbors (I don't mean those at next door, but in the Scripture sense of neighbor — anybody), and say, "That is a very good man, but I don't care a farthing for him." Till I have taken my final resolution on that head, I am

Yours most cordially . . .

PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTERFIELD
(1694-1773)

The Earl of Chesterfield, like several other statesmen of his day, won considerable renown as an author. After a year at Cambridge he toured the Continent and returned to London to figure as a popular wit, beau,

and patron of the arts. He became intimate with Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, and other men of eminence, but brought upon himself the wrath of Dr. Johnson (see page 421). The Earl's literary fame rests on the letters to his son which were written to improve his deportment as a young man of the world. The literary finish of these letters and the combination of affection with easy sophistication in their tone have made them classics. Lord Chesterfield is regarded as the pattern of a courtly gentleman of the eighteenth century, as Sir Philip Sidney is for the Elizabethan age.

TO HIS SON

Dublin Castle, Nov. 9, 1745.

. . . Now that the Christmas breaking-up draws near, I have ordered Mr. Desnoyers to go to you, during that time, to teach you to dance. I desire that you will particularly attend to the graceful motion of your arms; which with the manner of putting on your hat, and giving your hand, is all that a gentleman need attend to. Dancing is in itself a very trifling, silly thing; but it is one of those established follies to which people of sense are sometimes obliged to conform; and then they should be able to do it well. And though I would not have you a dancer, yet when you do dance, I would have you dance well; as I would have you do everything you do, well. There is no one thing so trifling, but which (if it is to be done at all) ought to be done well; and I have often told you that I wish you even played at pitch and cricket, better than any boy at Westminster. For instance, dress is a very foolish thing; and yet it is a very foolish thing for a man not to be well dressed, according to his rank and way of life; and it is so far from being a disparagement to any man's understanding that it is rather a proof of it to be as well dressed as those whom he lives with. The difference in this case between a man of sense and a fop is that the fop values himself upon his dress; and the man of sense laughs at it, at the same time that he knows he must not neglect it. There are a thousand foolish customs of this kind, which not being criminal must be complied with, and even cheerfully, by men of sense. Diogenes the cynic was a wise man for despising them; but a fool for showing it. Be wiser than other people if you can; but do not tell them so. . . .

TO HIS SON

London, July 26, 1748.

There are two sorts of understandings; one of which hinders a man from ever being considerable, and the other commonly makes him

ridiculous; I mean the lazy mind, and the trifling, frivolous mind. Yours, I hope, is neither. The lazy mind will not take the trouble of going to the bottom of anything, but, discouraged by the first difficulties (and everything worth knowing or having is attended with some), stops short, contents itself with easy, and consequently superficial, knowledge, and prefers a great degree of ignorance to a small degree of trouble. These people either think or represent most things as impossible, whereas few things are so to industry and activity. But difficulties seem to them impossibilities, or at least they pretend to think them so, by way of excuse for their laziness. An hour's attention to the same object is too laborious for them; they take everything in the light in which it first presents itself, never consider it in all its different views, and, in short, never think it through. The consequence of this is that when they come to speak upon these subjects before people who have considered them with attention, they only discover their own ignorance and laziness, and lay themselves open to answers that put them in confusion. Do not, then, be discouraged by the first difficulties but resolve to go to the bottom of all those things which every gentleman ought to know well. Such are languages, history, and geography, ancient and modern; philosophy, rational logic, rhetoric; and, for you particularly, the constitution, and the civil and military state, of every country in Europe. This, I confess, is a pretty large circle of knowledge, attended with some difficulties, and requiring some trouble; which, however, an active and industrious mind will overcome, and be amply repaid by. Read only useful books, and never quit a subject till you are thoroughly master of it, but read and inquire on till then. When you are in company, bring the conversation to some useful subject. Never be ashamed nor afraid of asking questions; for if they lead to information, and if you accompany them with some excuse, you will never be reckoned an impertinent or rude questioner. Adieu.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF THE LETTERS

1. What light does each of these letters throw on the character and disposition of the person who wrote it?
2. How does the general tone of each of these letters differ? Characterize each letter by a few good adjectives. Which of the letters do you like best? Why?
3. How do these letters differ from those that people write today? Which are most modern in tone? What do they show of society and education of that day as differing from our own day?
4. Which do you find harder to write, a letter describing a trip, such as

Lady Mary's, or a letter telling of ordinary happenings at home, like Walpole's? Write a good letter of your own for either situation or both. Discuss problems of good letter writing in general.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read other eighteenth-century letters. See list of collections on page 481. Make a list of all the modern writers you know who are famous letter writers. Investigate any of these in whom you might be especially interested.

2. Read on page 488 how letters played an important part in the development of the novel. What advantages and what disadvantages for a novelist do you see in telling a story through letters? What modern stories do you know that are told in this way? How do you like the method?

The Age of Dr. Johnson

SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709-1784)

The most picturesque figure of the middle eighteenth century was Dr. Samuel Johnson, who dominated the literary circles of London. His word was law as to the merits or demerits of the writers of his time. Strange to say, he lives today not so much by what he himself wrote as by what was written about him by an insignificant young admirer, Boswell.

Johnson's early life was a series of struggles. He was brought up in the country town of Lichfield, where his father was a bookseller, poor in money, but rich in reading facilities for his brilliant son. The boy struggled along at Oxford with practically no income, but his proud spirit made him throw away a pair of shoes that another student gave him for charity. At twenty-five he married a widow more than twenty years older than himself, and far from handsome at that, but their mental congeniality apparently made it a genuine love match. Several attempts at teaching proved unsuccessful; Johnson lacked the patience to be a schoolmaster. He finally tramped to London with his pupil, David Garrick, who eventually became the most famous actor of that time.

Johnson met rebuff after rebuff in attempting to sell his writings. He tried his hand at all types of writing — tragedy, poetry, biography, essay, novel — the last, *Rasselas*, being written to pay the expenses of his mother's funeral. His unique enterprise, however, was a dictionary of the English language, a tremendous undertaking for one man. The three years originally allowed for preparation stretched to eight before it was finished, and most of the subscription money received had been spent by the time the work was published, so that Johnson continued in financial distress until,

at the age of fifty-three, he was pensioned by the king. In the light of the definition of *pension* Dr. Johnson had given (see below), it is little wonder that vehement criticism was raised by his accepting one, but he slyly said, "I wish my pension were twice as large that they might make twice as much noise." No man could enjoy leisure like Dr. Johnson. He slept until noon and sat up late into the night, drinking innumerable cups of tea and leading the conversation at the famous Literary Club which he had founded. It is the picture of these later years of comfort and idleness which Boswell draws in minute detail.

DEFINITIONS FROM JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY

Some of Johnson's definitions are famous as showing his prejudices, his errors, and his use of big words to define a fairly simple term.

Excise duty: a hateful tax levied by wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.

Oats: a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.

Pension: an allowance made to anyone without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.

Pensioner: a slave of state hired by a stipend to obey his master.

Tory: one who adheres to the ancient constitution of the State and the apostolical hierarchy of the Church of England; opposed to a Whig.

Whig: the name of a faction.

Lexicographer: a writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge.

Grub street: the name of a street in London, much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems: whence any mean production is called *Grub Street*.

Pastern: the knee of a horse. [On being asked by a lady, why he defined it thus, he said, "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance."]

Network: anything reticulated or decussated, at equal distances with interstices between the intersections.

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD

To understand the significance of this letter you must first know the system of patronage prevalent in England at the time. Since the reading public was small, the only way a man could obtain any real financial return from writing was by having a patron among the wealthy nobility.



THE ANTEROOM OF LORD CHESTERFIELD. Dr. Johnson cools his heels seeking patronage. Seven years later a famous letter recalls this episode. (Culver Service)

It was understood that the author would dedicate his work to the patron, who in return saw to the author's financial welfare. When the dictionary was first contemplated, Johnson wrote to Lord Chesterfield, the most "elegant" gentleman of his day: but what became of his support is told in the following letter, dated February 7, 1755, which was called forth by the last-minute recommendation in one of the newspapers that the Dictionary would, of course, be dedicated to Lord Chesterfield. Johnson showed his native independence of spirit and is said to have hereby sounded the death knell of the whole patronage system. In connection with this, read the selection on "The Dictionary" from Boswell's *Life* (see page 424).

To the Right Honorable the Earl of Chesterfield.

My Lord:

I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*¹ — that I might

¹ *Le . . . terre*: "The conqueror of the conqueror of the world."

obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Public should consider me as owing that to a Patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation.

My Lord,
Your Lordship's most humble,
Most obedient servant,

Sam. Johnson.

JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795)

A born hero-worshiper, James Boswell has won glory by reflecting the greater glory of his hero, Dr. Johnson. Boswell's reputation for having written the greatest biography in the English language could never have

been made had he not submerged himself in the personality of this man thirty years older than himself, followed him about from day to day, egged him on to conversation often by ridiculous questions, and sat late into the night recording every word from the idol's mouth before its flavor was lost. Though Johnson often emptied his wrath on Boswell as on everyone else, he seemed nevertheless to have found a not unpleasant companion in the faithful little barrister. Or perhaps he realized the hopelessness of shaking the dogged young Scotchman and simply resigned himself philosophically to his fate. At any rate, Boswell holds the world's record for being the perfect shadow.

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

THE DICTIONARY

This selection is from the first part of the biography, covering the period before Boswell became acquainted with Johnson.

How long this immense undertaking had been the object of his contemplation, I do not know. I once asked him by what means he had attained to that astonishing knowledge of our language by which he was enabled to realize a design of such extent and accumulated difficulty. He told me that "it was not the effect of particular study; but that it had grown up in his mind insensibly." I have been informed by Mr. James Dodsley that several years before this period, when Johnson was one day sitting in his brother Robert's shop, he heard his brother suggest to him that a Dictionary of the English Language would be a work that would be well received by the public; that Johnson seemed at first to catch at the proposition, but, after a pause, said, in his abrupt decisive manner, "I believe I shall not undertake it." That he, however, had bestowed much thought upon the subject, before he published his "Plan," is evident from the enlarged, clear, and accurate views which it exhibits.

The booksellers who contracted with Johnson, single and unaided, for the execution of a work, which in other countries has not been effected by the co-operative exertions of many, were Mr. Robert Dodsley, Mr. Charles Hitch, Mr. Andrew Millar, the two Messieurs Longman, and the two Messieurs Knapton. The price stipulated was fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds.

The "Plan" was addressed to Philip Dormer, Earl of Chesterfield, then one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State; a nobleman who was very ambitious of literary distinction, and who, upon being

informed of the design, had expressed himself in terms very favorable to its success. There is, perhaps, in everything of any consequence, a secret history which it would be amusing to know, could we have it authentically communicated. Johnson told me, "Sir, the way in which the plan of my Dictionary came to be inscribed to Lord Chesterfield was this; I had neglected to write it by the time appointed. Dodsley suggested a desire to have it addressed to Lord Chesterfield. I laid hold of this as a pretext for delay, that it might be better done, and let Dodsley have his desire. I said to my friend, Dr. Bathurst, 'Now, if any good comes of my addressing to Lord Chesterfield, it will be ascribed to deep policy,' when in fact it was only a casual excuse for laziness."

That he was fully aware of the arduous nature of the undertaking, he acknowledges; and shows himself perfectly sensible of it in the conclusion of his "Plan"; but he had a noble consciousness of his own abilities, which enabled him to go on with undaunted spirit.

Dr. Adams found him one day busy at his Dictionary, when the following dialogue ensued:

Adams: "This is a great work, Sir. How are you to get all the etymologies?" *derived from*

Johnson: "Why, Sir, here is a shelf with Junius, and Skinner, and others; and there is a Welsh gentleman who has published a collection of Welsh proverbs, who will help me with the Welsh."

Adams: "But, Sir, how can you do this in three years?"

Johnson: "Sir, I have no doubt that I can do it in three years."

Adams: "But the French Academy, which consists of forty members, took forty years to compile their Dictionary."

Johnson: "Sir, thus it is. This is the proportion. Let me see: forty times forty is sixteen hundred. As three to sixteen hundred so is the proportion of an Englishman to a Frenchman."

With so much ease and pleasantry could he talk of that prodigious labor which he had undertaken to execute.

While the Dictionary was going forward, Johnson lived part of the time in Holborn, part in Gough Square, Fleet Street; and he had an upper room fitted up like a countinghouse for the purpose, in which he gave to the copyists their several tasks. The words, partly taken from other Dictionaries, and partly supplied by himself, having been first written down with spaces left between them, he delivered in writing their etymologies, definitions, and various significations. The authorities were copied from the books themselves, in which he had marked the passages with a black-lead pencil, the traces of

which could be easily effaced. I have seen several of them in which that trouble had not been taken; so that they were just as when used by the copyists. It is remarkable that he was so attentive in the choice of the passages in which words were authorized that one may read page after page of his Dictionary with improvement and pleasure; and it should not pass unobserved that he has quoted no author whose writings had a tendency to hurt sound religion and morality.

The necessary expense of preparing a work of such magnitude for the press must have been a considerable deduction from the price stipulated to be paid for the copyright. I understand that nothing was allowed by the booksellers on that account; and I remember his telling me that a large portion of it having, by mistake, been written upon both sides of the paper, so as to be inconvenient for the compositor, it cost him twenty pounds to have it transcribed upon one side only.

BOSWELL'S FIRST MEETING WITH DR. JOHNSON

Mr. Thomas Davies, the actor, who then kept a bookseller's shop in Russell Street, Covent Garden, told me that Johnson was very much his friend, and came frequently to his house, where he more than once invited me to meet him: but by some unlucky accident or other he was prevented from coming to us. . . .

At last, on Monday the 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies' back parlor, after having drunk tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop; and Mr. Davies having perceived him through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing toward us—he announced his awful approach to me, somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my Lord, it comes." I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua very kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell him where I come from."

"From Scotland," cried Davies, roguishly.

"Mr. Johnson (said I), I do indeed come from Scotland, but I cannot help it."

I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression "come from Scotland," which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, Sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help."

This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next.

He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings."

Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "O, Sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you."

"Sir (said he, with a stern look), I have known David Garrick longer than you have done; and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject."

Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil. I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged of obtaining his acquaintance was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardor been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me forever from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited; and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation. . . .

A few days afterward I called on Davies, and asked him if he thought I might take the liberty of waiting on Mr. Johnson at his Chambers in the Temple. He said I certainly might, and that Mr. Johnson would take it as a compliment. So on Tuesday the 24th of May, after having been enlivened by the witty sallies of Messieurs Thornton, Wilkes, Churchill, and Lloyd, with whom I had passed the morning, I boldly repaired to Johnson. His Chambers were on the

first floor of No. 1, Inner Temple-land, and I entered them with an impression given me by the Reverend Dr. Blair, of Edinburgh, who had been introduced to him not long before, and described his having "found the Giant in his den"; an expression which, when I came to be pretty well acquainted with Johnson, I repeated to him, and he was diverted at this picturesque account of himself.

He received me very courteously: but it must be confessed, that his apartment, and furniture, and morning dress were sufficiently uncouth. His brown suit of clothes looked very rusty: he had on a little old shriveled unpowdered wig, which was too small for his head; his shirt neck and knees of his breeches were loose; his black worsted stockings ill drawn up; and he had a pair of unbuckled shoes by way of slippers. But all these slovenly particularities were forgotten the moment that he began to talk. Some gentlemen, whom I do not recollect, were sitting with him; and when they went away, I also rose; but he said to me, "Nay, don't go."

"Sir (said I), I am afraid that I intrude upon you. It is benevolent to allow me to sit and hear you."

He seemed pleased with this compliment, which I sincerely paid him, and answered, "Sir, I am obliged to any man who visits me." . . .

When I rose a second time, he again pressed me to stay, which I did.

He told me that he generally went abroad at four in the afternoon and seldom came home till two in the morning. I took the liberty to ask if he did not think it was wrong to live thus, and not make more use of his great talents. He owned it was a bad habit. On reviewing, at the distance of many years, my journal of this period, I wonder how, at my first visit, I ventured to talk to him so freely, and that he bore it with so much indulgence.

Before we parted, he was so good as to promise to favor me with his company one evening at my lodgings; and, as I took my leave, shook me cordially by the hand. It is almost needless to add that I felt no little elation at having now so happily established an acquaintance of which I had been so long ambitious.

My readers will, I trust, excuse me for being thus minutely circumstantial, when it is considered that the acquaintance of Dr. Johnson was to me a most valuable acquisition, and laid the foundation of whatever instruction and entertainment they may receive from my collections concerning the great subject of the work which they are now perusing. *reading*

DR. JOHNSON'S PECULIARITIES

About this time he was afflicted with a very severe return of the hypochondriac disorder which was ever lurking about him. He was so ill, as, notwithstanding his remarkable love of company, to be entirely averse to society, the most fatal symptom of that malady. Dr. Adams told me that as an old friend he was admitted to visit him, and that he found him in a deplorable state, sighing, groaning, talking to himself, and restlessly walking from room to room. He then used this emphatical expression of the misery which he felt: "I would consent to have a limb amputated to recover my spirits."

Talking to himself was, indeed, one of his singularities ever since I knew him. I was certain that he was frequently uttering pious ejaculations; for fragments of the Lord's Prayer have been distinctly overheard. His friend Mr. Thomas Davies, of whom Churchill says,

That Davies hath a very pretty wife,

when Dr. Johnson muttered, "Lead us not into temptation," used with waggish and gallant humor to whisper Mrs. Davies, "You, my dear, are the cause of this."

He had another particularity, of which none of his friends even ventured to ask an explanation. It appeared to me some superstitious habit, which he had contracted early, and from which he had never called upon his reason to disentangle him. This was his anxious care to go out or in at a door or passage by a certain number of steps from a certain point, or at least so as that either his right or his left foot (I am not certain which) should constantly make the first actual movement when he came close to the door or passage. Thus I conjecture: for I have, upon innumerable occasions, observed him suddenly stop, and then seem to count his steps with a deep earnestness; and when he had neglected or gone wrong in this sort of magical movement, I have seen him go back again, put himself in a proper posture to begin the ceremony, and, having gone through it, break from his abstraction, walk briskly on, and join his companion. Sir Joshua Reynolds has observed him to go a good way about, rather than cross a particular alley in Leicester Fields; but this Sir Joshua imputed to his having had some disagreeable recollections associated with it.

That the most minute singularities which belonged to him, and made very observable parts of his appearance and manner, may not be omitted it is requisite to mention that while talking or even mus-

ing as he sat in his chair, he commonly held his head to one side toward his right shoulder, and shook it in a tremulous manner, moving his body backward and forward, and rubbing his left knee in the same direction, with the palm of his hand. In the intervals of articulating he made various sounds with his mouth; sometimes giving a half whistle, sometimes as if ruminating, or what is called chewing the cud, sometimes making his tongue play backward from the roof of his mouth, as if clucking like a hen, and sometimes protruding it against his upper gums in front, as if pronouncing quickly under his breath, too, too, too: all this accompanied sometimes with a thoughtful look, but more frequently with a smile. Generally when he had concluded a period, in the course of a dispute, by which time he was a good deal exhausted by violence and vociferation, he used to blow out his breath like a whale. This I suppose was a relief to his lungs: and seemed in him to be a contemptuous mode of expression, as if he had made the arguments of his opponents fly like chaff before the wind.

JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH

The following incident takes place at dinner at the home of two booksellers, where about a dozen gentlemen, including Johnson, Boswell, and Goldsmith, met. A long conversation is first reported.

During this argument, Goldsmith sat in restless agitation, from a wish to get in and shine. Finding himself excluded, he had taken his hat to go away, but remained for some time with it in his hand, like a gamester, who, at the close of a long night, lingers for a little while, to see if he can have a favorable opening to finish with success. Once when he was beginning to speak, he found himself overpowered by the loud voice of Johnson, who was at the opposite end of the table, and did not perceive Goldsmith's attempt. Thus disappointed of his wish to obtain the attention of the company, Goldsmith in a passion threw down his hat, looking angrily at Johnson, and exclaimed in a bitter tone, "Take it." When Toplady was going to speak, Johnson uttered some sound, which led Goldsmith to think that he was beginning again, and taking the words from Toplady. Upon which, he seized this opportunity of venting his own envy and spleen, under the pretext of supporting another person: "Sir (said he to Johnson), the gentleman has heard you patiently for an hour: pray allow us now to hear him."

Johnson (sternly): "Sir, I was not interrupting the gentleman.

I was only giving him a signal of my attention. Sir, you are impertinent." Goldsmith made no reply, but continued in the company for some time.

He and Mr. Langton and I went together to The Club, where we found Mr. Burke, Mr. Garrick, and some other members, and among them our friend Goldsmith, who sat silently brooding over Johnson's reprimand to him after dinner. Johnson perceived this, and said aside to some of us, "I'll make Goldsmith forgive me"; and then called to him in a loud voice, "Dr. Goldsmith—something passed today where you and I dined: I ask your pardon." Goldsmith answered placidly, "It must be much from you, Sir, that I take ill." And so at once the difference was over, and they were on as easy terms as ever, and Goldsmith rattled away as usual.

In our way to the club tonight, when I regretted that Goldsmith would, upon every occasion, endeavor to shine, by which he often exposed himself, Mr. Langton observed that he was not like Addison, who was content with the fame of his writings, and did not aim also at excellency in conversation, for which he found himself unfit: and that he said to a lady who complained of his having talked little in company, "Madam, I have but ninepence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds." I observed that Goldsmith had a great deal of gold in his cabinet, but not content with that, was always taking out his purse. Johnson: "Yes, Sir, and that so often an empty purse! "

Goldsmith's incessant desire of being conspicuous in company was the occasion of his sometimes appearing to such disadvantage as one should hardly have supposed possible in a man of his genius. When his literary reputation had risen deservedly high, and his society was much courted, he became very jealous of the extraordinary attention which was everywhere paid to Johnson. One evening, in a circle of wits, he found fault with me for talking of Johnson as entitled to the honor of unquestionable superiority. "Sir (said he), you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic."

He was still more mortified, when talking in a company with fluent vivacity, and, as he flattered himself, to the admiration of all who were present; a German who sat next him, and perceived Johnson rolling himself as if about to speak, suddenly stopped him, saying, "Stay, stay—Toctor Shonson is going to say something." This was, no doubt, very provoking, especially to one so irritable as Goldsmith, who frequently mentioned it with strong expressions of indignation.

It may also be observed that Goldsmith was sometimes content to be treated with an easy familiarity, but upon occasions would be consequential and important. An instance of this occurred in a small particular. Johnson had a way of contracting the names of his friends: as Beauclerk, Beau; Boswell, Bozzy; Langton, Lanky; Murphy, Mur; Sheridan, Sherry. I remember one day, when Tom Davies was telling that Dr. Johnson said, "We are all in labor for a name to *Goldy's* play," Goldsmith seemed displeased that such a liberty should be taken with his name, and said, "I have often desired him not to call me *Goldy*." Tom was remarkably attentive to the most minute circumstance about Johnson. I recollect his telling me once, on my arrival in London, "Sir, our great friend has made an improvement on his appellation of old Mr. Sheridan. He calls him now *Sherry derry*."

JOHNSON'S CHARACTER

The character of Samuel Johnson has, I trust, been so developed in the course of this work that they who have honored it with a perusal may be considered as well acquainted with him. As, however, it may be expected that I should collect into one view the capital and distinguishing features of this extraordinary man, I shall endeavor to acquit myself of that part of my biographical undertaking, however difficult it may be to do that which many of my readers will do better for themselves.

His figure was large and well formed, and his countenance of the cast of an ancient statue: yet his appearance was rendered strange and somewhat uncouth, by convulsive cramps, by the scars of that distemper which it was once imagined the royal touch could cure, and by a slovenly mode of dress. He had the use only of one eye: yet so much does mind govern, and even supply the deficiency of organs, that his visual perceptions, as far as they extended, were uncommonly quick and accurate. So morbid was his temperament that he never knew the natural joy of a free and vigorous use of his limbs: when he walked, it was like the struggling gait of one in fetters; when he rode, he had no command or direction of his horse, but was carried as if in a balloon. That with his constitution and habits of life he should have lived seventy-five years, is a proof that an inherent *vivida vis*¹ is a powerful preservative of the human frame.

Man is, in general, made up of contradictory qualities; and these

¹ *vivida vis*: living force.

will ever show themselves in strange succession where a consistency, in appearance at least, if not in reality, has not been attained by long habits of philosophical discipline. In proportion to the native vigor of the mind, the contradictory qualities will be the more prominent, and more difficult to be adjusted; and, therefore, we are not to wonder that Johnson exhibited an eminent example of this remark which I have made upon human nature. At different times he seemed a different man, in some respects; not, however, in any great or essential article upon which he had fully employed his mind and settled certain principles of duty, but only in his manners, and in the display of argument and fancy in his talk. He was prone to superstition, but not to credulity. Though his imagination might incline him to a belief of the marvelous and the mysterious, his vigorous reason examined the evidence with jealousy. He was a sincere and zealous Christian, of high Church of England and monarchical principles, which he would not timely suffer to be questioned; and had, perhaps, at an early period, narrowed his mind somewhat too much, both as to religion and politics. His being impressed with the danger of extreme latitude in either, though he was of a very independent spirit, occasioned his appearing somewhat unfavorable to the prevalence of that noble freedom of sentiment which is the best possession of man. Nor can it be denied that he had many prejudices; which, however, frequently suggested many of his pointed sayings, that rather show a playfulness of fancy than any settled malignity. He was steady and inflexible in maintaining the obligations of religion and morality; both from a regard for the order of society, and from a veneration for the Great Source of all order; correct, nay, stern in his taste; hard to please and easily offended; impetuous and irritable in his temper, but of a most humane and benevolent heart, which showed itself not only in a most liberal charity, as far as his circumstances would allow, but in a thousand instances of active benevolence. He was afflicted with a bodily disease, which made him often restless and fretful; and with a constitutional melancholy, the clouds of which darkened the brightness of his fancy, and gave a gloomy cast to his whole course of thinking: we, therefore, ought not to wonder at his sallies of impatience and passion at any time; especially when provoked by obtrusive ignorance, or presuming petulance; and allowance must be made for his uttering hasty and satirical sallies even against his best friends. And, surely, when it is considered that "amidst sickness and sorrow" he exerted his faculties in so many works for the benefit of mankind, and particularly that he achieved the great and admirable Dictionary of our

language, we must be astonished at his resolution. The solemn text, "Of him to whom much is given much will be required," seems to have been ever present to his mind, in a rigorous sense, and to have made him dissatisfied with his labors and acts of goodness, however comparatively great; so that the unavoidable consciousness of his superiority was, in that respect, a cause of disquiet. He suffered so much from this, and from the gloom which perpetually haunted him and made solitude frightful, that it may be said of him, "If in this life only he had hope, he was of all men most miserable."

He loved praise, when it was brought to him; but was too proud to seek for it. He was somewhat susceptible of flattery. As he was general and unconfined in his studies, he cannot be considered as master of any one particular science; but he had accumulated a vast and various collection of learning and knowledge which was so arranged in his mind as to be ever in readiness to be brought forth. But his superiority over other learned men consisted chiefly in what may be called the art of thinking, the art of using his mind: a certain continual power of seizing the useful substance of all that he knew, and exhibiting it in a clear and forcible manner: so that knowledge, which we often see to be no better than lumber in men of dull understanding, was, in him, true, evident, and actual wisdom. His moral precepts are practical; for they are drawn from an intimate acquaintance with human nature. His maxims carry conviction: for they are founded on the basis of common sense and a very attentive and minute survey of real life. His mind was so full of imagery that he might have been perpetually a poet; yet it is remarkable that however rich his prose is in this respect, his poetical pieces, in general, have not much of that splendor, but are rather distinguished by strong sentiment, and acute observation, conveyed in harmonious and energetic verse, particularly in heroic couplets.

Though usually grave, and even awful in his deportment, he possessed uncommon and peculiar powers of wit and humor; he frequently indulged himself in colloquial pleasantry; and the heartiest merriment was often enjoyed in his company; with this great advantage, that, as it was entirely free from any poisonous tincture of vice or impiety, it was salutary to those who shared in it. He had accustomed himself to such accuracy in his common conversation that he at all times expressed his thoughts with great force and an elegant choice of language, the effect of which was aided by his having a loud voice, and a slow, deliberate utterance. In him were united a most logical head with a most fertile imagination, which gave him an ex-

traordinary advantage in arguing: for he could reason close or wide, as he saw best for the moment. Exulting in his intellectual strength and dexterity, he could, when he pleased, be the greatest sophist that ever contended in the lists of declamation; and, from a spirit of contradiction, and a delight in showing his powers, he would often maintain the wrong side with equal warmth and ingenuity; so that, when there was an audience, his real opinions could seldom be gathered from his talk; though when he was in company with a single friend, he would discuss a subject with genuine fairness; but he was too conscientious to make error permanent and pernicious by deliberately writing it; and, in all his numerous works, he earnestly inculcated what appeared to him to be the truth; his piety being constant, and the ruling principle of all his conduct.

Such was Samuel Johnson, a man whose talents, acquirements, and virtues were so extraordinary, that the more his character is considered, the more he will be regarded by the present age, and by posterity, with admiration and reverence.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON

1. Discuss your impressions of Johnson's personality and attitude toward others. Would you have enjoyed knowing him? Have you ever known anyone at all like him?
2. What light is thrown on Johnson's character by his conduct in regard to the Dictionary? Summarize his character and abilities as portrayed in the last selection.
3. Contrast Johnson and Goldsmith. Which of the two appeals to you more as a man?
4. From these selections does Boswell seem to you to be an impartial or a partial biographer? Does he make his subject so interesting that you wish to read more? What qualities about this biography make it unique among those of our literature?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read other parts of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, especially noting Johnson's conversations. Read also other accounts of his life and personality (see pages 482 and 483).
2. Read some of Johnson's essays from *The Rambler*, such as "The Voyage of Life," No. 102, and "The History of a Garret," No. 161. Discuss them in comparison with other essays you have read in this course.
3. Write a short playlet or dramatized conversation of Johnson's club and present it before the class.
4. Compare Ben Jonson, John Dryden, and Samuel Johnson. What

points do literary dictators have in common with political dictators? What marked differences are seen in their powers? Do we have literary dictators today? Discuss.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774)

Johnson's friend, "Goldy," was a strange, inconsistent, irresponsible, lovable, witty Irishman, whose life presents a combination of pathos and absurdity. His boyhood in the little Irish village of Lissoy is accurately pictured in *The Deserted Village*. At school the awkward, blundering, pock-marked boy was regarded as a dunce. He worked his way through Trinity College, Dublin, where he was thought a buffoon, and came out at the foot of his class. To settle down to money-earning was an impossibility. Sums given him by relatives so that he could study law or emigrate to America he lost in gambling or in other mysterious ways, and then turned up as smiling and irresponsible as ever. For a time he studied medicine at Edinburgh and later on the Continent at Leyden. Then he roamed over Europe without earning a penny but what he picked up from flute playing. Returning to England, he tried acting, working in a chemist's shop, teaching in a boys' school, and even begging, before finally taking up literature.

Here at last he found something he could do well, for Goldsmith has the unique distinction among eighteenth-century writers of having produced a poem (*The Deserted Village*), a comedy (*She Stoops to Conquer*), and a novel (*The Vicar of Wakefield*), all of which are still read and enjoyed today. The story goes that when Goldsmith was about to be imprisoned for not paying his rent, Johnson, to save the day, sold the manuscript of *The Vicar of Wakefield* to a bookseller for sixty pounds. Goldsmith made a better income from his hack writing. He turned out textbooks of history with astounding rapidity and startling inaccuracy. Some of the statements in his *Animated Nature* justify the remark made by one of his friends that he didn't know one fowl from another until it appeared cooked on the table.

With greater prosperity Goldsmith indulged his fondness for bright-colored clothes, opened an office in which he conducted a mythical medical practice, and spent most of his time with the members of the famous Literary Club. There he was usually the butt of the jokes. On one occasion when he was late as usual, they all wrote epitaphs on him. Garrick's ran thus:

"Here lies Nolly Goldsmith, for shortness called 'Noll,'
Who wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll."

Goldsmith's poem "Retaliation" was his way of getting even; it is full of clever lines pointed at this group of illustrious men. Goldsmith had

a certain sly wit in conversation too. Once when he and Johnson were looking at the tombs in Westminster Abbey, Johnson quoted a Latin sentence that meant, "Perhaps our names also will be mingled with these." On the way home they passed Temple Bar, where heads of criminals used to be exposed. Goldsmith thereupon repeated the Latin with different emphasis: "Perhaps our names also will be mingled with *these*." Fortunately it was the first rather than the second prophecy that came true. Johnson wrote the Latin inscription for his friend's tablet in the Abbey, although it was Johnson and not Goldsmith who was eventually buried there.

LETTERS FROM A CITIZEN OF THE WORLD TO HIS FRIENDS IN THE EAST

The first notable work of Goldsmith, following the lead of his predecessors, Addison, Steele, and Johnson, was a series of essays on miscellaneous topics. Like Addison, Goldsmith satirized London, but he learned an additional trick from Swift — that of deriving his fun from contrasting types of civilization. Goldsmith pictured London through the eyes of a distinguished Chinese philosopher who was horrified at the appearance of the round-eyed, red-lipped Englishwomen with their odiously white teeth and ten-inch feet which were actually used for walking. Such conflicting standards led to diverting comments on every phase of English life.

THE CHINESE GOES TO SEE A PLAY

The English are as fond of seeing plays acted as the Chinese; but there is a vast difference in the manner of conducting them. We play our pieces in the open air, the English theirs under cover; we act by daylight, they by the blaze of torches. One of our plays continues eight or ten days successively; an English piece seldom takes up above four hours in the representation.

My companion in black, with whom I am now beginning to contract an intimacy, introduced me a few nights ago to the playhouse, where we placed ourselves conveniently at the foot of the stage. As the curtain was not drawn before my arrival, I had an opportunity of observing the behavior of the spectators, and indulging those reflections which novelty generally inspires.

The rich in general were placed in the lowest seats, and the poor rose above them in degrees proportioned to their poverty. The order of precedence seemed here inverted; those who were undermost all the day now enjoyed a temporary eminence, and became masters of the ceremonies. It was they who called for the music, indulging

every noisy freedom, and testifying all the insolence of beggary in exaltation.

They who held the middle region seemed not so riotous as those above them, nor yet so tame as those below: to judge by their looks, many of them seemed strangers there as well as myself. They were chiefly employed, during this period of expectation, in eating oranges, reading the story of the play, or making assignations.

Those who sat in the lowest rows, which are called the pit, seemed to consider themselves as judges of the merit of the poet and the performers; they were assembled partly to be amused, and partly to show their taste; appearing to labor under that restraint which an affectation of superior discernment generally produces. My companion, however, informed me that not one in a hundred of them knew even the first principles of criticism; that they assumed the right of being censors because there was none to contradict their pretensions; and that every man who now called himself a connoisseur became such to all intents and purposes.

Those who sat in the boxes appeared in the most unhappy situation of all. The rest of the audience came merely for their own amusement; these, rather to furnish out a part of the entertainment themselves. I could not avoid considering them as acting parts in dumb show — not a curtsy or nod, that was not all the result of art; not a look nor a smile that was not designed for murder. Gentlemen and ladies ogled each other through spectacles; for, my companion observed, that blindness was of late become fashionable; all affected indifference and ease, while their hearts at the same time burned for conquest. Upon the whole, the lights, the music, the ladies in their gayest dresses, the men with cheerfulness and expectation in their looks, all conspired to make a most agreeable picture, and to fill a heart that sympathizes at human happiness with inexpressible serenity.

The expected time for the play to begin at last arrived: the curtain was drawn, and the actors came on. A woman, who personated a queen, came in curtsying to the audience, who clapped their hands upon her appearance. Clapping of hands is, it seems, the manner of applauding in England; the manner is absurd, but every country, you know, has its peculiar absurdities. I was equally surprised, however, at the submission of the actress, who should have considered herself as a queen, as at the little discernment of the audience who gave her such marks of applause before she attempted to deserve them. Preliminaries between her and the audience being thus adjusted, the dia-

logue was supported between her and a most hopeful youth, who acted the part of her confidant. They both appeared in extreme distress, for it seems the queen had lost a child some fifteen years before, and still kept its dear resemblance next her heart, while her kind companion bore a part in her sorrows.

Her lamentations grew loud; comfort is offered, but she detests the very sound; she bids them preach comfort to the winds. Upon this her husband comes in, who, seeing the queen so much afflicted, can himself hardly refrain from tears, or avoid partaking in the soft distress. After thus grieving through three scenes, the curtain dropped for the first act.

"Truly," said I to my companion, "these kings and queens are very much disturbed at no very great misfortune; certain I am, were people of humbler stations to act in this manner, they would be thought divested of common sense." I had scarcely finished this observation, when the curtain rose, and the king came on in a violent passion. His wife had, it seems, refused his proffered tenderness, had spurned his royal embrace, and he seemed resolved not to survive her fierce disdain. After he had thus fretted, and the queen had fretted through the second act, the curtain was let down once more.

"Now," says my companion, "you perceive the king to be a man of spirit; he feels at every pore: one of your phlegmatic sons of clay would have given the queen her own way, and let her come to herself by degrees; but the king is for immediate tenderness, or instant death. Death and tenderness are leading passions of every modern buskined hero; this moment they embrace, and the next stab, mixing daggers and kisses in every period."

I was going to second his remarks when my attention was engrossed by a new object; a man came in balancing a straw upon his nose, and the audience were clapping their hands, in all the raptures of applause. "To what purpose," cried I, "does this unmeaning figure make his appearance? Is he a part of the plot?" — "Unmeaning do you call him?" replied my friend in black; "this is one of the most important characters of the whole play; nothing pleases the people more than seeing a straw balanced. There is a good deal of meaning in the straw; there is something suited to every apprehension in the sight; and a fellow possessed of talents like these is sure of making his fortune."

The third act now began with an actor who came to inform us that he was the villain of the play, and intended to show strange things before all was over. He was joined by another who seemed as much

disposed for mischief as he; their intrigues continued through this whole division. "If that be a villain," said I, "he must be a very stupid one to tell his secrets without being asked; such soliloquies of late are never admitted in China."

The noise of clapping interrupted me once more; a child of six years old was learning to dance on the stage, which gave the ladies and mandarins infinite satisfaction. "I am sorry," said I, "to see the pretty creature so early learning so very bad a trade: dancing being, I presume, as contemptible here as in China." — "Quite the reverse," interrupted my companion; "dancing is a very reputable and genteel employment here; men have a greater chance for encouragement from the merit of their heels than their heads. One who jumps up and flourishes his toes three times before he comes to the ground, may have three hundred a year: he who flourishes them four times gets four hundred; but he who arrives at five is inestimable, and may demand what salary he thinks proper. The female dancers, too, are valued for this sort of jumping and crossing; and it is a cant word among them that she deserves most who shows highest. But the fourth act is begun; let us be attentive."

In the fourth act the queen finds her long-lost child, now grown up into a youth of smart parts and great qualifications; wherefore she wisely considers that the crown will fit his head better than that of her husband, whom she knows to be a driveler. The king discovers her design, and here comes on the deep distress: he loves the queen, and he loves the kingdom; he resolves, therefore, in order to possess both, that her son must die. The queen exclaims at his barbarity, is frantic with rage, and at length, overcome with sorrow, falls into a fit; upon which the curtain drops, and the act is concluded.

"Observe the art of the poet," cries my companion. "When the queen can say no more, she falls into a fit. While thus her eyes are shut, while she is supported in the arms of Abigail, what horrors do we not fancy! We feel it in every nerve: take my word for it, that fits are the true *aposiopesis*¹ of modern tragedy."

The fifth act began, and a busy piece it was. Scenes shifting, trumpets sounding, mobs hallooing, carpets spreading, guards bustling from one door to another; gods, demons, daggers, racks, and ratsbane. But whether the king was killed, or the queen was drowned, or the son was poisoned, I have absolutely forgotten.

When the play was over, I could not avoid observing, that the per-

¹ *aposiopesis*: a rhetorical figure meaning that a speech is broken off before being really completed.

sons of the drama appeared in as much distress in the first act as the last. "How is it possible," said I, "to sympathize with them through five long acts? Pity is but a short-lived passion. I hate to hear an actor mouthing trifles. Neither startings, strainings, nor attitudes affect me, unless there be cause: after I have been once or twice deceived by those unmeaning alarms, my heart sleeps in peace, probably unaffected by the principal distress. There should be one great passion aimed at by the actor as well as the poet; all the rest should be subordinate, and only contribute to make that the greater; if the actor, therefore, exclaims upon every occasion, in the tones of despair, he attempts to move us too soon; he anticipates the blow, he ceases to affect, though he gains our applause."

I scarce perceived that the audience were almost all departed; wherefore, mixing with the crowd, my companion and I got into the street, where, essaying a hundred obstacles from coachwheels and palanquin poles, like birds in their flight through the branches of a forest, after various turnings, we both at length got home in safety. Adieu.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE

Three universally known poems of the eighteenth century portray the life of the common people. Curiously enough, each represents a different country of the British Isles. This one portrays an Irish village; Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" (see page 452), an English village; Burns's "The Cotter's Saturday Night" (see page 474), a Scotch farm. All three of them represent the growing feeling of democracy and interest in humble lives in contrast to the "society" writing of the early part of the century. Goldsmith's rhymed couplets are still reminiscent of Pope, but the subject matter and sentiment point forward to the new romantic movement.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
 Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed;
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene!

5

1. Auburn: a fictitious name. Goldsmith is probably giving an accurate picture of Lissoy, the village where he grew up.

How often have I paused on every charm,
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm, 10
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!
 How often have I blest the coming day, 15
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labor free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old surveyed; 20
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground.
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown 25
 By holding out to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter tittered round the place;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove. 30
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these.
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
 These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled.
 Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn, 35
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green;
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain. 40
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
 But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along the glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies, 45
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.

22. **sleights of art**: skillful turns. We still use the word in *sleight of hand*.
 27. **mistrustless**: unaware. 37. **tyrant's hand**: Goldsmith was hitting the
 absentee landlord who allowed his lands to go to waste while he enjoyed him-
 self in London.

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the moldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land. 50

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride, 55
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man;
For him light labor spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more; 60
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose, 65
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room, 70
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour, 75
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew, 80
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs — and God has given my share —
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown, 85
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,

And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
 I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
 Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill, 90
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
 And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past, 95
 Here to return — and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
 Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
 How happy he who crowns in shades like these
 A youth of labor with an age of ease; 100
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
 For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
 No surly porter stands in guilty state, 105
 To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
 Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way; 110
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
 There, as I passed with careless steps and slow, 115
 The mingling notes came softened from below;
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school, 120
 The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind —
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail, 125
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.

All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring; 130
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
 She only left of all the harmless train, 135
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose. 140
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
 Unpracticed he to fawn, or seek for power, 145
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train;
 He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain. 150
 The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay, 155
 Sat by the fire, and talked the night away,
 Wept o'er his wounds or, tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe; 160
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings leaned to virtue's side;

129. **yon . . . thing**: An actual woman named Catherine Giraghty is thought to be the original of this picture. 140. **village preacher**: The following portrait is perhaps a composite portrait of Goldsmith's father and brother, both of whom were preachers. 142. **passing . . . year**: surpassingly rich on two hundred dollars a year! — a comment on the economic conditions of that day and place.

But in his duty prompt at every call, 165
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way. 170

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control
 Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul:
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise, 175
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray. 180
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 Even children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed; 185
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, 190
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
 There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule, 195
 The village master taught his little school.
 A man severe he was, and stern to view;
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face; 200
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round

196. *the village master*: thought to be a portrait of Goldsmith's own schoolmaster.

Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
 Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught, 205
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;
 The village all declared how much he knew;
 'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
 Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And even the story ran that he could gauge; 210
 In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
 For, even though vanquished, he could argue still;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, 215
 That one small head could carry all he knew.
 But past is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the signpost caught the passing eye, 220
 Low lies that house where nut-brown drafts inspired,
 Where graybeard mirth and smiling toil retired,
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace 225
 The parlor splendors of that festive place:
 The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
 The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day; 230
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;
 While broken teacups, wisely kept for show, 235
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendors! could not all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart. 240

209. **terms** . . . **presage**: figure out in advance the time for law sessions and church festivals, such as Easter. 210. **gauge**: measure the capacity of casks. 232. **twelve good rules**: brief rules such as "Reveal no secrets" and "Pick no quarrels," attributed to Charles I and often hung in inns. 232. **game of goose**: similar to checkers.

Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear, 245
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be pressed,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest. 250

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
 These simple blessings of the lowly train;
 To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
 One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
 Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play, 255
 The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
 Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
 Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
 But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
 With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed — 260
 In these, ere trifles half their wish obtain,
 The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
 And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
 The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey 265
 The rich man's joy increase, the poor's decay,
 'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
 Between a splendid and an happy land.
 Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
 And shouting Folly hails them from her shore; 270
 Hoards even beyond the miser's wish abound,
 And rich men flock from all the world around.
 Yet count our gains! This wealth is but a name
 That leaves our useful products still the same.
 Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride 275
 Takes up a space that many poor supplied;
 Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds.
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robbed the neighboring fields of half their growth; 280

248. mantling bliss: foaming ale.

His seat, where solitary sports are seen,
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green.
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies;
 While thus the land adorned for pleasure all
 In barren splendor feebly waits the fall. 285

As some fair female unadorned and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slight every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes; 290
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.
 Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed: 295
 In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
 But verging to decline, its splendors rise,
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
 While, scourged by famine from the smiling land
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band, 300
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

[The last part of the poem, a prolonged lamentation over the woes of the peasants, has been omitted.]

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

It would be too bad to leave our merry friend Goldsmith on such a melancholy note as that struck in *The Deserted Village*. Here is a neat absurdity for his parting shot.

Good people all, of every sort,
 Give ear unto my song;
 And if you find it wondrous short,
 It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man 5
 Of whom the world might say
 That still a godly race he ran,
 Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
 To comfort friend and foes; 10
 The naked every day he clad,
 When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
 As many dogs there be,
 Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, 15
 And cur of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
 But when a pique began,
 The dog to gain his private ends,
 Went mad and bit the man. 20

Around from all the neighboring streets
 The wondering people ran,
 And swore the dog had lost his wits,
 To bite so good a man.

The wound it seemed both sore and sad 25
 To every Christian eye;
 And while they swore the dog was mad,
 They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
 That showed the rogues they lied; 30
 The man recovered of the bite;
 The dog it was that died.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF GOLDSMITH

1. Compare "The Chinese Goes to See a Play" with "Sir Roger at the Theater" (see page 400). Is there a difference in what is being laughed at? What things in a modern theater might astound this same Chinese?

2. How is the eighteenth-century theater shown to differ from the Shakespearean? Does there seem to have been any noticeable change in theater construction since Goldsmith's day? in the conduct of the audiences?

3. In *The Deserted Village* which scenes and persons stand out in your mind as the most vivid? Compare the pictures of the parson and the schoolmaster with some of Chaucer's characters. Which author's descriptions do you like better?

4. What elements of this poem and what specific passages show that

Goldsmith still belonged to the classic school of Pope? Which show that he was somewhat touched by the new romantic ideas?

5. This poem contains many oft-quoted passages. Mark as many of these as you can, and memorize those which appeal to you.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Try writing a letter from an imaginary foreign visitor to your school or town in which his point of view enables you to satirize your own community.

2. Read the last part of *The Deserted Village* omitted from this book, and sum up Goldsmith's opinions on Irish farm conditions, on the value of farmers to a country, on the relative merits of country and city life, on Irish emigration, on living conditions in America. What do you think of his opinions?

3. Read *She Stoops to Conquer* and report the story orally to the class or in writing. A group of students might dramatize scenes from the comedy before the class.

4. Read and report on *The Vicar of Wakefield*, showing how the vicar compares with the parsons in *The Deserted Village* and in the Canterbury Prologue.

5. Goldsmith's life is particularly interesting to study. See list on page 482 for fiction, drama, and biography about him.

6. Discuss the work of such agriculturalists as George W. Russell (pen name "Æ") in modern Ireland.

Forerunners of Romantic Poetry

THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771)

No man ever had a more fitting name than Thomas Gray, for his life was quiet and colorless, with the touch of melancholy that suggests gray twilights. His boyhood was rendered miserable by the violent temper of his father and his early separation from his mother when he went to Eton. His only high point of adventurous experience was a three years' trip on the Continent with his intimate friend, Horace Walpole. After that he settled down to the life of a professor and scholarly antiquarian at his *alma mater*, Cambridge, where his delight in nature, history, and old Norse, Anglo-Saxon, and Welsh folklore made his life more interesting to live than to read about. He was offered the poet laureateship, but declined it.

Gray was on the border line between the old classical school with its polished periods and the new romantic school with its interest in varied verse forms, the life of common people, and the effect of nature on one's

mood. His verse form in this poem with its alternate rhyme shows only slight deviation from the couplet, but the other two qualities — interest in common people and nature — are more marked. Dr. Johnson thought Gray decidedly dull; but General Wolfe, quoting the ninth stanza of the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" just before his great victory on the Plains of Abraham, said, "I would rather be the author of those lines than take Quebec." Wide popular favor has caused this poem to be designated as "the best-known poem in the English language."

ELEGY
WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,

The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, 5
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain 10
Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid, 15
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed, *hunterman*
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. 20

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knee the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, 25
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!
 How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; 30
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Awaits alike the inevitable hour. 35
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. 40

Can storied urn or animated bust
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
 Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid 45
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll; 50
 Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, 55
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

26. **glebe**: ground. 35. **hour**: subject of the verb *awaits*: the first two lines are the object. 41. **storied urn**: an urn inscribed with the story of the deceased. 43. **provoke**: arouse.

- Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. 60
- The applause of listening senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,
- Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone 65
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,
- The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, 70
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
- Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
 Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
 Along the cool sequestered vale of life 75
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
- Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. 80
- Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
 The place of fame and elegy supply;
 And many a holy text around she strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.
- For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey, 85
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind?

57. **Hampden**: a landowner who resisted one of the tax assessments of Charles I, and thus made the whole matter of unjust taxes a public issue. 61-64. This whole stanza is the object of *forbade* in the first line of the next stanza.

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires; 90
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of the unhonored dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led, 95
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn. 100

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn, 105
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove,
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath and near his favorite tree, 110
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay, 115
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

*Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown.
 Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And melancholy marked him for her own. 120*

93. **thee**: Gray himself. 119. **Fair** . . . **birth**: His humble birth had not prevented his having a good education.

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
 He gave to misery all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.*

*No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.*

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SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

1. By what details does Gray put the reader in a thoughtful mood at the outset of the poem?
2. This poem falls into definite divisions of thought. Mark the stanza groups under the following headings: (1) The setting, (2) The imagined life of the villagers, (3) Death, the common end of all classes, (4) The latent possibilities in some of the villagers, undeveloped by their environment, (5) Their desire for some kind of memorial, (6) Gray's own death anticipated, (7) His own epitaph.
3. Find phrases, pictures, and ideas that recall "Il Penseroso" (see page 306), and *The Deserted Village* (see page 441).
4. In what way does this poem suggest the classic manner of Pope? in what way the newer romantic feeling?
5. Mark familiar passages and memorize some of these well-known stanzas. Why might General Wolfe be likely to think of the ninth stanza on the occasion when he expressed his admiration for that passage?

WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800)

That genius and insanity are sometimes closely allied is illustrated in the life of William Cowper. Perhaps the facts that Cowper's mother died when he was a child, that no one gave him much attention at home, and that he was bullied by the older boys at school gave him a bad start. When the time came to pass an oral legal examination to win a certain government position, he was terrified at the thought of the ordeal. Three times he attempted suicide, and finally had to be sent to an asylum for a year. This, of course, ended a possible public career; so the rest of his life was passed in and about the little country town of Olney, where he lived with his good friends, the Unwins.

Two women were important influences in his life — Mrs. Unwin, whose care for the welfare of the shy, melancholy bachelor was rewarded by

several poems addressed to Mary; and Lady Austen, to whose attempts at arousing Cowper from his spells of depression we are indebted for his merry ballad, "John Gilpin's Ride." She suggested, too, that he should write a poem on the sofa, which was at that time the latest thing in furniture. Out of this grew *The Task*, his longest poem, picturing the ordinary home life of the day, as shown by its subdivisions: the sofa, the timepiece, the garden, the winter evening, the winter morning walk, and the winter walk at noon. These simple sketches of nature and village people show the influence of the romantic reaction setting in against the polished, witty "society" poetry of the earlier part of the century.

In spite of several returns of his mental infirmity, Cowper won many friends by his kindly disposition and quiet humor. These qualities are illustrated especially in his published letters and in poems to some of his animal pets. His greatest undertaking was a translation of Homer, published when he was sixty years old, which gives a more literal rendering of the original than Pope's. Better known are his hymns written in collaboration with John Newton, the curate of Olney. Many of them are familiar to modern churchgoers. One of his most famous hymns is the second of the selections which follow. His most pathetic poem is "The Castaway," written as he felt himself nearing death. In it he likens himself to a man on a ship who has fallen overboard and is sinking in sight of his helpless friends on deck.

In the following poem Cowper gives sincere expression to a sentiment as old and enduring as the human race.

ON RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

O that those lips had language! Life has passed
 With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
 Those lips are thine — thy own sweet smile I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say, 5
 "Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the art that can immortalize,
 The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same. 10
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
 Who bidst me honor with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long, 15
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precepts were her own;

And, while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream that thou art she. 20

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
 Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss; 25
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
 Ah, that maternal smile! It answers — Yes.
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew 30
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
 But was it such? — It was. — Where thou art gone,
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more! 35
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
 What ardently I wished I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
 By expectation every day beguiled, 40
 Dupe of *tomorrow* even from a child.
 Thus many a sad tomorrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
 I learned at last submission to my lot;
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot. 45

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
 Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped 50
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
 'Tis now become a history little known
 That once we called the pastoral house our own.
 Short-lived possession! but the record fair
 That memory keeps, of all thy kindness there, 55
 Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.

Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home, 60
 The biscuit, or confectionary plum;
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
 All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall, 65
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and brakes,
 That humor interposed too often makes;
 All this still legible in memory's page,
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay 70
 Such honors to thee as my numbers may;
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
 Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
 Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
 When, playing with thy venture's tissued flowers, 75
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I pricked them into paper with a pin
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
 Could those few pleasant days again appear, 80
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
 I would not trust my heart — the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might —
 But no — what here we call our life is such
 So little to be loved, and thou so much, 85
 That I should ill requite thee to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again. . . .

LIGHT SHINING OUT OF DARKNESS

God moves in a mysterious way
 His wonders to perform;
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,
 And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines 5
 Of never-failing skill
 He treasures up his bright designs,
 And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
 The clouds ye so much dread
 Are big with mercy, and shall break
 In blessings on your head. 10

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
 But trust him for his grace:
 Behind a frowning providence
 He hides a smiling face. 15

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower. 20

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain:
 God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF COWPER'S POEMS

1. What personal qualities of Cowper are reflected in these poems? How do they make you feel toward him?
2. What evidence is there in the poem on his mother that she had been dead for a long time? Does his feeling of grief for his mother seem well controlled or overemotional? Which is uppermost in his mind — his own or his mother's welfare? How do you like the poem?
3. How does this poem resemble the poetry of the early part of the century? How does it show the new romantic feeling?
4. State the idea of the hymn in a sentence or two.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read others of Cowper's hymns and see how many you can find in modern hymn books. At the same time look for any by Addison, who is also commonly represented in church hymnals. What other famous literary names do you find among the hymn writers?
2. Read "John Gilpin's Ride." This would be suitable for oral reading before the class, and affords excellent material for the art student to illustrate. How many other famous "ride" poems can you find? (See Browning, Byron, Longfellow, Noyes, and others.) Compare these as to speed, suspense, climax, and effective use of sound.
3. The short poems of Cowper mentioned in the reading list, page 481, are all good for oral reading before the class.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827)

Blake, like Cowper, was somewhat unbalanced mentally; but instead of melancholy, his tendency was toward fantastic imaginings. He produced both strangely symbolical verses and curious, fascinating engravings to illustrate such books as Milton's *Paradise Lost* and Dante's *Inferno*. He engraved his own poems on metal plates and decorated them with his own designs. Leaving the London streets visible to his physical eye, Blake's mental vision was constantly soaring to green fields, to tropical jungles, to the realms of the fairies, and to the abode of God and His angels. He and his handsome, uneducated wife were as naïve as children about their visions of saints, prophets, and angels. Even the romantic poets who approved the delicate imagery and subtle magic of Blake's earlier volumes, *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experience*, were bewildered by the confusing symbolism of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* and *Jerusalem*. Prophet or madman he may have been, but at all events he was a unique creator, who never bent knee to the sacred poetic rules of the classicist, Pope. Blake can never command a wide reading public, but rather he will appeal to the elect few who delight in imagination.

THE TIGER

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forest of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies 5
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart? 10
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forged thy dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp 15
Dared its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
 And watered heaven with their tears,
 Did He smile his work to see?
 Did He who made the lamb make thee? 20

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 In the forest of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

LAUGHING SONG

When the green woods laugh with the voice of joy,
 And the dimpling stream runs laughing by;
 When the air does laugh with our merry wit,
 And the green hill laughs with the noise of it;

When the meadows laugh with lively green, 5
 And the grasshopper laughs in the merry scene;
 When Mary, and Susan, and Emily
 With their sweet round mouths sing, " Ha, ha, he! "

When the painted birds laugh in the shade, 10
 Where our table with cherries and nuts is spread,
 Come live, and be merry, and join with me,
 To sing the sweet chorus of " Ha, ha, he! "

LOVE'S SECRET

Never seek to tell thy love,
 Love that never told can be;
 For the gentle wind doth move
 Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love, 5
 I told her all my heart,
 Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears.
 Ah! she did depart!

Soon after she was gone from me, 10
 A traveler came by,
 Silently, invisibly;
 He took her with a sigh.

A POISON TREE

I was angry with my friend;
 I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
 I was angry with my foe;
 I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I watered it in fears, 5
 Night and morning with my tears;
 And I sunnèd it with smiles,
 And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night, 10
 Till it bore an apple bright;
 And my foe beheld it shine,
 And he knew that it was mine,

And into my garden stole
 When the night had veiled the pole;
 In the morning, glad, I see 15
 My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF BLAKE'S POEMS

1. Which of these poems reflect the simple emotions of a child? Which have an underlying significance?
2. Was the traveler in "Love's Secret" a more subtle human being, or was it Death?
3. What do the poison tree and its apples symbolize?
4. What qualities does his drawing on page 365 have in common with his poems?

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796)

Robert Burns made an unpropitious entrance into the world and a tragic exit from it at the age of thirty-seven. He was born of poor peasants in a two-room mud hut built by his father's own hands near Ayr in southwestern Scotland. In the first week of his life a blast of wind blew in a portion of the wall on the mother and child. Robert said in later life, "It is no wonder that one ushered into the world by such a whirlwind should be the victim of stormy passions." From the first his life seemed ill-fated

except for the gift which enabled him to write immortal poems and songs. Poverty pursued the family from one stony farm to another, and though the honest, hard-working father did all in his power to give his sons an education, their schooling was meager enough. Robert, ambitious for more, was an assiduous reader of the Bible, *The Spectator*, Pope's poems, and a book of lyrics that fascinated him and encouraged him to try his own hand at songs.

As the plowboy developed into a lively, handsome young man, he was easily led into bad company, especially when he went away from home to learn flax dressing. With too much tavern drinking, too many satires on the ministers, and too much love-making, he was constantly in and out of scrapes. Finally, the father of his sweetheart, Jean Armour, made life so miserable for him that he decided to go to Jamaica. To raise money for his passage he published his first volume, *Poems: Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, in 1786. The success of this volume was phenomenal. Instead of going to Jamaica, Burns went to Edinburgh in triumph. A second edition of the poems was arranged; the poet was feted and lionized. A handsome peasant with flashing black eyes, a quick tongue, and a book of poems that bore the mark of genius was indeed a novelty. Now that Burns had money in his pocket, he made several tours of Scotland.

But his ride on the crest of Edinburgh social life was brief. His dignified aristocratic hosts could not forgive his cracking jokes at their expense with his rude tavern companions. The peasant streak in him became obnoxious rather than attractive, and though his poems sold well, he himself was definitely dropped. Back he went to the farm, married Jean Armour, and wrote some of his finest poetry in the few years which followed. But again his weakness for convivial company overcame him and so undermined his constitution that he could not throw off an illness brought on by exposure to cold. In this last wretched state, persecuted by creditors and confronted by death, he wrote one of his most beautiful lyrics to the girl who nursed him (see page 468). No sooner had he breathed his last than the whole country united to do him honor. Ten thousand persons are said to have followed him to his grave at Dumfries, and contributions poured in for his destitute family and for a handsome monument in the Dumfries churchyard. But cold marble is a poor memorial for warm-hearted, impulsive Bobbie Burns. His real monument is his poetry, which reincarnates his best self and helps us forget the hapless peasant in the honored poet.

A GROUP OF BURNS'S SONGS

Few would question the title given to Burns, "The greatest song-writer in English literature." No one else has had quite the same lilting melody combined with human emotion in such varied manifestations as Burns. In the following group of songs are exuberance, sorrow, faithful affection,

patriotism, and sturdy independence. Some are sung in his own person; others are dramatically put into the mouth of imaginary or historical characters. Many of them were set to old Scotch airs already in existence; some have since been set to music:

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birthplace of valor, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands forever I love.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; 5
My heart's in the Highlands, achasing the deer;
Achasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the mountains, high-covered with snow;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below; 10
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods,
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, achasing the deer;
Achasing the wild deer, and following the roe, 15
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

10. *straths*: vales.

THE BANKS O' DOON

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye blume sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird, 5
That sings upon the bough;
Thou' minds me o' the happy days,
When my fause luvè was true.

2. A later version of the poem added a foot to every second and fourth line in order to set the words to an old Scotch air. The lengthened version is the one found in songbooks, but this original version is considered better poetry.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird,
 That sings beside thy mate; 10
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon
 To see the woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its luve, 15
 And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Frae aff its thorny tree;
 And my fause luver staw my rose
 But left the thorn wi' me. 20

15. **ilka**: every. 17. **pu'd**: pulled. 19. **fause luver staw**: false lover stole.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

John Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent;
 But now your brow is beld, John, 5
 Your locks are like the snaw;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither; 10
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither.
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 And hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot, 15
 John Anderson my jo.

1. **jo**: joy, sweetheart. 4. **brent**: smooth. 5. **beld**: bald. 7. **pow**: head.
 11. **canty**: merry.

BANNOCKBURN

Robert the Bruce carried on the work begun by Wallace of freeing Scotland from English domination in the days of Edward I. The battle of Bannockburn (1314) was a critical engagement. The English far outnumbered the Scots; but Bruce, by digging pits in the plain and covering them with leaves, caused the English cavalry to be thrown into a panic, and thus won the day. The occasion was always looked on by Scotchmen as one of the great milestones in their history. This poem is supposed to be Bruce's address to his army. Through the mouth of the Scotch leader, Burns voices simply the desire for freedom from oppression then abroad in the world, which had broken out in the French Revolution only a few years before he wrote this poem. He is said to have composed it while galloping over a moor in a thunderstorm.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour; 5
 See the front o' battle lour;
 See approach proud Edward's power —
 Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave? 10
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or Freeman fa', 15
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
 By your sons in servile chains!
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free! 20

Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow! —
 Let us do or die!

OH, WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST

Shortly before his death Burns wrote this beautiful tribute to Miss Jessie Lewars, the young woman who was nursing him. Mendelssohn's music to which it is set has added to its popularity.

Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast,
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
 My plaidie to the angry airt,
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms 5
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
 Thy bield should be my bosom,
 To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare, 10
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there.
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my crown 15
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

3. **My . . . airt:** my plaid held against the wind. 7. **bield:** shelter.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF BURNS'S SONGS

1. If possible, secure for class use phonograph records of Burns's songs, or have them sung. Some well-known ones, such as "Auld Lang Syne" or "Comin' through the Rye" (adapted by Burns from older songs), can be sung by the class as a whole.

2. For each of these lyrics decide who is singing — Burns in his own person, or an imaginary person. Decide what is the prevalent emotion of each song — love, sorrow, joy, patriotism. State the situation and the point of each in a single good sentence.

3. Practice reading these songs aloud to bring out the rhythmic quality.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Again Burns expresses the idea of democracy which was spreading at this time and the value of manhood, as against mere social rank. The third stanza suggests a possibility, too, that he showed his irritation at his treatment by the Edinburgh aristocrats.

Is there, for honest poverty,
 That hings his head, an' a' that?
 The coward slave, we pass him by,
 We dare be poor for a' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that, 5
 Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
 The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
 The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
 Wear hodden-gray, an' a' that; 10
 Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
 A man's a man for a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
 The honest man, though e'er sae poor, 15
 Is king o' man for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
 Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
 Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
 He's but a coof for a' that. 20
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 His riband, star, an' a' that,
 The man o' independent mind,
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight, 25
 A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
 But an honest man's aboon his might,
 Guid faith he mauna fa' that!
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 Their dignities, an' a' that, 30
 The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
 Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,

8. **gowd**: gold. 10. **hodden-gray**: coarse cloth. 17. **birkie**: fellow. 20. **coof**: fool. 27. **aboon**: above. 28. **he . . . that**: he can't make that

That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth, 35
 May bear the gree, an' a' that.
 For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man, the warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that. 40

36. **bear the gree:** take the prize.

TO A MOUSE

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOW,
 NOVEMBER, 1785

This and the following poem form an interesting pair in several respects: their unusual meter, their unconventional subjects, and their oft-quoted lines toward the end. Their moods are in strong contrast: on the one hand, the despair of thwarted ambition; on the other, the rollicking humor of an irrepressible wag.

Wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie!
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty
 Wi' bickering brattle!
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee 5
 Wi' murd'rin' pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion
 Which makes thee startle. 10
 At me, thy poor, earthborn companion,
 An' fellow mortal!

I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen icker in a thrave 15
 'S a sma' request;
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
 An' never miss't!

1. sleekit: sleek. 4. bickering brattle: hastening flight. 5. laith: unwilling.
 6. pattle: plowstaff. 13. whyles: at times. 15. A daimen . . . thrave: an
 occasional head of grain in a shock. 17. lave: rest.

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
 It's silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage green!
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
 Baith snell an' keen!

20

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
 An' weary winter comin' fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell,
 Till crash! the cruel coulter past
 Out through thy cell.

25

30

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But house or hald,
 To thole the winter's sleety dribble
 An' cranreuch cauld!

35

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
 In proving foresight may be vain;
 The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft agley,
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
 For promis'd joy.

40

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me,
 The present only toucheth thee;
 But och! I backward cast my e'e
 On prospects drear!
 An' forward, though I canna see,
 I guess an' fear!

45

21. **big . . . ane**: build a new one. 22. **foggage**: herbage. 24. **snell**: sharp.
 29. **coulter**: plow. 34. **But house or hald**: without a dwelling place. 35. **thole**:
 endure. 36. **cranreuch**: hoarfrost. 37. **no thy lane**: not alone. 40. **agley**:
 awry.

TO A LOUSE

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET AT CHURCH

Ha! wh'are ye gaun, ye crowlin' ferlie!
 Your impudence protects you sairly;
 I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
 Owre gauze and lace;
 Though faith! I fear ye dine but sparely 5
 On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
 Detested, shunned by saunt an' sinner!
 How dare ye set your fit upon her,
 Sae fine a lady? 10
 Gae somewhere else, and seek your dinner
 On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
 There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
 Wi' ither kindred jumping cattle, 15
 In shoals and nations;
 Where horn nor bane ne'er dare unsettle
 Your thick plantations.

Now haud ye there, ye're out o' sight,
 Below the fatt'rels, snug an' tight; 20
 Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
 Till ye've got on it,
 The very tapmost tow'ring height
 O' Miss's bonnet.

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out, 25
 As plump and gray as onie grozet;
 O for some rank mercurial rozet,
 Or fell red smeddum!

1. *crowlin' ferlie*: crawling wonder. 2. *sairly*: greatly. 3. *strunt*: strut.
 7. *blastit wonner*: blasted wonder. 9. *fit*: foot. 13. *Swith . . . squattle*:
 Be off! Sprawl in some beggar's temple. 14. *sprattle*: struggle. 17. *horn
 nor bane*: comb nor poison. 19. *haud ye there*: stay where you are.
 20. *fatt'rels*: ribbon ends. 26. *onie grozet*: any gooseberry. 27. *rozet*: rosin.
 28. *smeddum*: powder.

I'd gie you sic a hearty dose o't,
Wad dress your droddum! 30

I wad na been surprised to spy
You on an auld wife's flannen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine Lunardi! fie, 35
How daur ye do't?

O Jenny, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abroad!
Ye little ken what cursèd speed
The blastie's makin'! 40
Thae winks and finger ends, I dread,
Are notice takin'!

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as ithers see us!
It wad frae mony a blunder free us, 45
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And e'en devotion!

30. **Wad** . . . **droddum**: Would put an end to you. 32. **flannen toy**: flannel headdress. 33. **Or** . . . **boy**: or perhaps on some little ragged boy. 34. **wyliecoat**: flannel vest. 35. **Lunardi**: a bonnet named for an aeronaut of that day, probably with winglike ribbons. 38. **abroad**: abroad. 43. **giftie**: little gift.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF THE TWO PRECEDING POEMS

1. What points of similarity do you find in "To a Mouse" and "To a Louse"? what marked contrast in mood? Which do you like better?
2. Show how the point made at the end of each is a natural outgrowth from the situation. What oft-quoted lines come at the close of each?
3. How do the subject matter and meter of these two poems show that Burns was far removed from the classic school of Pope?
4. Pick out Scotch words which you think particularly picturesque or expressive, especially those which give the humorous touch in "To a Louse."

For the Ambitious Student

1. See how many of Burns's other poems you can find that are written in this same meter, and decide whether or not he liked this form.
2. Practice reading the Scotch dialect poems aloud. Those who can do

it especially well might read others of the dialect poems of Burns to the class, such as "To a Mountain Daisy" and "Tam o' Shanter." The latter is an excellent story for class artists to illustrate.

was in cottage

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

This well-known poem, which takes us back in spirit to the "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard" and *The Deserted Village*, was published in Burns's popular first volume. An interesting comment comes from Robert's brother Gilbert: "Robert had frequently remarked to me that he thought there was something peculiarly venerable in the phrase, 'Let us worship God,' used by a decent, sober head of a family, introducing family worship. To this sentiment of the author the world is indebted for 'The Cotter's Saturday Night.' The cotter is an exact copy of my father, in his manners, his family devotion, and exhortations; yet the other parts of the description do not apply to our family. None of us were 'at service out among the farmers roun'. Instead of our depositing our 'sair-won penny fee' with our parents, my father labored hard, and lived with the most rigid economy that he might be able to keep his children at home."

INSCRIBED TO ROBERT AIKEN, ESQ.

*Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.*

Gray.

My loved, my honored, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays, 5
The lowly train in life's sequestered scene,
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways,
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The shortening winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the plough;
The blackening trains o' craws to their repose:

10

Inscription: **Robert Aiken**: a warm friend of Burns in Ayr, who had helped to make his poems known. 10. **sugh**: sough, moan.

The toilworn Cotter frae his labor goes, —
 This night his weekly moil is at an end, — 15
 Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
 Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
 And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
 Beneath the shelter of an aged tree; 20
 The expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through
 To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise an' glee.
 His wee bit ingle, blinkin' bonnilie,
 His clean hearthstane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
 The lispin' infant prattling on his knee, 25
 Does a' his weary kiaugh and care beguile,
 An' makes him quite forget his labor an' his toil.

Belyve, the elder bairns come drappin' in,
 At service out, amang the farmers roun';
 Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin 30
 A cannie errand to a neibor town.
 Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman-grown,
 In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
 Comes hame, perhaps to shew a braw new gown,
 Or deposite her sair-won penny fee, 35
 To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

With joy unfeigned, brothers and sisters meet,
 And each for other's weelfare kindly spiers.
 The social hours, swift-winged, unnoticed fleet;
 Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears. 40
 The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
 Anticipation forward points the view;
 The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
 Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
 The father mixes a' wi' admonition due. 45

14. **Cotter**: a cottager. 15. **moil**: labor. 21. **stacher**: stagger. 23. **ingle**: fire, fireplace. 26. **kiaugh**: trouble. 28. **Belyve**: by and by. 28. **bairns**: children. 30. **ca' the pleugh**: drive the plow. 30, 31. **tentie . . . errand**: heedfully run a careful errand. 34. **braw**: handsome. 38. **spiers**: inquires. 40. **uncos**: strange things, news. 44. **gars**: makes.

Their master's an' their mistress's command
 The younkers a' are warnèd to obey;
 An' mind their labors wi' an eydent hand,
 An' ne'er, though out o' sight, to jauk or play;
 "An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway,
 An' mind your duty, duly, morn an' night;
 Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
 Implore His counsel and assisting might;
 They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!" 50

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
 Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
 Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
 To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
 The wily mother sees the conscious flame
 Sparkle in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
 Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
 While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
 Weel pleased the mother hears it's nae wild worthless rake. 60

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,
 A strappin' youth; he takes the mother's eye;
 Blythe Jenny sees the visit's no ill taen;
 The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
 The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
 But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
 The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
 What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave.
 Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave. 70

O happy love! where love like this is found!
 O heartfelt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
 I've pacèd much this weary, mortal round,
 And sage experience bids me this declare — 75
 "If Heaven a draft of heavenly pleasure spare,
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair

48. **eydent**: industrious. 62. **hafflins**: partly. 64. **ben**: into the parlor. The Scotch peasant's house had two rooms called **but an' ben**, kitchen and parlor. 67. **cracks**: talks. Compare our use in the slang "wisecracks."
 69. **blate and laithfu'**: shy and bashful. 72. **lave**: rest.

In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale." 80

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth? 85
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth, *see*
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child;
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild? 90

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch, chief of Scotia's food;
The sowpe their only hawkie does afford,
That yont the hallan snugly chows her cood.
The dame brings forth, in complimentary mood, 95
To grace the lad, her weel-hained kebbuck fell;
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid.
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face, 100
They round the ingle form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, with patriarchal grace
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride.
His bonnet reverently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin and bare; 105
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise,
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim; 110
Perhaps 'Dundee's' wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive 'Martyrs,' worthy of the name;

92. **halesome parritch**: wholesome porridge. 93. **sowpe**: sup of milk.
93. **hawkie**: cow. 94. **yont the hallan**: beyond the partition, in the same
house. 96. **weel-hained kebbuck fell**: well-kept sharp cheese. 99. **a . . . bell**:
a year old since flax was in flower. 103. **ha' Bible**: hall or family Bible.
105. **lyart haffets**: gray temples. 107. **wales**: selects.

Or noble 'Elgin' beets the heavenward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays.
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame; 115
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priestlike father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high;
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage 120
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire; 125
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme.
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
 How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay His head: 130
 How His first followers and servants sped;
 The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
 How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
 Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
 And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
 command. 135

Then kneeling down to Heaven's Eternal King,
 The saint, the father, and the husband prays.
 Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
 That thus they all shall meet in future days,
 There ever bask in uncreated rays, 140
 No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
 Together hymning their Creator's praise,
 In such society, yet still more dear,
 While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

113. **beets**: fans. 122. **royal bard**: King David. 133. **he**: the Apostle John, who wrote the book of Revelation, referred to in the next lines.
 138. "springs . . . wing": This line is quoted from Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

Compared with this, how poor Religion's pride 145
 In all the pomp of method and of art,
 When men display to congregations wide
 Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
 The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
 The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole; *priestly* 150
 But haply, in some cottage far apart,
 May hear, well-pleased, the language of the soul;
 And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
 The youngling cottagers retire to rest; 155
 The parent pair their secret homage pay,
 And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
 That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
 And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
 Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best, 160
 For them and for their little ones provide;
 But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
 That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
 Princes and lords are but the breath of kings, 165
 "An honest man's the noblest work of God";
 And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
 The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
 What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
 Disguising oft the wretch of human kind, 170
 Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
 For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
 Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
 Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content! 175
 And oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
 From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
 Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
 A virtuous populace may rise the while,
 And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle. 180

O Thou! who poured the patriotic tide
 That streamed through Wallace's undaunted heart,
 Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
 Or nobly die, the second glorious part —
 (The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
 His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
 O never, never Scotia's realm desert,
 But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
 In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

185

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT

1. What similarity can you find between the opening description in the second and third stanzas here and the opening of Gray's "Elegy"?
2. Describe the different members of the family. Which stand out in the picture? What characteristics attributed to the Scotch as a race are evident in the description of this home? If you have read any of Barrie's stories of Scotch courtship compare them with this (see page 915).
3. What three parts of the family worship are described? Are any of the hymn tunes mentioned still in use? Consult a modern Presbyterian hymnal. How many of the Bible characters mentioned are familiar to you?
4. What are Burns's own comments on this Scotch peasant life? How do his ideas compare with those of Goldsmith on the Irish peasants? What difference do you note in his language when he begins to philosophize? Which part of the poem do you prefer, the pictures or the philosophy?
5. From what much earlier poet did Burns obtain this stanza form? Review its characteristics.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read "Tam o' Shanter" and contrast it with "The Cotter's Saturday Night." Assemble pictures of the town of Alloway where the story is laid. Compare the story with Cowper's "John Gilpin's Ride" and other famous ride poems.
2. Prepare and carry out a class program on Burns with readings from his poems, songs, descriptions of Scotland, and perhaps an original dramatization of a scene from his life or of "The Cotter's Saturday Night."
3. Make a Burns booklet containing all the interesting material you can assemble about him and copies of the poems you especially like. The artistic student may wish to illustrate his booklet.
4. Study the peasant literature of some other nation or group of nations and compare with peasant literature of England in the eighteenth century. The Scandinavian countries are particularly rich in peasant literature. See *Adventures in World Literature*.

READING LIST FOR THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD

The Classicists

Pope, Alexander: "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," "The Universal Prayer," *Essay on Man*, *Essay on Criticism*, translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*

Swift, Jonathan: * *Gulliver's Travels*, *A Modest Proposal*, *Journal to Stella*

Steele, Richard: *The Tatler*, * Nos. 25, 95, 181, 217, *The Spectator*, * Nos. 2, 4, 49, 107, 109, 113, 114, 118, 132, 157

Addison, Joseph: *The Spectator*: on Sir Roger de Coverley, * Nos. 106, 108, 110, 117, 119, 122, 125, 126, 130, 269, 383, 517; on various subjects, * Nos. 7, 10, 34, 81, 102, 155, 159, 249, 265, 275, 317, 323, 367. *The Advertisements of the Spectator*, by Lawrence Lewis

Defoe, Daniel: * *Robinson Crusoe*, *An Essay upon Projects*, *The Ap- parition of One Mrs. Veal*

Dr. Johnson's Circle

Johnson, Samuel: *Rasselas*, *The Rambler*, * Nos. 102, 117, 161, *The Idler*, * Nos. 85, 88, *Lives of the Poets*: Milton, Dryden, Addison, Pope

Goldsmith, Oliver: *A Citizen of the World*, * Letters 1, 2, 3, 4, 13, 41, 54, 55, 98, "The Traveler," "The Haunch of Venison," * "Retaliation," * *She Stoops to Conquer* (play), * *The Vicar of Wakefield* (novel)

Burke, Edmund: "On American Taxation," * "On Conciliation with America," *Reflections on the Revolution in France*

Sheridan, Richard Brinsley: * *The Rivals* (play), *The School for Scandal* (play)

Burney, Francis (Mme. D'Arblay): *Evelina* (novel), *Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay*

Chesterfield, Philip Stanhope, Lord: * *Letters to His Son*

Collections of Letters: Center, S.: * *Selected Letters*, Cook and Benham: * *Specimen Letters*, Fuess, C. M., * *Selected English Letters*, Greenlaw, E.: * *Familiar Letters*

The Early Romantic Poets

Gray, Thomas: * "On a Favorite Cat, Drowned in a Tub of Goldfish," "Hymn to Adversity"

Cowper, William: * "John Gilpin's Ride," * "The Jackdaw," * "On the Loss of the Royal George," * "The Solitude of Alexander Selkirk," * "To Mary Unwin" (two poems), * "The Castaway"

Blake, William: * *Songs of Innocence*, *Songs of Experience*

Burns, Robert: "Address to the Deil," * "Address to the Unco Guid," "A Bard's Epitaph," "Epistle to a Young Friend," "Man Was Made to Mourn," * "To Mary in Heaven," * "To a Mountain Daisy," * "Tam o' Shanter." See *Music*, page 483.

* Starred books are those most suitable for high-school students.

IMPORTANT BOOKS ABOUT THE PERIOD

Fiction

- Bulwer-Lytton, E.: *Devereux*
 De Morgan, W.: *Alice for Short*
 Dickens, Charles: *Barnaby Rudge*,
 * *A Tale of Two Cities*
 Edgeworth, M.: *Castle Rackrent*
 Moore, F. F.: *Fanny's First Novel*
 (F. Burney), * *The Jessamy*
 Bride (Goldsmith)
 Nordhoff and Hall: * *Mutiny on*
 the Bounty
 Sabatini, Raphael: *The Lion's Skin*
 Scott, Walter: *The Antiquary*, *The*
 Black Dwarf, * *Guy Mannering*,
 * *The Heart of Midlothian*, *Red-*
 gauntlet, * *Rob Roy*, * *Waverley*
 Stevenson, Robert Louis: * *David*
 Balfour, * *Kidnapped*, * *The*
 Master of Ballantrae
 Tarkington, B.: * *M. Beaucaire*
 Thackeray, W. M.: * *Henry Es-*
 mond, * *The Virginians*

Drama

- Balderston, J.: * *Berkeley Square*
 Chesterton, G. K.: * *The Judgment*
 of Dr. Johnson
 Mackay, C. D.: * *The Silver Lining*,
 * *The Beau of Bath*
 Newton, A. E.: * *Dr. Johnson*
 Thomas, A.: * *Oliver Goldsmith*

Poetry

- Dobson, Austin: "A Dialogue to
 the Memory of Alexander Pope"
 Lowell, Amy: * "Patterns"
 Noyes, A.: * "The Highwayman"
 Southey, R.: * "The Battle of Blenheim"

Social and Historical Background

- Ashton, J.: *Social Life in the Reign*
 of Queen Anne, Old Times

- Dobrée, B.: *From Anne to Victoria*
 Hale, Susan: *Men and Manners in*
 the Eighteenth Century
 Lecky, W. E.: *History of England*
 in the Eighteenth Century
 Richardson, A. E.: * *Georgian Eng-*
 land (illus.)
 Robertson, C. G.: *England under*
 the Hanoverians
 Russell, P.: *The Glittering Century*
 Thackeray, W. M.: *The Four*
 Georges

Biography and Criticism

- Pope*, by W. Courthope, L. Stephen
Swift, by J. Forster, L. Stephen,
 Carl Van Doren
Steele, by G. A. Aitken, * W. Con-
 nely
Addison, by L. Aiken, W. Court-
 hope
Defoe, by * P. Dottin, W. Lee, W.
 Minto, * T. Wright
Johnson, by * J. Boswell, S. C. Rob-
 erts, L. Stephen
Boswell, by C. B. Tinker
Goldsmith, by W. Black, A. Dob-
 son, W. Irving, F. F. Moore
Gray, by E. Gosse
Cowper, by G. Smith, R. Southey
Burns, by C. J. Finger, F. B. Snyder
Bailey: Dr. Johnson and His Circle
Dennis, J.: The Age of Pope
Dobson, A.: Eighteenth-Century
 Vignettes
Johnson, T. B.: Eighteenth-Century
 Letters and Letter Writers
Thackeray, W. M.: English Humor-
 ists

Essays by Later Famous Writers

- On *Pope*, by Chesterton, De Quin-
 cey, Johnson, Lowell, Thackeray

On Swift, by Dobson, Macaulay, Scott, Thackeray
 On Steele, by Dobson, Thackeray
 On Addison, by Johnson, Macaulay, Quiller-Couch, Thackeray
 On Johnson, by Carlyle, Macaulay
 On Boswell, by Strachey
 On Goldsmith, by De Quincey, Dobson, Macaulay, Rossetti, Thackeray
 On Gray, by Arnold, Benson, Bradford, Dobson, Lowell, Johnson
 On Cowper, by Bradford, Dobson, Hazlitt, Rossetti
 On Blake, by Benson, Swinburne
 On Burns, by Carlyle, Hazlitt, Rossetti, Stevenson

Art, Architecture, and Costume

Blomfield, R.: *History of Renaissance Architecture in England, 1500-1800*
 Brooke, Iris: * *English Costume of the Eighteenth Century*
 Bolton, A. T.: *Architecture of Robert and James Adam*
 Fry, R. E. and Others: * *Georgian Art*
 Gotch, J. A.: *The English Home From Charles I to George IV*
 Green, M. A.: *The Eighteenth Century Architecture of Bath*

Books on Gainsborough by W. Armstrong, R. S. Gower, and * M. Rothschild (color plates)
 Books on Reynolds by W. B. Bolton, * S. L. Bensusan (color plates), R. S. Gower, and E. M. Hurl
 Good account of Hogarth with color plates in Masters of Painting series, and of William Blake in the British Artists series

Music

Smith, Leo: *Music of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*
 Flower, W. N.: *Handel, His Personality and His Times*
 Rolland, Romain: *Handel*
 Handel's *Largo* and many of his oratorios and operas are available in phonograph records.
 More than a score of Burns's lyrics are in sheet music and also in phonograph records, many settings by modern composers. Collections containing Burns's lyrics: *Songs of Burns*, Frowde; *Songs of Burns*, Lees; *Songs of Scotland*, Boosey; *Songs of Scotland*, White-Smith
 Hymns by Addison and Cowper are in many church hymnals.

See also general references at the end of this book.

LITERARY LANDMARKS OF LONDON

"Cheshire Cheese"

Wimpole St. where Browning came to court Elizabeth Barrett.



Robert Browning

BLOOMSBURY

Strachey Woolf etc, Dickens's OLD BRITISH MUSEUM

COFFEE HOUSES

ROSEBURY ST.

SHELLEY & DRUMCEY HOMES

SOHO

ROYAL ACADEMY

TRAFALGAR SQ.

BERKELEY SQ.

ST. JAMES'S

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Carlyle's house, Cheyne Row.

Thackeray's house, 16 Young St., Kensington.

KENSINGTON PALACE

HOLLAND HOUSE

Addison lived here & Thomas Moore was often a guest.

POET'S CORNER WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Carlyle and Tennyson in the garden.

HERT LIES OLIVER GOLDSMITH

GLOBE THEATER

Chaucer's TABARD INN

TOWER OF LONDON

Where Sir Walter Raleigh wrote his History of the World.

BOW BELLS CHURCH (Everyone living within sound of these bells considered "Cockney.")

EAST INDIA HOUSE (Lamb worked as accountant here.)

OLD CITY OF LONDON

TOWER OF LONDON

LONDON BRIDGE

ROAD

ROAD

ROAD

ROAD

ROAD

ROAD

ROAD

ROAD

ROAD

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ROAD

ROAD

ROAD

ROAD



THE ENGLISH NOVEL

A New Type of Literature. While the stream of English literature has flowed practically without interruption throughout the past fourteen centuries, the eighteenth century augmented its breadth with a new and vigorous current — the novel. This strong competitor of drama and poetry developed rapidly from an accidental origin until it became the chief glory of the nineteenth century, a glory which still maintains its full sweep and power. Since the novel cannot be adequately represented by selections, this brief chapter traces its importance as a type, and its history.

The novel owes its prestige to several factors. Through its variety of themes and characters it appeals to wide interests. Its extended narrative of human life helps the reader to identify himself closely with the characters. For thorough character portrayal the length of the novel, as compared with that of the short story or play, is an asset. It is easier to read than drama, for the author assists the reader more with the setting and the interpretation of characters. It seldom presents the difficulties of condensation and imagery found in poetry. Through translation it has become a notable link in binding together nations with diverse languages.

The Ancestry of the Novel. The novel originated in the love of a good story inherent in all peoples. As early as the thirteenth century the germ of the English novel can be found in the romances of adventure, written mainly in verse. In the fourteenth century Chaucer's running narrative of *The Canterbury Tales* bore some resemblance to a novel, and in the fifteenth Malory came nearer the novel

form with his long prose story, *Le Morte d'Arthur*. The sixteenth century introduced new types of long prose narratives — the pastoral romances of Sir Philip Sidney and others, as well as the "rogue novels" in which some of Shakespeare's contemporaries imitated Continental models. Allegories like Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress* in the seventeenth century somewhat resembled novels because the episodes showed the struggles of lifelike men and women. Early in the eighteenth century Addison and Steele, through anecdotes of Sir Roger de Coverley in *The Spectator*, gave a fully rounded picture of a fictitious character somewhat as a novel does. Soon after, Defoe, using the autobiographical narrative in his *Robinson Crusoe*, created the first great adventure story in English. With minute realism he depicted the many experiences of a single central figure abandoned on a desert island. However, interest centers in the actions and externals of the tale rather than in the character of the hero. In the same decade Dean Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* gave the direct simple narrative of a single voyager, but its fantastic incidents showed no character development, and the purpose was to satirize the weaknesses and foibles of his homeland.

What is a Novel? To realize fully why all the works so far mentioned were not novels, we need to have a definition of a novel. We commonly think of a novel as a long fictitious prose narrative. According to that definition, several of the books named above would qualify, yet none of them, strictly speaking, is a novel. In addition, a novel should picture live men and women in their natural environment. It should emphasize character and the relations of one to another in the story, rather than mere incident. But incidents of some sort there must be. Otherwise the piece of writing would be an essay or a character sketch. The characters must be seen moving about, doing things, talking to one another, living their lives. This series of incidents forms the plot of the novel, which must have some unity of idea and lead to a plausible outcome. The plot may be carefully and closely constructed, so that each episode fits into a pattern; or it may be loosely constructed from occurrences following one another without seeming design, as they do in our lives. This second method is particularly suitable to the biographical novel in which the interest of the story centers around one character, whose life is told from the beginning.

These two methods of plot construction can be illustrated from the familiar works of Dickens. *A Tale of Two Cities* has a closely designed plot into which all the characters fit like parts of a jig-

saw puzzle. *David Copperfield*, on the other hand, gives the experiences and persons encountered by David during the course of his life. Though the main characters run through the book, minor characters drop in and out of the story. Yet even so, there is more unity and continuity than in the old "rogue novels" in which the rogue hero engaged in a series of enterprises, each interesting in itself, but often with no permanent group of characters to tie one episode to the next. Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*, though classed among his novels, is really a modified version of this old form, with Mr. Pickwick and his club taking the place of the "rogue." Their scattered adventures

around England hardly deserve the term novel in its strict sense. Another type of "near novel" is that in which the characters are mere puppets carrying out an elaborate pattern of incidents, such as in the murder mysteries of today, which are carelessly, but not legitimately, referred to as novels.

In summary, then, a novel is the extended story of a group of individualized characters, who are made to come alive in a normal background, and whose personalities interact on one another toward a specific outcome. The ultimate test of a true novel is in its character drawing. It has been well said that in a good novel the incidents must be not only possible but probable, and in a great novel they must be inevitable. Thus a great novelist needs a rare and mature understanding of human character and motive.

The Eighteenth Century Conditions Favorable to the Novel. It is interesting to consider why the novel as a type sprang



MR. MICAWBER AND DAVID COPPERFIELD. Two of Dickens's best known characters as they appeared in the motion picture, *David Copperfield*. (Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures)

into being in the middle of the eighteenth century rather than earlier. It could not become a popular form until the ability to read had become fairly common, until the printing of long books had become comparatively inexpensive, until the middle classes had acquired a certain amount of leisure, until people had become interested in ordinary domestic affairs, and until growing ideas of "equality" had focused attention on the value of a human being, independent of his class or occupation. All these factors were present in the eighteenth century.

The First Novels. *Pamela*, the first long, connected story of life-like people in contemporary England, appeared in 1740. The origin of this first novel is curious. When Samuel Richardson, a middle-aged printer, was asked by a publisher to prepare a volume of letters as a model for the uneducated, he sought to add interest to the work by centering his plot on the life of a poor, virtuous serving-girl. So clearly and convincingly did this moralist set forth his searchings into woman's heart that his work became as popular on the Continent as in England. Surprised by his success, Richardson produced a second story, *Clarissa Harlowe*, with a heroine from the middle class instead of the lower class. As the men in both books were far from admirable, the author's friends protested, and he completed the series with *Sir Charles Grandison*, a picture of the "perfect gentleman" of aristocratic life. All three of these tremendously long stories were told by means of letters, and show Richardson's rare gift of penetrating the human heart.

However, while most readers wept copiously over Richardson's tales of virtue distressed and rewarded, some scoffed at his long, grandiloquent, and wearisome portrayals of sentiment. Among these critics was one whom Thackeray afterward called "the manly, English Harry Fielding." This satiric playwright began in a spirit of mockery a skit about Pamela's brother, Joseph, whom he depicted as virtuous as his sister. But Fielding went further than he had expected. *Joseph Andrews* developed into a novel containing, in Parson Adams, one of the famous characters of fiction. A shrewd observer of people, Fielding became the equal and eventually the superior of Richardson. He wrote for men rather than women. Turning from Richardson's analysis of a woman's heart, he maintained his bluff good humor, fidelity to life, and hatred of sham. His masterpiece is *Tom Jones*, a remarkable panorama of the people of his time. It stands as the first great English realistic novel of character and manners.

In the next few decades many writers attempted the novel with some success, but without Fielding's power. Among the more prominent novelists of the mid-century was Tobias Smollett, a Scotch surgeon, coarse but zestful, who drew pictures of the life of Scotchmen and "sea dogs," and is remembered as the first of a notable line of writers of sea tales. His best-known novels are his first, *Roderick Random*, a swinging adventure story, largely autobiographical, and his last, *Humphrey Clinker*, a humorous tale of a country squire's travels about England. Dickens was later greatly influenced by the robust humor and the caricatures of Smollett's novels. Paired with Smollett in time, but opposite in spirit, is Laurence Sterne, a brilliant, eccentric parson, who drew a memorable portrait of "my Uncle Toby" in his nine-volume, autobiographical novel *Tristram Shandy*.



JANE AUSTEN. Our first great woman novelist, whose popular *Pride and Prejudice* has been dramatized and presented on Broadway in our own day.

Of all the novels of the eighteenth century, the one most read today is Oliver Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*, the first to give dignity to fatherhood and enduring romantic interest to home life. The author drew several of its portraits from members of his own family.

The Gothic Romance Heralds the Modern Detective Novel. In contrast to the mood of the domestic story was the Gothic romance, which curdled the reader's blood with horror as it described mysterious happenings in remote or haunted castles. Its most popular exponents were the ingenious Mrs. Ann Radcliffe with *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, and Horace Walpole, Gray's friend, with *The Castle of Otranto*. The medieval backgrounds and extravagant emotional appeal of this type of story maintained its popularity throughout the early nineteenth century, and in fact to the present, for it was the ancestor of the modern horror and mystery story.

Women Gain Prominence as Writers. With the advent of the novel women writers begin to come into the foreground. The first woman novelist of importance is Fanny Burney, whose *Evelina*, a story of young people in London society, published anonymously, was



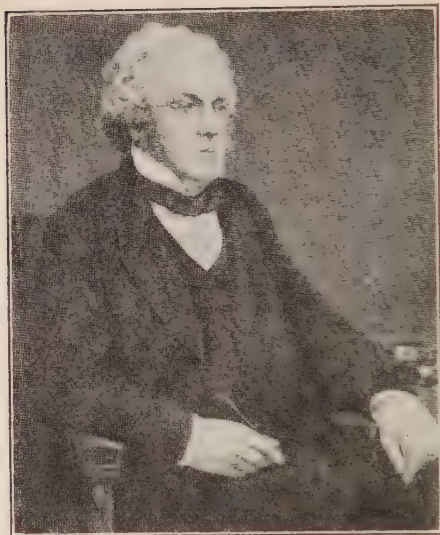
SIR WALTER SCOTT. The great novelist at work in the study on his estate at Abbotsford. (Culver Service)

an immediate success and paved the way for Jane Austen's incomparable novels of manners, *Pride and Prejudice* and *Sense and Sensibility*. Distinguished for her simple plots, effortless style, clear observations, delicate character analysis, and her telling attacks on snobbery and sentimentality, Jane Austen holds a secure place in the history of English fiction. Sir Walter Scott, who admired her pictures of country life, found in her work that "exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting." He also complimented the work of Maria Edgeworth, who was writing excellent stories of Irish characters at home and abroad, the best known being *Castle Rackrent*.

Scott Develops the Historical Romance. Widely read though the earlier novelists had been, Sir Walter Scott with the publication of *Waverley* anonymously in 1814 was the first to popularize the novel above all other forms of literature. While other novelists had gained hundreds of readers, the "wizard of the North" won and still keeps his tens of thousands. Through his long series of more than thirty ro-

mances and historical works of fiction, he made great events and personages of history come alive. Sweeping over the centuries and many countries, Scott was the first novelist to make history live. He also made the scene an essential element in the action of the story, and he established the historical novel as one of the favorite types in our literature. His range is astonishing. All his tales are rich in movement and in graphic power. The freshness of native speech, the vigor of abounding life, the inherent nobility of many of his characters, and his strong romantic spirit are markedly revealed in such novels of native Scottish life as *Guy Mannering*, *The Heart of Midlothian*, and *Rob Roy*. *Ivanhoe* and *Kenilworth* are favorites among the group with an English setting; while *Quentin Durward*, laid in France, and *The Talisman*, picturing the Crusades in the Holy Land, carry the reader convincingly to foreign lands. To this master storyteller, a lover of simple people and of men of action, the English novel is indebted for a long line of notable romantic characters, and the popularizing of the spirit of romanticism, still a leading quality of our literature.

The Victorian Age Produced Many Outstanding Novelists. With the coming of the Victorian age novelists multiplied rapidly. Among them all no one has had a wider body of readers than Charles Dickens. Unsurpassed in English fiction as the creator of immortal characters that live in the reader's memory, he was both humorous and humane, drawing laughter and tears in quick succession. His first great success, *Pickwick Papers*, appeared serially in 1837, but his first real novel was *Oliver Twist*, a portrayal of the slum life of London experienced in his own boyhood. Dickens's human sympathy led him to portray existing evils in society such as the brutal and inefficient boys' school in *Nicholas Nickleby* and the debtors' prison in *Little Dorrit*. These novels with a purpose were highly influential in bringing about reform. In many others such as *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Dombey and Son*, and the universal favorite, *David Copperfield*, he interpreted life in his own inimitable way. In *A Tale of Two Cities* he ventured successfully into the field of the historical novel. His characters, though sometimes fantastic and exaggerated, are yet true to life, and no novelist has left such a multitude of highly individualized men and women to become household words. His emotional nature, which could blend drollery and pathos so effectively, sometimes led to undue sentiment; but his spirit was high, and his purposes generous. Like Thackeray, we can be grateful for Dickens's gift of "innocent laughter" and "sweet, unsullied pages."



WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.
Keen analyst of character and creator of
Becky Sharp, the social climber of *Vanity
Fair*. (Culver Service)

William Makepeace Thackeray, the second of the great triumvirate of Victorian novelists, is a severe satirist, intent on exposing shams. A genial talker who loved humanity, he contributed in addition to a number of excellent critical essays and travel sketches, a notable group of novels. From both his own observations and his reflections on life, he presented the vagaries of his age in honest studies made from an outlook wider in scope and far more objective than Dickens's. A master of pure and simple style, and endowed with a vivid sense of the dramatic romance of past eras, he

wove an exciting plot into a strong tale with a highly intellectual tone. Frequently in his historical fiction, like *Henry Esmond* and *The Virginians*, the family is a central factor in the plot. While Dickens provided us with the moving narratives of human hardships, Thackeray was interested chiefly in the upper classes. His *Vanity Fair*, with its clear-cut analysis of a social climber, Becky Sharp, is one of the world's masterpieces of fiction; *The Newcomes*, with its noble and lovable colonel, is another; *Pendennis* is an immortal picture of adolescent growing pains. A realist and a moralist, Thackeray still impresses a wide circle of thoughtful readers with his broad outlook and his sane, vigorous philosophy.

The philosophic George Eliot, a woman novelist of the first rank in this comprehensive Victorian period, depicted with mingled humor and pathos the struggles of middle-class country English life against heredity and environment. While her works are thoroughly and sensitively feminine, they have emotional sincerity and intellectual power. Her greatest strength lies in her character delineations. *Adam Bede*, considered her masterpiece, is a remarkable attempt to represent the

inner struggle of a soul; while the familiar *Silas Marner* evidences her careful psychology. Her partly autobiographical *The Mill on the Floss* is a convincing "russet-coated epic" of the everyday life of the rural people whom she understood so well; *Romola*, a detailed study of medieval Italy, demonstrates her able scholarship. Her later novels tend to overemphasize ethical discussions, which impede the progress of the story. But at her best George Eliot shows masterfully the sequence of cause and effect in human conduct, the growth or the decay of character. Her oft-repeated theme seemed to be "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."



GEORGE ELIOT. The masculine pseudonym and powerful style of *Mary Ann Evans* at first concealed her identity as a woman novelist. (Culver Service)

Besides these three powerful and prolific novelists the middle decades of the nineteenth century produced a swarm of writers noted for one or two outstanding novels which are still widely read. The Brontë sisters are particularly interesting for their background and personality as well as for their writings. Charlotte Brontë reflected much of her own experience and emotional nature in the rather melodramatic but still popular *Jane Eyre*. Stage versions of this novel have reappeared periodically up to the present time. Emily Brontë's *Wuthering Heights* reproduced the terrifying aspects of wind-swept moors where they were both reared.

Historical Fiction a Popular Trend. Scott's success with the historical novel resulted in a deluge of similar fiction. *Edward Bulwer-Lytton*, also a dramatist, is now best remembered for his great picture of the eruption of Vesuvius in *The Last Days of Pompeii*; but he wrote a stirring account of a fourteenth-century Roman tribune, *Rienzi*, and a vivid narrative of the struggle between Saxon and Norman, *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings*. Later English history has been made thrilling to many generations through Charles Kingsley's

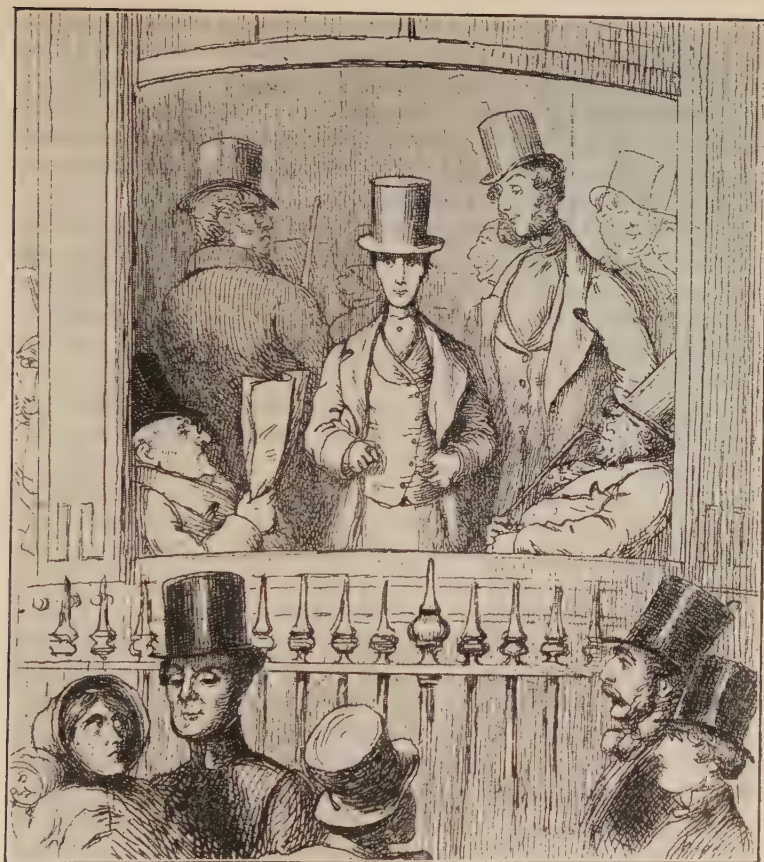
book of Elizabethan adventure, *Westward Ho!*, and Richard D. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*, a romance of the seventeenth century written in the poetic dialect of southwest England. Charles Reade's masterpiece, *The Cloister and the Hearth* is a serious character study of medieval life on the Continent. Reade illustrates the tendency toward social reform appearing in fiction of the mid-century, for he analyzed what was wrong with the world in *It's Never Too Late to Mend*, immensely popular in its day, but little read in ours.

While these writers were stirring the imagination with great events and romantic characters, Anthony Trollope, believing that ordinary men and women as he saw them were not receiving their due in fiction, worked steadily until he had produced more than thirty novels and numerous short tales. His *Barchester Towers* and other tales of cathedral towns and Parliament life are recognized as valuable pictures of phases of English society.

Late Victorian Novelists of Importance. In the late Victorian period several authors rose to considerable fame as novelists, although their writings extended into other fields. Robert Louis Stevenson, the courageous Scotch essayist and weaver of yarns, has left us *Treasure Island*, an immortal adventure story, and other vivid narratives such as *Kidnapped* and *The Master of Ballantrae*. *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* is a powerful novelette of dual personality.

Thomas Hardy produced graphic novels of countryfolk for nearly three decades before he devoted himself to verse. Notable for his minutely beautiful descriptions of nature, clear and rapid movement, and exceptionally careful construction of plot, this somber genius depicted the tragedy of man's struggle and passion in a hostile world. His stories all center around his native Dorsetshire. *Under the Greenwood Tree* and *Far from the Madding Crowd* re-create the tiny villages near which he was born. A sterner and more powerful note is struck in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, *The Return of the Native*, with its background of lonely moors, and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, a tragedy culminating at the ancient Stonehenge.

Another realist and psychologist, George Meredith, has been described as one who "thinks in flashes and writes in shorthand." In his epigrammatic style he attacked vice, stupidity, and pretentiousness by holding them up to ridicule. He was slow to win a reputation because the average reader could not understand him. His appeal is to keen and mature minds. Three of his most admired and most thought-provoking novels are *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, *The Egoist*, and *Diana of the Crossways*.



MR. BARNES NEWCOME AT HIS CLUB. Thackeray's own illustrations for his books lightly satirized various social types such as are described in *The Book of Snobs*. (Culver Service)

It is hard to realize that two popular authors who have died so recently as Rudyard Kipling and Sir James Barrie did most of their novel-writing back in the nineties. After Barrie had attained fame with his masterpieces of Scotch fiction, *The Little Minister* and *Sentimental Tommy*, he devoted himself almost exclusively to drama. Kipling, an acknowledged master of short story and verse, wrote during the same decade *The Light That Failed*, a tragedy of blindness, and two books of boy life, *Stalky and Co.*, with its stories of school

Indian
realist

days, and *Captains Courageous*, a vigorous tale of Labrador fishing. His most distinctive novel, *Kim*, is an incomparable picture of East Indian life. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was beginning his famous series of detective stories in the late eighties with *A Study in Scarlet* and *The Sign of the Four*, though Sherlock Holmes is better remembered in the later short stories. Doyle's stirring historical romances, such as *The White Company*, are still popular.

The Twentieth Century Brings New Trends. Like the Victorian age the twentieth century has been so rich in able and versatile English novelists that it is hard to limit discussion to a few names. Undoubtedly four men stand out both for the amount and the significance of their work. Of the four — Conrad, Wells, Bennett, and Galsworthy — only Wells is now living.

Joseph Conrad, a Polish sea captain who mastered the English language after the age of nineteen, used the mystery, terror, and magic of the sea as a background for his studies of men. One of his best, *Lord Jim*, analyzes the mental anguish suffered throughout his life by a young sailor who failed to act courageously in a crisis. In *Typhoon* the great storm itself may be called the hero of the story.

H. G. Wells, a prolific journalist with enormous energy and industry, has written romances on nearly every phase of human life and thought, particularly narratives suggested by present-day science and his dreams of a future world state. Although this pseudoscientific romance is Wells's special field, critics usually think that he excels when handling other aspects of human experience. Judged best among his writings are *Tono-Bungay*, a masterful epic of quackery in big business; *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, one of the best novels about the World War; *The Soul of a Bishop*, concerned with religion; and *Joan and Peter*, dealing with modern education. The last two were written at the close of the war. His understanding of London characters is illustrated in the hilarious farce, *The History of Mr. Polly*, one of his best-liked books. Truly, his dynamic, brilliant mind has been like a searchlight sweeping over modern civilization.

Arnold Bennett was another industrious writer, but his subject matter was more restricted than Wells's. He was pre-eminently a realist with the knack of making ordinary people interesting, largely through a study of the motives underlying their actions. His best work pictures the pottery towns of Staffordshire. There are more than a dozen of these Five Towns novels, including the well-known *Clayhanger*, *Hilda Lessways*, and his generally accepted masterpiece, *An Old*

realist

romanticist

realist

Wives' Tale which contrasts the lives of two sisters, one of whom accepts while the other escapes from small-town life.

The calm, restrained, examining John Galsworthy, equally outstanding as dramatist and novelist, was one of the most distinguished literary artists of his day. Foremost among his many novels is The Forsyte Saga, a powerful and sympathetic chronicle of a wealthy middle-class family carried with admirable fidelity through three generations, and followed into the restlessness of the postwar period through three later novels. In this long stretch of family history he has used a method common among Continental writers, but seldom found in English literature.

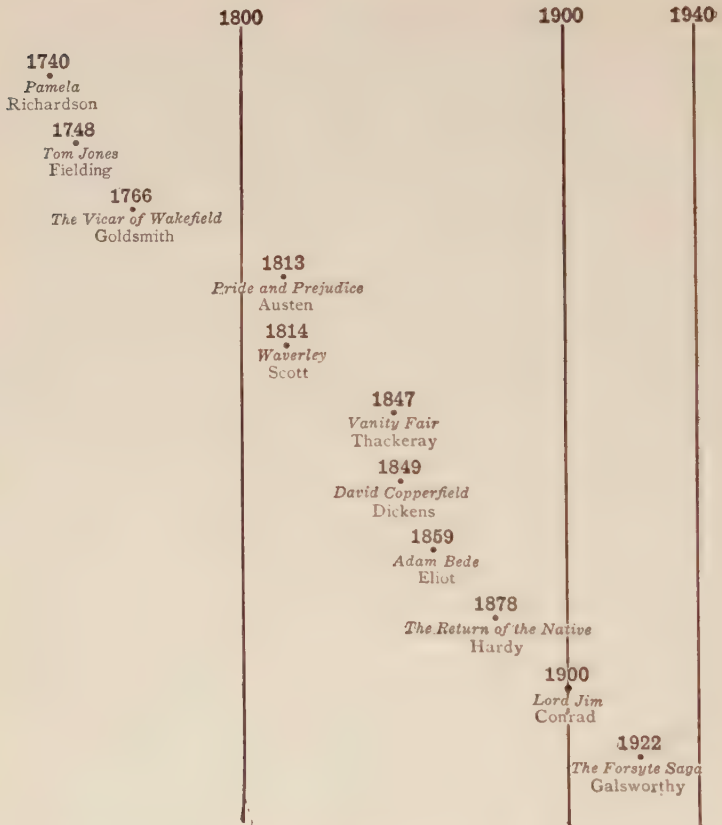
Reputations of living writers grow as the years bring new accomplishments. Outside of short stories and plays, W. Somerset Maugham is known everywhere for his great ironic novel, Of Human Bondage. ^{moon} ~~size~~ ^{size} Hugh Walpole's work has always been popular, especially the three Jeremy stories, The Dark Forest, The Green Mirror, and The Cathedral. J. B. Priestley, besides his writing of other types, attained success with The Good Companions and Angel Pavement. James Hilton has recently won recognition with his delicately drawn novelette, Good-bye, Mr. Chips, and his unique Lost Horizon. ^{romanticist}

Prominent among the women writers Rose Macaulay writes glittering cynical novels of modern life in Potterism and Told by an Idiot; Sheila Kaye-Smith draws remarkable portraits of men and women of the soil in Tamarisk Town and Joanna Godden; and Virginia Woolf with delicate sensibility and perfect artistry experiments with new ways to tell a story in Mrs. Dalloway, To the Lighthouse, and The Years. ^{real}

Conclusion. Many more men and women of our century who are writing able novels might well be named. It is hard to tell which ones will have a purely temporary reputation, and which will hold their place in the future. As we view in retrospect the progressive development of the English novel, we conclude that it is neither the fame of an author at the moment nor his purpose in writing that has determined the permanency of his work. It is his truth, sincerity, and vitality. As Robert Louis Stevenson says, "The life of man is not the subject of novels, but is the inexhaustible magazine from which subjects are to be selected; the name of these is legion; and with each new subject the true artist will vary his method and change the point of attack."

Consequently, if the novelist succeeds in telling a good tale unusually well, it will live.

MILESTONES OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL



Many of you will wish to read English novels. You will find suggestions for this reading in the lists following each chapter. Try to read at least one good novel of each period.



DEDHAM MILL

Oil. Brown, Robertson & Co., N. Y.
A typical English landscape by John Constable

THE AGE OF ROMANTICISM

1800-1840

escape - liberty

What Romanticism Is. With the opening of the nineteenth century we enter the age of romanticism. In this book romanticism means literature that springs from two principal sources, emotion and imagination. The eighteenth century was an age of reason when any expression of the emotions was discouraged.

Gradually, however, in the latter part of that century, the poets began to evince more and more strongly a desire to report nature and human life from direct observation, a wish to express their emotions as individuals, a sense of wonder concerning the past, and awe concerning the mystery of the universe. In short "the Natural Man," never a creature of pure intellect — but a creature, also, of emotions, of intuitions, of passions, griefs, longings, and of highly personal moods — began to reassert himself.

The experimentation with new verse forms introduced at the end of the eighteenth century became in the nineteenth the order of the day. Individuality rather than uniformity grew to be the fashion.

This was a reawakening rather than a new development, in that it was a return to the exuberance, the intensity, and the mental independence of the Elizabethans.

French Revolution Affects England's Poets. The eruption of a chain of neighboring volcanoes would have had less effect upon England than that caused by the eruption of all the pent-up misery of France in the last decade of the eighteenth century. The French Revolution, coming in the young manhood of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, and in the childhood of Byron and Shelley, put its stamp upon their mental attitudes and their expression. The poetry of rebellion, of social criticism, and of groping idealism toward a new and better day, flowered after the deep plowing up of outworn conditions.

Just as the principles of democracy played an important part in the American and French Revolutions, so the rising generation of England was on fire with democratic ideas. Wordsworth expressed the common feeling of the younger poets in these words:

Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!



A COTTON FACTORY. The other side of romantic England was a harsh industrialism with child labor and poor working conditions prevalent. (Culver Service)

But as time went on, and excesses in the name of Liberty increased, their attitudes changed. Some who had been radicals became conservatives as they grew older; other crops of young radicals sprang up, and these hinted darkly that the older ones had deserted the cause. The Napoleonic wars took the conflict out of the drawing room onto the field of battle against the threatening world conqueror. With the triumph at Waterloo came a national intoxication of victory similar to that in the days of the Armada and the battle of Blenheim. England found an unexpected empire within her grasp — South Africa, New Zealand, “the complete conquest of India now a certainty, and with a chain of naval stations and calling ports that might well have been selected with the foreknowledge of steam and the Suez canal.” Then England settled down to peace with foreign nations, only to find anything but peace industrially.

The Industrial Revolution. The eighteenth century had seen the completion of the American and the French Revolutions, but it witnessed only the beginning of the Industrial Revolution, which reached a climax in the early nineteenth century. Less sensational than the other two, the Industrial Revolution was equally significant. Surprisingly the lower classes in England did not rise as they had in France, for the slow-moving wheel of this new revolution all but crushed them.

What were the results of those important eighteenth-century discoveries and inventions — iron smelting by coal, the steam engine, the spinning jenny, and the power loom? Machinery for many manufacturing processes developed rapidly, and the output of the spinning industries increased tremendously. For centuries England had raised wool, and had spun and woven it by slow hand processes. Early in the eighteenth century cotton cloth had been imported to England by the East India Company until the competing woolen manufacturers had induced the Government to prohibit it. But England wanted cotton cloth. Watt's engine could drive Arkwright's power loom. For this machinery the iron ore and the coal to smelt it lay adjacent in the central and northern parts of the country. Consequently spinning mills for linen, as well as wool and cotton, sprang up at once.

Meanwhile farming was shifting from a small community enterprise to an organized business. Little farms were being combined into large estates, with labor hired by a single manager. Peasants once free and prosperous became pauperized and landless. Many country people, therefore, flocked to the cities. Thus within fifty years England turned from a nation of small isolated farms and sturdy, independent farmers into a nation of smoking mills, and anemic factory hands crowded into ugly slums. The new manufacturers wished merely to make money as fast as possible. Housing conditions were bad for working people and they labored for long hours at starvation wages, which were often cut further to meet the expense of the community "Poor Relief" for those on the verge of starvation.

One can hardly exaggerate the distress which the Industrial Revolution brought on the working people, for careful historians agree that conditions were appalling. These continued during the years when England and her allies were fighting to defeat Napoleon in his attempt to unite all Europe in his empire. Under these conditions every effort was bent toward supplying the sinews of war; the whole country was worked overtime and there was much profiteering by those who supplied war needs. Although Wellington finally defeated Napoleon at Waterloo, the working people of England had already met *their* Waterloo. Actually "droves of slaves, under the arbitrary tyranny of the parish overseer" could be seen "often harnessed, men and women together, to the parish cart. And yet the squires and big landowners were basking in the noontide of prosperity, trapping and transporting men to preserve pheasants, and spending long days on horseback in the pursuit of vermin." The industrial system had been allowed to evolve without regard to consequences. "Booms"



PILLORY IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE. The cruelty of the penal code aroused the efforts of reformers during the Age of Romanticism. (Bettmann Collection)

and "slumps" alternated in the financial system just as they do today.

Economic Theories. This indifference resulted partly from the callousness of many leaders toward their less fortunate fellow beings, partly from selfishness and greed, and partly from prevailing economic theories. The early economists, Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo, propounded theories that people came to regard as fixed laws — as rigid as those of the Medes and Persians. These laws maintained that a large percentage of unavoidable poverty was the fate of mankind. No wonder Carlyle called political economy "the dismal science"! However, modern economists believe that many improvements can be made, and that an era of prosperity need not necessarily be followed by a period of financial depression.

A Period of Reform Begins. Yet the people of a hundred years ago thought that other evils could be remedied. A public school, as we understand it in America — open to children of all classes — was unknown. In England public school meant a private school for the sons of gentlemen. Instead of schooling, thousands of children knew only labor, with long hours and unsanitary conditions which would not be tolerated for adults today. General illiteracy and stunting of growth were inevitable results. Prisons were crowded. Conditions cried for reform. Fortunately "a new spirit of tenderness and humanity, feeble

at first, but gradually accumulating strength, began to melt the hard frost of the eighteenth century." Laws were enacted against child labor; the death penalty for small thefts and other minor crimes was abolished; education of the lower classes was begun. Restrictions on the freedom of the press were withdrawn. Prison reforms were led by Elizabeth Fry, a remarkable Quaker. The reform most striking, perhaps, to Americans, in the light of our Civil War, was the peaceful abolition of the slave trade and the final emancipation of all slaves.

Political reform was another burning issue. The merchants and tradesmen, who controlled England, had little representation in Parliament, and they resented this limitation. Some of the newer industrial centers were not represented at all. The system of electing members to Parliament needed complete reorganization. But the Government, fearing the power of the mercantile groups, fought readjustment. Nevertheless, despite the Duke of Wellington and the Tories, the Great Reform Bill became a law in 1832. It gave complete control of the government to the new middle classes, although it did not give the vote to agricultural laborers or workingmen in cities and towns. Its passage marks what has been called "the Bourgeois Revolution." Two years later followed a new Poor Law, little better, however, than the old one. Dickens in *Oliver Twist* pictures the workhouses to which the poor were consigned!

Early Attempts at Labor Reforms. In the decade of the 1830's new labor problems arose. Soon after the first locomotive was introduced on the Liverpool-Manchester Railway in 1830, railway transportation became general in England. Commerce was speeded up, and steam came into full triumph. The world was moving. Yet in some ways it moved very slowly. Ever since the French Revolution the Government had feared the working class, and riots resulting from unemployment and bad working conditions had been treated with cruel severity.

Labor unions were illegal until 1825, and not until eight years later was a real labor movement organized by Robert Owen. A self-made man, he became manager of the New Lanark mills, which he changed into a model working community. He did not prove that all industries could be run similarly under the competitive and profit systems, but he induced influential men to listen to him, and he tried other humane experiments. He also inaugurated the Grand National Consolidated Trades Union of 1833, which achieved little because the Government quickly dissolved it. Six years later the Chartists drafted a People's Charter, demanding that Parliament

at all times represent the will of the majority of the people. Other stipulations were universal male suffrage, annual election of Parliament members, vote by secret ballot, no property qualification for members of Parliament, pay for members of Commons, and division of the country into equal electoral districts. These demands seem reasonable enough today — yet the Chartists were regarded as dangerous radicals! They continued their agitation for almost a decade, but the Government was obdurate, and the movement collapsed in 1848.

Science Continues to Make Practical Inventions. Throughout this period science continued to make strides. The greatest names are Sir Humphry Davy (1778-1829) and Michael Faraday (1791-1867). Davy furthered chemical studies and invented a miner's lamp which lessened underground accidents. As he refused to patent his device, he made no money from it. Faraday discovered the principle of a strong electric current used now in great dynamos for light and power. Less practical in nature, but of great value in its field, was Sir Charles Lyell's *The Principles of Geology*, a book which influenced a young man who became the greatest scientist of the century — Charles Darwin.

Sovereigns of the Period Play a Minor Role. During this period of significant changes England was unfortunate in her sovereigns. Technically George III was King until 1820, but after 1788 when he was subject to fits of temporary insanity, his son acted intermittently as Prince Regent. This son, who finally succeeded as George IV (1820-1830), early became extravagant and dissipated. He forfeited the respect of the country, and played no part in the great movements of his day. He was succeeded by his brother, William IV (1830-1837), a "sailor king," genial, well intentioned, and somewhat liberal in his tendencies, but not a strong monarch. When his niece Victoria came to the throne, England entered the great Victorian era.

How People Dressed. At the opening of the nineteenth century styles in clothing changed greatly. Women discarded towering head-dresses, hoop skirts, and high-heeled shoes, and became lissom and graceful in dresses of light, flowing material and low-heeled shoes. Turbans held brief vogue; later, poke bonnets. Toward the end of the period hoop skirts again reigned.

The men wore coats with high, deep-rolling collars and long tails, sometimes cut away from the waistcoat like the full-dress coat of today. Their necks were swathed in high bulky neckcloths or freed in open-throated shirts, popularized by Lord Byron. Knickerbockers



TINTERN ABBEY. This beautiful ruin on the "sylvan Wye" called forth Wordsworth's poem. (Culver Service)

tied at the knee and silk stockings gave way to trousers of modern cut. The great leader of men's fashions was "Beau" Brummell, the central figure in several dramas and novels. Acknowledged the best-dressed man of his time, George Bryan Brummell "made clean linen and washing daily a part of English life." Behold him in a high folded collar wrapped in a high stock, a blue coat, light breeches fitting the leg well, a light waistcoat over a waistcoat of some other color, never a startling contrast, Hessian boots, or top boots and buckskins. "Exquisite propriety!" exclaimed his friend, Lord Byron.

Appearance of Town and Country. At the beginning of this period town and country had changed little since the eighteenth century; but with the arrival of the locomotive the highroad life of coach and post horn became a thing of the past. Bankruptcy threatened many of the old country inns, and their trade was not restored until the day of the motor car. If you had prophesied in that time the motor traffic that now hurtles all over England, you would have been thought a lunatic! The crowded factory towns of the industrial Midlands and the North with their monotonous rows of dingy houses have been called "towns without a soul," although today many of them have model flats and cottages for the workmen and their fami-

lies. But such parts of England as the beautiful Lake district in the north and the counties of the south and west remained unaltered.

The age of Romanticism glorified nature both in poetry and in painting. The very names of the pictures of John Constable (1776-1837), the greatest of the landscape artists, speak of a drowsy rural England — "A Cottage in a Cornfield," "The Haywain," "Salisbury Cathedral from the Bishop's Garden." A golden haze hung over the countryside, despite the rush and jostle of London and the smoke of the new commercial towns.

LITERATURE OF THE AGE OF ROMANTICISM

A New Note in Poetry. The concept of nature as an escape from the evils of human society brought a new note into poetry in the nineteenth century. Beyond the mere objective description of nature or the subjective delight it aroused in the older poets, we find in the new Romantics a celebration of the "omnipresence of God" in nature. They had discovered a secret shrine for worship not only in the vastness of mountains, forests, and seas, but in the smaller intimacies of birds hopping on branches, and in "the meanest flower that blows."

Though Wordsworth is the greatest exponent of this feeling for the sacredness of nature, the idea originated with Coleridge. These two young men formed a literary partnership in poetry similar to that of Addison and Steele in prose. During their twenties, while taking long walks in the rolling Somerset hills, they discussed poetry at length, and finally evolved the idea of writing together a volume of poems according to their differing talents. Coleridge was to contribute poems of supernatural incidents, describing dramatically the emotions that "would naturally accompany such situations." Wordsworth's part was to be poems of ordinary life treating of such "characters and incidents . . . as will be found in every village and vicinity." Thus was originated the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798, which launched the Romantic Movement.

The Lake District a Literary Center. Later these poets lived in the Lake district of northwest England. It was indeed fitting that, as classicism had its stronghold in the midst of London society, romanticism should have its center among incomparable hills and waters, for to this notable literary center came also Coleridge's brother-in-law, Robert Southey, poet laureate before Wordsworth, and Thomas de Quincey, a brilliant but erratic essayist, whose *Literary Reminiscences* give an intimate picture of this entire group. Many literary men,



DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE. In the heart of the Lake District, where Wordsworth spent his early married life, with poverty offset by poetry. (Culver Service)

including Emerson, were drawn as visitors to this company of congenial spirits. Scott, who more than any other romanticist revived and glorified the life of the past, was a lifelong friend of Wordsworth. Another friend was Charles Lamb, whose style as a familiar essayist has been the despair of imitators ever since. Inasmuch as all these authors lived long, they formed the older group of romantic writers, while some of them wrote far into the Victorian age. In fact, Wordsworth became poet laureate in the sixth year of Victoria's reign.

The Younger Poets of the Day. Early in the century rose a group of poets who, because they all died before forty, retain immortality as young men. These were Lord Byron, creator of stirring meters and cynical heroes, Percy B. Shelley, who soared to lyric heights and dropped to despairing depths, and John Keats, devotee of beauty. Among the seven poets already mentioned the only ones whose poetry gained wide popularity in their own day were Scott, Byron, and Southey. The other four received limited or belated recognition. The publisher of *Lyrical Ballads* lost the small sum of thirty guineas paid to its authors; Shelley envied the skylark its power to make the world listen; Keats died thinking that his name was "writ in water." Unrecognized though the finest poetry might have been, verse writing was the fashion of the day, and several popular poets have left some pleas-

ant and easily understood poems. Thomas Moore was a melodious and patriotic Irish singer of lyrics, and Thomas Hood who often made the world laugh, also forced it to look squarely at the ugly side of life.

Prose Principally Essay and Novel. Because the Romantic age was notably a period of poetry, the prose writers were comparatively few. Chief among its essayists were Lamb, De Quincey, and William Hazlitt, the incisive critic. Coleridge after his youth wrote more prose than poetry, and with Hazlitt criticized literature not from the rigid standards of classicism but as a reflection of life and the writer's personality. Under Scott,

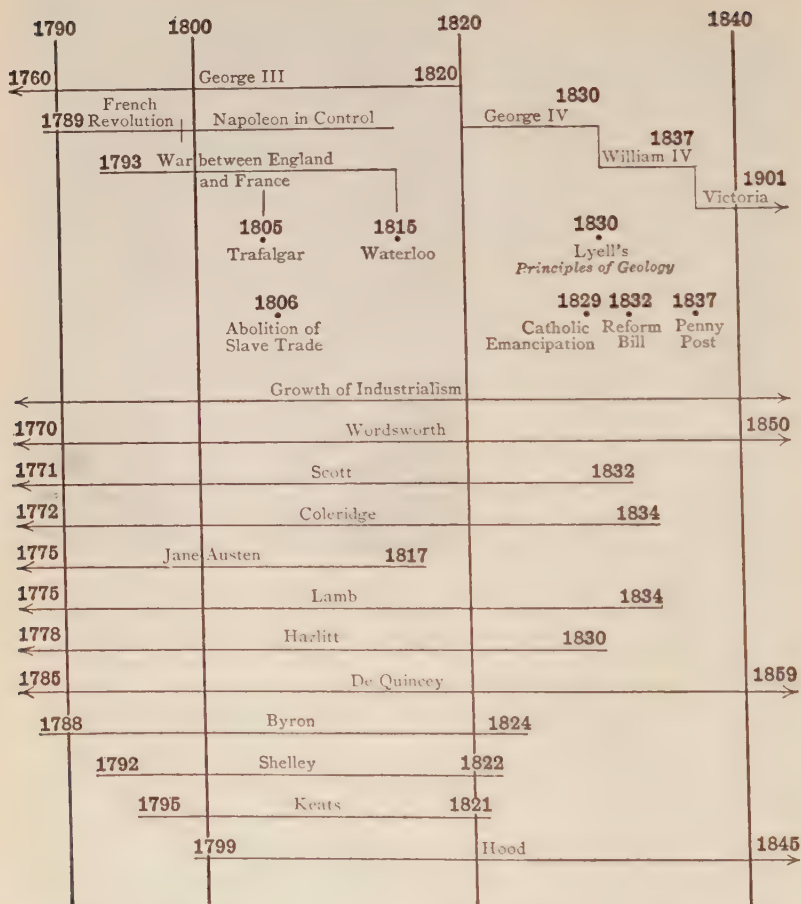


PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Aptly called "Ariel," he belongs to the ethereal regions of poetry. (Underwood and Underwood)

novel writing branched into the historical field, and under Jane Austen, into the clever novel of manners. Both are discussed on pages 490, and 491 of the Chapter on the novel. The short story, developing rapidly in America during this period, scarcely touched England, though Scott wrote several short tales; the drama produced no great names to follow Goldsmith and Sheridan.

Summary. The Age of Romanticism resulted from forces that were gathering during the eighteenth century as a reaction against the formality of the classic age. These new attitudes included emphasis on human emotions, sympathy with the humble classes and desire for social justice, appreciation of the individual, love for the romantic flavor of the past, but eagerness to blaze new trails. The Industrial Revolution brought about many conditions detrimental to public welfare which the prevailing spirit of reform attacked, and thereby improved labor conditions, education, tariff laws, slavery, and other aspects of society. Attempts to establish a people's charter were un-

THE AGE OF ROMANTICISM



successful, but labor unions were slowly established. Science made strides, especially in practical inventions. During the first fifteen years of the century attention was focused on the Napoleonic wars, but after that England entered upon a long period of peace.

In literature the *Lyrical Ballads* of Wordsworth and Coleridge brought new emphasis to poetry, especially the spiritual interpretation of nature, the emotions of the common man, and the spell of the supernatural. The mood of romanticism prepared the country for a remark-

able outburst of poetry, with prose somewhat overshadowed. Scott made a reputation in both fields. Byron, Shelley, and Keats, during their short lives, produced poetry excelling in lyric beauty. The chief prose types were the essay, represented by Lamb, De Quincey, and Hazlitt, and the novel, advanced by Scott and Jane Austen.

Poetry of the Romantic Age

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770-1850)

never wrote free verse

Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
But when will Europe's later hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?

— Matthew Arnold, "Memorial Verses"

The new romantic movement of the later eighteenth century found an ardent champion in Wordsworth. In the epoch-making *Lyrical Ballads*, written with Coleridge, Wordsworth tried to carry out his theories of poetry. Two of his beliefs were that the common life of the poor and the lowly affords suitable themes for poetry and that poets should use in their verse the actual words of everyday speech. Obviously these theories were motivated as a protest against the pompous language and conventional subjects of the classicists. Wordsworth occasionally carried his beliefs to the extreme and produced verses which seem commonplace, but in his best lyrics, sonnets, and blank verse he reaches supreme heights. He was pre-eminently a poet of reflection and an interpreter of Nature. To him Nature was not only beautiful to the eye, but was animated by a living spirit, in which he found companionship throughout his long life.

In English literary history Coleridge and Wordsworth are inseparable, yet they were fundamentally divergent. Coleridge is Magic. Wordsworth is the Moral Teacher. Coleridge soared on the multicolored wings of imagination, as Icarus, the legendary Greek, was said to have flown on the wings made by Daedalus, till the heat of the sun melted the wax holding the feathers and he fell headlong from the sky. Wordsworth's spirit soared into the joy of sun and air with the simple ease of the skylark he described, and returned as unaffectedly to a home on the friendly earth.

Wordsworth has pictured the carefree outdoor life of his boyhood near the Cumberland Mountains in the long poem, *The Prelude*. With college days at Cambridge, however, a real interest came into his life. The world was seething with the democratic principles which had so recently played an important part in the American Revolution and which were at the time

showing themselves in France. Young Wordsworth in a burst of enthusiasm crossed the Channel to throw in his lot with the French Revolutionists. But when his family cut off his allowance and he saw the excesses of the French mob, he soon returned to England and resumed the peaceful life of his beloved Lake country.

Wordsworth lived near the village of Grasmere, at first in a plain little cottage, now a Wordsworth museum, later in a more beautiful home called Rydal Mount. He passed nearly fifty years in this secluded neighborhood with his wife, his sister Dorothy, and a circle of congenial literary friends who included Coleridge, Southey, De Quincey, and Dr. Arnold, the father of Matthew Arnold. His greatest public honor came in 1843, when, on the death of Southey, he was appointed poet laureate — an honor well merited. He was not, however, interred in Westminster Abbey, but was laid to rest at Grasmere, near the people he had loved and the lakes and hills that had been his inspiration and joy.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

This short poem is a clear illustration of Wordsworth's close kinship with the world of beauty. Birds, flowers, trees, air — all spoke to him of the joy of Nature; man alone among her creatures seemed to him to sound a note of discord.

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

5

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

10

The birds around me hopped and played,
Their thoughts I cannot measure;
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

15

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
 To catch the breezy air;
 And I must think, do all I can,
 That there was pleasure there.

20

If this belief from heaven be sent,
 If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

THE TABLES TURNED

The familiar springtime wish expressed in this poem makes the reader feel that he might have written it himself. How often we have all longed to "quit the books" and "come forth into the light of things"! Many poets have expressed a belief — known as the "pathetic fallacy" — that Nature shares human feelings and moods sympathetically. Wordsworth's belief, as expressed in the sixth stanza, goes further. To him Nature is more than a mere sympathizer; she is a moral teacher greater than all the sages. This and the preceding poems are from the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798.

2nd. ed. 1800 - introduction

Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books;
 Or surely you'll grow double.
 Up! up! my Friend, and clear your looks;
 Why all this toil and trouble?

↓ songs
 lyrics
 longer narrative poem
 modern ballads -
 called lyrical
 ballads

The sun, above the mountain's head,
 A freshening luster mellow
 Through all the long green fields has spread,
 His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife;
 Come, hear the woodland linnet,
 How sweet his music! on my life,
 There's more of wisdom in it.

10

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
 He, too, is no mean preacher;
 Come forth into the light of things,
 Let Nature be your teacher.

15

She has a world of ready wealth,
 Our minds and hearts to bless —
 Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
 Truth breathed by cheerfulness. 20

One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore that Nature brings; 25
 Our meddling intellect
 Misshapes the beauteous forms of things —
 We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
 Close up those barren leaves;
 Come forth, and bring with you a heart 30
 That watches and receives.

TO A SKYLARK

1805

With English poets from Shakespeare on, the skylark has been a favorite theme. Wordsworth wrote two entirely different poems on this subject. This one rings with the joy of morning.

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!
 For thy song, Lark, is strong;
 Up with me, up with me into the clouds!
 Singing, singing,
 With clouds and sky about thee ringing, 5
 Lift me, guide me till I find
 That spot which seems so to thy mind!

I have walked through wildernesses dreary
 And today my heart is weary;
 Had I now the wings of a Faery, 10
 Up to thee would I fly.

There is madness about thee, and joy divine
 In that song of thine;
 Lift me, guide me high and high
 To thy banqueting place in the sky. 15

Joyous as morning
 Thou art laughing and scorning;
 Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest.
 And, though little troubled with sloth,
 Drunken Lark! thou would'st be loath 20
 To be such a traveler as I.
 Happy, happy Liver,
 With a soul as strong as a mountain river
 Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,
 Joy and jollity be with us both! 25

Alas! my journey, rugged and uneven,
 Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind;
 But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,
 As full of gladness and as free of heaven,
 I, with my fate contented, will plod on, 30
 And hope for higher raptures, when life's day is done.

TO A SKYLARK

1825

The exuberant joy of twenty years earlier is not found in this poem, but there is a calm joy and an understanding of the habits of the bird, skillfully brought out in a symbolic way.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will, 5
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
 A privacy of glorious light is thine;
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine; 10

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of heaven and home!

SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT

In this personal poem, written in 1804, the author gives a sincere characterization of his wife, Mary Hutchinson, a childhood companion, whom he had married in 1802. Each of the stanzas represents a stage in his acquaintance with her.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair; 5
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From Maytime and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet 15
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. 20

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will, 25
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light. 30

A GROUP OF SONNETS

Between Milton and Wordsworth there were no great sonnet writers in English literature, though Cowper and others occasionally used this form. The first sonnet in this group, though written years after the others, makes a good introduction to this favorite form of Wordsworth's. "Composed, almost extempore, in a short walk on the western side of Rydal Lake," as the poet tells us, it is perhaps the most notable of many poetic appreciations of this verse form in literature.

SCORN NOT THE SONNET

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honors; with this key
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound; 5
 With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief;
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
 His visionary brow: a glowworm lamp, 10
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faeryland
 To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains — alas, too few!

4. **Petrarch**: Italian sonneteer (1304-1374), lover of Laura. 5. **Tasso**: an epic poet of Italy (1544-1595), author of *Orlando Furioso*. 6. **Camoëns**: Portugal's epic poet (1524-1580), exiled for seventeen years. 8. **Dante**: the greatest Italian poet (1265-1321), author of *The Divine Comedy*.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US

This sonnet is proof of Wordsworth's right to be called "the high priest of Nature." Here the poet says that he would rather be an early pagan feeling the divine meaning in Nature than a present-day materialist without a sense for beauty. In the octave he shows how we have put ourselves out of harmony with Nature; in the sestet, the superior excellence of the Greeks.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
 Getting and ~~spending~~ ^{conscious of worldly things} ~~money~~ we lay waste our powers; ^{observation}
 Little we see in Nature that is ours;

We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This sea that bares her bosom to the moon; 5
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;
 For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
 It moves us not. — Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn; 10
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

13, 14. **Proteus, Triton:** sea gods in Greek mythology.

LONDON, 1802

Although this sonnet is named for the place and time of its writing, its theme is really liberty. It was composed on the poet's return from France, where he had seen and sympathized with the Revolutionists. He invokes the spirit of Milton to arouse the English people from their indifference in the great national crisis faced by their neighbors.

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour;
 England hath need of thee; she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower 5
 Of inward-happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea; 10
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

2. **fen:** a bog or marsh; here it refers to England's slowness in responding to the revolutionary ideas of the times.

LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY

Tintern Abbey, now a picturesque ruin, is situated in the valley of the Wye River, a tributary of the Severn, in Monmouthshire, Wales. Throughout his long life Wordsworth always felt himself a part of Nature. In

The Prelude he expressed his relationship to her as an active, sport-loving boy; this poem, written when he was twenty-eight, reveals the feeling of his youth and early manhood. Here he speaks of Nature as "the guide and guardian of my heart and soul of all my moral being."

Five years have passed; five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain springs
 With a soft inland murmur. — Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
 These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
 These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
 Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees!
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
 Or of some hermit's cave, where by his fire
 The hermit sits alone.

These beautiful forms,
 Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye;
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
 And passing even into my purer mind,
 With tranquil restoration: — feelings, too,
 Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
 As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered acts

10. Here . . . sycamore: The poet is standing on the cliff above the valley, which lies spread out below him.

Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust, 35
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world, 40
 Is lightened — that serene and blessed mood,
 In which the affections gently lead us on,
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep 45
 In body, and become a living soul;
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft — 50
 In darkness and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart —
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee, 55
 O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer through the woods,
 How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity, 60
 The picture of the mind revives again;
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope, 65
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
 I came among these hills; when like a roe
 I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
 Wherever nature led — more like a man 70
 Flying from something that he dreads, than one
 Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
 And their glad animal movements all gone by)

To me was all in all. — I cannot paint
 What then I was. The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colors and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite; a feeling and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, nor any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
 Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
 Abundant recompense. For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods
 And mountains; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth; of all the mighty world
 Of eye, and ear — both what they half create,
 And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
 In nature and the language of the sense,
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being.

Nor perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay;
 For thou art with me here upon the banks

Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend, 115
 My dear, dear Friend; and in thy voice I catch
 The language of my former heart, and read
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
 May I behold in thee what I was once, 120
 My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
 Knowing that Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy; for she can so inform 125
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all 130
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk; 135
 And let the misty mountain winds be free
 To blow against thee: and, in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure; when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms, 140
 Thy memory be as a dwelling place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me, 145
 And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance —
 If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence — wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream 150
 We stood together; and that I, so long

116. **dear, dear Friend:** his sister, Dorothy Wordsworth, his close companion from 1795 to 1802. Her journal gives an interesting and illuminating picture of their life at Grasmere, their long walking tours, and their conversations with friends and visitors.

A worshiper of Nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service: rather say
 With warmer love — oh! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

“MY HEART LEAPS UP”

This short lyric, which expresses a wish that the poet may never lose his sense of reverent exultation in Nature's beauty, forms an interesting introduction to the “Ode on Immortality.” Written a year earlier than the opening division of that poem, its last three lines were later used by the poet as a leader or motto for the “Ode.” After you have studied that poem, it will be well to turn back to these lines and try to determine the connection between them.

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky.
 So was it when my life began;
 So is it now I am a man,
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The child is father of the man;
 And I would wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

9. natural piety: reverent regard for Nature.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

Emerson called this splendid ode the high watermark of poetry in the nineteenth century. To his intimate feeling for Nature in this poem, Wordsworth adds the alluring doctrine of pre-existence, making human life continuous through past, present, and future existences.

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
 The earth, and every common sight,
 To me did seem
 Appareled in celestial light,
 The glory and the freshness of a dream.

It is not now as it hath been of yore —
 Turn wheresoe'er I may,
 By night or day,
 The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes, 10
 And lovely is the rose,
 The moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare,
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair; 15
 The sunshine is a glorious birth;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
 And while the young lambs bound 20
 As to the tabor's sound,
 To me alone there came a thought of grief;
 A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
 And I again am strong.
 The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep; 25
 No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
 I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;
 The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
 And all the earth is gay;
 Land and sea 30
 Give themselves up to jollity,
 And with the heart of May
 Doth every beast keep holiday —
 Thou child of joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy shepherd boy.

Ye blessèd creatures, I have heard the call 36
 Ye to each other make; I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal, 40

21. **tabor**: a small drum used by a shepherd while playing his pipes.
 28. **fields of sleep**: probably fields just awakening in early morning. 40. **coronal**: wreath or crown, referring to the floral wreaths worn by guests at ancient feasts.

The fullness of your bliss, I feel — I feel it all.
 O evil day! if I were sullen
 While the earth herself is adorning
 This sweet May morning,
 And the children are culling 45
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
 And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm —
 I hear, I hear, with joy I hear! 50
 — But there's a tree, of many, one,
 A single field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone;
 The pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat. 55
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

 Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting; J
 The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting, 60
 And cometh from afar;
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home. 65
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy;
 Shades of the prison house begin to close
 Upon the growing boy,
 But he beholds the light, and whence it flows.
 He sees it in his joy; 70
 The youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended;
 At length the man perceives it die away, 75
 And fade into the light of common day.

58. **Our . . . forgetting:** Wordsworth believed in the Platonic idea of a previous existence. Birth is then a forgetting of a previous existence.
 67. **prison house:** earth. 72. **priest:** an interpreter of Nature to the world.

- Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim, 80
 The homely nurse doth all she can
 To make her foster child, her inmate man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.
- Behold the child among his newborn blisses, 85
 A six years' darling of a pygmy size!
 See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
 Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
 With light upon him from his father's eyes!
 See, at his feet, some little plan or chart, 90
 Some fragment from his dream of human life,
 Shaped by himself with newly learnt art;
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;
 And this hath now his heart, 95
 And unto this he frames his song;
 Then will he fit his tongue
 To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside, 100
 And with new joy and pride
 The little actor cons another part;
 Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
 With all the persons, down to palsied age,
 That life brings with her in her equipage; 105
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.
- Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity;
 Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep 110

86. **six years' darling**: probably a reference to Hartley Coleridge, the son of his poet friend, Samuel T. Coleridge. 103. **humorous stage**: a stage representing the humors, moods, or whims of man. The same description occurs in *As You Like It*, Act II, Sc. 7, ll. 139-166. 110. **best philosopher**: A child, recently come from divine existence and retaining his memory of it, is the best seer and philosopher.

Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind —

Mighty prophet! Seer blest!

On whom those truths do rest, 115

Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;

Thou, over whom thy immortality

Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,

A presence which is not to be put by; 120

Thou little child, yet glorious in the might

Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke

The years to bring the inevitable yoke,

Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife? 125

Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight,

Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

O joy! that in our embers

Is something that doth live,

That nature yet remembers 130

What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed

Perpetual benediction; not indeed

For that which is most worthy to be blessed — 135

Delight and liberty, the simple creed

Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,

With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast —

Not for these I raise

The song of thanks and praise; 140

But for those obstinate questionings

Of sense and outward things,

Fallings from us, vanishings;

Blank misgivings of a creature

Moving about in worlds not realized, 145

High instincts before which our mortal nature

Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised;

But for those first affections,

Those shadowy recollections,

123. **provoke**: to call forth (the root meaning of the word). 134. **benediction**: here, thankfulness.

Which, be they what they may, 150
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence; truths that wake, 155
 To perish never;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
 Nor man nor boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy
 Can utterly abolish or destroy! 160
 Hence, in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither, 165
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.
 Then sing, ye birds! sing, sing a joyous song!
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound! 170
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts today
 Feel the gladness of the May!
 What though the radiance which was once so bright 175
 Be now forever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower;
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind; 180
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering;
 In the faith that looks through death, 185
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And oh, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
 Forbode not any severing of our loves!

Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might; I only have relinquished one delight To live beneath your more habitual sway. I love the brooks which down their channels fret, Even more than when I tripped lightly as they; The innocent brightness of a newborn day Is lovely yet;	190 195
The clouds that gather round the setting sun Do take a sober coloring from an eye That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality; Another race hath been, and other palms are won. Thanks to the human heart by which we live, Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears, To me the meanest flower that blows can give Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.	 200

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF WORDSWORTH

LYRICS AND SONNETS

1. From these poems assemble lines and phrases which bring out Wordsworth's attitude toward Nature, his theories about the emotions of birds and flowers, about human society compared with Nature. Is Nature always as harmonious as Wordsworth pictures it? From your own knowledge or observation give instances of warring elements and cruelty in Nature.

2. Contrast the spirit of the two "skylark" poems and show how the verse form of each is suitable to the intended tone. Reread earlier poems and passages on the skylark, by Shakespeare, pages 164 and 166, by Milton, page 302. What habits of the bird are emphasized by all these passages? In Wordsworth's poem of 1825 what habit of the lark is brought out which the others had not emphasized? Why does he contrast the lark with the nightingale? How does the poet parallel the life of the bird and of man?

3. In "She Was a Phantom of Delight" show what stage of acquaintance is represented by each stanza. Tell in your own words what type of woman Mrs. Wordsworth is shown to be. What does the poet consider are the characteristics of a perfect wife? Compare with the description from Proverbs, page 259.

4. In "London, 1802" why does Wordsworth think England needs Milton? Does he emphasize Milton's characteristics as a man or as a poet? What particular experiences in Milton's life do you think he had in mind? Do the conditions mentioned in this sonnet hold true today?

5. Review the forms of the sonnet, page 146. Study the form of each of Wordsworth's sonnets. Are they similar or varied in type? List the sonnet writers you have met thus far in your study of English literature.

LINES COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY

1. This poem has been said to show four stages in the poet's growth: physical enjoyment of Nature as a boy; passion for beauty and sublimity; understanding of Nature's tranquil influence on the spirit; deep communion with her as a spiritual presence. Find the lines that show these divisions of thought.

2. Make a more detailed analysis of the thought of the poem as it falls into distinct divisions: (1) ll. 1-22, the poet's return after a long absence, (2) ll. 22-57, the influence of these scenes on him in absence, (3) ll. 58-65, the hope that this second visit will give him "life and food" for the future. Continue the analysis, expressing the thought briefly and clearly.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

This ode divides into two parts. The first four stanzas, written in 1803 at Grasmere, raise the question, "What has become of the experiences of childhood?" The last seven stanzas, written two years later, give the answer by explaining that the years have brought a rich compensation through the development of the philosophic mind. An outline of this ode traces the development of the poet's thought:

The Question. Stanzas 1, 2. The "celestial light" once cast on natural objects and its later disappearance from them.

Stanzas 3, 4. The poet's regret amid the joys of May.

The Answer. Stanzas 5, 6. Man's origin in a heavenly existence before birth; the fading of glory as a child grows to manhood.

Stanzas 7, 8. The child, by imitating man's affairs, prepares himself to lose this glory.

Stanza 9. This glory persists in manhood as mere feeling, but with power to nourish man's insight into eternal things.

Stanza 10. The poet's resultant joy amid the May scene; his determination to keep the strength and insight gained in manhood.

Stanza 11. His devotion to natural objects is persistent and deepened through experience of human emotions.

1. Using this suggestive outline or one of your own, complete it with suitable subheads for the thought of each stanza.

2. In what ways is "My Heart Leaps Up" a suitable motto for this ode? Where in "Lines Composed a Few Miles above Tintern Abbey" is a similar thought expressed?

3. An ode is a poem characterized by elevation of thought and emotional intensity. It is irregular in stanza structure and shows much variation in its rhyme and length of lines. Where in this ode are meter and length of line admirably adapted to the thought? Where is rhyme used for emphasis and for linking of the thought? With what other odes are you familiar?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read (or reread) the familiar Wordsworth lyrics, such as "The Daffodils," "The Solitary Reaper," "To a Cuckoo," the group of Lucy poems, and others. What do they add to the sum total of Wordsworth's philosophy as shown by the poems in this book?

2. Read *The Prelude*, especially Books I and II on Childhood and School-time. Present an oral or written report on Wordsworth as a boy, his sports, interest in nature, and influences on him.

3. Give an illustrated talk on the Lake Country of England (see the list on page 654 or invite some returned traveler to talk to your class).

4. Write a short nature poem, or put into verse some impression or recollection of your childhood.

Logical Essay #1
Coleridge - magic etc.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (1772-1834)

The power of his personality and the variety of his faculties made Coleridge one of the most influential men of his period. Though he excelled as a poet, critic, journalist, theologian, lecturer, philosopher, and brilliant conversationalist with the gift of inspiring others to action, the writing on which his fame now rests is singularly fragmentary. His best verse was composed in his early years, during his companionship with Wordsworth. In their *Lyrical Ballads* Coleridge chose the realms of the imagination as shown through his masterpiece, "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." His best prose came twenty years later in *Biographia Literaria* (literary biographies).

Born in romantic Devonshire amid scenes of great natural beauty, Coleridge, like Wordsworth, was a lover of Nature throughout his life. In 1782, soon after the death of his father, a clergyman, he came to London to enter Christ's Hospital, the famous free school where he and Charles Lamb began an intimate and lifelong friendship. Later, at Cambridge University, he formed an even closer friendship with Southey. These two dreamed, like Wordsworth, of a social revolution, and even planned to establish a socialist colony on the banks of the Susquehanna in America. In preparation they married two sisters, but the project itself fell through. Later the hard-working Southey bore most of the brunt of the support of the Coleridge family. Coleridge's third important friend was Wordsworth, with whom he would often talk with glowing eloquence far into the night, until both were stirred and eager to write. After a year on the Continent with Wordsworth and Dorothy Wordsworth, studying the German language and philosophy, he settled in the Lake district; but unfortunately he contracted rheumatism, and the use of a quack medicine containing opium brought on a habit which he had to fight the rest of his life.



COLERIDGE'S ANCIENT MARINER.

"The Wedding Guest sat on a stone;
He cannot choose but hear."

(Culver Service)

Like Southey and Wordsworth, Coleridge grew more conservative with age, but he was more restless than they. About a dozen years were spent in roaming, interspersed with some critical writing. In this time he lived at Malta for a year, and then went to Rome, where his arrest was ordered by Napoleon on account of some newspaper articles published years before; but, disguised as a steward, Coleridge escaped on an American vessel. Not improved in health, he returned to London, where he placed himself under the care of Dr. James Gillman, with whom he lived until his death eighteen years later. Although this was not a productive period, it was peaceful and valuable, for he was surrounded by a group of young men whom he inspired by his talk.

In his own age Coleridge was unsurpassed in native ability, but the early promise of his genius failed of complete fulfillment. His temperamental weakness impeded execution; his brilliant planning did not result in achieve-

ment; his efforts were fitful, not sustained. Yet this dreamer threw such a spell of romance, mystery, and supernaturalism over words that he seemed to have the power to make the unreal real in poetry. Glamour was his!

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

Besides its compelling story, this narrative, one of Coleridge's longest, gives you an opportunity to compare the old ballad form with this "literary ballad." After you have read and enjoyed the tale, reread it for its poetic beauty.

PART I

It is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.

"By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

*An ancient Mariner
meeteth three
Gallants bidden to a
wedding feast
and detaineth one.*

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide, 5
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set;
May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand;
"There was a ship," quoth he. 10
"Hold off! unhand me, graybeard loon!"
Eftsoons his hand dropped he.

He holds him with his glittering eye —
The Wedding Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child; 15
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding Guest sat on a stone;
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner. 20

*The Wedding
Guest is spellbound
by the eye of the old
seafaring man and
constrained to hear
his tale.*

"The ship was cheered, the harbor cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

12. Eftsoons: quickly. 23. kirk: church.

“The sun came up upon the left,
 Out of the sea came he!
 And he shone bright, and on the right
 Went down into the sea.”

25

*The Mariner tells
 how the ship sailed
 southward with a
 good wind and fair
 weather, till it reached
 the Line.*

“Higher and higher every day,
 Till over the mast at noon —”
 The Wedding Guest here beat his breast,
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

30

The bride hath paced into the hall,
 Red as a rose is she;
 Nodding their heads before her goes
 The merry minstrelsy.

35

*The Wedding Guest
 heareth the bridal
 music; but the
 Mariner continueth
 his tale.*

The Wedding Guest he beat his breast,
 Yet he cannot choose but hear;
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner.

40

“And now the Storm blast came, and he
 Was tyrannous and strong.
 He struck with his o’ertaking wings,
 And chased us south along.

*The ship drawn by a
 storm toward the
 South Pole*

“With sloping masts and dipping prow,
 As who pursued with yell and blow
 Still treads the shadow of his foe,
 And forward bends his head,
 The ship drove past, loud roared the blast,
 And southward aye we fled.

45

50

“And now there came both mist and snow,
 And it grew wondrous cold;
 And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
 As green as emerald.

“And through the drifts the snowy clifts
 Did send a dismal sheen;
 Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken —
 The ice was all between.

55

*The land of ice, and
 of fearful sounds,
 where no living thing
 was to be seen.*

32. **bassoon**: a deep-toned wind instrument. 55. **drifts**: mist. 55. **clifts**: icebergs. 57. **ken**: see.

alliteration - duplication of same sound
archaic old

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

535

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled
Like noises in a swound!

onomatopoeia - sound
imagery - appeal to senses

"At length did cross an Albatross,
Thorough the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

simile
repetition
assonance - harmony
vowel sounds
65
The great sea bird, called the Albatross, came through the snow fog, and was received with great joy and hospitality.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

70

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo!

And lo! the Albatross proved a bird of good omen, and followeth the ship as it returned northward through fog and floating ice.

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog smoke white,
Glimmered the white moonshine."

75

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus! —
Why look'st thou so? " — "With my crossbow
I shot the Albatross! "

80

The ancient Mariner inhospitably killeth the pious bird of good omen.

PART II

"The Sun now rose upon the right,
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

85

"And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo!

90

62. **swound**: swoon or dream. 64. **Thorough**: through. 67. **eat**: pronounced ēt, old form of eaten. 75. **shroud**: rope of the rigging. 76. **vespers**: evenings.

“ And I had done a hellish thing,
 And it would work 'em woe;
 For all averred, I had killed the bird
 That made the breeze to blow.
 Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,
 That made the breeze to blow! 95

*His shipmates cry
 out against the
 ancient Mariner for
 killing the bird
 of good luck.*

“ Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
 The glorious Sun uprist;
 Then all averred, I had killed the bird
 That brought the fog and mist. 100
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,
 That bring the fog and mist.

*But when the fog
 cleared off, they justify
 the same, and thus
 make themselves ac-
 complices in the
 crime.*

iteration
 The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
 The furrow followed free;
 We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea. 105

*The fair breeze
 continues; the
 ship enters the
 Pacific Ocean, and
 sails northward, even
 till it reaches the
 Line.*

“ Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped, down,
 'Twas sad as sad could be;
 And we did speak only to break
 The silence of the sea! 110

*The ship hath been
 suddenly becalmed.*

“ All in a hot and copper sky,
 The bloody Sun, at noon,
 Right up above the mast did stand,
 No bigger than the Moon.

“ Day after day, day after day,
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean. 115

“ Water, water, everywhere,
 And all the boards did shrink;
 Water, water, everywhere,
 Nor any drop to drink. 120

*And the Albatross
 begins to be avenged.*

“ The very deep did rot; O Christ!
 That ever this should be!

98. **uprist**: arose. 104. **furrow**: wake of the ship.

Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea. 125

"About, about, in reel and rout
The death fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue and white. 130

"And some in dreams assurèd were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot. 135

"Ah! welladay! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung. 140

A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

The shipmates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner; in sign whereof they hang the dead sea bird round his neck.

PART III

"There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time! a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye,
When looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky. 145

The ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

"At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist. 150

"A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared;
As if it dodged a water sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered. 155

127. *rouf*: tumultuous crowd. 152. *wist*: knew.

" With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 We could nor laugh nor wail;
 Through utter drought all dumb we stood!
 I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
 And cried, A sail! a sail!

160

At its nearer approach, it seemeth him to be a ship; and at a dear ransom he freeth his speech from the bonds of thirst.

" With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
 Agape they heard me call;
 Gramercy! they for joy did grin,
 And all at once their breath drew in,
 As they were drinking all.

165

A flash of joy.

" See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!
 Hither to work us weal;
 Without a breeze, without a tide,
 She steadies with upright keel!

170

And horror follows. For can it be a ship that comes onward without wind or tide?

" The western wave was all aflame.
 The day was well-nigh done!
 Almost upon the western wave
 Rested the broad bright Sun;
 When that strange shape drove suddenly
 Betwixt us and the Sun.

175

" And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
 (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
 As if through a dungeon grate he peered
 With broad and burning face.

180

It seemeth him but the skeleton of a ship.

" Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
 How fast she nears and nears!
 Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,
 Like restless gossameres?

" Are those her ribs through which the Sun
 Did peer, as through a grate?
 And is that Woman all her crew?
 Is that a Death? and are there two?
 Is Death that woman's mate?

185

And its ribs are seen as bars on the face of the setting Sun. The Specter-Woman and her Death mate, and no other on board the skeleton ship.

164. **Gramercy**: great thanks. 168. **work us weal**: help us. 184. **gossameres**: floating webs, usually in the woods.

" Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold.
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

190

Like vessel, like crew!

“ The naked hulk alongside came, 195
And the twain were casting dice;
‘ The game is done! I’ve won! I’ve won! ’
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

*Death and Life-in-
Death have diced
for the ship's crew,
and she (the latter)
winneth the ancient
Mariner.*

“The Sun’s rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o’er the sea,
Off shot the specter bark.

*No twilight within
the courts of the
Sun.*

“ We listened and looked sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My lifeblood seemed to sip! 205
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip —
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star 210
Within the nether tip.

At the rising of the Moon.

"One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

215

One after another,

“ Four times fifty living men,
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

*His shipmates drop
down dead.*

"The souls did from their bodies fly — 220
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul, it passed me by,
Like the whizz of my crossbow! "

*But Life-in-Death
begins her work on
the ancient Mariner.*

200. **clomb**: climbed.

PART IV

" I fear thee, ancient Mariner!

I fear thy skinny hand!

And thou art long, and lank, and brown,

As is the ribbed sea sand.

225

*The Wedding
Guest feareth that a
Spirit is talking to
him.*

" I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand, so brown." —

" Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding Guest!

This body dropped not down.

230

*But the ancient
Mariner assureth
him of his bodily
life, and proceedeth
to relate his horrible
penance.*

" Alone, alone, all, all alone,

Alone on a wide, wide sea!

And never a saint took pity on

My soul in agony.

235

" The many men, so beautiful!

And they all dead did lie;

And a thousand thousand slimy things

Lived on; and so did I.

*He despiseth the
creatures of the
calm.*

" I looked upon the rotting sea,

And drew my eyes away;

I looked upon the rotting deck,

And there the dead men lay.

240

*And envieth that
they should live, and
so many lie dead.*

" I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;

But or ever a prayer had gushed,

A wicked whisper came, and made

My heart as dry as dust.

245

" I closed my lids, and kept them close,

And the balls like pulses beat;

For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky

Lay like a load on my weary eye,

And the dead were at my feet.

250

“ The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
 Nor rot nor reek did they;
 The look with which they looked on me
 Had never passed away. 255

*But the curse liveth
 for him in the eye of
 the dead men.*

“ An orphan’s curse would drag to hell
 A spirit from on high;
 But oh! more horrible than that
 Is a curse in a dead man’s eye! 260
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
 And yet I could not die.

“ The moving Moon went up the sky,
 And nowhere did abide;
 Softly she was going up,
 And a star or two beside — 265

*In his loneliness
 and fixedness he
 yearneth toward
 the journeying
 Moon, and the stars
 that still sojourn,
 yet still move on-
 ward; and every-
 where the blue sky
 belongs to them, and
 is their appointed
 rest, and their na-
 tive country and
 their own natural
 homes, which they
 enter unannounced,
 as lords that are
 certainly expected,
 and yet there is a
 silent joy at their
 arrival.*

“ Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
 Like April hoarfrost spread;
 But where the ship’s huge shadow lay,
 The charmed water burnt alway 270
 A still and awful red.

“ Beyond the shadow of the ship,
 I watched the water snakes.
 They moved in tracks of shining white,
 And when they reared, the elfish light 275
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

*By the light of the
 Moon he beholdeth
 God’s creatures of
 the great calm,*

“ Within the shadow of the ship
 I watched their rich attire;
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black, ~~and~~
 They coiled and swam; and every track 280
 Was a flash of golden fire.

“ O happy living things! no tongue
 Their beauty might declare.
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,
 And I blessed them unaware; 285
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
 And I blessed them unaware.

*Their beauty and
 their happiness.*

*He blesseth them in
 his heart.*

" The selfsame moment I could pray;
 And from my neck so free
 The Albatross fell off, and sank
 Like lead into the sea. 290

*The spell begins
 to break.*

PART V

" O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
 Beloved from pole to pole!
 To Mary Queen the praise be given!
 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven, 295
 That slid into my soul.

" The silly buckets on the deck,
 That had so long remained,
 I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
 And when I awoke, it rained. 300

*By grace of the holy
 Mother, the ancient
 Mariner is refreshed
 with rain.*

" My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
 My garments all were dank;
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
 And still my body drank.

" I moved, and could not feel my limbs;
 I was so light — almost 305
 I thought that I had died in sleep,
 And was a blessèd ghost.

" And soon I heard a roaring wind.
 It did not come anear;
 But with its sound it shook the sails,
 That were so thin and sere. 310

*He heareth sounds
 and seeth strange
 sights and commo-
 tions in the sky and
 the elements.*

" The upper air burst into life!
 And a hundred fire flags sheen,
 To and fro they were hurried about! 315
 And to and fro, and in and out,
 The wan stars danced between.

" And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge; *alliteration*

297. *silly*: empty, useless. 302. *dank*: damp. 312. *sere*: dried up.
 314. *sheen*: here an adjective; bright. 319. *sedge*: tall rushes.

And the rain poured down from one black 320
cloud;

The Moon was at its edge.

"The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side;
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag, 325
A river steep and wide.

"The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan. 330

*The bodies of the
ship's crew are
inspired, and the
ship moves on.*

"They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved on; 335
Yet never a breeze upblew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools —
We were a ghastly crew. 340

"The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner! " 345
"Be calm, thou Wedding Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest;

*But not by the
souls of the men,
nor by demons of
earth or middle
air, but by a blessed
troop of angelic
spirits, sent down
by the invocation of
the guardian saint.*

"For when it dawned — they dropped their 350
arms,
And clustered round the mast;

348. **corses:** corpses.

Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

" Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun; 355
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

" Sometimes adropping from the sky
I heard the skylark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are, 360
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

" And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute; *simile*
And now it is an angel's song, *metaphor* 365
That makes the heavens be mute.

" It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June, 370
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

" Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe;
Slowly and smoothly went the ship, 375
Moved onward from beneath.

" Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid; and it was he
That made the ship to go.
The sails at noon left off their tune, *internal rhyme* 380
And the ship stood still also.

*The lonesome
Spirit from the
South Pole carries
on the ship as far as
the Line, in
obedience to the
angelic troop, but
still requireth venge-
ance.*

" The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean;

362. **jargoning**: confused sound.

But in a minute she 'gan stir, 385
 With a short uneasy motion —
 Backward and forward half her length
 With a short uneasy motion.

“ Then like a pawing horse let go,
 She made a sudden bound; 390
 It flung the blood into my head,
 And I fell down in a swoond.

“ How long in that same fit I lay,
 I have not to declare;
 But ere my living life returned, 395
 I heard, and in my soul discerned,
 Two voices in the air.

“ ‘ Is it he? ’ quoth one, ‘ Is this the man?
 By him who died on cross,
 With his cruel bow he laid full low 400
 The harmless Albatross.

*The Polar Spirit's
 fellow demons, the
 invisible inhabit-
 ants of the element,
 take part in his
 wrong; and two of
 them relate, one to
 the other, that
 penance long and
 heavy for the ancient
 Mariner hath been
 accorded to the
 Polar Spirit, who
 returneth southward.*

“ ‘ The Spirit who bideth by himself
 In the land of mist and snow,
 He loved the bird that loved the man
 Who shot him with his bow.’ 405

“ The other was a softer voice,
 As soft as honeydew;
 Quoth he, ‘ The man hath penance done,
 And penance more will do.’ ”

PART VI

FIRST VOICE

“ ‘ But tell me, tell me! speak again, 410
 Thy soft response renewing —
 What makes that ship drive on so fast?
 What is the ocean doing? ’

SECOND VOICE

“ ‘ Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast; 415
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast —

“ ‘ If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously 420
She looketh down on him.’

FIRST VOICE

“ ‘ But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind? ’

SECOND VOICE

“ ‘ The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind. 425

*The Mariner hath
been cast into a
trance; for the
angelic power
causeth the vessel to
drive northward
faster than human
life could endure.*

“ ‘ Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated;
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner’s trance is abated.’

“ I woke, and we were sailing on 430
As in a gentle weather;
’Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

*The supernatural
motion is retarded;
the Mariner awakes,
and his penance
begins anew.*

“ All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel dungeon fitter; 435
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

“ The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs, 440
Nor turn them up to pray.

435. **charnel dungeon:** burial vault.

“ And now this spell was snapped; once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen —

445 *The curse is finally
expiated.*

“ Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round, walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

450

“ But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made;
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

455

“ It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow gale of spring —
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

“ Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too;
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze —
On me alone it blew;

460

“ Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? Is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

465

*And the ancient
Mariner beholdeth
his native country.*

“ We drifted o’er the harbor bar,
And I with sobs did pray —
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

470

“ The harbor bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

475

473. **strewn**: spread evenly.

" The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock;
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

" And the bay was white with silent light 480
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were, *The angelic spirits*
In crimson colors came. *leave the dead bodies*

" A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were; 485
I turned my eyes upon the deck —
Oh, Christ, what saw I there!

" Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man, 490
On every corse there stood. *And appear in their*
own forms of light.

" This seraph band, each waved his hand;
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light; 495

" This seraph band, each waved his hand;
No voice did they impart —
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

" But soon I heard the dash of oars, 500
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

" The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast; 505
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

" I saw a third — I heard his voice;
 It is the Hermit good!
 He singeth loud his godly hymns 510
 That he makes in the wood.
 He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
 The Albatross's blood.

PART VII

" This Hermit good lives in that wood
 Which slopes down to the sea. 515 *The Hermit of the wood*
 How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
 He loves to talk with marineres
 That come from a far countree.

" He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve —
 He hath a cushion plump; 520
 It is the moss that wholly hides
 The rotted old oak stump.

" The skiff boat neared; I heard them talk,
 ' Why, this is strange, I trow!
 Where are those lights so many and fair, 525
 That signal made but now? '

" ' Strange, by my faith! ' the Hermit said —
 ' And they answered not our cheer!
 The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
 How thin they are and sere! 530
 I never saw aught like to them,
 Unless perchance it were

Approacheth the ship with wonder.

" ' Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
 My forest brook along,
 When the ivy tod is heavy with snow, 535
 And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
 That eats the she-wolf's young.'

" ' Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look ' —
 (The Pilot made reply)

‘ I am afeared ’ — ‘ Push on, push on ! ’ 540
Said the Hermit cheerily.

“ The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard. 545

“ Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread ;
It reached the ship, it split the bay ;
The ship went down like lead. *The ship suddenly sinketh.*

“ Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound, 550
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat ;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot’s boat. *The ancient Mariner is saved in the Pilot’s boat.* 555

“ Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

“ I moved my lips — the Pilot shrieked 560
And fell down in a fit ;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

“ I took the oars ; the Pilot’s boy,
Who now doth crazy go, 565
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
‘ Ha ! ha ! ’ quoth he, ‘ full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.’

“ And now, all in my own countree, 570
I stood on the firm land !
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

“ ‘ O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man! ’
 The Hermit crossed his brow.
 ‘ Say quick,’ quoth he, ‘ I bid thee say —
 What manner of man art thou? ’

575

*The ancient Mariner
 earnestly entreateth
 the Hermit to
 shrieve him; and
 the penance of life
 falls on him.*

“ Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
 With a woeful agony,
 Which forced me to begin my tale;
 And then it left me free.

580

“ Since then, at an uncertain hour,
 That agony returns;
 And till my ghastly tale is told,
 This heart within me burns.

585

*And ever and anon
 throughout his
 future life an agony
 constraineth him
 to travel from land
 to land*

“ I pass, like night, from land to land;
 I have strange power of speech;
 That moment that his face I see
 I know the man that must hear me;
 To him my tale I teach.

590

“ What loud uproar bursts from that door!
 The wedding guests are there;
 But in the garden bower the bride
 And bridemaids singing are;
 And hark the little vesper bell,
 Which biddeth me to prayer!

595

“ O Wedding Guest! this soul hath been
 Alone on a wide, wide sea;
 So lonely ’twas, that God himself
 Scarce seemèd there to be.

600

“ Oh sweeter than the marriage feast,
 ’Tis sweeter far to me,
 To walk together to the kirk
 With a goodly company! —

“ To walk together to the kirk,
 And all together pray,
 While each to his great Father bends,

605

Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

"Farewell, farewell; but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding Guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

610

*And to teach by his
own example love
and reverence to all
things that God
made and loveth.*

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

615

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone; and now the Wedding Guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

620

He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn;
A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

625

KUBLA KHAN

assonance

This poem is but a fragment of a gorgeous oriental dream picture. In the summer of 1797, while the poet was reading in Purchas' Pilgrimage a description of the palace of Kubla Khan, he fell asleep and dreamed this beginning. On awakening he wrote hastily until he was interrupted by a visitor; then he found that the rest was forgotten. While the main features came from the book he had been reading, the incomparable imagery and music are his. When the poem was first published in 1816, Coleridge explained that he included it at the request of a certain great celebrity (presumably Byron) rather "as a psychological curiosity than on the ground of any supposed poetic merits."

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree,
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran

Title: **Kubla Khan**: a thirteenth-century ruler; founder of the Mongol dynasty of China. *Khan*, or *cham*, is equivalent to *king*. 1. **Xanadu**: a region of Tartary. 3. **Alph**: Perhaps this name is taken from Alpheus, a river god who loved and pursued Arethusa until Diana changed her into a stream. Their waters united in a fountain near Sicily.

Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea. 5
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round;
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills, 10
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted 15
By woman wailing for her demon lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momentarily was forced,
Amid whose swift half-intermittent burst 20
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail;
And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion 25
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean;
And mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war! 30

visitor
The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device, 35
A sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw;
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played, 40

Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,

To such a deep delight 'twould win me,

That with music loud and long,

45

I would build that dome in air,

That sunny dome! those caves of ice!

And all who heard should see them there,

And all should cry, Beware! Beware!

His flashing eyes, his floating hair!

50

Weave a circle round him thrice,

And close your eyes with holy dread,

For he on honeydew hath fed,

And drunk the milk of Paradise.

41. **Mount Abora:** not positively identified; probably Amara, a mountain in Abyssinia. On it, according to tradition, was an earthly Paradise like Kubla Khan's.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF COLERIDGE

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER

1. Put yourself fully into the imaginative mood while reading this poem. Be sure you visualize each scene no matter how improbable and fantastic it seems. Note the suggestive details by which the poet helps the supernatural story along, such as the ways of indicating the direction of the ship, lines 25-29 and 83-86, the surface of the sea, lines 125-126, the skeleton ship's appearance, lines 177-180. Find others.

2. At what points does the story have sudden, quick action? Where is the action slow or almost negligible? Where does the story suggest the confusion of a dream or a disordered mind?

3. How important do you think the moral is to the story? Could it be an effective tale without a moral? Discuss. Where do you find the moral stated clearly and briefly? What part does the Wedding Guest play in the moral?

4. What lines in the poem are often quoted? Memorize those passages which make special appeal to you as well as especially familiar passages.

KUBLA KHAN

1. Point out how this poem illustrates the strange inconsistencies and unreal qualities of a dream. Is there any connection in thought between the last two stanzas and the two preceding? What lines are notable for imagery and music? What effects are gained by variation in length of line? by variations in rhyme?

2. Compare this poem with the preceding as to general effectiveness, interest, picture qualities, and supernatural impressions. Which do you like better?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Write a dream of your own or a supernatural tale to bring out strange inconsistencies or weird beauty.

2. Students who enjoy drawing in a grotesque or stylized manner will find stimulus for their imaginations in these two poems. See, if possible, the illustrations of "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" by Gustav Doré. Especially good scenes for illustration are the Arctic Sea, the phantom ship against the sun; or, for facial expression, the mariner telling his tale to the guest or the rescuers seeing the ship sink at the end.

3. Assemble all the examples you can think of to show the great interest in the supernatural during the early nineteenth century. See page 489, and consider the American contemporaries of Coleridge, especially Poe.

4. Compare "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" with the ancient ballads, as to metrical form, use of dialogue, use of description, and story interest. Has Coleridge improved on them?

SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832)

Scott, "the minstrel of the Scottish border," is a notable figure in the history of both prose and poetry. His narrative poetry opened up a new world of romance to an enthusiastic reading public, while his Waverley novels, the largest contribution of a single writer to English fiction, created the new field of the historical novel. Among the chief causes contributing to this success are his vigor, freshness, the out-of-door atmosphere, his skill in telling a story, and his power to make past scenes come alive again and be a stage for living men and women.

A descendant of old Border families, Scott learned in childhood their legends, and became a lifelong lover of Scottish history and tradition. Although he was educated for the law and followed it for some years, his thoughts were given to literature. His first important book was a collection of Scottish folk ballads with some imitations by himself, entitled The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border (1802). Three years later The Lay of the Last Minstrel, his first long poem, became so popular that he abandoned the law entirely. Marmion and The Lady of the Lake brought him even greater fame, and the second with its "Ellen's Isle" has given a permanent halo of romance to Loch Katrine in Scotland. But a new literary star was arising — the dashing Lord Byron, whose long poems of foreign travel and adventure began to eclipse Scott's popularity. Wisely Scott turned to a new medium, the novel, and produced the amazing series of "Waverley Novels" described on page 490.

Meanwhile he had bought Abbotsford, a fine old manor house, in which he made many improvements and where he entertained with the lavish hospitality of a "great laird." A baronetcy had been created for him, but financial reverses overtook him. An unfortunate business partnership with his publishers resulted in failure. Although not at all responsible for the losses, Scott refused the advantage of the bankruptcy law and assumed the full indebtedness himself — a sum exceeding \$600,000. By heroic efforts and unstinting work he succeeded in two years in paying over one-half that debt by the efforts of his pen alone. But in saving his business honor he sacrificed his health. The British government sent a naval vessel to convey him to Mediterranean warmth, but the trip was ineffectual. He longed for home. The sight of the "River Tweed, Scotch hills, the trees of Abbotsford, the joyous clamor of his dogs brought forth the first exclamation of delight since he sailed away," and he died amid these beloved surroundings. In September, 1832, "the Wizard of the North" was buried with his ancestors in old Dryburgh Abbey in the heart of the Lowlands he had loved and described so well.

PROUD MAISIE

Scott, like Shakespeare, often scattered little bursts of song throughout his longer writings. He loved the minstrel tales and ballads and frequently introduced them as a feature of entertainment at feasts and celebrations. This song is from *The Heart of Midlothian*, Chapter 40.

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

"Tell me, thou bonny bird.
When shall I marry me?"

5

"When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

"Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?"

10

"The gray-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

"The glowworm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady.

The owl from the steeple sing,
'Welcome, proud lady.'

15

7. **braw**: fine; smartly dressed. 8. **kirk**: church.

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN

In this poem, as in the familiar "Lochinvar," Scott uses one of his favorite themes, the story of an elopement. Here he has rewritten an old folk song, retaining the Scotch dialect.

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?

Why weep ye by the tide?

I'll wed ye to my youngest son,

And ye sall be his bride.

And ye sall be his bride, ladie,

Sae comely to be seen" —

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"Now let this willfu' grief be done,

And dry that cheek so pale;

Young Frank is chief of Errington,

And lord of Langley dale;

His step is first in peaceful ha',

His sword in battle keen" —

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

"A chain of gold ye sall not lack,

Nor braid to bind your hair;

Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,

Nor palfrey fresh and fair;

And you, the foremost o' them a',

Shall ride our forest queen" —

But aye she loot the tears down fa'

For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morningtide,

The tapers glimmered fair;

The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,

And dame and knight are there.

7. aye . . . fa': ever she continued to weep. 19. mettled hound: a spirited hunting dog. 19. managed hawk: a hawk trained for hunting. 20. palfrey: a horse trained for ladies' use.

They sought her baith by bower and ha' —
 The ladie was not seen!
 She's o'er the Border, and awa'
 Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.

30

31. **Border:** the boundary between Scotland and England. She has fled into England to escape pursuit.

HUNTING SONG

Scott, as is shown in many of his novels, was passionately interested in medieval life and customs. During this period hunting was a favorite pastime of the nobility. Scott was also a great lover of dogs, and they were his constant companions during both his hours of literary work and his walks. In this vivid picture of a hunting scene in the Middle Ages, Scott reveals both of these great loves.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 On the mountain dawns the day,
 All the jolly chase is here,
 With hawk and horse and hunting spear!
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
 Merrily, merrily, mingle they.
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

5

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 The mist has left the mountain gray,
 Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
 And foresters have busy been
 To track the buck in thicket green;
 Now we come to chant our lay,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

10

15

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
 To the greenwood haste away;
 We can show you where he lies,
 Fleet of foot and tall of size;
 We can show the marks he made,
 When 'gainst the oak his antlers frayed;
 You shall see him brought to bay,
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

20

6. **knelling:** The hawks are gathered for the hunt by whistling; the dogs, by the horns.

Louder, louder chant the lay
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!
 Tell them youth and mirth and glee
 Run a course as well as we;
 Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
 Staunch as hound and fleet as hawk;
 Think of this, and rise with day,
 Gentle lords and ladies gay!

28. **course:** Just as the hunt is over quickly, so youth, the merry time of life, passes by rapidly.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF SCOTT

1. What characteristics of the old medieval ballads are to be found in "Proud Maisie" (see page 79)? What is the prophecy of the bird, expressed in plain language? Who are the "six braw gentlemen"? How does the repetition of "proud" in the first and last lines add to the effect of the poem? Compare with the famous ninth stanza of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard."

2. What ballad characteristics mark "Jock o' Hazeldean"? Who is the speaker in the first six lines of the first three stanzas? What effect is gained through the refrain?

3. In the start of the hunt how is the effect of excitement and haste gained in the "Hunting Song"? Does this detract from the lyric effect of the poem? What does the refrain add?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Study Scott's contributions to ballad literature, especially "Lochinvar," "William and Helen" (adapted from the German; see *Adventures in World Literature*, page 460), and those in *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

2. Since Scott's greatest works are his long novels and poems, special reports to the class by individual readers are particularly valuable. *Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* should certainly be included and as many of the novels as possible told briefly. (See the list, page 652.) A program of songs, readings, and dramatizations may easily be worked up from the colorful subject matter of Scott's writings.

3. A chart of Scott's novels may be worked out co-operatively by the class, indicating the country and century and general subject matter of each. This plan will show graphically the vast scope of his novels.

4. The "Scott country," including his home, Abbotsford, is a favorite center for tourists visiting Scotland. Interesting travel books and often lantern slides can be obtained at most libraries, and, best of all, a returned traveler may describe this district to the class.



LORD BYRON. In him high powers of poetic genius struggled with deep faults of character.

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON (1788-1824)

Byron's life was brief but meteoric. "I woke to find myself famous," he said soon after the publication of the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*—a fame more general and enthusiastic in England than any other contemporary poet achieved, and widespread on the Continent, where he is still ranked as the chief English poet of his age. In temperament as well as theme Byron was a revolutionist. Stormy, proud, sensitive, with a fascinating personality, boundless energy, and unflinching courage, his whole life was "tempest-tossed."

Byron came of a turbulent, high-spirited race, nobles who traced their lineage back to the Norman Conquest. His father, a captain in the English army, was a spendthrift, and the son was brought up as a poor boy in Aberdeen. When he was ten years old, he inherited his granduncle's title and property. He then went to Harrow and afterward to Cambridge, where he occupied himself with wide reading and sports, swimming and cricket, although he was lame in one foot. When his first volume of verse, published at nineteen, was severely ridiculed by the *Edinburgh Review*, he retaliated with a biting satire, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." At twenty-one he took his seat in the House of Lords, but for the next two years traveled in Portugal, Spain, Greece, and Turkey, keeping such a detailed journal of his impressions that in his rewriting of them in *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* we see crowded cities, Turkish chieftains, bull fights, Spanish ladies, mountain peaks, oceans, and historic scenes described in superb language, with intense feeling and refreshing vigor. Later he wrote many long poems or poetic dramas about mysteriously romantic heroes with whom he liked to be identified in the mind of the public. To our age he is better known for his stirring shorter poems, such as "The Prisoner of Chillon," and "The Destruction of Sennacherib."

A fascinating, handsome man—a recent biographer has called him "glorious Apollo"—Byron was much admired and sought by society; but his undisciplined ways aroused opposition, and, when the English people learned that his wife had left him, his popularity died.¹ Practically ostracized, he left his homeland, never to return. A wandering knight, for

eight years he traveled and lived in southern Europe, restless, unhappy, cynical, and always in revolt against society. When Greece made war to gain her independence from Turkey, Byron's hatred of oppression sent him to aid the country whose ancient art he loved. Selling his yacht, he outfitted a ship, took all his money, and devoted his means, his time, and his life to liberty. He became an officer in the Greek army, worked hard, and, despite sickness, always refused to leave his post. He died not on the battlefield but from fever. Byron had always loved a storm; the day of his death the most terrific thunderstorm known in years broke over the camp where his tumultuous, passionate, but courageous spirit lay stilled. His body was returned to England for burial with his ancestors near Newstead Abbey. He lives as a fighter for personal liberty, a brilliant teller of tales, and a poet of sweep, energy, and magnificence.

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY

This lyric, which has been set to music, was inspired by the poet's first meeting with his cousin by marriage, Mrs. Wilmot.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
And all that's best of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellowed to that tender light
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

5

One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impaired the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
How pure, how dear their dwelling place.

10

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, so eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

15

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

Sennacherib, king of Assyria in the seventh century B.C., led his army into Judea and besieged Jerusalem. According to the Bible story in II Kings 19:35-37, an angel of the Lord smote the Assyrians in camp during the night. With a mere remnant of his forces Sennacherib returned in haste to his own country. Byron's portrayal of this event is both stirring and beautiful.

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!

1. **The Assyrian:** Sennacherib. It was a custom in early times to call the king by the name of the country he ruled. 21. **Ashur:** Assyria. 22. **Baal:** one of the Assyrian gods. 23. **Gentile:** Sennacherib; so called because he was a stranger to the Hebrew beliefs.

1. narrative
2. character
3. setting
4. description
5. purpose

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

In Switzerland in June, 1816, Byron visited the castle of Chillon, where during the sixteenth century François Bonnivard was held as a prisoner for six years. This castle is built on a rock just off the shore of Lake Geneva (Leman), with the great peaks of the Alps towering behind it. Byron was impressed by the picturesque surroundings, the massive walls, and the underground dungeon with its romance of long-dead prisoners. Detained in the neighborhood by a storm, he wrote this poem in two days. He did not, however, adhere to historical fact, for Bonnivard was a political, not a religious prisoner, and the brothers were released before he was. Byron's intense sympathy with the cause of liberty is reflected here. To him Bonnivard is not merely a single prisoner; he represents all martyrs in the onward march of freedom throughout the ages.

My hair is gray, but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,
 As men's have grown from sudden fears;
 My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
 But rusted with a vile repose,
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of those
 To whom the goodly earth and air
 Are banned, and barred — forbidden fare;
 But this was for my father's faith
 I suffered chains and courted death;
 That father perished at the stake
 For tenets he would not forsake;
 And for the same his lineal race
 In darkness found a dwelling-place;
 We were seven — who now are one,
 Six in youth, and one in age,
 Finished as they had begun,
 Proud of Persecution's rage;
 One in fire, and two in field
 Their belief with blood have sealed,
 Dying as their father died,
 For the God their foes denied;
 Three were in a dungeon cast,
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

ro. banned: denied.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mold,
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
 There are seven columns, massy and gray,
 Dim with a dull imprisoned ray, 30
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way
 And through the crevice and the cleft
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
 Like a marsh's meteor lamp. 35
 And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain;
 That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away, 40
 Till I have done with this new day,
 Which now is painful to these eyes,
 Which have not seen the sun to rise
 For years — I cannot count them o'er,
 I lost their long and heavy score 45
 When my last brother drooped and died,
 And I lay living by his side.

They chained us each to a column stone,
 And we were three — yet, each alone.
 We could not move a single pace, 50
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight.
 And thus together — yet apart,
 Fettered in hand, but joined in heart, 55
 'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each
 With some new hope, or legend old, 60
 Or song heroically bold;
 But even these at length grew cold.

27. **Gothic**: a form of European architecture. Byron's description of this dungeon is exact; the rings that attached the prisoners' chains to the column and their footprints on the pavement are still to be seen. Byron carved his name on one of the pillars. 35. **marsh's meteor lamp**: the will-o'-the-wisp.

Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound, not full and free,
 As they of yore were wont to be;
 It might be fancy, but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

65

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought to do — and did my best —
 And each did well in his degree.

70

The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him, with eyes as blue as heaven —

75

For him my soul was sorely moved;
 And truly might it be distressed
 To see such bird in such a nest;
 For he was beautiful as day —

When day was beautiful to me

80

As to young eagles, being free —
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,

Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun;

85

And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for naught but others' ills,
 And then they flowed like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe
 Which he abhorred to view below.

90

The other was as pure of mind,
 But formed to combat with his kind;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood
 And perished in the foremost rank

95

With joy — but not in chains to pine;
 His spirit withered with their clank;
 I saw it silently decline —

And so perchance in sooth did mine; 100
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had followed there the deer and wolf;
 To him this dungeon was a gulf, 105
 And fettered feet the worst of ills.

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls;
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow;
 Thus much the fathom line was sent 110
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave enthalls;
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made — and like a living grave,
 Below the surface of the lake 115
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay;
 We heard it ripple night and day;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knocked;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high 120
 And wanton in the happy sky;
 And then the very rock hath rocked,
 And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free. 125

I said my nearer brother pined,
 I said his mighty heart declined,
 He loathed and put away his food;
 It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
 For we were used to hunter's fare, 130
 And for the like had little care.
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat
 Was changed for water from the moat;
 Our bread was such as captives' tears
 Have moistened many a thousand years, 135
 Since man first pent his fellow men

107. **Leman**: the Latin name for Lake Geneva. Its depth has been sounded to almost one thousand feet. 109. **massy**: massive or heavy.

Like brutes within an iron den;
 But what were these to us or him?
 These wasted not his heart or limb;
 My brother's soul was of that mold 140
 Which in a palace had grown cold,
 Had his free breathing been denied
 The range of the steep mountain's side;
 But why delay the truth? — he died.
 I saw, and could not hold his head, 145
 Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead —
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
 He died, and they unlocked his chain,
 And scooped for him a shallow grave 150
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.
 I begged them as a boon to lay
 His corse in dust whereon the day
 Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
 But then within my brain it wrought, 155
 That even in death his free-born breast
 In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer —
 They coldly laughed, and laid him there,
 The flat and turfless earth above 160
 The being we so much did love;
 His empty chain above it leant,
 Such murder's fitting monument!

*contrast
between*

But he, the favorite and the flower,
 Most cherished since his natal hour, 165
 His mother's image in fair face,
 The infant love of all his race,
 His martyred father's dearest thought,
 My latest care, for whom I sought
 To hoard my life, that his might be 170
 Less wretched now, and one day free;
 He, too, who yet had held untired
 A spirit natural or inspired —
 He, too, was struck, and day by day
 Was withered on the stalk away. 175
 Oh, God! it is a fearful thing

To see the human soul take wing
 In any shape, in any mood;
 I've seen it rushing forth in blood;
 I've seen it on the breaking ocean 180
 Strive with a swol'n convulsive motion,
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
 Of sin, delirious with its dread;
 But these were horrors — this was woe
 Unmixed with such — but sure and slow. 185
 He faded, and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender — kind
 And grieved for those he left behind;
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom 190
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk away
 As a departing rainbow's ray;
 An eye of most transparent light,
 That almost made the dungeon bright; 195
 And not a word of murmur, not
 A groan o'er his untimely lot —
 A little talk of better days,
 A little hope my own to raise,
 For I was sunk in silence — lost 200
 In this last loss, of all the most;
 And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less;
 I listened, but I could not hear; 205
 I called, for I was wild with fear;
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonishèd;
 I called, and thought I heard a sound —
 I burst my chain with one strong bound, 210
 And rushed to him — I found him not,
 I only stirred in this black spot,
 I only lived, I only drew
 The accursèd breath of dungeon dew;
 The last, the sole, the dearest link 215
 Between me and the eternal brink,
 Which bound me to my failing race,

Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath —
 My brothers — both had ceased to breathe. 220
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas! my own was full as chill;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive —
 A frantic feeling, when we know 225
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope — but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death. 230

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well — I never knew —
 First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness too.
 I had no thought, no feeling — none — 235
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
 It was not night, it was not day; 240
 It was not even the dungeon light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness without a place;
 There were no stars, no earth, no time, 245
 No check, no change, no good, no crime,
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless! 250
 A light broke in upon my brain —
 It was the carol of a bird;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard,
 And mine was thankful till my eyes 255

Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track; 260
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came 265
 That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree;
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seemed to say them all for me! 270
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more;
 It seemed like me to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate,
 And it was come to love me when 275
 None lived to love me so again,
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine, 280
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
 Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
 A visitant from Paradise;
 For — Heaven forgive that thought! the while 285
 Which made me both to weep and smile —
 I sometimes deemed that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal well I knew, 290
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone,
 Lone as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone as a solitary cloud —
 A single cloud on a sunny day, 295
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,

A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate; 300
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of woe,
But so it was — my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain, 305
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one, 310
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed, 315
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall, *contrast*
It was not therefrom to escape, *dungeon*
For I had buried one and all *at day* 320
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me.
No child, no sire, no kin had I,
No partner in my misery; 325
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barred windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high, 330
The quiet of a loving eye.
I saw them, and they were the same,

332-350. **I . . . hue:** This is an accurate description of the mountains, lake, the Rhone River, the mountain streams, and the isle with three trees seen from the window of this dungeon.

They were not changed like me in frame;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high — their wide long lake below, 335
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channeled rock and broken bush;
 I saw the white-walled distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down; 340
 And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view;
 A small green isle; it seemed no more,
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor, 345
 But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers growing,
 Of gentle breath and hue. 350
 The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seemed joyous each and all;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seemed to fly; 355
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled — and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode 360
 Fell on me as a heavy load;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save —
 And yet my glance, too much oppressed
 Had almost need of such a rest. 365

It might be months, or years, or days;
 I kept no count, I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary mote;
 At last men came to set me free; 370
 I asked not why, and recked not where;
 It was at length the same to me,

Fettered or fetterless to be,
 I learned to love despair.
 And thus when they appeared at last, 375
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage — and all my own,
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a second home; 380
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watched them in their sullen trade,
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
 And why should I feel less than they?
 We were all inmates of one place, 385
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell!
 In quiet we had learned to dwell.
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends 390
 To make us what we are — even I
 Regained my freedom with a sigh.

Spencerian

THE COLISEUM

It is no wonder that *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* brought Byron wide-spread fame, for it was an original idea — a travel book written in vigorous descriptive poetry. The four cantos are held together by the personality of the wandering "hero," who, like most of Byron's heroes, is simply the poet himself. The reading of this poem in its entirety is a cruise of the Mediterranean with stopovers in Portugal, Spain, Albania, Italy, and Greece.

The desolation of Rome made a profound impression on Byron. He felt and understood the tremendous import of its fall, and his reflections on the destruction of the Mother of Empires are written in eloquent verse. The following passage, from Canto IV, Stanzas 139-145, on the Coliseum, is among the most famous parts of the poem.

And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
 In murmured pity, or loud-roared applause,
 As man was slaughtered by his fellow man,
 And wherefore slaughtered? wherefore, but because

i. **nations:** a vast, cosmopolitan audience. The Coliseum is supposed to have seated about fifty thousand, with standing room for many more.

Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws, 5
 And the imperial pleasure. — Wherefore not?
 What matters where we fall to fill the maws
 Of worms — on battle plains or listed spot?
 Both are but theaters where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie: 10
 He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his drooped head sinks gradually low —
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one, 15
 Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
 The arena swims around him — he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away; 20
 He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,
 Butchered to make a Roman holiday — 25
 All this rushed with his blood — Shall he expire
 And unavenged? Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire!

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam;
 And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
 And roared or murmured like a mountain stream 30
 Dashing or winding as its torrent strays;
 Here, where the Roman million's blame or praise
 Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
 My voice sounds much — and fall the stars' faint rays
 On the arena void — seats crushed, walls bowed — 35
 And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely loud.

5. **genial**: Notice the ironical use of this word. Byron is known for his use of irony and satire. 8. **listed**: inclosed, ready for a contest. 10. **Gladiator**: a reference to the statue of the Dying Gladiator. But the poet describes more than the statue; he includes the present scene, the thoughts of the defeated gladiator, and the vanity of worldly glory. 24. **Dacian**: Dacia is now Roumania. 27. **Goths**: The Goths under Alaric avenged the inroads of the Romans by destroying Rome.

A ruin — yet what ruin! from its mass
 Walls, palaces, half cities, have been reared;
 Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
 And marvel where the spoil could have appeared. 40
 Hath it indeed been plundered, or but cleared?
 Alas! developed, opens the decay,
 When the colossal fabric's form is neared;
 It will not bear the brightness of the day,
 Which streams too much on all years, man, have reft away. 45

But when the rising moon begins to climb
 Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there;
 When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
 And the low night breeze waves along the air
 The garland forest, which the gray walls wear, 50
 Like laurels on the bald first Caesar's head;
 When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
 Then in this magic circle raise the dead;
 Heroes have trod this spot — 'tis on their dust ye tread.

“ While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls — the World.” From our own land 55
 Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
 In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
 Ancient; and these three mortal things are still 60
 On their foundations, and unaltered all;
 Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
 The World, the same wide den — of thieves, or what ye will.

42. **developed**: disclosed (the root meaning of the word). 42-52. **Alas!**
 . . . **glare**: From a distance the ruined Coliseum does not show that stone
 has been carried away from it until two thirds of it has disappeared. The ruin
 is still most effective by moonlight, when the destruction is barely visible.
 45. **on . . . away**: If this line seems confusing, supply *which* after *all*. *Years* and
man are both subjects of *have reft*. 51. **Caesar's head**: Caesar liked to wear a
 crown of laurel because it hid his baldness. The shrubs on the ruin are com-
 pared to his crown of laurel. 55. This saying of the Anglo-Saxon pilgrims
 can be traced back to Bede, the Northumbrian monk and historian.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF BYRON

LYRIC AND SHORT POEM

1. Compare "She Walks in Beauty" with "She Was a Phantom of Delight," page 516, as to both the physical and spiritual qualities of the women described. Which is the more human? In the mind of each poet what constitutes a woman's chief beauty? Select phrases which you particularly like either for imagery or sound.

2. In "The Destruction of Sennacherib" note the swift panorama of pictures. How many distinct pictures can you find? What sharp contrasts are there between some of them?

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON

1. Recount the persecution of the Bonnivard family as given in Stanza I. How does this make you feel toward the prisoner at the outset? What details of the imprisonment increase this feeling?

2. Differentiate the personalities of the three brothers. Compare the speaker's emotions on the death of each brother. What lines show the climax of his despair?

3. How does Byron create a strong impression of the lapse of years? How does the bird affect the prisoner's mental state? What other living creatures are mentioned as being in the prison?

4. What changes come about in the prisoner's condition? Can you account for the change in the keepers even though the prisoner cannot?

5. How does the prisoner feel when released? Do you regard this as natural or unnatural under the circumstances?

6. Does the interest in this poem center in plot or characters?

THE COLISEUM

1. What feelings are aroused in Byron by the ruins of the Coliseum? Have you experienced similar emotion at the sight of a ruin? What historical ruins have we in America?

2. Does the description of the gladiator's feeling sound convincing to you? What in the gladiator's situation would be likely to make Byron eloquent?

3. In what famous stanza form is this poem written? What famous poem of the preceding century was also in this stanza form?

Spenserian

Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner"

For the Ambitious Student

1. Assemble pictures of the Castle of Chillon, the Coliseum, and other parts of Rome, or show lantern slides, or have a talk by one who has seen them. Find a copy of the Dying Gladiator, the statue which Byron had in mind. (See prints, list of Illustrative Material, end of book.)

2. Read a good historical account of the struggles of Switzerland for independence in the sixteenth century. Read an account of Sennacherib in an ancient history. How does Byron's interest in history differ from Scott's?

3. Read other selections from Byron (see the list, page 652 and choose passages to read aloud before the class).

4. Read Maurois' *Byron*, especially the chapters about his childhood and youth, his swimming the Hellespont, and his aiding the Greeks in their war for independence.

deeply sympathetic

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792-1822)

"Sun treader, life and light be thine forever," wrote Browning of Shelley. Indeed his verse is like the sun and like life, rich in creative beauty; in some strange way Shelley almost seems to be his verse. Tameless, swift, proud, he is the "wild west wind"; like the "dissolving cloud," he is full of bright restlessness; "blithe spirit," lover of beauty and melody, his was the gift of enraptured song as spontaneous and undying as his own unseen "scorner of the ground." His is a beauty not of this earth, for his life on earth was a strange muddle. A poet and idealist, never a systematic thinker, he tried to escape the harsh realities of life, and made havoc of his own.

Shelley came of a wealthy Sussex family. His father, Sir Timothy Shelley, a member of Parliament, was a conservative, practical man who never understood his imaginative son. Young Percy, a handsome boy, intelligent, but sensitive, nervous, delicate, and very hard to manage, became the natural prey of the boys at Eton, who often pursued him with mud balls just to arouse his violent temper. "Mad Shelley," as they called him, sought consolation in books and began to write romantic novels and poems. At eighteen he went to Oxford, where he read philosophy and developed theories for reforming the world. Within a year he was expelled for publishing a pamphlet, *On the Necessity of Atheism*. Then he went to London, where he was shortly afterward coaxed into a runaway marriage with a young school girl, Harriet Westbrook. Disinherited by his father, he spent a couple of years in the Lake region and in Ireland, where he distributed tracts on freedom. On his return to London he became the intimate friend of William Godwin, a prominent radical, who supported Shelley in his revolutionary views. There he met Godwin's daughter Mary, whom he married two years later, after Harriet's tragic death. Scorned now by the public, and threatened with consumption, he went to Italy to live. There he and Byron became fast friends, for they were kindred spirits, both of them poets in revolt against existing conditions. The next four years were the most productive of Shelley's short life. He died before he was thirty. Going out on the *Ariel*, a small sailboat, to meet Leigh Hunt, he was drowned in a terrific squall on the Gulf of Leghorn. In one of his

Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills, 25
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains;
 And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains. 30

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead;
 As on the jag of a mountain crag, 35
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
 Its ardors of rest and of love, 40
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of Heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden, 45
 Whom mortals call the Moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleecelike floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear, 50
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent, 55
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

31. **sanguine**: blood-red (the root meaning of the word). 33. **sailing rack**: broken clouds, floating through the air.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl; 60
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridgelike shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof — 65
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-colored bow; 70
 The sphere fire above its soft colors wove,
 While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
 And the nursling of the Sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores, 75
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain when with never a stain
 The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
 Build up the blue dome of air, 80
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

81. **cenotaph**: a monument erected in honor of the dead buried elsewhere; here, the cloud's cenotaph is the "blue dome of air."

TO A SKYLARK

Shelley here reveals himself as a poet of melody, responsive to the moods of Nature which sing to his own spirit. Of the origin of this poem, Mrs. Shelley wrote: "It was a beautiful summer evening, while wandering along the lanes whose myrtle hedges were the bowers of the fireflies, that we heard the caroling of the skylark which inspired one of the most beautiful of his poems."

Notice how the verse form suggests the motion of the bird. The first four short lines represent the swift upward dart of the bird; the fifth long line corresponds to the long, steady, graceful sweep of the soaring bird.

trochee 1 ✓

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

iambic hexameter⁵

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 10

In the golden lightning ♂
 Of the sunken sun, ♀
 O'er which clouds are brightning,^α
 Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun. 15

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight, 20

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there. 25

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed. 30

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody. 35

Like a poet hidden

In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not; 40

Like a high-born maiden

In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower; 45

Like a glowworm golden

In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view; 50

Like a rose embowered

In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-winged thieves: 55

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass. 60

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine;
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine. 65

Chorus Hymeneal,
 Or triumphal chant,
 Matched with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want. 70

66. **Chorus Hymeneal:** marriage chant. Hymen was the Greek god of marriage.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain? 75

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be;
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee;
 Thou lovest, but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. 80

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream? 85

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not;
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought. 90

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near. 95

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground! 100

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now. 105

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

"This poem," writes Shelley in his notes, "was conceived and chiefly written in a wood that skirts the Arno, near Florence, and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapors which pour down the autumnal rains. They began, as I foresaw, at sunset with a violent tempest of hail and rain, attended by that magnificent thunder and lightning peculiar to the Cisalpine regions. The phenomenon alluded to at the conclusion of the third stanza is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it."

This ode expresses not only the poet's love for swift, impulsive motion in nature, but his wish for a similar swift movement in society toward radical improvements, ushering in a new era of good will, brotherhood, justice, and liberty. The sweep of the verse is in full harmony with the onrush of a tempestuous wind. Especially emphatic is its close, with the poet's prayer for power to scatter his thoughts among men, and his triumphant recognition that the coming of winter is the promise of spring, the symbol of new life.

I

Autumn storm
O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

5

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Spring
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odors plain and hill;

10

*death-
Resurrection*
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, Oh, hear!

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion, 15
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning; there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head 20

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulcher,
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might 25

Of vapors, from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: Oh, hear!

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams, 30

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers 35
 So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
 For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves ^{waves} into chasms, while far below
 The sea blooms and the oozy woods which wear
 The sapless foliage of the ocean, know 40

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
 And tremblé and despoil themselves: Oh, hear!

18. **Angels**: messengers (as in Greek). 21. **Maenad**: a priestess of Bacchus.
 32. **pumice**: formed from lava. The region near Baiae's bay is close to
 extinct volcanoes which still rumble and burst out occasionally. 32. **Baiae's**
bay: a bay near Naples; a famous resort of ancient Romans.

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share 45

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed 50
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed 55
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is;
What if my leaves are falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone, 60
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse, 65

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind? 70

OZYMANDIAS

This sonnet, ranked among the finest in the English language, was written in friendly competition with Leigh Hunt, who wrote one on the Nile River. Shelley's sonnet has a historical theme, being based on a passage in which Diodorus Siculus, the Augustan historian, tells of this gigantic statue and its inscription. Here Shelley expresses two ideas that occur frequently in his verse — the vainglory of kings and the inconstancy of life. Although the feeling of isolation, desert loneliness, and remote antiquity permeate the lines, human emotion is there also.

I met a traveler from an antique land
 Who said: "Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
 Stand in the desert. ^{older than} ^{ancient} Near them, on the sand,
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
 And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
 Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
 The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed;
 And on the pedestal these words appear;
 'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
 The lone and level sands stretch far away."

vainglory of
 kings or conquerors
 who think
 they'll be
 immortal
 nothing left

10

Title: **Ozymandias**: a corruption of a name of Rameses II (1324?-1258? B.C.), a famous Egyptian king, a great builder of palaces and temples. Many statues of him are found in Egypt; this is probably one of those in a temple near Thebes. 6-8. **Tell . . . fed**: These lines mean that the passions of the king, as shown on his face by the sculptor, have survived both the hand of the sculptor himself who imitated (mocked) them and the heart of the king which caused (fed) those passions.

THREE POSTHUMOUS LYRICS

These poems were all written in the last two years of Shelley's life and published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824), two years after his death. All of them suggest the troubled and tempestuous spirit of Shelley's last days. He seems even to have a premonition of his early tragic death.

WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED

When the lamp is shattered
 The light in the dust lies dead —
 When the cloud is scattered
 The rainbow's glory is shed.
 When the lute is broken, 5
 Sweet tones are remembered not;
 When the lips have spoken,
 Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
 Survive not the lamp and the lute, 10
 The heart's echoes render
 No song when the spirit is mute —
 No song but sad dirges,
 Like the wind through a ruined cell,
 Or the mournful surges 15
 That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled
 Love first leaves the well-built nest,
 The weak one is singled
 To endure what it once possessed. 20
 O Love! who bewailest
 The frailty of all things here,
 Why choose you the frailest
 For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee 25
 As the storms rock the ravens on high;
 Bright reason will mock thee,
 Like the sun from a wintry sky.
 From thy nest every rafter
 Will rot, and thine eagle home 30
 Leave thee naked to laughter,
 When leaves fall and cold winds come.

A LAMENT

O world! O life! O time!
 On whose last steps I climb,
 Trembling at that where I had stood before;
 When will return the glory of your prime?
 No more — oh, nevermore!

5

Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight;
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more — oh, nevermore!

10

2. **last steps:** The poet compares life to a stairway, whose end he is nearing.
 4. **prime:** the beginning of life.

A DIRGE

spandee / /
 Rough wind, that moanest loud
 Grief too sad for song; *iambi*
 Wild wind, when sullen cloud
 Knells all the night long;
 Sad storm, whose tears are vain, *iambi*
 Bare woods, whose branches strain, *iambi* 5
 Deep caves and dreary main,
 Wail, for the world's wrong!

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF SHELLEY

THE CLOUD

1. Study this poem for its pictures. What different aspects of cloud life are described? Which of these pictures appeal to you especially? What is gained by having the cloud speak in the first person? What natural phenomenon is poetically described in the last four lines of the poem?

2. Throughout this poem many comparisons, both similes and metaphors, are used frequently. Find examples and discuss the details of these comparisons.

3. The light, airy meter and the stanza formation are worthy of careful study. What differences do you note between the odd- and even-numbered lines as to number of accents and rhymes? Is the plan adhered to uni-

formly throughout the poem? Have you encountered this form in any other poem you have ever read?

TO A SKYLARK

1. The thought divisions of this poem are indicated by the following outline: (1) ll. 1-30, where and when the bird's song is heard, (2) ll. 31-60, description of the bird's song by a series of comparisons, (3) ll. 61-75, the sources and nature of its song, (4) ll. 76-105, the lark's superiority to the poet's song. What does each stanza contribute to these main ideas?

2. To what different things is the skylark compared? Why is the bird lovelier to the poet than they are? Which of these seem to you the most effective comparisons?

3. Compare this poem with Wordsworth's two poems on the skylark (see pages 514 and 515 for similar words used to describe the effect of the bird's song on the hearer). What is the effect which each poet emphasizes? In what way is Shelley's reaction to the skylark's song different from that of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Wordsworth? What is there in his personality and life history that easily accounts for this difference?

4. Is it true that "our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought"? Give some examples in both music and poetry. Has sad thought been often used in art? Give examples.

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

1. Observe the careful outline of the five stanzas: (1) The autumn wind driving the leaves, (2) The autumn wind driving the clouds, (3) The autumn wind driving the waves, (4) The poet's characterization of himself in relation to the wind, (5) The poet's prayer to the wind for personal power to bring about world regeneration.

2. Select examples of powerful imagination shown in this ode.

3. How does Shelley describe himself? Does he understand his own nature? Discuss.

4. The pattern of threes worked out in this poem is incomparably handled. Note the first three topics in the outline above. How are the threads of this pattern caught up again in the fourth stanza? The rhyme scheme is also in threes, the old *terza rima*, derived from Dante's *The Divine Comedy*. Observe the interlocking of the rhyme from one triplet to the next: a-b-a, b-c-b, c-d-c, d-e-d, e-e. The couplet is Shelley's original addition to the old form.

5. What distinguishes this ode in tone and form from other odes in this book?

SONNET AND LYRICS

1. What in the situation of the statue of Ozymandias would especially appeal to a man of Shelley's temperament? Wherein lies the irony of the inscription?

2. Counting out the rhyme scheme of the sonnet by letters, you will discover how unusual it is. Even in this restricted form Shelley showed his love of freedom. Were you aware of the difference as you first read it?

3. Which of the three posthumous lyrics seems to you the most despairing? Why? Does the distress of Shelley's last years seem to be more physical or mental? What lines seem to foretell his own death?

4. Which of these three lyrics suggests certain passages of Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality"? Which has a similar note to the "Ode to the West Wind"?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Now that you have read descriptions of skylarks by four major poets, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley, collect them into a booklet, and if you are a bird lover extend your collection to poems on other birds. Appropriate illustrations will make this an attractive keepsake. Look up the difference between the English skylark and the American meadowlark.

2. Shelley's lilting lines are a pleasure to memorize. "The Cloud" and "To a Skylark" are especially recommended.

3. Write a brief life history, using the first person, of some other element in Nature, as Shelley does of the cloud.

intense love of life

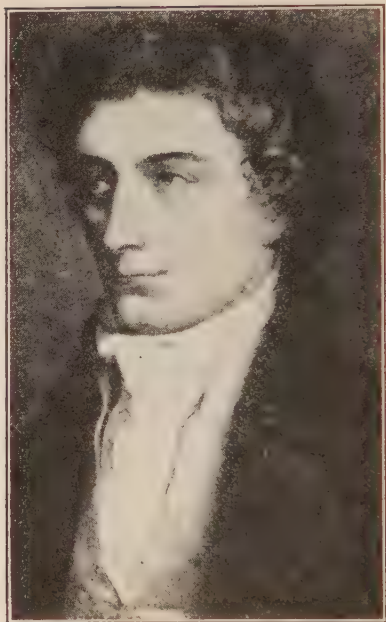
JOHN KEATS (1795-1821)

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Among the many excellent lyric poets of the romantic age, Keats stands out as a worshiper of beauty. In all her phases he sought her, believing that this quest was the only adventure worth while in life, and writing of her with passionate devotion. When one remembers that all his literary life was crowded into three brief years, the quality and quantity of his achievement alike seem remarkable.

The son of a London hostler and stablekeeper, Keats was left an orphan before he was fifteen, then apprenticed to a surgeon with whom he studied and worked for five years. What an unpromising origin and training for a poet! But poetry was his life and his dreamworld. Greek myths and Spenser's *Faerie Queene* carried him far from the day's toil, and literary friends like Leigh Hunt and Shelley encouraged his poetic dreams. His first volume was off press when he was twenty-two; *Endymion* followed within a year; his last volume came two years later. Then consumption developed, and he sought a milder climate in Italy. Less than five months later he died in Rome, and his resting place just outside the walls of the Protestant cemetery is marked by his own epitaph, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Hyperion



JOHN KEATS. Devoted to poetic beauty, he thought his name was "writ in water," but Fame has carved it in marble. (Culver Service)

Keats's name is often linked with Shelley's. Shelley wrote his great elegy, "Adonais," on the death of Keats. The two men were decidedly different, however, in personality and social attitude. Keats had a genial, humorous side to his nature, which does not appear in his published poetry, but which comes out delightfully in his letters, especially to his sister Fanny, eight years his junior. Then, too, he did not have Shelley's spirit of rebellion against society, but instead lived in his own dreamworld. Sad notes there were in his poetry, but they were caused by his many personal sorrows. The critics would have none of his poetry. They wounded him with scathing reviews. He fell in love with a young neighbor, Fanny Brawne, whom he characterized on first meeting as "beautiful and elegant, graceful, silly, fashionable, and strange." She proved to be a rather unsympathetic and self-centered girl, who throughout their engagement

brought as much of uneasiness and distress as of happiness to her lover. Then his younger brother Tom, to whom John was devoted, died of tuberculosis, and the poet saw the shadow of the disease hovering over himself. But Keats faced his troubles manfully without the emotional overflow into his poetry which Shelley displays. ^{more of senses} His poetry is poetical in the highest sense, abounding in imagery and romantic charm and redolent of subtle perfume. Perhaps his greatest gift to literature is exuberance of color, for his felicity of phrase and rare sense of beauty make him indeed a poet-painter.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Although Keats knew no Greek, he was an intense lover of Greek mythology. When he was about twenty-one, he borrowed Chapman's translation of Homer, and he and a lifelong friend, Charles C. Clarke, sat up till daylight reading it, "Keats shouting with delight at some passage of special

all that made him when he reads it

energy struck his imagination." The next morning at ten o'clock his friend found this sonnet on his breakfast table.

Petrarchian

Much have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

*brings him in
contact with
foreign lands*

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold.

*5
comparing
Odyssey & Iliad*

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies

*estates
discovers something
didn't expect*

When a new planet swims into his ken;

Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific — and all his men

Looked at each other with a wild surmise —

*tries to express
awe*

Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

3. **western islands**: the British Isles. Here, British poetry. 4. **Apollo**: the Greek god of the sun; also of song and music. 8. **Chapman**: John Chapman (1559?–1634), an Elizabethan poet and translator of Homer. 11. **Cortez**: It was Balboa, not Cortez, who from a mountain in Central America discovered the Pacific Ocean. 14. **Darien**: the Isthmus of Panama.

WHEN I HAVE FEARS

This impassioned heart-cry is an expression of Keats's own experiences. Written in 1817 toward the beginning of his literary career, it shows how long the dread of the disease which afflicted his family hung over him.

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high-pilèd books, in charactery,
Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power

5

10

3. **charactery**: printed characters. 6. **romance**: wonders of the heavens; or all creation. 8. **magic . . . chance**: the inspiration of a matured poet enabling him to find the exact word — not always a certainty. 9. **fair creature**: probably woman idealized. This sonnet was written before he met Fanny Brawne.

Of unreflecting love — then on the shore
 Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
 Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

Keats obtained the title of this poem, which means "the beautiful lady without mercy," from a medieval French court poem translated by Chaucer. The old legends and romances of chivalry often use the theme of the mortal beguiled into fairyland by some sorceress and unable to recover earthly happiness. But Keats has given more than a romantic tale; he has suggested the desolation of a life from which romance has fled. In this ballad the questioner speaks throughout the first three stanzas; the remaining stanzas give the reply of the knight at arms.

*not in
reality
love with*

O what can ail thee, knight at arms!
 Alone and palely loitering!
 The sedge has withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

O what can ail thee, knight at arms! 5
 So haggard and so woebegone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow
 With anguish moist and fever dew, 10
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful — a faery's child,
 Her hair was long, her foot was light, 15
 And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
 She looked at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan. 20

I set her on my pacing steed,
 And nothing else saw all day long.
 For sidelong would she bend, and sing
 A faery's song.

3 greatest
Eve of St. Agnes

Ode ^{JOHN KEATS} on a Nightingale

595

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said —
“ I love thee true.”

25

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

30

And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dreamed — ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill's side.

35

I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried — “ La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall! ”

40

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.

Pindaric-

And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake
And no birds sing.

45

26. **manna**: the food sent to the Israelites during their forty years' wandering in the wilderness (Exodus 16:15). 40. **thrall**: serfdom; bondage,

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

In the British Museum Keats had studied Greek art, especially the marble vases with scenes cut in low relief. In this ode, the highest expression of Keats's art in poetry, he has caught his figures at a significant moment in the life of each, and so has made them live in lasting beauty. No one could have been more in sympathy with the artistic spirit of the Greeks than Keats, who loved “the principle of beauty in all things.”

tone of dignity

With him it was a fundamental belief that beauty was just another name for truth and that beauty alone is imperishable.

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
 Thou foster child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape 5
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy? 10

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave 15
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair! 20

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 Forever piping songs forever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love! 25
 Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 Forever panting, and forever young;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue. 30

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,

7. **Tempe**: a lovely valley in Thessaly, Greece. 7. **Arcady**: a picturesque pastoral region of Greece, characterized by its beauty and the contentment of those who dwelt there.

Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands dressed?
 What little town by river or sea shore, 35
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return. 40

O Attic shape! Fair ^{and noble} attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought ^{muses}
 As doth eternity. Cold Pastoral! 45
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty" — that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know. 50

41. **Attic**: pertaining to Attica, a kingdom of ancient Greece. 41. **brede**: embroidery.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

In the spring of 1819 a nightingale built her nest next to the house where Keats was living. The poet took great pleasure in the song of the bird and composed this poem at that time. He repeated it to one of his friends on an evening walk before he actually wrote it out. The death of Keats's younger brother Tom, which had occurred in the previous December, is referred to in the third stanza.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Letheward had sunk;
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot, 5
 But being too happy in thine happiness —
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease. 10

4. **Letheward**: toward the Greek river of forgetfulness. 7. **Dryad**: a wood nymph.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
 O for a beaker full of the warm South, 15
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stainèd mouth;
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim: 20

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs; 25
 Where youth grows pale and specter-thin, and dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs;
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes
 Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow. 30

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards
 Already with thee! tender is the night, 35
 And haply the Queen Moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways. 40

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows

13. **Flora**: goddess of flowers. 14. **Provençal**: pertaining to Provence in southern France, home of the medieval troubadours. 16. **Hippocrene**: a fountain on Mount Helicon, sacred to the Muses. 32. **Bacchus . . . pards**: The god of wine rode in a chariot drawn by leopards. 43. **embalmèd**: balmy.

The grass, the thicket, and the fruit tree wild; 45
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child;
 The coming musk rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves. 50

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die, 55
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain —
 To thy high requiem become a sod. (part of soul) 60
sing for dead

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown;
 Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path 65
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that ofttimes hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in fairylands forlorn. 70

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades 75
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley glades.
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music — Do I wake or sleep? 80

66. **Ruth**: heroine of the Book of Ruth in the Bible. For this part of her story, see the second chapter.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

In this metrical romance the poet uses as his setting a castle in medieval Italy. The chapel with its stone images of lords and ladies, the great hall with the revelry of the baron and his bloodthirsty guests, and the chamber of Madeline with its triple-arched casement are pictured in vivid detail. The medieval characters of beadsman, nurse, warrior guests, and romantic lovers combine with archaic language to weave a spell of rare, unearthly beauty. The theme, like that of *Romeo and Juliet*, is the flowering of young love out of age, death, and human intolerance.

St. Agnes was an early Christian martyr who, after her death, appeared to her parents in a vision with a lamb. Thereafter the white lamb, symbol of purity, was sacred to her. The legend on which this story is based is that a maiden, by observing certain rites on St. Agnes' Eve, January 20, may have a glimpse of her future husband.

St. Agnes' Eve — Ah, bitter chill it was!
 The owl, for all his feathers, was acold;
 The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold;
 Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told 5
 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
 Like pious incense from a censer old,
 Seemed taking flight for heaven, without a death,
 Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man; 10
 Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
 And back returneth, meager, barefoot, wan,
 Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees;
 The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
 Imprisoned in black, purgatorial rails; 15
 Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
 He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
 To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
 And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue 20
 Flattered to tears this aged man and poor;
 But no — already had his deathbell rung;

The joys of all his life were said and sung;
 His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve;
 Another way he went, and soon among 25
 Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
 And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
 And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
 From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft, 30
 The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide;
 The level chambers, ready with their pride,
 Were glowing to receive a thousand guests;
 The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
 Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests, 35
 With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
 With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
 Numerous as shadows, haunting fairily
 The brain, new stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay 40
 Of old romance. These let us wish away,
 And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
 Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
 On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,
 As she had heard old dames full many times declare. 45

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
 Young virgins might have visions of delight,
 And soft adorings from their loves receive
 Upon the honeyed middle of the night, 50
 If ceremonies due they did aright;
 As, supperless to bed they must retire,
 And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
 Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
 Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

*what must
do to have
visions*

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline; 55
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
 She scarcely heard; her maiden eyes divine,
 Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train

Pass by — she heeded not at all; in vain
 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
 And back retired; not cooled by high disdain,
 But she saw not; her heart was elsewhere;
 She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

60

*she had
 member of
 the family*

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short;
 The hallowed hour was near at hand; she sighs
 Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
 Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
 'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
 Hoodwinked with fairy fancy; all amurt,
 Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
 And all the bliss to be before tomorrow morn.

65

70

So, purposing each moment to retire,
 She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
 Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
 For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
 Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores
 All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
 But for one moment in the tedious hours,
 That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
 Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss — in sooth such things have been.

75

80

He ventures in; let no buzzed whisper tell;
 All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
 Will storm his heart, Love's feverous citadel;
 For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
 Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
 Whose very dogs would execrations howl
 Against his lineage; not one breast affords
 Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
 Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

85

90

70. **amurt**: as if dead. 71. **lambs unshorn**: In honor of St. Agnes, the symbol of youth and innocence, two lambs are sacrificed annually on her eve in the church; and the wool is later spun and woven by the nuns into garments for the poor.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
 Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
 To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
 Behind a broad hall pillar, far beyond
 The sound of merriment and chorus bland. 95
 He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
 And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
 Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
 They are all here tonight, the whole bloodthirsty race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand; 100
 He had a fever late, and in the fit
 He cursèd thee and thine, both house and land;
 Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
 More tame for his gray hairs — Alas me! flit!
 Flit like a ghost away." — "Ah, Gossip dear, 105
 We're safe enough; here in this armchair sit
 And tell me how" — "Good Saints! not here, not here;
 Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He followed through a lowly archèd way,
 Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume; 110
 And as she muttered, "Wella — welladay!"
 He found him in a little moonlight room,
 Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
 "Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
 "O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom *P. godmother, m. ma* 115
 Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
 When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve —
 Yet men will murder upon holy days. 120
 Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
 And be liege lord of all the Elves and Fays,
 To venture so: it fills me with amaze
 To see thee, Porphyro! — St. Agnes' Eve!
 God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
 This very night; good angels her deceive! 125
 But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

105. Gossip: godmother. 126. mickle: much (Scotch).

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
 While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
 Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
 Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle book, 130
 As spectacted she sits in chimney nook.
 But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
 His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
 Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
 And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old. 135

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
 Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
 Made purple riot; then doth he propose
 A stratagem, that makes the beldame start.
 "A cruel man and impious thou art. 140
 Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
 Alone with her good angels, far apart
 From wicked men like thee. Go, go! — I deem
 Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear," 145
 Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
 When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
 If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
 Or look with ruffian passion in her face.
 Good Angela, believe me by these tears; 150
 Or I will, even in a moment's space,
 Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
 And beard them, though they be more fanged than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
 A poor, weak, palsy-stricken churchyard thing, 155
 Whose passing bell may ere the midnight toll;
 Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
 Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth she bring
 A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
 So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing, 160
 That Angela gives promise she will do
 Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
 Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
 Him in a closet, of such privacy 165
 That he might see her beauty unespied,
 And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
 While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
 And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
 Never on such a night have lovers met, 170
 Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame;
 "All cates and dainties shall be storèd there
 Quickly on this feast night; by the tambour frame
 Her own lute thou wilt see; no time to spare, 175
 For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
 On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
 Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
 The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
 Or may I never leave my grave among the dead." 180

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
 The lover's endless minutes slowly passed;
 The dame returned, and whispered in his ear
 To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
 From fright of dim espial. Safe at last, 185
 Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
 The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed, and chaste;
 Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
 His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade, 190
 Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
 When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmèd maid,
 Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware:
 With silver taper's light, and pious care,
 She turned, and down the aged gossip led 195
 To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
 She comes, she comes again, like ringdove frayed and fled.

171. **Merlin**: a magician, the offspring of demons, who was at last overpowered by means of one of his own spells reversed. 173. **cates**: dainty, choice food. 174. **tambour frame**: embroidery hoops, shaped like a tambour or drum. 198. **frayed**: frightened.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
imagery Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died; 200
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide;
 No uttered syllable, or woe betide!
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side; 205
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple arched there was,
appearance All garlanded with carven imageries
etymology of Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knotgrass, 210
of sound And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger moth's deep-damasked wings;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings, 215
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
 Rose bloom fell on her hands, together prest, 220
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven; Porphyro grew faint;
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint. 225

Anon his heart revives; her vespers done,
 Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees;
 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
 Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees; 230
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
 Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed
 Her soothèd limbs, and soul fatigued away;
 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow day;
 Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
 Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
 Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
 And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
 To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
 Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
 And breathed himself; then from the closet crept,
 Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
 And over the hushed carpet, silent, stepped,
 And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo! how fast she slept.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
 Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
 A table, and, half-anguished, threw thereon
 A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet — *sense of sight*
 O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
 The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
 The kettledrum, and far-heard clarinet,
 Affray his ears, though but in dying tone —
 The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
 In blanchèd linen, smooth, and lavendered,
 While he from forth the closet brought a heap
 Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd, *sense of taste*
 And lucent sirups, tinct with cinnamon;

241. **missal**: Mass book. 241. **Paynims**: pagans. Her eyes were as tightly closed in sleep as a prayer book would be in pagan lands. 257. **Morphean**: pertaining to the god of dreams. 257. **amulet**: a charm to keep her asleep.

Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
 From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
 From silken Samarkand to cedared Lebanon. 270

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand
 On golden dishes and in baskets bright
 Of wreathed silver; sumptuous they stand
 In the retired quiet of the night,
 Filling the chilly room with perfume light. — 275
 "And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
 Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite; *pilgrim*
 Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
 Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm 280
 Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
 By the dusk curtains — 'twas a midnight charm
 Impossible to melt as icèd stream;
 The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
 Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies; 285
 It seemed he never, never could redeem
 From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
 So mused awhile, entailed in woofèd phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute —
 Tumultuous — and, in chords that tenderest be, 290
 He played an ancient ditty, long since mute.
 In Provence called "La belle dame sans merci";
 Close to her ear touching the melody;
 Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan;
 He ceased — she panted quick — and suddenly 295
 Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone;
 Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
 Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep;
 There was a painful change, that nigh expelled 300
 The blisses of her dream so pure and deep,

270. **Samarkand**: a city of Turkestan, famous for its manufacture of silk.
 270. **Lebanon**: a mountain range in southern Syria. From it came the tim-
 bers of cedar which were used in Solomon's Temple. 292. "La belle dame
 sans merci": the beautiful lady without mercy. See Keats's poem thus en-
 titled, page 594.

At which fair Madeline began to weep,
 And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
 While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
 Who knelt, with joinèd hands and piteous eye, 305
 Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

“ Ah, Porphyro! ” said she, “ but even now
 Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
 Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
 And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear; 310
 How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!
 Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
 Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
 Oh, leave me not in this eternal woe,
 For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go.” 315

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
 At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
 Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
 Seen mid the sapphire heaven’s deep repose;
 Into her dream he melted, as the rose 320
 Blendeth its odor with the violet —
 Solution sweet; meantime the frost wind blows
 Like Love’s alarum pattering the sharp sleet
 Against the windowpanes; St. Agnes’ moon hath set.

’Tis dark; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet; 325
 “ This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline! ”
 ’Tis dark; the icèd gusts still rave and beat.
 “ No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
 Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine. —
 Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring? 330
 I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
 Though thou forsakest a deceived thing —
 A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing.”

“ My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
 Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest? 335
 Thy beauty’s shield, heart-shaped and vermeil-dyed?
 Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
 After so many hours of toil and quest,

A famished pilgrim — saved by miracle.
 Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest 340
 Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
 To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

“ Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from fairyland,
 Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed.
 Arise — arise! the morning is at hand — 345
 The bloated wassailers will never heed —
 Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
 There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see —
 Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead.
 Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be, 350
 For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee.”

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
 For there were sleeping dragons all around,
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears —
 Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found — 355
 In all the house was heard no human sound.
 A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;
 The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
 Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
 And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor. 360

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall;
 Like phantoms, to the iron porch, they glide;
 Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
 With a huge empty flagon by his side.
 The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide, 365
 But his sagacious eye an inmate owns;
 By one and one, the bolts full easy slide —
 The chains lie silent on the footworn stones —
 The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone; ay, ages long ago 370
 These lovers fled away into the storm.
 That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
 And all his warrior guests, with shade and form

Of witch, and demon, and large coffin worm,
 Were long benightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitched, with meager face deform;
 The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
 For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

375

Beadsman might have not missed them
 SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF KEATS *Both died so m.*
could get

SONNETS AND BALLAD

1. In the sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" point out how Keats carries the comparison of literature and discovery through every line. Notice the dramatic close. How do its last lines reveal Keats's feeling for Homer? Have you read books that gave you the same feeling? If so, name them.

2. In "When I Have Fears" what two great longings of the poet are expressed? Where is the thought of the opening phrase repeated? Compare this poem in mood and form with the preceding one.

3. In "La Belle Dame sans Merci" notice how the romantic mood is conveyed through a combination of legendary subject matter, pathos, and weird intensity. Find specific examples of each. What characteristics of the medieval ballads appear in this poem? What details harmonize with the figure of the woeful knight and help to develop the suggestion of the title?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

1. Explain the significance of the titles Keats gives the urn in the first three lines. This urn evidently has two distinct scenes, one on either side. Be sure to visualize the two pictures. Have you seen similar examples of Greek figures?

2. What circumstances of Keats's own life help us to understand his emotion in the third stanza?

3. In Keats's mind what is the message of the urn? To whom does "ye" in the last line refer? Do you think he means to apply this message to all of life, or not? Discuss.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

1. What emotions are aroused in the poet by the song of the nightingale? What similarities and what differences do you find between these and the emotions felt by Shelley at the song of the skylark?

2. What line refers to the death of Keats's brother Tom? What lines may refer to his feeling for Fanny Brawne, whom he met about this time?

3. By what details does the poet put the reader into the mood of a spring night?

4. How does the seventh stanza recall the "Ode on a Grecian Urn"?

5. Notice the unique stanza form with its pattern of rhymes and varied line lengths, running constant throughout.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

1. By what details in the opening stanzas is the time of year defined? What striking contrast to the first three stanzas is presented by the fourth and fifth?

2. What scenes and characters are made especially vivid? Does the chief interest lie in the narrative or in the pictures?

3. Make a list of adjectives especially appropriate for color, sound, fragrance. Select lines notable for their musical quality.

4. In what ways is Madeline's absorption in the evening rites shown? What modern Hallowe'en superstition is a humorous echo of the old belief about St. Agnes' Eve?

5. Notice the ending of the story. What becomes of the lovers, the beadsman, the nurse, the baron, and the guests? How is a veil of mystery thrown over the entire conclusion?

6. How does Keats's handling of an elopement story differ widely from Scott's in "Jock o' Hazeldean" and "Lochinvar"? In what way is this difference characteristic of the two men themselves?

7. What stanza form is used here? Review the names of the other poems in this book in which this same stanza is found.

For the Ambitious Student

1. "La Belle Dame sans Merci" was written not long after Keats became acquainted with Fanny Brawne. Can you see any significance in this fact? Read the poem, "Ode to Fanny," which precedes "La Belle Dame sans Merci" in his *Complete Poetical Works*. In that same volume you will find a slightly different version of "La Belle Dame sans Merci" which Keats wrote later. It is interesting to note what changes he made, especially in the first two and the eighth stanzas. The earlier version is the better known.

2. Assemble pictures of Greek figures from such books as Bulfinch's *Age of Fable* and Walters' *The Art of the Greeks*, or better yet, visit an art museum to see the figures on friezes, urns, and Etruscan or Wedgwood vases.

3. Because of their pictorial qualities Keats's poems are especially suggestive for the amateur artist. Which poems open up the Greek culture? which, the medieval field?

4. Tell the story of "Isabella, or, The Pot of Basil" showing the famous John Alexander illustration of it.

5. To show another side of Keats read and report on some of his letters to his young sister, especially his humorous poem, "A Song about Myself," page 244 of the Cambridge edition of Keats.

6. Read Shelley's "Adonais," an elegy on the death of Keats. Notice how the last stanza seems to foretell Shelley's own death. From guide-books or travelers learn about the Protestant cemetery in Rome, and what English poets are buried there; also about the Shelley and Keats memorial building in Rome.

7. Since Keats appeals especially to the senses, it is interesting to make a collection of lines from his poems appealing to each one of the five senses: sight, hearing, taste, smell, touch. "The Eve of St. Agnes" is particularly rich in this appeal to each of the senses.

Famous Poems by Minor Poets

ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843)

Southey, the minor third of the triumvirate of "Lake Poets," was the brother-in-law of Coleridge and the lifelong friend of both the Coleridge and Wordsworth families. In his own day Southey had more reputation as a poet than in ours. Now he is remembered for only a few of his vigorous short ballads and his excellent *Life of Nelson*, the English naval hero of the Napoleonic wars. For thirty years Southey was poet laureate of England, the position going at his death to Wordsworth.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM

Addison had won a political position by his poem in celebration of the battle of Blenheim (1704). In his poem he had glorified the victory, likening the Duke of Marlborough to an angel who "rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm." Now, ninety-four years later, comes Southey to prick the bubble of fame by this ironical ballad. The spirit of human brotherhood was abroad in the land, and the war of kings, in which the innocent civilians bore the brunt of the hardship, was beginning to receive severe censure from the radicals of that day. This poem is one of the first to suggest the modern attitude toward war, Kaspar representing the attitude of the older generation which accepted it, and the children the rising generation which questioned it.

It was a summer evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun;
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

- She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round
 Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found; 10
 He came to ask what he had found
 That was so large and smooth and round.
- Old Kaspar took it from the boy
 Who stood expectant by;
 And then the old man shook his head, 15
 And with a natural sigh
 " 'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
 " Who fell in the great victory.
- " I find them in the garden,
 For there's many here about; 20
 And often when I go to plow
 The plowshare turns them out.
 For many thousand men," said he,
 " Were slain in that great victory."
- " Now tell us what 't was all about," 25
 Young Peterkin he cries;
 And little Wilhelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes;
 " Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they fought each other for." 30
- " It was the English," Kaspar cried,
 " Who put the French to rout;
 But what they fought each other for
 I could not well make out.
 But everybody said," quoth he, 35
 " That 'twas a famous victory.
- " My father lived at Blenheim then,
 Yon little stream hard by;
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
 And he was forced to fly; 40
 So with his wife and child he fled,
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

- “ With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And newborn baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory. 45
- “ They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory. 50
- “ Great praise the Duke of Marlbro’ won
And our good Prince Eugene ”;
“ Why, ’twas a very wicked thing! ”
Said little Wilhelmine. 55
- “ Nay — nay — my little girl,” quoth he,
“ It was a famous victory. 60
- “ And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.”
“ But what good came of it at last? ”
Quoth little Peterkin.
“ Why that I cannot tell,” said he, 65
“ But ’twas a famous victory.”

THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852)

The fame of Tom Moore, the “sweet singer of Ireland,” rests largely on a single volume, *Irish Melodies*. Singularly graceful and melodious, these songs have been sung wherever the Irish have wandered, sometimes set to traditional native airs, sometimes to the music of numerous modern composers.

Moore was born and educated in Dublin, but he lived most of his life in England, where he became a member of the literary set and a close friend of Byron, of whom he wrote a notable biography. Although “*Lalla Rookh*,” an Oriental tale, brought him both fortune and fame, placing him for the moment on a par with Byron and Scott, he soon spent the fortune, and time has somewhat dimmed his fame. But his songs endure; they rep-

resent the emotional life of the Irish as Burns with greater genius voiced that of the Scotch. Another poet of the day is reported to have said to him, "What a lucky fellow you are! Surely you must have been born with a rose on your lips, and a nightingale singing on the top of your bed!" Everyone knows "The Last Rose of Summer" and "Believe Me, If all Those Endearing Young Charms." Here is another song full of typical romantic melancholy.

(Oft in the Stilly Night)

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

Oft in the stilly night	
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,	
Fond Memory brings the light	
Of other days around me;	
The smiles, the tears	5
Of boyhood's years,	
The words of love then spoken;	
The eyes that shone,	
Now dimmed and gone,	
The cheerful hearts now broken!	10
Thus in the stilly night	
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,	
Sad Memory brings the light	
Of other days around me.	
 When I remember all	15
The friends so linked together	
I've seen around me fall	
Like leaves in wintry weather,	
I feel like one	
Who treads alone	20
Some banquet hall deserted,	
Whose lights are fled	
Whose garlands dead,	
And all but he departed!	
Thus in the stilly night	25
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,	
Sad Memory brings the light	
Of other days around me.	

It is strange that the best-known English humorist of the romantic period should have spent his life in a struggle against poverty and sickness while he wrote jokes and nonsense rhymes to keep himself alive and to support his family. But this was Hood's situation. He was a master of clever versification, and in the well-known "Faithless Nellie Gray" his punning is brilliant. On the other hand he wrote a few serious poems like the following favorite, which has been translated into several European languages. Hood had read a newspaper account of the trial of a woman for pawning articles that belonged to her employer. Evidence presented at her trial showed that she had received seven shillings a week for trouser making, on which she was supporting herself and her family. A deep, impassioned sympathy with suffering was an outstanding trait of Hood; and the timely appearance of this poem had a decided effect on labor legislation.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

With fingers weary and worn,
 With eyelids heavy and red,
 A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
 Plying her needle and thread —
 Stitch! stitch! stitch! 5
 In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
 And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
 She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

 "Work! work! work!
 While the cock is crowing aloof! 10
 And work — work — work,
 Till the stars shine through the roof!
 It's Oh! to be a slave
 Along with the barbarous Turk,
 Where woman has never a soul to save, 15
 If this is Christian work!

 "Work — work — work,
 Till the brain begins to swim;
 Work — work — work,
 Till the eyes are heavy and dim! 20

Seam, and gusset, and band,
 Band, and gusset, and seam,
 Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
 And sew them on in a dream!

Oh, Men, with Sisters dear! 25

Oh, Men, with Mothers and Wives!

It is not linen you're wearing out,

But human creatures' lives!

Stitch — stitch — stitch,

In poverty, hunger, and dirt, 30

Sewing at once, with a double thread,

A Shroud as well as a Shirt.

" But why do I talk of Death?

That Phantom of grisly bone,

I hardly fear its terrible shape, 35

It seems so like my own —

It seems so like my own,

Because of the fasts I keep;

Oh, God! that bread should be so dear

And flesh and blood so cheap! 40

" Work — work — work!

My labor never flags;

And what are its wages? A bed of straw,

A crust of bread — and rags.

That shattered roof — this naked floor — 45

A table — a broken chair —

And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank

For sometimes falling there!

" Work — work — work!

From weary chime to chime, 50

Work — work — work,

As prisoners work for crime!

Band, and gusset, and seam,

Seam, and gusset, and band,

Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed, 55

As well as the weary hand.

21. **gusset**: an extra strip inserted to strengthen or widen a garment.

“ Work — work — work,
In the dull December light,
And work — work — work,
When the weather is warm and bright —
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling
As if to show me their sunny backs
And twit me with the spring.

“ Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet — 65
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel, 70
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal.

“ Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessèd leisure for Love or Hope,
But only time for Grief! 75
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread! ” 80

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch, —
Would that its tone could reach the Rich! —
She sang this “Song of the Shirt!”

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF MINOR POETS

1. Through what channel did Hood hope that he might "reach the rich"? Why did the seamstress still continue to sing? Do you see any reason for the translation of "The Song of the Shirt" into several foreign languages?

2. Point out characteristics of romantic poetry in general which are to be found in each of these three poems by minor poets.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read Addison's "Blenheim" and contrast its spirit with Southey's "The Battle of Blenheim." Look up in a history the causes of the War of the Spanish Succession to appreciate the grandfather's difficulty in knowing its cause. What modern poems can you find which show the cruelty and futility of war? See page 1146 for collections of war verse.

2. Put on a program of Irish songs by Tom Moore, or a program of Irish and Scotch combining Moore and Burns (see page 654 for sources).

3. Compare "The Song of the Shirt" with Mrs. Browning's "The Cry of the Children," with Edwin Markham's "The Man with the Hoe" and Margaret Widdemer's "Factories." Look up working conditions of women and children in England in the early nineteenth century, and reforms which followed. Compare with present working conditions.

sympathy,

charm - whimsical humor

Essays

CHARLES LAMB (1775-1834)

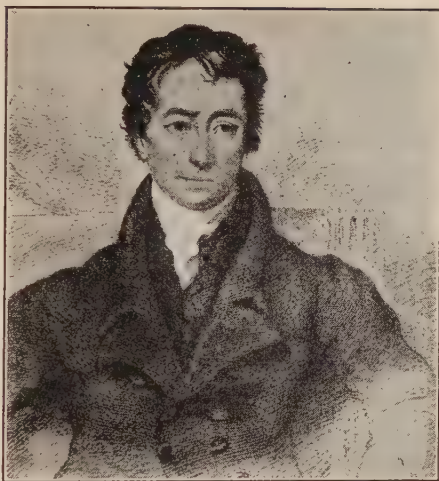
"To read Lamb makes a man more humane, more tolerant, more dainty; incites to every natural piety, strengthens reverence; while it clears his brain of whatever dull fumes may have lodged there, stirs up all his senses to wary alertness, and actually quickens his vitality, like high pure air. His jests add a new reverence to lovely and noble things or light up an unexpected 'soul of goodness in things evil.'"

So writes Arthur Symonds of Charles Lamb, the most loved of English essayists and the leading exemplar of the familiar essay.

Throughout his life Lamb was thoroughly the Londoner. Now marked with a tablet, the house where he was born still stands in the heart of the city in Crown Office Row in the Temple. Poverty limited his early education; he attended Christ's Hospital, the famous charity school, where he began a lifelong friendship with Coleridge. Then in the South Sea House, and later in the East India House, he toiled at a clerk's desk for thirty-five years, a life of drudgery. Once when asked what he had written, he pointed

to the long row of yearly ledgers about his desk, jokingly adding that they were all manuscript copies of his work!

Disappointment and sadness were his companions too. His talented sister Mary suffered from periodic insanity, and during one attack, when Charles was twenty-one, she killed her mother. Henceforth her brother devoted himself to her, although he had been looking forward to a happy marriage. Securing her release from an institution on his solemn promise to prevent any recurrence of such tragedy, he was untiringly watchful of her welfare.



CHARLES LAMB. Shy accountant, warm friend, devoted brother, and unexcelled writer of familiar essays. (Ewing Galloway)

In their humble lodgings they enjoyed together the simplest pleasures—books, their writing, and their friends. When Mary felt the symptoms of her trouble returning, she would tell her brother; then hand in hand they would go back to the sanitarium, where she would remain until she was well again. For forty years this rare companionship, comparable to that of Dorothy and William Wordsworth, continued, and one of its literary outcomes was their famous collaboration, *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare*. Through a pension from his employers Lamb's last nine years were free and could be devoted to his writing; yet his most captivating essays were written during the few odd moments of leisure in his busy years.

Many of Lamb's essays are autobiographical. His father is Lovel, the Temple clerk; his sister is Bridget; he himself is Elia; we can trace most of his characters to their originals among his friends and acquaintances. Yet we read nothing of his own struggles. His observations are always kindly. He never made enemies, but grappled his friends to him "with hoops of steel"—and his friends included all his famous contemporaries.

Lamb was known also as a witty conversationalist and a clever letter writer. A keen observer, his comments on books, plays, and the theater were delightful and stimulating; but his fame rests mainly with his familiar essays—human, sympathetic, humorous, yet pathetic—through which his own heroism shines softly.

not interested in nature - people

DREAM CHILDREN

Shortly after the death of his brother John, Lamb wrote "Dream Children," usually considered the most delicately wrought essay of "the gentle Elia." He was now nearing fifty, but though life confronted him with increasing loneliness, the never-failing gleam of his quaint humor pierced even the grayness.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditional great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field,¹ who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene (so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country) of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the "Children in the Wood." Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts; till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterward came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if someone were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "that would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some

¹ great-grandmother Field: Mary Field, Lamb's grandmother; a housekeeper at a country home in Hertfordshire.

of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman; so good indeed that she knew all the *Psaltery*² by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer — here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted — the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said, "those innocents would do her no harm"; and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she; and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Caesars, that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out — sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me — and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then — and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at — or in lying about upon the fresh grass with all the fine garden smells around me — or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth — or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fishpond, at the bottom of the garden, with

² *Psaltery*: psalms of David, as used in the Book of Common Prayer.

here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings — I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and suchlike common baits for children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, John L——,³ because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out — and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries — and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy — for he was a good bit older than me — many a mile when I could not walk for pain; and how in after life he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death as I thought pretty well at first, but afterward it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarreling with him (for we quarreled sometimes) rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell acrying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long

³ **John Lamb:** Charles Lamb's elder brother. His lameness (mentioned later) was due to an injury.

years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W——n; ⁴ and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial, meant in maidens — when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of representment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: “ We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe ⁵ millions of ages before we have existence and a name ” — and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget ⁶ unchanged by my side — but John L. (or James Elia) was gone forever.

⁴ **Alice W——n:** Alice Winterton, probably Ann Simmons, whom Lamb loved when he was a young man. She married a Mr. Bartrum. ⁵ **Lethe:** the river of forgetfulness. ⁶ **faithful Bridget:** his sister Mary.

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

Just as “ Dream Children ” is regarded as Lamb’s masterpiece for pathos, “ Roast Pig ” is his masterpiece for humor. The manuscript and the Chinese names, except Confucius, are Lamb’s own invention, but the tradition is an ancient one. The finding of a manuscript that contains the story is a plan not unfamiliar to authors; Addison used it for his “ Vision of Mirza ” and Irving for his *Knickerbocker’s History of New York*. It is a matter of interest that the manuscript of this essay, from the pen of a clerk whose life was marked by toil and poverty, was sold in Philadelphia a few years ago for \$12,600.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius ¹ in the second chapter of his *Mundane Mutations*, where he designates a kind of golden age

¹ **Confucius:** a famous Chinese philosopher (551-478 B.C.), founder of a religion named for him.

by the term Chofang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd, Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast² for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as youngsters of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which, kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian³ makeshift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from? — not from the burnt cottage — he had smelt that smell before — indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — *crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and, surrendering himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory

² mast: acorns or other nuts. ³ antediluvian: pertaining to the time before the flood; primitive.

cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure, which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what — what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself, that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father; only taste — O Lord!" — with suchlike barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for a pretense, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had dispatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the nighttime. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were

watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present — without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; ⁴ and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his Lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fires in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke,⁵ who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burnt*, as they called it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string, or spit, came in a century or two later. I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes the manuscript, do the most useful, and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

X Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, the pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*,⁶ I will maintain it to be the most delicate — *princeps obsoniorum*.⁷

I speak not of your grown porkers — things between pig and pork

⁴ winked . . . decision: ignored the injustice of it. ⁵ Locke: John Locke (1632–1704), a celebrated English philosopher. ⁶ *mundus edibilis*: world of edibles. ⁷ *princeps obsoniorum*: the chief of dainties.

— those hobbydehoys⁸ — but a young and tender suckling — under a moon old — guiltless as yet of the sty — with no original speck of the *amor immunditiae*,⁹ the hereditary failing of the first parent, yet manifest — his voice as yet not broken, but something between a childish treble and a grumble — the mild forerunner, or *praeludium*, of a grunt.

He must be roasted. I am not ignorant that our ancestors ate them seethed, or boiled — but what a sacrifice of the exterior tegument!

There is no flavor comparable, I will contend, to that of the crisp, tawny, well-watched, not overroasted, *crackling*, as it is well called — the very teeth are invited to their share of the pleasure at this banquet in overcoming the coy, brittle resistance — with the adhesive oleaginous — O call it not fat! but an indefinable sweetness growing up to it — the tender blossoming of fat — fat cropped in the bud — taken in the shoot — in the first innocence — the cream and quintessence of the child pig's yet pure food — the lean, no lean, but a kind of animal manna¹⁰ — or, rather, fat and lean (if it must be so) so blended and running into each other, that both together make but one ambrosian result, or common substance.

Behold him, while he is “doing”¹¹ — it seemeth rather a refreshing warmth than a scorching heat, that he is so passive to. How equably he twirleth round the string!¹² — Now he is just done. To see the extreme sensibility of that tender age! he hath wept out his pretty eyes — radiant jellies — shooting stars.¹³

See him in the dish, his second cradle, how meek he lieth! — wouldst thou have had this innocent grow up to the grossness and indocility which too often accompany maturer swinehood? Ten to one he would have proved a glutton, a sloven, an obstinate disagreeable animal — wallowing in all manner of filthy conversation. From these sins he is happily snatched away —

Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
Death came with timely care¹⁴ —

his memory is odoriferous — no clown curseth, while his stomach half rejecteth, the rank bacon — no coalheaver bolteth him in reeking

⁸ **hobbydehoys**: youths at the awkward age. ⁹ ***amor immunditiae***: love of dirt; a reference to the habits of swine. ¹⁰ **manna**: food sent miraculously to the Israelites while they wandered in the wilderness. ¹¹ “**doing**”: cooking. ¹² **twirleth . . . string**: cooked on an old-fashioned crane before an open fire. ¹³ **radiant . . . stars**: refers to a once popular superstition that a shooting star that fell to the ground changed to a jellylike fungus. ¹⁴ **Ere . . . care**: lines from Coleridge's “Epitaph on an Infant.”

sausages — he hath a fair sepulcher in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure — and for such a tomb might be content to die.

He is the best of sapor¹⁵. Pineapple is great. She is indeed almost too transcendent — a delight, if not sinful, yet so like to sinning that really a tender-conscienced person would do well to pause — too ravishing for mortal taste, she woundeth and excoriateth the lips that approach her — like lovers' kisses, she biteth — she is a pleasure bordering on pain from the fierceness and insanity of her relish — but she stoppeth at the palate — she meddleth not with the appetite — and the coarsest hunger might barter her consistently for a muttonchop.

Pig — let me speak his praise — is no less provocative of the appetite, than he is satisfactory to the criticalness of the censorious palate. The strong man may batten¹⁶ on him, and the weakling refuseth not his mild juices.

Unlike to mankind's mixed characters, a bundle of virtues and vices, inexplicably intertwined and not to be unraveled without hazard, he is — good throughout. No part of him is better or worse than another. He helpeth, as far as his little means extend, all around. He is the least envious of banquets.¹⁷ He is all neighbors' fare.¹⁸

I am one of those who freely and ungrudgingly impart a share of the good things of this life which fall to their lot (few as mine are in this kind) to a friend. I protest I take as great an interest in my friend's pleasures, his relishes, and proper satisfactions, as in mine own. "Presents," I often say, "endear Absents." Hares, pheasants, partridges, snipes, barn-door chickens (those "tame villatic"¹⁹ fowl"), capons, plovers, brawn,²⁰ barrels of oysters, I dispense as freely as I receive them. I love to taste them, as it were, upon the tongue of my friend. But a stop must be put somewhere. One would not, like Lear, "give everything."²¹ I make my stand²² upon pig. Methinks it is an ingratitude to the Giver of all good flavors, to extra-domiciliate, or send out of the house slightly (under pretext of friendship, or I know not what), a blessing so particularly adapted, predestined, I may say, to my individual palate — it argues an insensibility.

¹⁵ sapor: appetizing tastes. ¹⁶ batten: fatten. ¹⁷ least . . . banquets: causes no envy among persons because all parts of the pig are equally desirable. ¹⁸ all neighbors' fare: entirely suited for a meal for neighbors or visitors. ¹⁹ villatic: relating to a villa or farmyard. A quotation from Milton's *Samson Agonistes*. ²⁰ brawn: pickled boar's flesh. ²¹ Lear: the leading character in Shakespeare's play, *King Lear*. He unwisely divided his kingdom among his three daughters. ²² make my stand: I halt here; or, I can never send it from my house.

I remember a touch of conscience in this kind at school. My good old aunt, who never parted from me at the end of a holiday without stuffing a sweetmeat, or some nice thing, into my pocket, had dismissed me one evening with a smoking plum cake, fresh from the oven. In my way to school (it was over London Bridge) a gray-headed old beggar saluted me (I have no doubt at this time of day that he was a counterfeit). I had no pence to console him with, and in the vanity of self-denial, and the very coxcombry of charity, schoolboylike, I made him a present of — the whole cake! I walked on a little, buoyed up, as one is on such occasions, with a sweet soothing of self-satisfaction; but before I had got to the end of the bridge, my better feelings returned, and I burst into tears, thinking how ungrateful I had been to my good aunt, to go and give her good gift away to a stranger that I had never seen before, and who might be a bad man for aught I knew; and then I thought of the pleasure my aunt would be taking in thinking that I — I myself and not another — would eat her nice cake — and what should I say to her the next time I saw her — how naughty I was to part with her pretty present! — and the odor of that spicy cake came back upon my recollection, and the pleasure and the curiosity I had taken in seeing her make it, and her joy when she had sent it to the oven, and how disappointed she would feel that I had never had a bit of it in my mouth at last — and I blamed my impertinent spirit of almsgiving, and out-of-place hypocrisy of goodness; and above all, I wished never to see the face again of that insidious, good-for-nothing, old gray impostor.

Our ancestors were nice²³ in their method of sacrificing these tender victims. We read of pigs whipped to death with something of a shock, as we hear of any other obsolete custom. The age of discipline is gone by, or it would be curious to inquire (in a philosophical light merely) what effect this process might have toward intenerating and dulcifying²⁴ a substance, naturally so mild and dulcet as the flesh of young pigs. It looks like refining a violet. Yet we should be cautious, while we condemn the inhumanity, how we censure the wisdom of the practice. It might impart a gusto —

I remember an hypothesis, argued upon by the young students, when I was at St. Omer's,²⁵ and maintained with much learning and pleasantry on both sides, "Whether, supposing that the flavor of

²³ nice: fastidious. ²⁴ intenerating and dulcifying: making tender and sweet. ²⁵ St. Omer's: a French Jesuit college in London. Lamb did not attend it.

a pig who obtained his death by whipping (*per flagellationem extremam*) superadded a pleasure upon the palate of a man more intense than any possible suffering we can conceive in the animal, is man justified in using that method of putting the animal to death? " I forget the decision.

His sauce should be considered. Decidedly a few bread crumbs, done up with his liver and brains, and a dash of mild sage. But banish, dear Mrs. Cook, I beseech you, the whole onion tribe. Barbecue your whole hogs to your palate, steep them in shalots,²⁶ stuff them out with plantations of the rank and guilty garlic; you cannot poison them, or make them stronger than they are — but consider, he is a weakling — a flower.

²⁶ shalot: a kind of onion.

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN

Shortly after Lamb was retired in March, 1825, from a veritable lifetime of service at a clerical desk in the East India House, he wrote to Wordsworth: " Here I am then, after thirty-three years' slavery, sitting in my own room at eleven o'clock this finest of all April mornings, a freed man, with £441 a year for the remainder of my life. . . . I came home forever on Tuesday of last week. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from life into eternity. Every year to be as long as three, i.e., to have three times as much real time — time that is my own, in it! "

This pension amounted to two-thirds of his annual salary. While this essay disguises his exact employment, it is substantially autobiographic.

*Sera tamen respexit
Libertas.*¹

Virgil.

A clerk I was in London gay.

*O'Keeffe.*²

If peradventure, Reader, it has been thy lot to waste the golden years of thy life — thy shining youth — in the irksome confinement of an office; to have thy prison days prolonged through middle age down to decrepitude and silver hairs, without hope of release or respite; to have lived to forget that there are such things as holidays,

¹ *Sera . . . Libertas*: Liberty, though late, nevertheless visited me. (Virgil's first *Eclogue*.) ² *O'Keeffe*: John O'Keeffe (1747-1833), a writer of farces and comic operas.

copy called
business

or to remember them but as the prerogatives of childhood; then, and then only, will you be able to appreciate my deliverance.

It is now six and thirty years since I took my seat at the desk in Mincing Lane. Melancholy was the transition at fourteen from the abundant playtime, and the frequently intervening vacations of school days, to the eight, nine, and sometimes ten hours a day attendance at a countinghouse. But time partially reconciles us to anything. I gradually became content — doggedly content, as wild animals in cages.

It is true I had my Sundays to myself, but Sundays, admirable as the institution of them is for purposes of worship, are for that very reason the very worst adapted for days of unbending and recreation. In particular, there is a gloom for me attendant upon a city Sunday, a weight in the air. I miss the cheerful cries of London, the music, and the ballad singers — the buzz and stirring murmur of the streets. Those eternal bells depress me. The closed shops repel me. Prints, pictures, all the glittering and endless succession of knacks and gew-gaws, and ostentatiously displayed wares of tradesmen, which make a weekday saunter through the less busy parts of the metropolis so delightful — are shut off. No bookstalls deliciously to idle over — No busy faces to recreate the idle man who contemplates them ever passing by — the very face of business a charm by contrast to his temporary relaxation from it. Nothing to be seen but unhappy countenances — or half-happy at best — of emancipated 'prentices and little tradesfolks, with here and there a servant maid that has got leave to go out, who, slaving all the week, with the habit has lost almost the capacity of enjoying a free hour; and livelily expressing the hollowness of a day's pleasuring. The very strollers in the fields on that day looked anything but comfortable.

But besides Sundays I had a day at Easter, and a day at Christmas, with a full week in the summer to go and air myself in my native fields of Hertfordshire. This last was a great indulgence; and the prospect of its recurrence, I believe, alone kept me up through the year, and made my durance tolerable. But when the week came round, did the glittering phantom of the distance keep touch with me? or rather was it not a series of seven uneasy days, spent in restless pursuit of pleasure, and a wearisome anxiety to find out how to make the most of them? Where was the quiet, where the promised rest? Before I had a taste of it, it was vanished. I was at the desk again, counting upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before such another snatch would come. Still the prospect of its

coming threw something of an illumination upon the darker side of my captivity. Without it, as I have said, I could scarcely have sustained my thralldom.

Independently of the rigors of attendance, I have ever been haunted with a sense (perhaps a mere caprice) of incapacity for business. This, during my latter years, had increased to such a degree that it was visible in all the lines of my countenance. My health and my good spirits flagged. I had perpetually a dread of some crisis, to which I should be found unequal. Besides my daylight servitude, I served over again all night in my sleep, and would awake with terrors of imaginary false entries, errors in my accounts, and the like. I was fifty years of age, and no prospect of emancipation presented itself. I had grown to my desk, as it were; and the wood had entered into my soul.

My fellows in the office would sometimes rally me upon the trouble legible in my countenance; but I did not know that it had raised the suspicions of any of my employers, when on the 5th of last month, a day ever to be remembered by me, L——, the junior partner in the firm, calling me on one side, directly taxed me with my bad looks, and frankly inquired the cause of them. So taxed, I honestly made confession of my infirmity, and added that I was afraid I should eventually be obliged to resign his service. He spoke some words of course to hearten me, and there the matter rested. A whole week I remained laboring under the impression that I had acted imprudently in my disclosure; that I had foolishly given a handle against myself, and had been anticipating my own dismissal. A week passed in this manner, the most anxious one, I verily believe, in my whole life, when on the evening of the 12th of April, just as I was about quitting my desk to go home (it might be about eight o'clock) I received an awful summons to attend the presence of the whole assembled firm in the formidable back parlor. I thought, now my time is surely come, I have done for myself, I am going to be told that they have no longer occasion for me. L——, I could see, smiled at the terror I was in, which was a little relief to me, — when to my utter astonishment B——, the eldest partner, began a formal harangue to me on the length of my services, my very meritorious conduct during the whole of the time (the deuce, thought I, how did he find out that? I protest I never had the confidence to think as much). He went on to descant on the expediency of retiring at a certain time of life (how my heart panted!) and asking me a few questions as to the amount of my own property, of which I have a little, ended with a proposal, to which his

three partners nodded a grave assent, that I should accept from the house, which I had served so well, a pension for life to the amount of two-thirds of my accustomed salary — a magnificent offer! I do not know what I answered between surprise and gratitude, but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and at just ten minutes after eight I went home — forever. This noble benefit — gratitude forbids me to conceal their names — I owe to the kindness of the most munificent firm in the world — the house of Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy.³

*Esto perpetua!*⁴

For the first day or two I felt stunned, overwhelmed. I could only apprehend my felicity; I was too confused to taste it sincerely. I wandered about, thinking I was happy, and knowing that I was not. I was in the condition of a prisoner in the Old Bastille, suddenly let loose after a forty years' confinement. I could scarce trust myself with myself. It was like passing out of Time into Eternity — for it is a sort of Eternity for a man to have his Time all to himself. It seemed to me that I had more time on my hands than I could ever manage. From a poor man, poor in Time, I was suddenly lifted up into a vast revenue; I could see no end of my possessions; I wanted some steward, or judicious bailiff, to manage my estates in Time for me. And here let me caution persons grown old in active business, not lightly, nor without weighing their own resources, to forego their customary employment all at once, for there may be danger in it. I feel it by myself, but I know that my resources are sufficient; and now that those first giddy raptures have subsided, I have a quiet home feeling of the blessedness of my condition. I am in no hurry. Having all holidays, I am as though I had none. If Time hung heavy upon me, I could walk it away; but I do *not* walk all day long, as I used to do in those old transient holidays, thirty miles a day, to make the most of them. If Time were troublesome, I could read it away, but I do *not* read in that violent measure, with which, having no Time my own but candlelight Time, I used to weary out my head and eyesight in bygone winters. I walk, read, or scribble (as now) just when the fit seizes me. I no longer hunt after pleasure; I let it come to me. I am like the man

— That's born, and has his years come to him,
In some green desert.

³ **Boldero . . . Lacy**: fictitious names used for directors of the East India Company. ⁴ *Esto perpetua*: May it be eternal.

"Years," you will say; "what is this superannuated simpleton calculating upon? He has already told us he is past fifty."

I have indeed lived nominally fifty years, but deduct out of them the hours which I have lived to other people, and not to myself, and you will find me still a young fellow. For *that* is the only true Time, which a man can properly call his own, that which he has all to himself; the rest, though in some sense he may be said to live it, is other people's time, not his. The remnant of my poor days, long or short, is at least multiplied for me threefold. My ten next years, if I stretch so far, will be as long as any preceding thirty. 'Tis a fair rule-of-three sum.

Among the strange fantasies which beset me at the commencement of my freedom, and of which all traces are not yet gone, one was, that a vast tract of time had intervened since I quitted the Counting House. I could not conceive of it as an affair of yesterday. The partners, and the clerks with whom I had for so many years, and for so many hours in each day of the year, been so closely associated — being suddenly removed from them — they seemed as dead to me. There is a fine passage, which may serve to illustrate this fancy, in a tragedy by Sir Robert Howard,⁵ speaking of a friend's death:

— 'Twas but just now he went away;
I have not since had time to shed a tear;
And yet the distance does the same appear
As if he had been a thousand years from me;
Time takes no measure in Eternity.

To dissipate this awkward feeling, I have been fain to go among them once or twice since; to visit my old desk fellows — my co-brethren of the quill — that I had left below in the state militant. Not all the kindness with which they received me could quite restore to me that pleasant familiarity, which I had heretofore enjoyed among them. We cracked some of our old jokes, but methought they went off but faintly. My old desk; the peg where I hung my hat, were appropriated to another. I knew it must be, but I could not take it kindly. D——I take me if I did not feel some remorse — beast, if I had not, — at quitting my old compeers, the faithful partners of my toils for six and thirty years, that smoothed for me with their jokes and conundrums the ruggedness of my professional road. Had it been so rugged then after all? or was I a coward simply? Well, it is too late to repent; and I also know that these suggestions are a com-

⁵ Sir Robert Howard: 1626–1698, brother-in-law of John Dryden, with whom he collaborated in a play, *The Vestal Virgin*, here quoted.

mon fallacy of the mind on such occasions. But my heart smote me. I had violently broken the bands betwixt us. It was at least not courteous. I shall be some time before I get quite reconciled to the separation. Farewell, old cronies, yet not for long, for again and again I will come among ye, if I shall have your leave. Farewell, Ch——, dry, sarcastic, and friendly! Do——, mild, slow to move, and gentlemanly! Pl——,⁶ officious to do, and to volunteer, good services! — and thou, thou dreary pile, fit mansion for a Gresham or a Whittington⁷ of old, stately House of Merchants; with thy labyrinthine passages, and light-excluding, pent-up offices, where candles for one half the year supplied the place of the sun's light; unhealthy contributor to my weal, stern fosterer of my living, farewell! In thee remain, and not in the obscure collection of some wandering book-seller, my "works!" There let them rest, as I do from my labors, piled on thy massy shelves, more MSS. in folio than ever Aquinas⁸ left, and full as useful! My mantle I bequeath among ye.

A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left; an unsettling sense of novelty; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian,⁹ from strict cellular discipline suddenly by some revolution returned upon the world. I am now as if I had never been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please, to do what I please. I find myself at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond Street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a bookstall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in the morning. Was it ever otherwise? What is become of Fish Street Hill? Where is Fenchurch Street? Stones of old Mincing Lane which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six and thirty years, to the footsteps of what toilworn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall Mall.¹⁰ It is 'Change¹¹ time, and I am

⁶ Ch-, Do-, Pl-: supposed to be John Chalmers, Henry Dodwell, W. D. Plumley, coworkers in the East India House. ⁷ Gresham . . . Whittington: former Lord Mayors of London. ⁸ Aquinas: St. Thomas Aquinas (1225?-1274?), an Italian Dominican monk and theologian; author of seventeen volumes. ⁹ Carthusian: a celebrated monastic order founded by St. Bruno about 1084. ¹⁰ Pall Mall: a London street noted for its numerous clubs. ¹¹ 'Change: Exchange, the financial center of London.

strangely among the Elgin marbles.¹² It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week, or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post days; in its distance from, or propinquity to the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday nights' sensations. The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, etc. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sat as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed the Ethiop white? — What is gone of Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itself — that unfortunate failure of a holiday as it too often proved, what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and overcare to get the greatest quantity of pleasure out of it — is melted down into a weekday. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging the huge cantle¹³ which it used to seem to cut out of the holiday. I have Time for everything. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busiest. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May morning. It is Lucretian pleasure¹⁴ to behold the poor drudges, whom I have left behind in the world, carking and caring: like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round — and what is it all for? A man can never have too much Time to himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would christen him NOTHING-TO-DO; he should do nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those accursed cotton mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

As low as to the fiends.¹⁵

I am no longer —, clerk to the firm of, etc. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace nor with any settled purpose. I walk about; not to and from. They tell me, a certain *cum dignitate*¹⁶ air, that has been buried so

¹² **Elgin marbles:** famous Greek sculptures brought to the British Museum by Lord Elgin, ambassador to Greece. ¹³ **cantle:** a slice. ¹⁴ **Lucretian:** pertaining to Lucretius (96–55 B.C.), Roman poet and philosopher. The allusion is to one of his famous passages on pleasure. ¹⁵ **As . . . fiends:** quotation from *Hamlet*, Act II, Sc. 2. ¹⁶ ***cum dignitate*:** part of the phrase, *otium cum dignitate*, “leisure with dignity.”

long with my other good parts, has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper it is to read the state of the opera. *Opus operatum est*.¹⁷ I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked taskwork, and have the rest of the day to myself.

¹⁷ *Opus operatum est*: The work has been completed, or: My task is finished.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF LAMB

DREAM CHILDREN

1. Which parts of this essay give actual facts in Lamb's life? Which are fictitious? What traits of Lamb's personality are revealed?

2. What details make John and Alice seem like real children? Which of their actions are amusing? Which pathetic?

3. Where does Lamb show restraint in suggesting but not bewailing some of the misfortunes of his life? How does this affect your feeling toward Lamb?

4. What adjectives would you apply to the general tone and style of this essay? Select passages to justify your adjectives. What is the effect of the parenthetical remarks on the style?

5. Why is the essay written in a single paragraph? Into what four parts might it be divided?

A DISSERTATION UPON ROAST PIG

1. Into what two main divisions does this essay fall? Which of the two appeals to you as the more humorous?

2. By what devices does Lamb create the effect of a genuine document? By what details and anachronisms does he make the Bo-bo story ridiculous?

3. In the second part of the essay find high-sounding terms and Biblical language used with humorous effect. Why does he introduce the incident of his aunt's gift of a plum cake?

4. Why call this essay a dissertation? Why is it not a short story?

THE SUPERANNUATED MAN

1. Why does Lamb consider Sunday an unsatisfactory day of leisure?

2. Explain how Lamb had grown to his desk and how "the wood had entered into" his soul.

3. How was Lamb affected at first by this unaccustomed freedom? What poem written in this age expresses the same idea? Of what joys does leisure deprive him? What are its compensating pleasures?

4. By what mathematics does Lamb prove himself still a young man? How is it like eternity to have one's time to oneself?

5. How does he feel on revisiting his office mates?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read other essays by Lamb (see the list on page 652) and select short passages which you think particularly good for reading aloud. After reading a number of these essays, would you say that Lamb is more given to revealing his own experiences or to commenting objectively about life as he observes it? Compare him with Addison in this respect. What recent essayists do you know that show the influence of Lamb's style?

2. Imitating in part Lamb's method, write an original familiar essay, for instance, in praise of your favorite article of food, the way you feel when vacation begins, or conversations with dream characters.

3. A group of students might dramatize before the class Brighthouse's *The Night of "Mr. H."*, a play about Lamb. (In Cohen's *More One-Act Plays*.)

4. Lamb's life and his personality, as revealed in his letters, make interesting study. See page 653 for references.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY (1785-1859)

When magazine writing was in its ascendancy during the first half of the nineteenth century, one of the most notable contributors was the scholarly, eccentric Thomas de Quincey. He was a strange offshoot from his family, for his father was a plain, prosperous merchant of Manchester, and his mother a quiet, unsympathetic woman. Even as a child, De Quincey was subject to the vivid dreams which later became such an integral part of his writings. At fifteen he could speak Greek fluently. "That boy could harangue an Athenian mob better than you or I could address an English one," said one of his instructors. At Oxford University his scholarship was brilliant but erratic. After passing all his written tests, he disappeared because he was afraid to take the oral ones.

Later we find De Quincey at Grasmere, near the Lake poets, where he lived for twenty years, writing industriously, and contributing many brilliant analytic essays to various publications. In 1830, on account of his connection with *Blackwood's Magazine*, he went to live in Edinburgh. But the oddities of his youth persisted. He would engage a room, write in it assiduously until every table and chair was piled high with his manuscript; then going out, he would lock the door, and rent new lodgings!

To account for his peculiarities is not easy. He was shy, dreamy, and melancholy from boyhood. While a student he began taking opium to relieve neuralgia, and his use of this drug persisted for some thirty years, until by extraordinary will power he broke the habit. In his best-known writing, *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater*, he has made a minute analysis and a frank exposure of the effect of this drug. One must not accept this account as absolute truth, for it is so mixed with fancy and

vivid imagination that it becomes the combination work of a poet and a scientist. He takes a fact and plays on it with words, building it up with elaborately involved sentences and subtle rhythms much as a musician builds up a theme. Consequently his prose almost becomes poetry, especially in *Joan of Arc* which rises to a climax of passionate arraignment of Joan's destroyers. *Murder as a Fine Art* shows him to be a master of irony. *The English Mail Coach* is another of his best writings.

De Quincey was also an acute critic of literature, and his articles in his *Literary Reminiscences* reveal a wide knowledge of the writers of the past as well as his personal friendship with his contemporaries — Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Shelley, Keats, Hazlitt, and Landor. He will be remembered for his profound interpretations of literature and history, and his analysis of mental phenomena, both treated with an ornate, imaginative, and highly individual style.

sense of space & time destroyed

DREAMS

"*The Opium Confessions* were written," says De Quincey, "with some slight secondary purpose of exposing the specific power of opium upon the faculty of dreaming, but much more with the purpose of displaying the faculty itself." In this unusual contribution to literature, singular in its subject matter as well as in the extraordinary revelation of the habits of an individual, De Quincey has made use of an "impassioned prose" that has no counterpart in our language. The following is a selection from *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater*.

I now pass to what is the main subject of these latter confessions, to the history and journal of what took place in my dreams; for these were the immediate and proximate cause of my acutest suffering.

The first notice I had of any important change going on in this part of my physical economy, was from the reawakening of a state of eye generally incident to childhood, or exalted states of irritability. I know not whether my reader is aware that many children, perhaps most, have a power of painting, as it were, upon the darkness, all sorts of phantoms; in some, that power is simply a mechanic affection of the eye; others have a voluntary, or semivoluntary power to dismiss or to summon them; or, as a child once said to me when I questioned him on this matter, "I can tell them to go, and they go; but sometimes they come, when I don't tell them to come." Whereupon I told him that he had almost as unlimited a command over apparitions as a Roman centurion over his soldiers. In the middle of 1817, I think it was, that this faculty became positively distressing to me: at night, when I lay awake in bed, vast processions passed along in

mournful pomp; friezes of never-ending stories, that to my feelings were as sad and solemn as if they were stories drawn from times before Oedipus¹ or Priam² — before Tyre³ — before Memphis.⁴ And, at the same time, a corresponding change took place in my dreams: a theater seemed suddenly opened and lighted up within my brain, which presented nightly spectacles of more than earthly splendor. And the four following facts may be mentioned, as noticeable at this time:

1. That as the creative state of the eye increased, a sympathy seemed to arise between the waking and the dreaming states of the brain in one point — that whatsoever I happened to call up and to trace by a voluntary act upon the darkness was very apt to transfer itself to my dreams; so that I feared to exercise this faculty: for, as Midas turned all things to gold, that yet baffled his hopes and defrauded his human desires, so whatsoever things capable of being visually represented I did but think of in the darkness, immediately shaped themselves into phantoms of the eye: and, by a process apparently no less inevitable, when thus once traced in faint and visionary colors, like writings in sympathetic ink, they were drawn out by the fierce chemistry of my dreams, into insufferable splendor that fretted my heart.

2. For this, and all other changes in my dreams, were accompanied by deep-seated anxiety and gloomy melancholy, such as are wholly incommunicable by words. I seemed every night to descend, not metaphorically, but literally to descend, into chasms and sunless abysses, depths below depths, from which it seemed hopeless that I could ever reascend. Nor did I, by waking, feel that I *had* reascended. This I do not dwell upon; because the state of gloom which attended these gorgeous spectacles, amounting at last to utter darkness, as of some suicidal despondency, cannot be approached by words.

3. The sense of space, and, in the end, the sense of time, were both powerfully affected. Buildings, landscapes, etc., were exhibited in proportions so vast as the bodily eye is not fitted to receive. Space swelled, and was amplified to an extent of unutterable infinity. This, however, did not disturb me so much as the vast expansion of time: I sometimes seemed to have lived for seventy or a hundred years in one night; nay, sometimes had feelings representative of a millennium

¹ Oedipus: a king of ancient Thebes. ² Priam: king of Troy during the Trojan War. ³ Tyre: a seaport in Phoenicia, famous before the days of Solomon. ⁴ Memphis: the ancient capital of Egypt. Greece, Phoenicia, and Egypt form a climax of ancient history.

passed in that time, or, however,⁵ of a duration far beyond the limits of any human experience.

4. The minutest incidents of childhood, or forgotten scenes of later years, were often revived; I could not be said to recollect them; for if I had been told of them when waking, I should not have been able to acknowledge them as parts of my past experience. But placed as they were before me, in dreams like intuitions, and clothed in all their evanescent circumstances and accompanying feelings, I *recognized* them instantaneously. I was once told by a near relative of mine,⁶ that having in her childhood fallen into a river, and being on the very verge of death but for the critical assistance which reached her, she saw in a moment her whole life, in its minutest incidents, arrayed before her simultaneously as in a mirror; and she had a faculty developed as suddenly for comprehending the whole and every part. This, from some opium experiences of mine, I can believe; I have, indeed, seen the same thing asserted twice in modern books, and accompanied by a remark which I am convinced is true; viz., that the dread book of account,⁷ which the Scriptures speak of, is, in fact, the mind itself of each individual. Of this, at least, I feel assured, that there is no such thing as *forgetting* possible to the mind; a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions on the mind; accidents of the same sort will also rend away this veil; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains forever; just as the stars seem to withdraw before the common light of day, whereas, in fact, we all know that it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil, and that they are waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.

Having noticed these four facts as memorably distinguishing my dreams from those of health, I shall now cite a case illustrative of the first fact; and shall then cite any others that I remember, either in their chronological order, or any other that may give them more effect as pictures to the reader.

I had been in youth, and even since, for occasional amusement, a great reader of Livy,⁸ whom I confess that I prefer, both for style and matter, to any other of the Roman historians; and I had often felt as most solemn and appalling sounds, and most emphatically representative of the majesty of the Roman people, the two words

⁵ however: at any rate. ⁶ a . . . mine: said to be De Quincey's mother.
⁷ dread . . . account: Revelation 20:12. ⁸ Livy: Roman historian (59 B.C.-A.D. 17).

so often occurring in Livy — *Consul Romanus*; especially when the consul is introduced in his military character. I mean to say that the words king — sultan — regent, etc., or any other titles of those who embody in their own persons the collective majesty of a great people, had less power over my reverential feelings. I had also, though no great reader of history, made myself minutely and critically familiar with one period of English history — viz., the period of the Parliamentary War⁹ — having been attracted by the moral grandeur of some who figured in that day, and by the many interesting memoirs which survive those unquiet times. Both these parts of my lighter reading, having furnished me often with matter of reflection, now furnished me with matter for my dreams. Often I used to see, after painting upon the blank darkness a sort of rehearsal whilst waking, a crowd of ladies, and perhaps a festival, and dances. And I heard it said, or I said to myself, "These are English ladies from the unhappy times of Charles I. These are the wives and the daughters of those who met in peace, and sat at the same tables, and were allied by marriage or by blood; and yet, after a certain day in August, 1642,¹⁰ never smiled upon each other again, nor met but in the field of battle; and at Marston Moor, at Newbury, or at Naseby,¹¹ cut asunder all ties of love by the cruel saber, and washed away in blood the memory of ancient friendship." The ladies danced, and looked as lovely as the court of George IV. Yet I knew, even in my dreams, that they had been in the grave for nearly two centuries. This pageant would suddenly dissolve; and, at a clapping of hands, would be heard the heart-quaking sound of *Consul Romanus*; and immediately came "sweeping by," in gorgeous paludaments,¹² Paulus or Marius,¹³ girt round by a company of centurions, with the crimson tunic hoisted on a spear,¹⁴ and followed by the *alalagmos*¹⁵ of the Roman legions.

And now came a tremendous change, which, unfolding itself slowly like a scroll, through many months, promised an abiding torment; and, in fact, it never left me until the winding up of my case. Hitherto the human face had mixed often in my dreams, but not despotically, nor with any special power of tormenting. But now that which I

⁹ **Parliamentary War**: civil strife between the Cavaliers and the Roundheads (1642–1646) which culminated in the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell.

¹⁰ **August, 1642**: opening of the civil war. ¹¹ **Marston Moor, Newbury, Naseby**: three chief battles of the English civil war. ¹² **paludaments**: military cloaks. ¹³ **Paulus or Marius**: Roman consuls. ¹⁴ **hoisted on a spear**: a signal for battle. ¹⁵ **alalagmos**: defined by De Quincey as a word expressing collectively the gathering of the Roman war cries, "Alála, Alála."

have called the tyranny of the human face began to unfold itself. Perhaps some part of my London life might be answerable for this. Be that as it may, now it was that upon the rocking waters of the ocean the human face began to appear: the sea appeared paved with innumerable faces, upturned to the heavens; faces imploring, wrathful, despairing, surged upward by thousands, by myriads, by generations, by centuries: my agitation was infinite, my mind tossed — and surged with the ocean.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

1. Discuss the four facts which De Quincey presents about opium dreams and his illustration of each.
2. How are these visions made to appear natural?
3. What seems to be the author's purpose in this account?
4. Find examples of his eloquent writing, including his use of historical and literary references.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read De Quincey's essay on Charles Lamb, and dip into *Literary Reminiscences* to find out what he says about the Lake poets. Report to the class any comments or incidents from this reading which they might enjoy.

2. Read his *Joan of Arc*. Compare his comments on her martyrdom with those of Mark Twain in his *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*. What marked difference is there in the style of these two writers? Read Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan* for a dramatized version of this famous life. What other books do you know on the same subject?

frank

basis of inspiration - literature
not as personal as Lamb

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1788-1830)

Hazlitt was in a way a disciple of Coleridge, and it is partly to the literary criticisms of these two men that we owe the revival of interest in Shakespeare and other Elizabethan writers that inspired many of the romantic poets. Hazlitt's father, a Unitarian minister, intended to have his son follow in his footsteps. William's interests, however, lay in the direction of literature and the arts. He was a dramatic critic for the *London Chronicle* and contributor to several other papers, especially those of the radical Leigh Hunt, with whose ideas he sympathized strongly. Unlike Lamb, Hazlitt lacked the talent for friendship except with one or two persons such as Coleridge. His journey through life was like the somewhat solitary journey he prefers in the following essay. His marriage proved unhappy, and his last years were embittered by the turn of events in France which

human did not love
nature
Lamb

put an end to the hopes of the thoroughgoing republicans. Then, too, his fearless criticism of literary men in *The Spirit of the Age* and in his newspaper articles made men draw away from him. His many essays contributed to London magazines are assembled in the volumes *Plain Speaker* and *Table Talk*, from which the following essay is taken.

ON GOING A JOURNEY

One of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

The fields his study, Nature was his book.¹

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticizing hedgerows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbowroom, and fewer incumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper, Solitude is sweet.²

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do, just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences; to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation

May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired,³

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post chaise or in a Tilbury,⁴ to exchange good things with and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with im-

¹ The . . . book: quotation from a poem, "The Farmer's Boy," by Robert Bloomfield. ² a . . . sweet: lines from "Retirement," by William Cowper. ³ May . . . impaired: from Milton's "Comus." ⁴ Tilbury: a two-wheeled open carriage, named from its inventor.

pertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner — and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. 'I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sunburnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sumless treasures,"⁵ burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. "Leave, oh, leave me to my repose!"⁶ I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me "very stuff o' the conscience."⁷ Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, as neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship,"⁸ say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's,⁹ that "he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time." So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. "Let me have a companion of my way," says Sterne,¹⁰ "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." It is beautifully said; but in my opinion, this con-

⁵ **sunken . . . treasures:** quotation from Shakespeare's *Henry V*, Act I, Sc. 2. ⁶ **Leave . . . repose:** quotation from Gray's translation of the Norse "Descent of Odin." ⁷ **very . . . conscience:** quotation from Shakespeare's *Othello*, Act I, Sc. 2. ⁸ **Out . . . fellowship:** quotation from Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, Part I, Act I, Sc. 3. ⁹ **Cobbett:** a member of Parliament.

¹⁰ **Sterne:** an eighteenth-century novelist.

tinual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid: if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of nature without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the synthetical method¹¹ on a journey in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomize them afterward. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with anyone for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a bean field crossing the road, perhaps your fellow traveler has no smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is shortsighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the color of a cloud which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill-humor. Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you — these may recall a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company, seems extravagance or affectation; and on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered) is a task to which few are competent. We must "give it an understanding, but no tongue."¹² My old friend C——,¹³ however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale, a summer's day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. "He talked far above singing."¹⁴ . . . Had I words and images at command like his, I

¹¹ **synthetical method**: a method of putting together, the opposite of *analytical*, taking apart. ¹² **give . . . tongue**: quotation from Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, Act I, Sc. 2. ¹³ **friend C——**: Coleridge. ¹⁴ **He . . . singing**: quotation from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*.



THE GEORGE INN, SALISBURY. One of the most famous of the old inns still in use today. It was built in the fourteenth century, remodeled in Tudor style in the sixteenth, and rechristened for the king in the eighteenth century. It is said that Shakespeare's *As You Like It* was performed in its innyard at the rear, and that Samuel Pepys slept in the upper room on the right, still called the Pepys room. Royalty has often been entertained in the rooms with the great bays on the second floor. Dickens described this inn in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. In such a spot Hazlitt delighted to find refreshment at the end of a day's journey.

would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds: but at the sight of nature my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sunset. I can make nothing out on the spot — I must have time to collect myself.

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects; it should be reserved for table talk. L——¹⁵ is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out of doors: because he is the best within. I grant, there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey; and that is, what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavor of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at the approach of nightfall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then, after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to "take one's ease at one's inn!"¹⁶ These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heart-felt happiness, to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop; they will do to talk of or to write about afterward. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea,

The cups that cheer, but not inebriate,¹⁷

and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper — eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal cutlet! Sancho¹⁸ in such a situation once fixed upon cow heel; and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then, in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean¹⁹ contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen — *Procul, O procul este profani!*²⁰ These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk; or if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon, I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place; he

¹⁵ L——: Lamb. ¹⁶ take . . . inn: quotation from Shakespeare's *Henry IV*, Part I, Act, III, Sc. 2. ¹⁷ The . . . inebriate: quotation from Cowper's *The Task*. ¹⁸ Sancho: in Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, the simple-minded squire of the Don. ¹⁹ Shandean: pertaining to Mr. Shandy, the father, in Sterne's novel, *Tristram Shandy*, who talked whimsically at great length. ²⁰ *Procul . . . profani*: quotation from Virgil's *Æneid*, meaning "Retire hence, ye profane!"

is a part of the furniture and costume of an inn. If he is a Quaker, or from the West Riding²¹ of Yorkshire, so much the better. I do not even try to sympathize with him, and he breaks no squares.²² I associate nothing with my traveling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs, I in a manner forget myself. But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits; or from having someone with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world; but your "unhoused free condition is put into circumspection and confine."²³ The *incognito* of an inn is one of its striking privileges — "lord of one's self, uncumbered with a name."²⁴ Oh! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion — to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties — to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweetbreads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening — and no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the Gentleman in the parlor!* One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively right-worshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. We are no more those hackneyed commonplaces that we appear in the world: an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society! . . .

²¹ **West Riding:** a division of Yorkshire, regarded as very provincial.
²² **breaks no squares:** makes no difference. ²³ **unhoused . . . confine:** quotation from *Othello*, Act I, Sc. 2. ²⁴ **lord . . . name:** quotation from Dryden's poem, "To My Honored Kinsman John Dryden."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF HAZLITT

1. What type of journey is Hazlitt here considering? Have you ever taken such a trip? Would you call it a common type of journey in America today? What in this country corresponds to the inn he describes?
2. What traveling conditions does Hazlitt enjoy? What does he dislike? In what points do you agree or disagree with him?
3. What evidence is there in this essay that Hazlitt was well read? a student of Shakespeare?

4. How are the conversational powers of Coleridge and Lamb shown to be different? Which sounds more attractive to you as a companion?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Write an account of some trip you have taken or an essay about your general preferences "on going a journey."

READING LIST FOR THE AGE OF ROMANTICISM

LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD

- Wordsworth, William: * short lyrics and sonnets; * "Michael," *The Prelude* (Book I), "Ode to Duty," * "Character of the Happy Warrior," "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited"
- Coleridge, Samuel T.: "Christabel," "Youth and Age," "Hymn to Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni," "Dejection: an Ode"
- Scott, Walter: * songs and short ballads; *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, * *Marmion*, * *The Lady of the Lake*. * Novels: *Ivanhoe*, *Kenilworth*, *Guy Mannering*, *Rob Roy*, *The Talisman*, *Quentin Durward*, *The Heart of Midlothian*. For others, see lists of historical fiction at end of earlier sections.
- Byron, George Gordon, Lord: * short lyrics and sonnets; * "The Isles of Greece" from *Don Juan*, Canto III, 82-100; * famous passages from *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*: Waterloo, III, stanzas 21-28; Lake Lemnan, III, 68-75; Night, III, 86-92; Venice, IV, 1-18; Rome, IV, 78-98; The Ocean, IV, 178-184; * "Mazeppa's Ride," "On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year"
- Shelley, Percy Bysshe: * short lyrics; "Adonais," "Stanzas Written in Dejection Near Naples," "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," "Lines Written among the Euganean Hills"
- Keats, John: * short lyrics and sonnets; * "Ode to Autumn," "Ode to Melancholy," "Endymion" (especially the * Proem); "Isabella; or, The Pot of Basil." * Letters (especially to Fanny Keats and Fanny Brawne)
- Lamb, Charles: *Essays of Elia*, especially "Christ's Hospital," * "A Chapter on Ears," * "The Praise of Chimney Sweeps"; *Last Essays of Elia*, especially * "Poor Relations," * "Old China," * "Popular Fallacies"; * "The Old Familiar Faces" (poem), * *Tales from Shakespeare*, Letters
- De Quincey, Thomas: *Autobiographic Sketches*, * *Joan of Arc*, * *The English Mail Coach*, *Literary Reminiscences*, * "On the Knocking at the Gate in Macbeth," "On Charles Lamb"
- Austen, Jane: * *Pride and Prejudice*, * *Sense and Sensibility*, * *Northanger Abbey*, *Emma*, *Persuasion*

* Starred titles are those most suitable for high-school students.

Minor Writers

Southey, Robert: * "Lodore,"
 * "The Inchcape Rock," * "The
 Well of St. Keyne," "Auld
 Cloots," * *The Life of Nelson*
 Moore, Thomas: * *Irish Melodies*
 Hood, Thomas: * "The Bridge of
 Sighs"
 Hunt, Leigh: * "Abou Ben Adhem"

Campbell, Thomas: * "Hohenlin-
 den," * "Ye Mariners of Eng-
 land," * "Lord Ullin's Daughter,"
 "The Soldier's Dream"
 Wolfe, Charles: * "The Burial of
 Sir John Moore"
 Landor, Walter S.: "Rose Ayl-
 mer," *Lyrics to Ianthe*

IMPORTANT BOOKS ABOUT THE PERIOD

Fiction

Barrington, E.: *Glorious Apollo*
 (Byron)
 Brontë, Charlotte: *Shirley*
 Craik, Mrs.: * *John Halifax, Gen-
 tleman*
 Eliot, George: * *Adam Bede*, *Felix
 Holt*, * *Silas Marner*
 Farnol, Jeffery: *The Amateur Gen-
 tleman*, *The Broad Highway*
 Stevenson, R. L.: * *St. Ives*, *Weir
 of Hermiston*
 Thackeray, W. M.: * *Vanity Fair*

Drama

Fitch, Clyde: * *Beau Brummel*
 Brighthouse, Harold: * *The Night of
 "Mr. H."*

Social and Historical Background

Ashton, J.: * *Social England under
 the Regency*
 Marriott, J. A. R.: * *England since
 Waterloo*
 Perris, G. H.: *The Industrial His-
 tory of Modern England*
 Robertson, C. G.: *England under
 the Hanoverians*
 Sydney, W. C.: *The Early Days of
 the Nineteenth Century in Eng-
 land*

Usher, A. P.: *The Industrial His-
 tory of England*

Biography and Criticism

Wordsworth, by F. W. Myers, W. A.
 Knight (3 vols.), G. M. Harper,
 W. Raleigh, C. H. Herford, H. E.
 Read
 Coleridge, by H. D. Traill, H. Caine,
 J. D. Campbell
 Scott, by J. G. Lockhart (5 vols.),
 R. H. Hutton, C. D. Yonge, A.
 Lang, G. E. Saintsbury, E. W.
 Grierson
 Byron, by S. Nichols, R. Noel, E.
 Mayne, A. Maurois
 Shelley, by E. Dowden (2 vols.), J.
 A. Symonds, W. Sharp, W. M.
 Rossetti. André Maurois (*Ariel*)
 Keats, by S. Colvin, W. M. Ros-
 setti, A. E. Hancock, A. Lowell
 Lamb, by E. V. Lucas (2 vols.), A.
 Ainger, B. Cornwall
 De Quincey, by D. Masson
 Jane Austen, by Hill, G. Smith, O.
 Firkins, Mitton
 Dorothy Wordsworth, by E. de Sel-
 incourt, C. M. Maclean

Essays by Other Famous Authors

On Wordsworth, by Coleridge, Haz-
 litt, De Quincey, Arnold, Lowell,
 Pater

On Coleridge, by Hazlitt, De Quincey, Swinburne, Lowell, Pater

On Scott, by Hazlitt, Carlyle, Swinburne, Stevenson

On Byron, by Hazlitt, Arnold, Macaulay, Swinburne

On Shelley, by Arnold, De Quincey

On Keats, by De Quincey, Arnold, Swinburne, Lowell

On Lamb, by De Quincey, Pater

General Works

Beers, H. A.: *English Romanticism in the Nineteenth Century*

Dowden, E.: *The French Revolution and English Literature*

Hancock, A. E.: *The French Revolution and English Poets*

Herford, B.: *The Age of Wordsworth*

Knight, W. A.: **Through the Wordsworth Country*

Rannie, D. W.: **Wordsworth and His Circle*

Rawnsley, W. F.: *Literary Associations of the English Lakes*

Symonds, A.: *The Romantic Movement in English Literature*

Art¹

Whitley, W. T.: *Art in England, 1821-1837*

On Constable, by *C. L. Hind (color plates), G. M. Arnold,

C. J. Holmes, Lord Windsor

On Turner, by *C. L. Hind (color

plates), *H. Townend, W. Armstrong, R. Chignell, W. L. Wylie

Music

Hopkins, F.: **Thirty Songs.*

Musical settings for the following poets: Wordsworth, one lyric; Scott, two; Byron, two; Shelley, three; Moore, six

Phonograph Records: Scott: "Ave Maria" (Schubert setting), "Hail to the Chief," "Coronach, Soldier, Rest," "Jock o'Hazel-dean;" Shelley: "To Mary"; Moore: "Oft in the Stilly Night," and many others of his popular lyrics

Sheet Music: Scott: "Lay of the Imprisoned Huntsman" (Schubert), "Pride of Youth," and others; Shelley: "Indian Serenade" (Hopkins, also Whelpley), "Love's Philosophy," "Music When Soft Voices Die," "Heart's Devotion," "My Coursers are Fed by the Lightning;" Moore: "Paradise and the Peri" (words from *Lalla Rookh*, Schumann setting) and many of his lyrics. Collections containing Moore's lyrics: *Love Songs the Whole World Sings*, *Irish Melodies with New Symphonies* (M. W. Balfe), *Songs of Ireland*, or any collection of Irish songs.

¹ For architecture and costume see books covering the Georgian period, page 483.

See also general references at the end of this volume.



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A hunting scene by F. C. Turner

FULL CRY

to notes
Thackeray

THE VICTORIAN AGE

1840-1890

CURIOSLY enough, three women sovereigns of England — Elizabeth, Anne, and Victoria — have given their names to periods of remarkable literary output. Queen Elizabeth died before the greatest writers of her period ceased producing, so that the dates of her literary age were extended beyond her reign. On the other hand, Queen Victoria (1837-1901) outlived the Victorian writers, and the dates of her literary age properly close about 1890, a decade before her death in 1901. The '90's were a period of intellectual unrest fostering the germ of our modern age.

The enthusiasm with which the reign of Victoria opened has been well pictured in Strachey's excellent biography, *Queen Victoria* (page 1100). The Queen seemed the culmination and the embodiment of the romantic ideals of the preceding half century.

"The Hungry '40's." The Victorian Age was, above all things, "respectable." It possessed what a recent historian has called "the optimism of respectability." It congratulated itself upon progress and reform. There is no doubt that the "frock-coated and bewhiskered" middle class accomplished much in both directions. Yet one cannot fairly say that the early '40's showed much cause for optimism. The result of the Napoleonic wars had been such a huge national debt that crushing taxes were levied on the people. There was "chronic unemployment" and the '40's were called "the hungry '40's." In the country the poor people actually stole turnips out of the fields, while paupers practically starved in workhouses.

The Corn Laws. One group of laws, known as the "Corn Laws," caused enormous suffering. "Corn" is the British term for wheat. What we call corn, the English call "Indian maize." Corn laws therefore pertained to wheat and affected the price of bread, "the staff of life." For some time it had been to the interest and profit of the Tory landlords to keep up the price of wheat by putting a duty on it and restricting its importation from other countries. This made bread dear. The leading agitators against this system were two prosperous

businessmen, Richard Cobden and John Bright, who believed in "free trade," that is, no duties on imports and an open market between nations. These two formed the Anti-Corn-Law League in 1839. Sir Robert Peel, the Prime Minister, also opposed the Corn Laws, and finally, after great effort, they were repealed in 1846.

The Irish Famine. But the demand for cheap bread had been satisfied too late to prevent an awful catastrophe. The poor in England were close enough to starvation, but in Ireland the failure of the potato crop for two successive years brought on what was called "The Black Famine." This failure was caused by blackening potato blight that had come over from the Continent. Though potatoes had long been the principal food of the Irish peasants, there was plenty of "corn" in Ireland to keep them from starvation, had they been able to pay for it. As it was, this "corn was carried past the dead and dying in great wagons to the coast," there to be shipped to the English and foreigners who could afford to pay for it. One-fourth of Ireland's population died within two years. This was the darkest hour in Irish history.

Then followed tens of thousands of evictions of the starving peasants by landlords who could not collect their rents. Great numbers emigrated to America, many of them dying on shipboard. Thus began the large Irish population in America. "The Lament of the Irish Emigrant" by Lady Dufferin shows the pathos of their situation in the New World:

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends.

Further Humanitarian Reforms Mark the Victorian Age. Despite the squalor and misery underlying life in various parts of the British Isles, the governing class were unusually liberal and humane. Because of the opposition that always exists, time is needed to accomplish reforms, and during the reign of Victoria there was much to be done in following up the beginning made in the Age of Romanticism. Consider the navy, as an example. Formerly "press gangs" could kidnap an able-bodied man on shore and make him serve as a sailor in the fleet. When we think of the great sea tradition of England, and of the heroic men at Trafalgar under Lord Nelson, we are horrified at the other side of the picture. The recent moving picture *Mutiny on the Bounty* gives a vivid impression of "flogging round the fleet" and other villainous punishments often resorted to in the pre-Victorian days. Now impressment of sailors for the Royal Navy



THE HOUSE OF LORDS. Lord Byron sat here by inherited title, but Lord Macaulay's title was earned through his work in the House of Commons. (Culver Service)

was stopped, flogging diminished greatly, and the lot of the British sailor improved in many other ways.

Then, too, labor was still suffering from the Industrial Revolution. During the first decade of Victoria's reign, attention was centered on the situation of workingwomen and children. In the coal mines women had been working eleven and twelve hours a day dragging heavy loads of coal through underground passageways. In 1842 all work by women and girls in coal mines was abolished. Two years later definite limitations were put on the long hours of children in factories (though six hours was still not considered too long for six- and seven-year-olds!) and some provision made for their part-time education. After the collapse of the Chartist Movement in 1848, the English trades unions of the '50's and '60's strove merely for the best possible conditions in each trade. Meanwhile workmen's co-operative societies were developed and, spreading rapidly, featured co-operative stores.

Various Reforms in Government. Sir Robert Peel, besides helping free trade, religious liberty, and humanitarian reforms, also brought about improvements in government administration, such as the establishment of a modern police force. In 1839 an entirely new



THE BRITISH MUSEUM. World-famous library and museum, completed in 1847, representative of the great building activity of the Victorian age.

post-office system was adopted. Previously there were no stamps, and the high rate of postage was paid by the receiver rather than the sender of a letter. This system was expensive and clumsy. A penny postage was therefore established, and letters were prepaid by stamps. Furthermore, restrictions in voting and holding office, which had been removed from Roman Catholics in 1829, were now also removed from Jews.

In the last half of Victoria's reign the reform spirit was largely concerned with extending the vote beyond the privileged classes. The earlier Reform Bill of 1832 had provided for a more just distribution of representatives to Parliament. Now a second Reform Bill of 1867 gave the vote to the laboring classes. Though the franchise was extended to only two-thirds of the men in England, yet to the conservative mind it was "a dangerous experiment, a leap in the dark." The final step, in 1885, was a third Reform Bill which added almost two million more voters by giving complete manhood suffrage. It had taken nearly fifty years to make England into a thorough democracy. These last two bills were largely the work of William Gladstone, leader of the Liberal party, and Prime Minister during the greater part of Queen Victoria's later reign. A scholar and a great orator,

though not of profound mind, he usually championed freedom (with glaring exceptions) and "got things done."

One of his most important accomplishments was the establishment of a system of universal state education. Before that, outside of the expensive private schools such as Eton, Harrow, and Rugby (which the English call "public" schools) and some "grammar" schools, which taught principally Latin and Greek, education was decidedly inadequate. Under Gladstone dawned the possibility of a real education for the average child.

Progress and Prosperity. On the whole, progress and prosperity marked the Victorian era. Trade and manufactures developed wealth such as England had never known before. Railways increased greatly, and likewise the coal and steel industries. England, because of her natural resources and shipping, was "the workshop of the world," and her commerce at home and abroad was increased by the general use of the telegraph. As a great manufacturing country, England could now let the broad plains of her colonies raise the food, while she repaid them from her developed industries. At the mid-point of the century, after forty years of uninterrupted peace, an immense International Exposition was opened in London to assemble and compare products and manufactures of the world. This was the first of those great advertising fairs later so popular in the United States. The enormous glass house designed to cover this great exposition, known as the Crystal Palace, remained one of the show places and musical centers of London until its destruction by fire in 1937.

The great "boom" period from 1850 to 1875 was followed by another stark "depression," and for some ten years England suffered greatly; but in spite of this and other occasional financial crises, the era as a whole was one of pronounced prosperity.

England Affected by Wars on Other Shores. Though the general tenor of Victoria's reign was peaceful, there were several conflicts on distant soil which affected the home islands. From 1854 to 1856 England, with France and Turkey, was fighting Russia over questions relating to the balance of power among these nations. From the needless horrors of this Crimean War emerged one remarkable figure, Florence Nightingale, "the Lady with the Lamp," a heroic volunteer nurse who reformed the "filth and mismanagement" of the field hospitals of that dire time, and made nursing a skilled profession. As a result of the Sepoy Rebellion in India in 1857, due partly to the British authorities' misunderstanding of the nature of

Hindu and Indian tribes, Indian affairs were taken out of the hands of the East India Company and put under control of the crown. These conflicts in which England was an actual party affected English life at home much less than did the American War of the States (1861-1865). At first this war helped England by removing our country as a trade competitor; but it later nearly ruined the prosperous cotton trade of Lancashire with its two thousand factories, for no cotton could be shipped from Southern ports under blockade by the North. Thus cotton workers in England were thrown out of employment in great numbers, and much suffering resulted.

Three Great Nations of Europe. The relations between England and her two great rivals, France and Germany, during the nineteenth century are vividly illustrated in a series of cartoons by the brilliant English writer and artist, Max Beerbohm. In the first picture Napoleonic France is shown as a huge military figure, to which a respectful and rather scholarly-looking Germany doffs his hat; while England sits solidly at his desk, behind a ledger. In the second picture (1815) a huge John Bull, accompanied by a smaller military Germany, is chasing France off the page. In the third, the period of the '40's, one sees a stout and oratorical France in the foreground, a long-haired, carpet-slipped, and meerschaum-piped Germany placidly smoking in the background, while a stout John Bull sits in the middle distance at an even larger desk with larger and fuller ledgers than before. In the '60's, a pompous military France fills all the foreground, bestuck with medals and stars, and wearing an "imperial" and a false nose to represent Louis Napoleon (Napoleon III)! A Bismarckian-looking Germany, of lesser size, regards this figure musingly, through spectacles; while John Bull, in the background, looks up from his ledgers with a scowl of irritation.

The fifth picture, of England, France, and Germany in the '70's, shows the now wholly Bismarckian figure of Germany swelling in the foreground, while a France who looks like a Bohemian artist slumps at a café table. Behind Germany, John Bull, at his ledgers again, sits fat to bursting, as bulky as the books in which he registers his large trade balance. The last picture that we shall mention here depicts the early years of the twentieth century. Germany, still in the foreground, is even stouter, and now as eagle-beaked for war as France once was. A military helmet adorns Germany's head. Looking up at him, France stands much smaller, but in military overcoat and kepi. John Bull, even stouter than before, and more red-faced, glances up in perturbation from huge piles of trade ledgers. These cartoons show

with force and brevity how international matters stood, from time to time, in Europe.

During the middle of the century Europe was in a state of transition. The year 1848 has been called the "Year of Revolution" because of temporary revolutions in Germany, Hungary, Italy, and France. Though fear of similar uprisings helped to defeat Chartism, England was little affected otherwise, and retained a liberal policy. Garibaldi, who fought for Italian freedom, was the most romantic figure on the Continent. Napoleon III soon began to dream of a military empire like that of his famous uncle. But England paid little heed to his theatrical ambitions, kept aloof, and devoted her time to becoming more and more prosperous. The Crimean war in the '50's did involve her with Russia for a brief period, but during Gladstone's great ministry he arbitrated certain differences with the United States satisfactorily and succeeded in preserving England's neutrality during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, when the German Empire was first established. In general, then, we may say that through the middle years of the century England maintained a policy of peace.

England's Colonial Expansion Furthered by Disraeli. As time went on, England became more and more concerned with colonial expansion. The man chiefly responsible for this policy was Benjamin Disraeli, later Earl of Beaconsfield, the leader of the Conservative party, who fought a long political duel with the Liberal leader, Gladstone. The two men were quite opposite in personality. Disraeli, of Jewish birth, though reared as a Christian, had a brilliant and complicated nature notably pictured on stage and screen by Mr. George Arliss. A novelist as well as a statesman, he wrote one of our first psychological novels and several others picturing social, industrial, and political circles. Of a really warm nature, with a streak of the adventurer, he made almost a pose of being cold, detached, and canny.

Though he restored the privileges of unions and promoted factory laws, his greatest interest was in forming a closely knit British Empire. He looked romantically at "the gorgeous East," and gave the queen the new title of "Empress of India"; and his purchase of the Suez Canal from the Khedive of Egypt gave England the Eastern Gate of the Mediterranean. But his policies embroiled England in warfare in Afghanistan, part of which was conquered, and with the natives of Zululand, Kipling's "Fuzzy-Wuzzies," whose territory was annexed. He also managed to have the Balkan countries so divided up that they have proved a powder mine to England ever since. Between



ROTUNDA OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND. A typical London scene in the middle of the nineteenth century when Victorian England was increasingly prosperous. (Culver Service)

1880 and 1900 the countries of Europe competed for colonies, and England came out best, — and the envy and jealousy engendered then helped to bring on the World War. Of course her Indian Empire has always been extremely important to England, and in 1878 when Russia seemed to threaten it, the music-hall song arose:

We don't want to fight, but by *jingo* if we do,

We've got the ships, we've got the men, and we've got the money too.

That is the origin of the word "jingo" or "jingoist" for a person who wants war.

Manufacturing Stimulates Imperialism. Two great economic causes influenced England's expansion. One was the need of new raw material, chiefly rubber and oil from the tropics. The English manufacturers felt most secure if they could buy their materials from countries controlled by their own government. Another reason was that backward and undeveloped countries often borrow for improve-

ments like new railroads and factories. The larger nations "export" money to them, and the borrower buys needed material from the lender in addition to paying interest on the debt. If the borrowing country — like unfortunate or improvident people — gets into difficulties, the lending country often interferes, even to the extent of taking over the government of the borrower, to see that the debt is paid. This system brought several smaller countries under control of England.

How England's imperial policy in Africa led into the Boer war will be told in the next chapter, which opens with 1890.

Restraint Sounds the Keynote of the Victorian Age. In manners and morals of the Victorian age, styles were largely set by the queen's household. The excesses and overemotionalism of the earlier part of the century were now tempered by restraint, dignity, and sometimes a repression that has caused our modern age — in turn rebellious — to regard the word "mid-Victorian" as a synonym for stiff and prudish. Undoubtedly the age had these virtuous vices. Ponderous walnut furniture may be symbolical of somewhat ponderous thought; heavy carpets, of subdued spontaneity; tight waists and unwieldy hoop skirts, of restrictions and slow-moving dignities of social etiquette.

There also was the "latent domination of the young female, for whose eyes everything had got to be fit." Queen Victoria, of blameless private life, "unenlivened by one sparkle of humor," was the ideal of middle-class womanhood. Prince Albert, her consort, was actually seen by Tennyson as a sort of King Arthur. Family prayers were part of the daily routine, and the revered and successful "Papa" of the family dominated his large brood of children. The letters and conversation of that day sound sentimental and stilted to our ears. Although it is easy to make fun of many aspects of Victorian England, we cannot ignore the fact that against this background great individuals stand out in every aspect of intellectual and public life. The very smugness and material prosperity of the age served as a healthy irritant to those questioning minds to which we must look back with veneration, not because they were conforming Victorians, but because they were keen-minded, progressive Victorians.

Science Arouses the Questioning Mind. Some of the greatest questioning arose through science, which was at last coming into its own. The Royal Society, inconspicuously founded in the days of the Restoration, had been experimenting ever since, and science had produced many practical inventions as we have pointed out in previous



QUEEN VICTORIA, dressed for the Diamond Jubilee, 1897. Kipling wrote "Recessional" for Victoria's Jubilee. (Culver Service)

chapters. But the traditional school and university curriculum was slow to open its doors to new studies. Not till the middle of the nineteenth century did the general public become aware of the meaning of science — and then only through the work of Spencer, Darwin, and Huxley.

Charles Darwin cast a bombshell into British intellectual life, for his theories of evolution were felt to undermine religious belief. *Father and Son*, the autobiography of Edmund Gosse, a modern English critic, describes the spiritual struggles of his father, a deeply religious man, to reconcile his beliefs with

the new science. Though Herbert Spencer had earlier developed the idea of evolution in his *Principles of Psychology* (1855), Darwin's two great works, *The Origin of Species* (1859) and *The Descent of Man* (1871) so determined the direction along which science thereafter proceeded that Darwinism is practically synonymous with evolution. In the storms aroused by these books Thomas Henry Huxley came to Darwin's assistance manfully. He was not only a student of medicine, surgery, anatomy, physiology, and geology, but he also earned an established place in literature through his keen analysis of the place of science in education and human life, and through his autobiography.

On the whole, science was lifted from obscurity and freed from restraint so that the tremendous advance in sanitation, the development of machinery, and the discovery of latent forces in nature, which produced something like a new civilization in the twentieth century, were made possible. During Queen Victoria's long reign of sixty-four years there came into existence many modern conveniences that we now take for granted without realizing how remarkable they seemed when

first introduced — namely, the match that lights by friction, photography, ether and chloroform for use in hospitals, antiseptic surgery, the X ray, the telegraph, the telephone, and wireless telegraphy.

The Oxford Movement Affects Religious Life. Another type of religious questioning resulted in the remarkable growth of the Oxford Movement, not to be confused with a development of our time which has used the same name. One of its leaders was a truly great cleric, John Henry Newman. Reacting against the materialism and spiritual indifference of the time, he longed for the mystic beauty and inspiration he found in the medieval church. Eventually he became a Roman Catholic, and rose to the position of cardinal. Though he has been called sentimental and emotional, he was in reality highly intellectual and governed by "remorseless logic" in his decisions. But the Oxford Movement not merely turned some of its leaders toward Catholicism; it profoundly vitalized the practices of the Church of England. "The austere clean-shaven High Churchman began to replace the solid, whiskered Evangelist."

Challenges in Many Fields Startle Conservatives. The many reforms discussed at the beginning of this chapter indicate the nature of the social and political questioning of the day. More challenging writings, toward the end of the century, led into the sociological studies of our own time. In 1886 Charles Booth, merchant and shipowner, in a book called *Life and Labor in London*, made known one undebatable and terrible finding: "In the wealthiest and most productive city in the world, a million and a quarter persons fall below 'The Poverty Line.'" This was something to shock the complacent Victorians!

Victorian morality, respectability, and religion had already been called into question by Matthew Arnold. As inspector of schools he had the opportunity to question existing school practices, and to make great improvements in education. Huxley attacked education from the angle of science, showing how inadequately the purely classical course fitted one for life. John Ruskin, and others as well, attacked the frothiness of the current education of girls, urging more solid intellectual subjects to develop their native mental ability. In fact the whole "woman question" became a burning one during the nineteenth century. Certain daring spirits, no longer satisfied with being parlor ornaments, desired a college education; others tried to enter the business world; some went to war as nurses; others asked for property rights, and, worst of all, declared that women should have the vote. "What's the world coming to!" was the cry of the conservatives.

Idea of
University
process
essay



THE BLESSED DAMOZEL. Rossetti pictures the spirit of a young girl looking down from heaven toward her lover who mourns her death. As in many of his paintings, the artist has used his wife as his model. (Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art)

The Pre-Raphaelites Revalue Arts and Crafts. In the world of art, also, there was questioning and revaluing. Joseph William Turner (1775-1851) was the most individual painter of the early Victorian period. He was also the least understood until Ruskin, the art critic, came to his defense with eloquent interpretations of his strange colors and technique. In 1848 the most famous art movement of Victorian days was started when seven young painters formed the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. They adopted the name which had

been scornfully applied to them because they admired and took over in modified form many of the principles of medieval painting before the days of Raphael. Ruskin again came forward as a champion against the criticism and derision called forth by this group. In painting, three names stand pre-eminent: William Holman-Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and John Millais. But the movement embraced other arts as well. Rossetti was also an outstanding poet of his day and influenced others not officially in the brotherhood. William Morris was not only a poet, but a master of many crafts. In furniture his designs tended toward simplicity and comfort, and the Morris chair perpetuates his name. He founded the Kelmscott Press for artistic bookbinding and printing. Both he and Burne-Jones, another disciple of Rossetti's, excelled in making stained-glass windows. Morris had advanced views on the whole social order and everything he created was deliberately wrought to lure people from the ugly and poor in their surroundings to a land of ideal beauty.

LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD

Literature Reflects the Age. The changes in England from a constitutional monarchy to a democracy, from an agricultural to an industrial country, and from a European nation to a world-wide empire are all reflected in literature. Two trends are conspicuous: (1) The literature of the period is of many varieties; it does not show one definitely predominating influence as the literature of the seventeenth century reflects the conflict between Puritan and Royalist, and the literature of the eighteenth century shows the dominance of classicism. (2) There also enters a new tendency, the sociological, the desire to study clear-sightedly and solve reasonably the problems of a man-made society. Consequently there is a marked development of the serious essay penetrating into fields of thought not emphasized by eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century essayists. Science, economics, history, education, art, and religion are now discussed in a style which admits them to the realm of literature. The tendency toward serious study also introduced the problem novel and the novel of propaganda for some particular cause. For instance, the desire to remedy certain existing social evils enters into the novels of Charles Dickens, though in a strict sense his are not problem novels.

The Novel the Predominant Type. In the Victorian Age the novel inherits the earth as the form of literature. In observing the brilliant triad of novelists, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot,



THOMAS CARLYLE. "The Sage of Chelsea" as seen by the portrait painter, James A. M. Whistler. (Culver Service)

we must not forget that surrounding them were countless minor novelists, some of whom reached permanent distinction (see page 494). The short story, then making rapid strides in America, was less prominent in England; in fact it hardly started in England until the contributions of Robert Louis Stevenson toward the end of the age.

Essayists Cover a Wide Range of Subjects. Stevenson, too, was the first to fill the gap left by Lamb in the familiar-essay field. The great Victorian essayists preceding him were too concerned with weighty problems to have the light touch. Among these men, Thomas

Carlyle was a thundering prophet against cant, materialism, and social injustice; Lord Macaulay wrote history and literary criticism with vividness and suavity; Ruskin delved into both art and social problems; Newman's special field was religion; Arnold's, culture; and Huxley's, science. Practically all of them in some way or other touched on problems of education and society. Two of them — Macaulay and Arnold — also won some reputation as poets.

Victorian Age Lays up Riches in Poetry.

Though poetry had yielded the center of the stage to prose, it still played an important role. Tennyson and Browning shared honors as the greatest poets of the age. Tennyson followed the footsteps of the romanticists; more than any other poet he expressed the Victorian spirit in his writings. Browning, while owning the romanticists as his masters, struck out into more original paths. His interest in human psychology and his rugged expression seem to anticipate the poetry of our own day. The lesser poets were largely of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, men who, in protest against the ugly materialism of industrial civilization, withdrew to realms of sheer beauty.

The Drama Fails to Flourish. Among all the varied forms of intellectual and literary life, the drama alone waned. Though Browning developed his dramatic monologues with telling effect, and though Tennyson wrote poetic dramas (usually unsuccessful), there was no great stage play and no important dramatist in Great Britain during the nineteenth century, until the last decade, which is a part of the modern age.

The Reading Public Increases Vastly. Certain other trends are interesting as approaches to our present world. With the extension of education the reading public was constantly widening, maga-



WHAT SHALL I BUY? The nineteenth century marked a tremendous increase in the reading public over the eighteenth. Note the typical school-boy's hat. (Culver Service)

zines were multiplying rapidly, and literary fortunes were being made, not as Pope's had been, through the subscriptions of a few aristocrats, but through the sale of large editions to the middle classes. America, too, was opening up as a market for reading matter, and considerable pirating of literature went on back and forth across the Atlantic until the international copyright agreement was established to protect authors' rights.

Women Writers Come into the Foreground. Gradually women writers were taking their place beside the men. The path to literary fame so timorously investigated by Fanny Burney and Jane Austen was now confidently trodden by Elizabeth Barrett Browning and George Eliot, although the latter at first concealed her identity under a masculine pen name. In poetry Christina Rossetti took rank with her talented brother, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. No sooner was it proved that women could write than they did so with increasing zest, just as they began to invade other realms which had been men's exclusively.

Summary. The Victorian age was, on the whole, one of peace and prosperity in spite of "the hungry '40's," Irish unrest, the Crimean War, and the Sepoy Rebellion. The spirit of reform, begun in the previous age, continued throughout the century and resulted in improved living conditions for sailors and industrial workers, in better educational facilities for the masses, and in an extension of the franchise. The two great ministers were Gladstone and Disraeli. Under Disraeli England's imperial policy was emphasized and her possessions were greatly increased. England, France, and Germany were the three great European nations watching one another to maintain a balance of power. Science made tremendous advances during this period, and the theories of Darwin about evolution tended to unsettle religious thinking. On the other hand, the Oxford Movement emphasized the mystic and devotional aspects of religion. Art gained new prominence through the work of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Women demanded new privileges of education, occupation, and voting. Literature reflected in its variety and thought content the challenging ideas of the age. The novel and essay were predominant and were usually concerned with the serious rather than the lighter aspects of life. Poetry centered in two great names — Tennyson and Browning — though many other poets did creditable work. The drama was practically non-existent. The nineteenth century has left a great heritage of literature for us to enjoy for its own sake and to read for a better understanding of why we are as we are today.

THE VICTORIAN AGE

1840	1860	1880	1900
1837 ←	Victoria		1901 →
Rise of Trade Unions	1846 Corn Laws Repealed	Crimean War 1857	1867 Second Reform Bill
	1848 Pre-Raphaelites Organized	Indian Mutiny 1859	1876 Victoria Empress of India
		Darwin's <i>Origin of Species</i> Carlyle	1885 Third Reform Bill
1795 ←			1897 Diamond Jubilee
1800	Macauley	1859	
1801 ←		Newman	1890
1806 ←	E. B. Browning	1861	
1809 ←		Tennyson	1892
1811 ←	Thackeray	1863	
1812 ←	Dickens	1870	
1812 ←		R. Browning	1889
1819 ←		Ruskin	1900
1822 ←		Arnold	1888
1825 ←		T. Huxley	1895
1828 ←		D. G. Rossetti	1882
1830 ←		C. Rossetti	1894
1837 ←		Swinburne	1909 →
1840		Hardy	1928 →
	1850	Stevenson	1894

Victorian Poetry



ALFRED. LORD TENNYSON.
Master of meters, poet laureate,
and spokesman of the Victorian
age.

ALFRED TENNYSON

(1809-1892)

The year 1809 has been called an annus mirabilis (marvelous year) of the English-speaking world, for in that year were born Lincoln, Darwin, Edward Fitzgerald, Gladstone, and Tennyson.

Tennyson's birthplace was Somersby, a small village in Lincolnshire, where his father was the rector. His father was a man of energetic character, remarkable for his strength, his stature, and various talents. His mother was a "sweet, gentle, kind-hearted, most imaginative woman." The fourth son in a large and happy family of twelve children, Alfred

Tennyson passed his childhood mainly in the companionship of his brothers and sisters in an atmosphere of culture. In this quiet hamlet the Tennyson children lived in a world of their own making. "The boys played great games, like Arthur's knights; they were champions and warriors defending a stone heap; or again, they would set up opposing camps with a king in the midst of each. When dinnertime came, and they all sat around the table, each in turn put what he or she had written underneath the potato bowl." Even as a child, Tennyson was writing verse. Together he and his brother Charles wrote considerable verse which they collected in Poems of Two Brothers, published when Alfred was eighteen.

The following year both entered Cambridge University, where two years later Alfred won the Chancellor's medal for his "Timbuctoo," and in the year after that he published a second volume of verse. At college he formed many friendships which influenced him greatly. One member of his literary group was Arthur Hallam, the brilliant young son of the historian, Henry Hallam. The two became close friends — with marked results both on Tennyson's life and on his verse — for Hallam's sudden death in Vienna in 1833 brought the poet the greatest sorrow of his life. Almost at once he began the elegies which grew during the next seventeen years into In Memoriam. Meanwhile preceding volumes of verse had established his fame, and when the government awarded him a pension in 1850, he was able to marry Miss Emily Sellwood, whom he had loved for many years. That year also he was appointed poet laureate, successor to Wordsworth.

*In Memoriam
The Prince*

wrote for his age -

He soon withdrew to the seclusion of Farringford on the Isle of Wight, but later built a beautiful home at Aldworth in Surrey, where his remaining years were spent in ease and happiness. In 1884, after the publication of the collection of metrical stories which make up *The Idylls of the King*, he was given a peerage, an honor that he had refused twice previously; this was the first time an English poet had been so signally honored. He lies in the Poets' Corner, Westminster, near Chaucer and beside his great contemporary, Robert Browning.

One of the most interesting points of his long literary life is that while he began writing good verse early and devoted his lifetime to his art, he maintained his skill throughout, for the verse of his old age was not inferior to his earlier works.

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

Sensitive and deeply responsive to contemporary thought, Tennyson was especially interested in science. In this short lyric he expresses the idea, familiar in science, that the secret of existence is to be found in all things alike.

based on acceptance of evolution

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

if could understand history of flower could understand man.

5

understand principle of life same elements in flower as in man except in different proportion.

From this fragment we see that Tennyson was not only sympathetic with Nature, but that he was a close, accurate observer.

He clasps the crag with crooked hands,
Close to the sun in lonely lands,
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

image of sight muscle sense

empathy

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;
He watches from his mountain walls,
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

kinesthetic sense (muscle sense)

THE BUGLE SONG

This and the following lyric are from The Princess, a long narrative poem which champions woman's right to an education. These several lyrics, which are interspersed in and between its cantos, are among Tennyson's most melodious and popular songs. It is said that the echo of a bugle over the waters of Lake Killarney in Ireland suggested the theme of this one to the poet, visiting there with his bride, referred to in the closing stanza.

alliteration The splendor falls on castle walls
of color (snowy + purple) And snowy summits old in story: *o- assonance*
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying. 5
 Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
 Oh, hark, oh, hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 Oh, sweet and far from cliff and scar *reminds of fairland*
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing! 10
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
 Blow, bugle: answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river;
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul } *o d r* 15
 And grow forever and forever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

o. scar: bare rock. 15, 16. Our . . . forever: The echo of the bugle dies soon, but the influence of one loved person on another continues long.

should not have come but
 TEARS, IDLE TEARS

This poem (also from The Princess) was written on a visit of Tennyson to Tintern Abbey. On this visit Tennyson wrote, "The woods were all yellowing with autumn, seen through the ruined windows. . . . It is distance that charms the past."

summed
 Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean, *happy sadness*
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair, *thinks of past*
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes, *tears come auto-*
 In looking on the happy autumn fields, *matically*
 And thinking of the days that are no more. *5*

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
 That brings our friends up from the underworld,
 Sad as the last which reddens over one
 That sinks with all we love below the verge;
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. *10*

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more. *15*

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more. *20*

ULYSSES

Old Greek tales as well as the legends of chivalry engaged Tennyson's
 attention and supplied subjects for several of his well-known poems.
 Among these "Ulysses" is a favorite, not only because it shows the sturdy
Greek wanderer faring forth in his old age to further accomplishment, but
 because it symbolizes the restless onward urge of civilization, which espe-
 cially appealed to the Victorian world. It is said that when the question
 was hanging in the balance as to whether Tennyson or another man should
 receive a government pension, the decision in Tennyson's favor came about
 through the impression made by this poem.

It little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me. *5*

strong note of courage

I cannot rest from travel; I will drink—
Life to the lees. All times I have enjoyed
 Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
 Through scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10
 Vexed the dim sea. I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known — cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honored of them all — 15
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 { I am a part of all that I have met;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethrough
 Gleams that untraveled world whose margin fades 20
 Forever and forever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnished, *but not to shine in use!*
 As though *to breathe but not to live!* Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me 25
 Little remains; but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things; and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 { And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the scepter and the isle —
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfill 35
 This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and through soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.
 Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

10. Hyades: stars in the constellation Taurus supposed to bring rain.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
 There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners, 45
 Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me —
 That ever with a ~~frigid~~ *happy* welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads — you and I are old;
 Old age hath yet his honor and his toil. 50
 Death closes all; but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks; *twilight*
 The long day wanes; the slow moon climbs; the deep 55
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Though much is taken, much abides; and though 65
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are —
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

63. **Happy Isles:** the place where heroes went after death.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

This lyric came directly from the poet's own experience. It is the first expression of his profound personal grief on hearing of the death of Arthur Hallam. Tennyson said it was composed "in a Lincolnshire lane at five o'clock in the morning between blossoming hedges." The actual scene of the poem is Clevedon Church, situated on a solitary hill overlooking the Bristol Channel. There Hallam is buried.

Break, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me.

memorize
blank verse in iambic pentameter
sound of sea heard whenever standing by grave of Hallam

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

5

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

10

Break, break, break.
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

15

IN MEMORIAM - *to memory of Hallam*

Tennyson's long memorial poem, or elegy, for his friend Arthur Hallam, is the outcome of seventeen years of memory, thought, and grief. It consists of one hundred and thirty-one short poems, some of them complete in themselves, which reveal the poet's solution of the problems of life and death and immortality. This poem expresses a call of the heart, asking the reason for and the outcome of death.

introduction PROEM - *before poem*

Although this is the introduction to Tennyson's great elegy, it was written after the completion of all the rest. In reality it is a prayer, with the heart of it expressed in the fifth and sixth stanzas. While the dominant note is the poet's faith in God and his certainty of the immortality of the soul, we find here also the poet's ideas on free will, moral systems, and wisdom. He believes that God is more than all our thoughts of Him and that these thoughts are the product not of knowledge but of faith.

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

5

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
 Thou madest man, he knows not why,
 He thinks he was not made to die;
 And thou hast made him; thou art just. 10

Thou seemest human and divine,
 The highest, holiest manhood, thou;
 Our wills are ours, we know not how;
 Our wills are ours, to make them thine. 15

Our little systems have their day;
 They have their day and cease to be;
 They are but broken lights of thee,
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they. 20

We have but faith; we cannot know;
 For knowledge is of things we see;
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness; let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,
 But more of reverence in us dwell;
 That mind and soul, according well,
 May make one music as before, 25

But vaster. We are fools and slight;
 We mock thee when we do not fear;
 But help thy foolish ones to bear;
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light. 30

Forgive what seemed my sin in me;
 What seemed my worth since I began;
 For merit lives from man to man,
 And not from man, O Lord, to thee. 35

Forgive my grief for one removed,
 Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
 I trust he lives in thee, and there
 I find him worthier to be loved. 40

19. **broken lights**: colored or prismatic lights; the partial truth obtainable in this world. 24. **a beam in darkness**: knowledge. 32. **light**: the perfect truth. 33. **sin**: mourning for the dead. 34. **worth**: devotion to the memory of Hallam. Tennyson asks forgiveness for both his grief and his devotion.

*thy in that all were
dedicated to Hallam*

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
Confusions of a wasted youth;
Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

XXVII

I envy not in any moods
The captive void of noble rage,
The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods;

I envy not the beast that takes 5
His license in the field of time,
Unfettered by the sense of crime,
To whom a conscience never wakes;

Nor, what may count itself as blest, 10
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
'Tis better to have loved and lost 15
Than never to have loved at all.

LIV

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet; 5
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain; 10
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
 I can but trust that good shall fall
 At last — far off — at last, to all,
 And every winter change to spring. 15

So runs my dream; but what am I?
 An infant crying in the night;
 An infant crying for the light;
 And with no language but a cry. 20

CVI

This section, quite complete in itself, is a hymn to the New Year to bring in a new age of fulfillment of human hopes. Because of its "new stirring melody of faith, hope, high desire, and victorious trust," it has become the New Year song of the whole English-speaking race.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
 The flying cloud, the frosty light;
 The year is dying in the night;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
 The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true. 5

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind. 10

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in. 15

*evolution had
wiped out faith*

*hope he can write
better verse not
mournful
making fun of him*

repeated after Crimean
war, England
wouldn't get into
war again

~~THE VICTORIAN~~
class
Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease: knowledge of
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free, courageous
The larger heart, the kindlier hand: more generous
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be. broader better
conception of
Christ

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ

Tennyson wrote this poem in 1861 on his second visit to the beautiful valley of Cauteret in the Pyrenees, where he had traveled with his great friend Arthur Hallam in 1830. The poignant note of memory echoes and re-echoes throughout these lines.

refrain
to suggest
of what
claims voice
would sound
to if he
were there
All along the valley, stream that flashest white, 1st living
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night, void
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walked with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley, while I walked today, 5
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead, 2nd
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me. 10

CROSSING THE BAR

Tennyson tells us that this lyric, written in his eighty-first year, "came in a moment." That evening when the poet read it aloud, his son said enthusiastically, "It is the crown of your life's work." A few days before his death Tennyson said to his son, "Mind you put 'Crossing the Bar' at the end of my poems." The request has always been observed.

Sunset and evening star,

And one clear call for me!

And may there be no moaning of the bar,

When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,

Too full for sound and foam,

When that which drew from out the boundless deep

Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,

And after that the dark!

And may there be no sadness of farewell,

When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place

The flood may bear me far,

I hope to see my Pilot face to face

When I have crossed the bar.

3. **moaning:** It is a popular belief among some peoples that whenever a death has occurred, the tide moans in going out. 13. **bourne:** bounded territory; referring here to earthly life. Compare "boundless deep" (of Eternity), line 7. 15. **Pilot:** in other words of Tennyson's own, "that Divine and Unseen who is always guiding us."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF TENNYSON

THE SHORT LYRICS

1. For each of the short lyrics indicate the main idea or mood in a sentence. What conclusion do you draw from this summary as to Tennyson's prevailing mood?

2. How does the "singable" quality of these poems compare with that in other lyric writers, such as Shakespeare, Burns, Wordsworth, Moore, Shelley? Many of Tennyson's lyrics have been set to music. Obtain as many phonograph records of them as possible for class presentation, or use a group of singers for bringing the music to the class.

3. Memorize the lyrics of Tennyson which you especially like.

4. In "The Bugle Song" show how each stanza marks a stage in the life of an echo. What single word in each of the last two stanzas recalls the sunset glory of the first one? Select all words that heighten the mood of reflection, the musical effect.

5. In "Tears, Idle Tears," point out the differences in the refrain and show how the difference grows out of the thought of each stanza. Discuss the effect on the mood of the reader of the many images and the blank verse, an unusual form for a lyric.

6. Of "Crossing the Bar" Professor R. M. Alden wrote: "It is a pure lyrical allegory, in which every word has a double meaning, substance and shadow, each contributing to and taking nothing from the other." Find examples of this "double meaning" in the details of setting out to sea.

ULYSSES

1. Review the chief incidents in the career of Ulysses after the Trojan war was over. What was the name of the "aged wife"?

2. This conclusion to his life is not told in the old Greek stories, but it is suggested in Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Is it in keeping with the character of Ulysses as given by the Greeks?

3. This poem was written after the death of Hallam. Find lines which echo this tragedy in Tennyson's life, and the spirit with which he was trying to live it down.

4. Discuss in what way the spirit of Ulysses represents all civilization.

IN MEMORIAM

1. In reading these extracts from *In Memoriam*, be mindful of its universal note. Remember that it is not to be regarded only as an expression of personal grief nor as accurate biography, but as a thoughtful analysis of one of life's greatest problems. In studying any philosophical writing, it is always well to trace the logical development of its thought. Use this outline to help you follow the beliefs expressed in Proem.

Ll. 1-8. God in wisdom has made all things, including death.

Ll. 9-12. He will not let the soul perish.

Ll. 13-16. Human beings have the will to do right.

Ll. 17-20. Our systems and organizations are but imperfect reflections of God's spirit.

Ll. 21-39. Greater knowledge will bring greater reverence for life's mysteries.

Ll. 33-36. The poet prays for greater faith and for divine mercy.

2. In xxvii why does the poet not envy the captive bird and the beast without a conscience even though they are spared his distress? What is the connection between the familiar closing couplet of this section and the rest of it? Do you agree that it is better to have had painful emotion than no emotion at all?

3. What in liv suggests that Tennyson was troubled by the new scientific doctrines about life, such as "the struggle for existence" and "survival of the fittest"? Is his conclusion on the matter hopeful or despairing? What line here echoes a thought in Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind"?

4. In cvi what evils does the poet want to have disappear? What good things does he want to come in? How does he lead up to a climax? What wishes expressed here have been fulfilled in whole or in part? In what way

is the mood of this section different from that of earlier sections? Show how the entire structure of the poem suggests the rhythm of bells. The poem in one of its many musical settings may be obtained on a phonograph record and played in class.

5. How do these sections show that the poem was written over a long period of years? Which parts do you like best? What is unusual about the form of the stanzas? Experiment by reversing lines 3 and 4 in some of the stanzas (such as the fourth in Proem) and see if you can discover any effect Tennyson gained by this almost new form, which is now known as the *In Memoriam* stanza.

For the Ambitious Student

1. If you are interested in writing verse, read some of Tennyson's varied and melodious "Juvenilia" (Youthful Verse). Select some you like the best to read aloud to the class. Then try some lyric experiments of your own.

2. If the class has never studied *The Idylls of the King*, a day or more should be given to becoming acquainted with that great series. Have a group of special reports on the different Idylls, especially "The Coming of Arthur," "Gareth and Lynette," "Launcelot and Elaine," "The Passing of Arthur." Review the history of the Arthur legends given under Malory in this book (see page 122). Show copies of Edwin Abbey's Holy Grail pictures.

3. Tennyson's narrative and descriptive poems offer a wide field of interesting reading. See the list on page 798 for specific suggestions, but do some investigating of your own also among the English Idylls and miscellaneous poems. Show how Tennyson has points of resemblance to Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, and other previous poets.

4. Read other parts of *In Memoriam* and study the thought carefully to see how faith and spiritual well-being finally developed from doubt and dismay.

5. Compare Tennyson's attitude toward approaching death in "Crossing the Bar" with that of other well-known poets, such as Keats in "When I Have Fears" (see page 593), Bryant in "Thanatopsis," Lanier in "The Stirrup Cup," and Whitman in "Darest Thou Now, O Soul." (The last three are in *Adventures in American Literature*.)

*Statue and the Bust
Last Ride Together
Grammars and Funeral*

*any hope to
husband*

ROBERT BROWNING (1812-1889)

Roman's Last H

Browning, like his contemporary, Tennyson, to whom he dedicated his *Poetical Works*, began to write verse at an early age, and for fifty years scarcely a week passed without his writing some poetry; yet he did not

*meeting at night Parting at morning
Charge of Light Brigade*

gain Tennyson's early recognition, nor did he ever become so popular with the reading public.

Browning was a native of Camberwell, a village on the outskirts of London. His father, a well-to-do banker by profession, was an artist and a scholar; his mother, a Scottish gentlewoman, was musical and religious by nature. Tutored and encouraged by both parents, Browning lived a happy boyhood. He gathered up a small menagerie and became a close observer of nature, as his writings show. Educated for the most part privately, by tutors, books, and travel, he also studied at London University; but the poets, especially Byron and Shelley, were the chief influences of this period. His first known work, "Pauline," written when he was twenty, is really a tribute to Shelley. Other works followed, but Browning was still comparatively unknown at the time of his marriage to Elizabeth Barrett, the best-known literary woman of her period in England. The romance of this invalid, practically caged in her home by the will of a stern father, and the vigorous, determined Browning, culminated in an elopement and a trip to Italy. There love worked miracles for Mrs. Browning. For the next fifteen years, a period of ideal happiness, until her death, the Brownings lived in Pisa and Florence. Mrs. Browning's part in this love-story is disclosed in her *Sonnets from the Portuguese*; Browning wrote many poems to and about his wife. Recent biographers have used Mrs. Browning's *Letters* as a basis for retellings of this romance, notably *Flush* (see page 1111). In Rudolf Besier's *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, the story is told again in play form, and the motion picture based on it has made the romance familiar to the present generation.

Browning always thought of himself as a dramatist rather than a poet. Unquestionably a strong dramatic element marks his work whether play, narrative, monologue, or lyric. This is seen also in his greatest and longest piece of writing, *The Ring and the Book*. This masterpiece, twice as long as *Paradise Lost*, brought him great acclaim, so that when he died in Venice, England claimed him for burial in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey.

From first to last Browning regarded life as an adventure of the soul, which falls only to rise again, and seeing the wrong, strives ever to triumph over it. He is joyous, valiant, optimistic — the embodiment of his own words:

How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy!

SONG FROM PIPPA PASSES

This lyric, perhaps Browning's most perfect, is one of four songs of Pippa, a little worker in the silk mills at Asolo, Italy. On her one holiday in the year she passes around the town singing, and, unknown to herself,

her songs at morning, noon, evening, and night, help four great people of her city at a crisis in each of their lives. This short song gives the philosophy of the whole play, which it introduces.

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world!

5

CAVALIER TUNES

You are already familiar with the contrasting traits and mental attitudes of the Puritans and Cavaliers. In three ringing tunes Browning reflects the dashing loyalty of these Cavaliers to the Crown and their utter contempt for the Puritans or Roundheads. The first, a Marching Song, shows us a regiment of cavalry dashing off to a fight, fearless of opposition. The second, a Cheer Song, has a tavern for its scene. Apparently the tide of war has turned, and the speaker has lost both his estate and his son; yet he is still defiant of the Puritans, and his toast to King Charles is greeted with rousing cheers. In the third, a Riding Song, he gallops manfully to the rescue of a besieged castle.

MARCHING ALONG

Kentish Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing;
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

5

God for King Charles! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous parles!
Cavaliers, up! Lips from the cup,

1. **Byng**: a notable Cavalier leader of part of Charles's army. 2. **crop-headed Parliament**: The Long Parliament, which defied Charles, was controlled by the Puritans, who wore their hair cut short, in contrast to long curls of the Cavaliers. 7. **Pym**: one of the Puritan leaders in the Long Parliament. 7. **carles**: rough fellows; here used contemptuously. 8. **parles**: speeches. *Parliament* is derived from the same root word.

Hand from the pasty, nor bite take, nor sup, 10
Till you're —

CHORUS: *Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.*

Hampden to hell, and his obsequies' knell
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well! 15
England, good cheer! Rupert is near!
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here,

CHORUS: *Marching along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song?*

Then, God for King Charles! Pym and his snarls 20
To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles!
Hold by the right, you double your might;
So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

CHORUS: *March we along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song!*

14, 15. **Hampden, Hazelrig, Fiennes, Harry:** Harry is Harry Vane. These were all followers of Cromwell and leaders against Charles. 16. **Rupert:** Prince Rupert, a nephew of Charles I. and leader of the Royalist cavalry. 17. **Kentish . . . song?** Notice that the chorus is part of a question: Don't we loyal Kentish men keep marching along, etc.? 23. **Nottingham:** the city where Charles I raised his standard when the Civil War began in 1642.

GIVE A ROUSE

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse; here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!
Who gave me the goods that went since? 5
Who raised me the house that sank once?
Who helped me to gold I spent since?
Who found me in wine you drank once?

3. **rouse:** a cheer; a signal for the toast to the King. 5-8. The answer to these questions is found in the chorus.

CHORUS: *King Charles, and who'll do him right now?*
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now? 10
Give a rouse; here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles!

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
 By the old fool's side that begot him?
 For whom did he cheer and laugh else, 15
 While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

CHORUS: *King Charles, and who'll do him right now?*
King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?
Give a rouse; here's, in hell's despite now,
King Charles! 20

16. Noll: an abbreviation for Oliver, a term of contempt for Oliver Cromwell.

BOOT AND SADDLE

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
 Rescue my castle before the hot day
 Brightens to blue from its silvery gray,

CHORUS: *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!*

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say; 5
 Many's the friend there, will listen and pray,
 "God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay —"

CHORUS: *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away! "*

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
 Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array; 10
 Who laughs, "Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

CHORUS: *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away! "*

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
 Laughs when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
 I've better counselors; what counsel they? 15

CHORUS: *Boot, saddle, to horse, and away! "*

10. Castle Brancepeth: the castle to be rescued. 11. fay: faith.

in half-page in history

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

Throughout this poem, written on shipboard off the northwest coast of Africa during Browning's first voyage to Italy in 1838, there rings a trumpet note that thrills with patriotism and gratitude.

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the Northwest died away;
 Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
 Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
 In the dimmest Northeast distance dawned Gibraltar grand and
 gray;
 "Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?" —
 say, 5
 Whoso turns as I, this evening, turns to God to praise and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

1. **Cape St. Vincent**: a promontory on the southwest coast of Portugal.
 2. **Cadiz Bay**: a gulf southeast of Cape St. Vincent, where in 1506 Essex and Raleigh destroyed the second Spanish fleet. 7. **Jove's planet**: Jupiter, the evening star, alternating with Venus.

HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

This lyric shows the poet's longing for his homeland in the spring, awakening in April and May with its sunshine, new leaves, and joyous bird songs.

Oh, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf 5
 Round the elm tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England — now!

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows! 10
 Hark, where my blossomed pear tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover

6. **bole**: tree trunk. 7. **chaffinch**: a common European songbird. 10. **whitethroat**: a European warbler.

Blossoms and dewdrops — at the bent spray's edge —
 That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
 Lest you should think he never could recapture 15
 The first fine careless rapture!
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower
 — Far brighter than this gaudy melon flower! 20

DE GUSTIBUS . . .

In contrast to the two preceding poems, this one speaks of devotion to the land of Browning's adoption — Italy. Here he lived happily during the fifteen years preceding his wife's death. When this poem was published, he had resided there nine years, and while the speaker of the poem may not necessarily represent Browning himself, the sentiments were close to Browning's own feelings. The title is part of a familiar Latin proverb which means, "About tastes there can be no dispute."— *arguing*

Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees *fr*
 — If our loves remain —
 In an English lane,
 By a cornfield-side aflutter with poppies. *picture of*
 Hark, those two in the hazel coppice *country* 15
 A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,
 Making love, say —
 The happier they!
 Draw yourself up from the light of the moon,
 And let them pass, as they will too soon, 10
 With the bean flowers' boon,
 And the blackbird's tune,
 And May, and June!

What I love best in all the world
 Is a castle, precipice-encurled, 15
 In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.
 Or look for me, old fellow of mine
 — If I get my head from out the mouth
 O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,
 And come again to the land of lands — 20

2. If . . . remain: after death. 4. cornfield: here, wheat field.

In a seaside house to the farther South,
 Where the baked cicala dies of drouth,
 And one sharp tree — 'tis a cypress — stands,
 By the many hundred years red-rusted.
 Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'er-crusted, 25
 My sentinel to guard the sands
 To the water's edge. For, what expands
 Before the house, but the great opaque
 Blue breadth of sea without a break?
 While, in the house, forever crumbles 30
 Some fragment of the frescoed walls,
 From blisters where a scorpion sprawls.
 A girl barefooted brings, and tumbles
 Down on the pavement, green-flesh melons,
 And says there's news today — the king 35
 Was shot at, touched in the liver wing,
 Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling —
 She hopes they have not caught the felons.
 Italy, my Italy!
 Queen Mary's saying serves for me —
 (When fortune's malice
 Lost her — Calais) —
mem. Open my heart and you will see
 Graved inside of it, "Italy."
 Such lovers old are I and she,
 So it always was, so shall ever be! 45

*because
 of
 association
 with wife* 40

22. **cicala**: also spelled cicada; the locust or grasshopper. 35. **king**: Francis II. 36. **liver wing**: here, his right arm. 37. **Bourbon**: The king was related to the Bourbon family of France. 40. **Mary**: Mary Tudor, an English sovereign who grieved deeply over the loss of Calais to the French in 1558.

MEMORABILIA

Browning became acquainted with Shelley's poetry about 1825, when his mother "brought back a present for her son, not only all the works of Shelley, but three volumes written by a Mr. John Keats." This verse had a tremendous effect on the young Browning. "The dust of the dead Keats and Shelley turned to flower seed in the brain of the young poet, and very soon wrought a change in the whole of his ambition." The following tribute to Shelley is full of love and gratitude. The first two stanzas refer to an incident in a bookstore when Browning was startled by overhearing a man say that he had once seen Shelley.

Title: **Memorabilia**: a record of things worthy to be remembered.

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
 And did he stop and speak to you
 And did you speak to him again?
 How strange it seems and new!

meant y^e little

But you were living before that,
 And also you are living after;
 And the memory I started at —
 My starting moves your laughter!

5

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own
 And a certain use in the world no doubt,
 Yet a hand's breadth of it shines alone
 'Mid the blank miles round about;

10

For there I picked up on the heather
 And there I put inside my breast
 A molted feather, an eagle feather!
 Well, I forget the rest.

15

15. **eagle feather:** The feather dropped by the king of birds is a symbol of Browning's sudden feeling of contact with his king of poets through seeing a man who had seen him.

monologue - one speaks to other - other

MY LAST DUCHESS

FERRARA

Browning is particularly noted for his frequent use of the dramatic monologue and his skill in handling it. The term *dramatic monologue* means a piece in which there is only one speaker, not soliloquizing, but directly addressing another person or group, whose responses or gestures are often suggested by the words of the speaker. The scene is in the castle of the Duke of Ferrara, an arrogant Italian nobleman of the Renaissance period. The Duke is showing a painting of his first wife to an envoy who has been sent to arrange the details of a second marriage. With keen dramatic skill, wherein every detail is significant, Browning shows us the true character of the Duke, revealed through his discussion of his artless young wife. The poem might well be called a life study in egoism. For an understanding of this poem you will need to watch the punctuation and other pauses. It is best understood when read aloud.

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall, *mural-*
 Looking as if she were alive; I call
 That piece a wonder, now; Fra Pandolf's hands
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said 5
 "Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
 The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
 But to myself they turned (since none puts by
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I) *curtain over it* 10
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
 How such a glance came there; so, not the first
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps 15
 Fra Pandolf chanced to say, "Her mantle laps
 Over my lady's wrist too much," or, "Paint
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half flush that dies along her throat"; such stuff
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough 20
 For calling up that *smile*. She had
 A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made glad,
 Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er
 She looked on, and her *looks* went everywhere.
 Sir, 'twas all one! My *favor* at her breast, 25
 The dropping of the daylight in the West, *sunset*
 The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
 She rode with round the terrace — all and each *didn't get out*
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech, *much* 30
 Or blush, at least. She thanked men — good: but thanked
 Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-year-old name.
 With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill 35
 In speech — which I have not — to make your will
 Quite clear to such an one, and say, "Just this
 Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss
 Or there exceed the mark" — and if she let

3. **Fra Pandolf:** "Fra" means "brother." An imaginary monk and painter of the Italian Renaissance period.

Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set 40
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse
 — E'en then would be some stooping, and I choose
Never to stoop. Oh, sir, she smiled, no doubt, *had her killed*
 Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands; 45
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands
 As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below, then. I repeat,
 The Count your Master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretense 50
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir! Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea horse, thought a rarity, 55
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me.

53-54. we'll . . . down: The envoy, out of respect, has dropped behind the Duke, who calls him forward to a position of equality. 54. Neptune: the Greek god of the sea. 56. Claus of Innsbruck: an imaginary sculptor.

UP AT A VILLA — DOWN IN THE CITY

AS DISTINGUISHED BY AN ITALIAN PERSON OF QUALITY

Another Renaissance Italian reveals himself through his words — but what a different personality from the Duke of Ferrara! Lively, gossipy, inquisitive, and “financially embarrassed” — but let him speak for himself.

Had I but plenty of money, money enough and to spare,
 The house for me, no doubt, were a house in the city square;
 Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there!

Something to see, by Bacchus, something to hear, at least!
 There, the whole day long, one's life is a perfect feast; 5
 While up at a villa one lives, I maintain it, no more than a beast.

Well now, look at our villa! stuck like the horn of a bull
 Just on a mountain edge as bare as the creature's skull,
 Save a mere shag of a bush with hardly a leaf to pull!
 — I scratch my own, sometimes, to see if the hair's turned wool. 10

But the city, oh, the city — the square with the houses! Why?
They are stone-faced, white as a curd, there's something to take the
eye!

Houses in four straight lines, not a single front awry;
You watch who crosses and gossips, who saunters, who hurries by;
Green blinds, as a matter of course, to draw when the sun gets high;
And the shops with fanciful signs which are painted properly. 16

What of a villa? Though winter be over in March by rights,
'Tis May perhaps ere the snow shall have withered well off the
heights.

You've the brown plowed land before, where the oxen steam and
wheeze,
And the hills oversmoked behind by the faint gray olive trees. 20

Is it better in May, I ask you? You've summer all at once;
In a day he leaps complete with a few strong April suns.
'Mid the sharp short emerald wheat, scarce risen three fingers well,
The wild tulip, at end of its tube, blows out its great red bell 24
Like a thin clear bubble of blood, for the children to pick and sell.

Is it ever hot in the square? There's a fountain to spout and splash!
In the shade it sings and springs; in the shine such foam bows flash
On the horses with curling fishtails, that prance and paddle and pash
Round the lady atop in her conch — fifty gazers do not abash.
Though all that she wears is some weeds round her waist in a sort of
sash. 30

All the year long at the villa, nothing to see though you linger,
Except yon cypress that points like death's lean lifted forefinger.
Some think fireflies pretty, when they mix i' the corn and mingle,
Or thrud the stinking hemp till the stalks of it seem atingle.
Late August or early September, the stunning cicala is shrill, 35
And the bees keep their tiresome whine round the resinous firs on the
hill.

Enough of the seasons — I spare you the months of the fever and
chill.

Ere you open your eyes in the city, the blessed church bells begin;
No sooner the bells leave off than the diligence rattles in;

35. *cicala*: a locust or grasshopper. 39. *diligence*: a public stagecoach.

You get the pick of the news, and it costs you never a pin. 40
 By and by there's the traveling doctor gives pills, lets blood, draws
 teeth;
 Or the Pulcinello trumpet breaks up the market beneath.

At the post office such a scene-picture — the new play, piping hot!
 And a notice how, only this morning, three liberal thieves were shot.
 Above it, behold the Archbishop's most fatherly of rebukes, 45
 And beneath with his crown and his lion, some little new law of the
 Duke's!

Or a sonnet with flowery marge, to the Reverend Don So-and-So,
 Who is Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca, Saint Jerome, and Cicero;
 "And moreover" — the sonnet goes riming — "The skirts of Saint
 Paul has reached,
 Having preached us those six Lent lectures more unctuous than ever
 he preached." 50

Noon strikes — here sweeps the procession! our Lady borne smiling
 and smart,
 With a pink gauze gown all spangles, and seven swords stuck in her
 heart!

Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife;
 No keeping one's haunches still; it's the greatest pleasure in life.

But bless you, it's dear — it's dear! fowls, wine, at double the
 rate. 55
 They have clapped a new tax upon salt, and what oil pays passing
 the gate

It's a horror to think of. And so, the villa for me, not the city!
 Beggars can scarcely be choosers; but still — ah, the pity, the pity!
 Look, two and two go the priests, then the monks with cowls and
 sandals,
 And the penitents dressed in white shirts, aholding the yellow
 candles; 60

42. **Pulcinello trumpet**: a trumpet announcing a Punch and Judy show.
 43. **scene-picture**: a poster to announce a new play. 44. **liberal thieves**:
 probably a reference to patriots working for the Italian government! 47. **Or . . .**
So-and-So: Refers to a custom of tacking up laudatory poems in public places.
 48. **Dante, Boccaccio, Petrarca**: three of the greatest Italian poets. 48. **Saint**
Jerome: one of the Fathers of the Church. 48. **Cicero**: an early Roman
 orator. 51. **our Lady**: an image of the Virgin Mary, carried through the
 street on Holy Thursday. 52. **seven swords**: These represent her seven
 sorrows. 56. **tax**: A tax was paid on everything entering the city.

One, he carries a flag up straight, and another a cross with handles,
And the Duke's guard brings up the rear, for the better prevention of
scandals;

Bang-whang-whang goes the drum, *tootle-te-tootle* the fife.

Oh, a day in the city square, there is no such pleasure in life!

RABBI BEN EZRA

This poem is challenging in both thought and phrasing. Browning said that he gave his thought roughness that it might make a deeper impression. Its central theme is: "Look forward triumphantly. Apparent failure may mean high success, for it is aspiration which counts rather than accomplishment." Its most striking feature, however, is its estimate of old age. Since the soul is eternal, completing only the first stage of its existence on this earth, the climax and full fruition of this life is reached not in youth nor in middle life but in old age.

Here the speaker is a renowned old scholar of the twelfth century, but the thoughts are largely Browning's own, put into the mouth of the earlier philosopher. They are perhaps the most quoted expression of his faith in life and in immortality.

Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made:

Our times are in his hand

Who saith, "A whole I planned,

Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!"

5

Not that, amassing flowers,

Youth sighed, "Which rose make ours,

Which lily leave and then as best recall?"

Not that, admiring stars,

10

It yearned, "Nor Jove, nor Mars;

Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all!"

Not for such hopes and fears

Annuling youth's brief years,

Do I remonstrate; folly wide the mark!

15

Title: **Ben Ezra:** Aben-Ezra (1092-1167) was a distinguished Jewish writer, traveler, philosopher, mathematician, physician, and poet, who was born in Toledo, Spain, and died probably in Rome. Here he is represented as speaking with the sweet gravity of wise old age. 7-12. **Not . . . all!"** This stanza refers to the self-confidence of youth, which assumes that it can take what it wants from life.

Rather I prize the doubt
 Low kinds exist without,
 Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

message - 20
 whole

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
 Were man but formed to feed
 On joy, to solely seek and find and feast;
 Such feasting ended, then
 As sure an end to men;
Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast?

only 24
 1881

20

Rejoice we are allied
 To that which doth provide
 And not partake, effect and not receive!
 A spark disturbs our clod;
 Nearer we hold of God
 Who gives, than of his tribes that take, I must believe.

25

no 1881

30

Then, welcome each rebuff
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
 Be our joys three parts pain!
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
 Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

35

For thence — a paradox
 Which comforts while it mocks —
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail;
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me;
 A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

40

What is he but a brute
 Whose flesh has soul to suit,
 Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
 To man, propose this test —
 Thy body at its best,
 How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

45

24. **Irks . . . bird:** Read: Does care irk the crop-full bird? Such inversions as this are characteristic of Browning.

Yet gifts should prove their use;
 I own the Past profuse 50
 Of power each side, perfection every turn;
 Eyes, ears took in their dole,
 Brain treasured up the whole;
 Should not the heart beat once "How good to live and learn"?

Not once beat "Praise be thine!" 55
 I see the whole design,
 I, who saw power, see now Love perfect too;
 Perfect I call thy plan;
 Thanks that I was a man!
 Maker, remake, complete — I trust what thou shalt do! " 60

For pleasant is this flesh;
 Our soul, in its rose mesh
 Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest;
 Would we some prize might hold
 To match those manifold 65
 Possessions of the brute — gain most, as we did best!

Let us not always say,
 "Spite of this flesh today
 I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole! "
 As the bird wings and sings, 70
 Let us cry, "All good things
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul! "

Therefore I summon age
 To grant youth's heritage,
 Life's struggle having so far reached its term; 75
 Thence shall I pass, approved
 A man, for aye removed
 From the developed brute; a God though in the germ.

And I shall thereupon
 Take rest, ere I be gone 80
 Once more on my adventure brave and new;
 Fearless and unperplexed,
 When I wage battle next,
 What weapons to select, what armor to indue.

Youth ended, I shall try
 My gain or loss thereby;
 Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold;
 And I shall weigh the same,
 Give life its praise or blame;
 Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know, being old. 85 90

For note, when evening shuts,
 A certain moment cuts
 The deed off, calls the glory from the gray;
 A whisper from the west
 Shoots — "Add this to the rest,
 Take it and try its worth; here dies another day." 95

So, still within this life,
 Though lifted o'er its strife,
 Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
 "This rage was right i' the main,
 That acquiescence vain;
 The Future I may face now I have proved the Past." 100

For more is not reserved
 To man, with soul just nerved
 To act tomorrow what he learns today:
 Here, work enough to watch
 The Master work, and catch
 Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play. 105

As it was better, youth
 Should strive, through acts uncouth,
 Toward making, than repose on aught found made;
 So, better, age, exempt
 From strife, should know, than tempt
 Further. Thou waitedst age; wait death nor be afraid! 110

Enough now, if the Right
 And Good and Infinite
 Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
 With knowledge absolute,
 Subject to no dispute
 From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone. 115 120

Be there, for once and all,
 Severed great minds from small,
 Announced to each his station in the Past!
 Was I, the world arraigned,
 Were they, my soul disdained, 125
 Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last!

Now, who shall arbitrate?
 Ten men love what I hate,
 Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
 Ten, who in ears and eyes 130
 Match me; we all surmise,
 They this thing, and I that; whom shall my soul believe?

Not on the vulgar mass
 Called "work" must sentence pass,
 Things done, that took the eye and had the price; 135
 O'er which, from level stand,
 The low world laid its hand,
 Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice;

But all, the world's coarse thumb
 And finger failed to plumb, 140
 So passed in making up the main account;
 All instincts immature,
 All purposes unsure,
 That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount;

Thoughts hardly to be packed 145
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
 All I could never be,
 All, men ignored in me,
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped. 150

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
 That metaphor! and feel
 Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay —

124-125. Supply *whom* after *I* and *they*. 151. **Potter's wheel:** See Isaiah 64:8, Jeremiah 18:1-6. Man, affixed to the wheel of Life, is the clay which God molds to his designs.

Thou, to whom fools propound,
 When the wine makes its round,
 "Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize today!" 155

Fool! All that is, at all,
 Lasts ever, past recall;
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure;
 What entered into thee, *continues*
 That was, is, and shall be;
 Time's wheel runs back or stops; Potter and clay endure. 160

He fixed thee 'mid this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This Present, thou, forsooth, would fain arrest;
Machinery just meant *things that happen to you mold you* 165
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

What though the earlier grooves,
 Which ran the laughing loves *the cian urns* 170
 Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
 What though, about thy rim, *ugly things*
 Skull-things in order grim
 Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress?

Look not thou down but up! 175
 To uses of a cup,
 The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
 The new wine's foaming flow,
 The Master's lips aglow, *light of all creation*
 Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with earth's
 wheel? 180

ax
 But I need, now as then,
 Thee, God, who moldest men;
 And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
 Did I — to the wheel of life
 With shapes and colors rife, 185
 Bound dizzily — mistake my end, to slake thy thirst;

So, take and use thy work;
 Amend what flaws may lurk,

What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!
My times be in thy hand! *and I'll win*
Perfect the cup as planned! *message*
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

190

PROSPICE

The title of this poem means "Look Forward." These intrepid lines, written in the autumn of 1861, seven months after the death of Mrs. Browning, express the poet's faith in immortality in a manner both dramatic and personal. The poem burns with the lyric fire of strong manhood. It may be said to be Browning's creed — a war cry of the soul in triumph over death, the last of his foes. Browning's wish, as expressed in this poem, was fulfilled twenty-eight years later. Conscious to the last, he met death manfully.

January
Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm, 5
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall, 10
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore, 15
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold. 20
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,

23. fiend-voices: reference to a legend that fiends try to snatch the soul away from the powers of light as it leaves the body.

Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain, 25
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF BROWNING

EIGHT SHORT POEMS

1. Effective musical settings have been written of the Song from *Pippa Passes* by Mrs. H. H. A. Beach and of the "Cavalier Tunes" by Sir C. Villiers Stanford. If possible have these songs presented to the class by good singers.

2. Notice the artistic construction of the first song — the pictures in descending series in the first three lines, followed by the details in the next three, and the assured conclusion in the last two. Notice also how the rhymes of the first four lines are answered in the last four. What effect is gained through the use of this unusual rhyme scheme?

3. Contrast the spirit of this song, especially the last line, with Shelley's "Dirge" (see page 589).

4. What general tone and attitude is common to all the "Cavalier Tunes?" Observe their differences in structure. How is the effect of marching cavalry brought out in the first, of cheering in the second, and of rapid riding in the third? Which has the roughest meter? Which the smoothest? In the second song there are some interesting examples of double rhyme at the end of the line. Find them and comment on their effectiveness.

5. What mood is common to the two "Home Thoughts, from Abroad" and "De Gustibus"? Picture to yourself each of the scenes described in these poems. What happened at Trafalgar that would especially stir the heart of an Englishman of Browning's day? What details of an English spring differ from spring as you have experienced it? Where does the last line of "Home Thoughts, from Abroad" suggest that Browning is at the time of writing? How is the situation reversed in "De Gustibus"? Pick out vivid bits of local color in this poem. When you are homesick, for what sights and sounds do you long?

6. How old was Browning when Shelley died? In "Memorabilia" show the connection between the first two and the last two stanzas. By what vivid means does the poet suggest the difference between what is important and what is nonessential in an experience? Compare his feelings with Keats's in the sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" (see page 592).

MY LAST DUCHESS

1. Contrast the characters of the husband and wife as Browning discloses both. Just what was it in his wife that annoyed the Duke?

2. What possible interpretations might be given to lines 45 and 46: "I gave commands; then all smiles stopped together"? Which do you think most plausible?

3. What do you think was the purpose of the Duke's interview? What impression do you suppose the Duke made on the envoy?

4. Why does the Duke prize the painting of his wife? Do you think he is a true lover of art or a mere art collector?

5. This poem is written in heroic couplets; yet the rhyme is scarcely noticed. Contrast Browning's use of the run-on couplet in this form with Pope's use of the heroic couplet in "The Rape of the Lock" (see page 371).

UP AT A VILLA — DOWN IN THE CITY

1. Select the lines which best describe the villa. Why does the gentleman so dislike it? How would a romanticist have liked it? See "De Gustibus," page 691. Why must he stay up at the villa?

2. Discuss the taste of the speaker in architecture, politics, and music, and the meaning of religious processions to him. Why does he prefer the city? What personal traits are brought out in his comment on city life?

3. How many details can you find which suggest that this was a city of long ago rather than of modern times?

4. This poem has been called "a masterpiece of irony and description." Justify this comment.

RABBI BEN EZRA

1. In studying this deeply philosophical poem, use this outline, or make one of your own.

(1) Spiritual conflict is appropriate to youth.

(2) Life in the flesh is good, bringing gifts to both sense and brain.

(3) The measure of man's failure or success must be sought in the unseen life.

(4) Nothing which has truly been dies or changes. The last impression is the best.

2. Why should we "welcome each rebuff," etc. (sixth stanza)? Is this a common attitude toward life's difficulties?

3. What do the potter's wheel and the clay stand for (ll. 150-174)? What does the cup symbolize (ll. 175-192)?

4. Youth generally regards youth as the best part of life. After studying this poem carefully, either justify this attitude of youth or give your reasons for conceding to Browning.

5. Compare Browning's attitude toward age as expressed here with Tennyson's in "Ulysses" (see page 675). How is Browning's idea of the best part of life the opposite of Wordsworth's in his "Ode on Intimations of Immortality" (see page 523)?

PROSPICE

1. How is this title in harmony with Browning's philosophy, as judged from his poetry? How does the poem reveal his whole personality?

2. Compare this death hymn in movement, imagery, climax, and spirit with Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" (see page 682) and the other poems mentioned for comparison on page 685. How does Browning differ from all the others in what he most eagerly anticipates in immortality?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Browning's poems present a wide range from the merry rhyming of "The Pied Piper of Hamelin" to the philosophy of "Saul." Well suited to effective oral presentation before the class are: "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "An Incident of the French Camp," "Hervé Riel," "Tray." The others given on page 798 are better for individual study.

2. An interesting special report would be "Browning on Italian Artists," showing how he represents Andrea del Sarto and Fra Lippo Lippi in dramatic monologues. Prints of their paintings may be used as illustrations.

3. Though the names of Browning and Tennyson are often coupled, they are in strong contrast in many ways. A report bringing out their differences in mood, attitude toward life, use of history, use of foreign scenes, and metrical effects would be valuable.

4. Browning's private life is especially interesting. Read his biography by Gilbert K. Chesterton. Virginia Woolf's *Flush* (two chapters from it may be found on pages 1111 to 1139) gives the life of the Brownings as seen through a dog's eyes. Short scenes from Besier's *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and Firkins' *Turnpikes in Arcady* (in *The Bride of Quietness*) may be presented in class.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1806-1861)

Elizabeth Barrett, one of the great women poets of the world, was born in Durham, in northern England, of wealthy and cultured parents. Her girlhood was not happy, for her father was stern and despotic. Elizabeth lived in a world of books. From her childhood she loved Latin and Greek, and when at sixteen years an injury to her back, received while she was tightening the girth on her saddle horse, made her a confined invalid, she devoted herself to her studies. She learned Hebrew and acquired a fluent reading knowledge of several modern European languages and a wide acquaintance with the English poets. When she was but thirteen, her first ambitious epic, *The Battle of Marathon*, was published privately. This was followed by essays at seventeen, the translation of a Greek tragedy in her twenties, and two volumes of verse in her thirties.

Among the many letters of congratulation on the volumes of 1844, the most prized was a note which began: "I love your verse with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett — and this is no offhand compliment . . ." and closed, "Yours ever faithfully, Robert Browning." She was already familiar with Browning's poetry, which she valued highly, and in her reply to his unexpected compliment, she thanked "dear Mr. Browning for such a letter from such a hand." Within two weeks she wrote to an old friend, "I am getting deeper and deeper into correspondence with Robert Browning, poet and mystic, and we are growing to be the truest friends." Her friend soon became her lover — through correspondence, for visitors found it most difficult to see her. Finding her father irreconcilable to the match (as he remained until his death), the two were quietly married and left for Italy. The escape from her invalid life and the tyranny of her father brought Mrs. Browning not only happiness but advancement in poetic powers. Living in Florence in a medieval palace, called Casa Guidi, where their only son, Robert, was born, the Brownings wrote some of their outstanding works. After fifteen years in Italy, a brief illness brought an unexpected end. "She lay smiling happily, and with a face like a girl's," wrote her husband, "and in a few minutes she died in my arms, her head on my cheek." In the English cemetery in Florence is a much-visited memorial inscribed simply E.B.B., with the date of her death; but her real memorial is her sonnets, in whose "scanty plot of ground" she found ample scope for her greatest literary contribution.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

Although this series of forty-four sonnets was written by Elizabeth Barrett during the months of her courtship by Robert Browning, he did not see them until after their marriage. One day his wife slipped into his study and left the originals on his desk, telling him to destroy them if he did not like them. He admired them greatly and urged their publication. "I dared not reserve to myself," he said later, "the finest sonnets written in any language since Shakespeare." To conceal their personal nature, they were named *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, a title derived from Browning's favorite pet name for his wife, "the little Portugee," given because of her admiration of Camoëns, the epic poet of Portugal.

SONNET I

I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young;

1. **Theocritus:** a Sicilian poet of the third century B.C.; the first writer of pastoral idyls.

And, as I mused it in his antique tongue ^{Sidney}
 I saw, in gradual vision through my tears, ^{Spencer - Amoretti}
 The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years, ^{Dryden - Idea}
 Those of my own life, who by turns had flung ^{Shakespeare - no name}
 A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware, ^{C. B. B. - sonnets for}
 So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move ^{Portuguese}
 Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
 And a voice said in mastery, while I strove — ^{Rossetti - House of Life}
 "Guess now who holds thee?" — "Death," I said. But, there, ^{Meredith - modern}
 The silver answer rang — "Not Death, but Love." ^{Love}

8. **by turns**: refers to the loss of her mother and the tragic death of her brother. 10. **Shape**: Destiny or Fate.

↓ father's cruelty, her own illness

SONNET VI

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
 Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
 Alone upon the threshold of my door
 Of individual life, I shall command
 The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand ^{sincere}
 Serenely in the sunshine as before,
 Without the sense of that which I forebore . . .
 Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
 Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
 With pulses that beat double. What I do
 And what I dream include thee, as the wine
 Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
 God for myself, He hears that name of thine,
 And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

5

10

SONNET XIV

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say,
 "I love her for her smile — her look — her way
 Of speaking gently — for a trick of thought
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day" —
 For these things in themselves, Belovèd, may
 Be changed, or change for thee — and love, so wrought,
 May be unwrought so. Neither love me for

5

5. **certes**: certainly.

Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry —
 A creature might forget to weep, who bore
 Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
 But love me for love's sake, that evermore
 Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity.

10

SONNET XLIII

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
 I love thee to the level of every day's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
 I love thee with the passion put to use
 In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints — I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

5

10

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY

1. In Sonnet i how has the poet applied the idea of Theocritus to her own life? how applied the guessing game?
2. What in Sonnet vi indicates a later stage of the courtship than the first?
3. In Sonnet xiv what possible reasons for loving are refuted? what one asked for? Why? What in this sonnet shows that it was written by a woman?
4. In Sonnet XLIII what are the different ways in which the poet says she loves her husband? How does she work up to a climax? Compare the close with the last lines of "Prospice" (see page 705).
5. Study the rhyme scheme of these sonnets. Is the form of the sestet constant or varied? What examples of imperfect rhyme do you find? Do you think this spoils the sound of the poem or not?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Compare these with some of Browning's poems written to his wife, such as "My Star," "Summum Bonum," "Two in the Campagna," "Lyric Love," and "One Word More."

2. Read translations of some of the sonnets of Camoëns, the Portuguese poet in whom Mrs. Browning was interested. (See *Adventures in World Literature*, page 250.)

3. For suggestions on the lives of the two Brownings see page 800.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888)

Chief among the many outspoken voices heard in England during the "Age of Liberalism" was Matthew Arnold, the eldest son of the famous Rugby headmaster, Dr. Thomas Arnold, who has been immortalized in Tom Brown's School Days. During Matthew's boyhood in the little village of Laleham in the Thames valley, the two greatest influences on his naturally analytical mind were his books and the guidance of his distinguished father. In his youth he studied at Winchester and Rugby, and then entered Balliol College, Oxford, where he won prizes in poetry and showed general excellence in the classics. He also won a fellowship in Oriel, just as his father had thirty years earlier. More than any other Oxford poet, Arnold reflects the spirit of his university.

Arnold left college with ambitions to become a poet, but circumstances made him a teacher in his father's school and afterward private secretary to Lord Lansdowne, who in 1851 appointed him government inspector of schools. For the next thirty-five years Arnold worked zealously and untiringly in this position, traveling about the country, visiting foreign schools, and reporting on different educational systems. He led a busy life, not conducive to poetry, which he admits writing at night after a long day of exacting toil. However, from 1857 to 1867 he was professor of poetry at Oxford, where his famous lectures On Translating Homer were given. Two volumes of his verse were published. Since these received little praise, Arnold abandoned poetry for critical essays and lectures in Europe and America.

His chief influence on our life and literature came through his Essays in Criticism, in which English culture is seen at its height. His fundamental idea of criticism is "to know the best which has been thought and said in the world, and to use this knowledge to create a current of fresh and free thought." A leading apostle of culture, he writes, "Culture is the study of perfection, and looks beyond machinery and coal; hates hatred and all sham; has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light." He made familiar such expressions as "Poetry is a criticism of life; the most beautiful, impressive, and widely effective mode of saying things," and "Genius is mainly an affair of energy."

Because of the wide range of his prose and poetry, the keenness of his discernment, and the soundness of his judgments, Arnold holds a high place among the great masters of literature.

DOVER BEACH

While a note of sadness, of questioning, and of despair underlies much of Arnold's verse, yet there is ever a hint of the patience, perseverance, and fortitude which man needs to bear his lot. He taught that help must come, not from governments or social betterment, but from the soul itself. In this poem the soft dirge of the sea is reflected not only in the ebb and flow of the lines, but also in the deeply reflective mood. The two short poems that follow "Dover Beach" reveal the same quiet undertone.

The sea is calm tonight.

The tide is full, the moon lies fair

Upon the Straits — on the French coast, the light

Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,

Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay. 5

Come to the window, sweet is the night air!

Only, from the long line of spray,

Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd sand,

Listen! you hear the grating roar

Of pebbles which the waves suck back, and fling, 10

At their return, up the high strand,

Begin, and cease, and then again begin,

With tremulous cadence slow, and bring

The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago 15

Heard it on the Aegean, and it brought

Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow

Of human misery; we

Find also in the sound a thought,

Hearing it by this distant northern sea. 20

The sea of faith

Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore

Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;

But now I only hear

Title: **Dover:** a seaport in Kent in southeast England. 3. **Straits:** the Strait of Dover, the shortest distance between England and the Continent. 15. **Sophocles:** an Athenian writer of tragedy (496?-406 B.C.), one of the three greatest in the golden age of Greek drama. 16. **Aegean:** an arm of the Mediterranean Sea, between Greece and Asia Minor.

Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night wind down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

25

Ah, love, let us be true

To one another! for the world, which seems

30

To lie before us like a land of dreams,

So various, so beautiful, so new,

Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,

Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;

And we are here as on a darkling plain

35

Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,

Where ignorant armies clash by night.

28. **shingles**: pebbly shores, common in England.

REQUIESCAT

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew.
In quiet she reposes;
Ah, would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee.

5

But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her, be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound.

10

But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined, ample Spirit,
It fluttered and failed for breath.

Tonight it doth inherit

15

The vasty Hall of Death.

Title: **Requiescat**: May she rest. 2. **yew**: an evergreen tree with dark green foliage; frequently planted in burial grounds in Europe. 13. **cabined**: confined.

THE LAST WORD

Creep into thy narrow bed,
 Creep, and let no more be said!
 Vain thy onset! all stands fast.
 Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease! 5
 Geese are swans, and swans are geese.
 Let them have it how they will!
 Thou art tired; best be still.

They outtalked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?
 Better men fared thus before thee; 10
 Fired their ringing shot and passed,
 Hotly charged — and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
 Let the victors, when they come,
 When the forts of folly fall, 15
 Find thy body by the wall!

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF ARNOLD

1. Into what two main divisions of thought does "Dover Beach" fall? What are the important divisions of the second part?
2. What is the thought connection between Sophocles and the poet? In what way does he compare his skeptical age to the sea? What hope does he find in the midst of "confused alarms"?
3. What point of similarity do you observe between "Requiescat" and "The Last Word"? In what ways are the persons described alike? different?
4. Are these poems sad or triumphant? Why strew roses instead of yew ("Requiescat," ll. 1-2)? What is the significance of the last line in "The Last Word"? Do these poems in any way suggest Shelley's "Dirge" (see page 589)?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Contrast the moods aroused by the sea in different men as shown in poems such as "The Seafarer" (see page 34), "Break, Break, Break" (see page 677), "Crossing the Bar" (see page 682), "Home Thoughts from the Sea" (see page 690), and others that you may gather outside this book.

2. If you have not read Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum," be sure to do so. How does his imitation of old epic poems differ from Pope's in "The Rape of the Lock"? Note the vivid descriptions and elaborately worked out similes.

3. Arnold's essays are rather difficult reading and should be attempted only by those who have advanced interest in literary criticism or educational and social philosophy. "Sweetness and Light" from *Culture and Anarchy* and *On Translating Homer* are among the most famous ones. His essays on Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley, and Keats would supplement your own study of those poets.

4 in family - William Michael - critic
 Maria older sister - (Frances Mary) became
 in Anglican church

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882) oldest of boys

In the vanguard of the Victorians who protested against industrialism and the crowding of human beings into unsightly slums was Dante Gabriel Rossetti. With the group of artists, authors, and craftsmen of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, he was zealous to "enforce and encourage the simplicity of Nature in all things."

Son of an exiled Italian painter and scholar and of a mother part English and part Italian, Rossetti was educated in an environment of art, with considerable study in the London galleries. Believing painting to be more important than poetry, he urged his colleagues to put their message to the world in pictures rather than words; yet he distinguished himself in both fields, writing verses to accompany his pictures, and painting figures and scenes to delineate his verse. His gift and his passion were all for color. In 1860, after some years' delay, he married the beautiful but delicate Elizabeth Siddal, the model whom he has immortalized in both his paintings and his poetry. From the shock of her death two years later Rossetti never fully recovered. Broken-hearted, he buried all his unpublished manuscripts with her; and only at the persistent demands of his friends were they exhumed years later. Then the publication of the first draft of his sequence of love poems created a sensation in literary circles.

After the loss of his wife, Rossetti became more and more of a recluse. Stories are told of his strange garden, where he kept an extraordinary collection of animals, including armadillos, kangaroos, wombats, and a zebu. Among these he would stroll in paint-bedaubed attire for hours at a stretch. Here he wrote many of his masterpieces, including his colorful ballads, his noteworthy sonnets, and his exquisite pen painting, "The Blessed Damozel," first drafted in his eighteenth year. He thought himself a greater painter than poet. While it is true that his paintings are now seen in the world's best collections, it is equally true that he is a great painter in words, distinctive for color, warmth, and romantic imagery.

THE HOUSE OF LIFE—

This collection of one hundred and one sonnets, which ranks with Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese* as the best series in modern English, was inspired by the poet's wife. Although Rossetti worked on the series from his twentieth year until just before his death twenty years after hers, her charm gave the atmosphere for all. The title and the arrangement are drawn from the astrological division of the heavens into twelve houses, the first and greatest of them being "The House of Life." The series records the writer's own experiences "of the mysterious conjunctions and oppositions wrought by Love, Change, and Fate in the House of Life."

THE SONNET

A Sonnet is a moment's monument —
 Memorial from the Soul's eternity
 To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
 Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
 Of its own arduous fullness reverent.
 Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
 As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see
 Its flowering crest impearled and orient.
 A Sonnet is a coin; its face reveals
 The Soul — its converse, to what Power 'tis due
 Whether for tribute to the august appeals
 Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
 It serve; or 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
 In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

4. **lustral**: lustrous, glowing. 14. **Charon's palm**: a reference to the Greek idea that the dead must pay Charon a coin to ferry them across the River Styx to the abode of the dead.

SILENT NOON

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
 The finger points look through like rosy blooms;
 Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
 'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
 All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,

4. **amass**: collect or accumulate.

Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
 Where the cow parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
 'Tis visible silence, still as the hourglass.
 Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragonfly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky — 10
 So this winged hour is dropped to us from above.
 Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
 This close-companioned inarticulate hour
 When twofold silence was the song of love.

7. **cow parsley:** a decorative flowering plant with its white blossoms growing in flat or rounded clusters.

THE WOODSPURGE

It is a strange psychological fact that in a moment of intense despair, some trivial impression may be made on the memory that becomes forever bound up with that experience. Such is the point of this poem.

The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,
 Shaken out dead from tree and hill;
 I had walked on at the wind's will —
 I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was — 15
 My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!
 My hair was over in the grass,
 My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run
 Of some ten weeds to fix upon; 10
 Among those few, out of the sun,
 The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be
 Wisdom or even memory:
 One thing then learned remains to me, 15
The woodspurge has a cup of three.

12. **woodspurge:** a flowering plant with a milky stem and three-parted flowers borne on long single stalks.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

1. For what opposite purposes does the poet think the sonnet appropriate? Show how he carries the contrast throughout the poem. How do you like this compared with Wordsworth's sonnet on the sonnet (see page 517)?
2. How is Rossetti's passion for color evidenced in "Silent Noon"? Select details which emphasize silence.
3. By what details does the poet suggest utter grief and despair in "The Woodspurge"? Have you ever had the experience of having some trivial thing impress itself on your memory when you were very unhappy, and always thereafter associate itself with that experience?

For the Ambitious Student

1. If possible, obtain copies of some of Rossetti's paintings, showing the faces of his wife and sister. Newne's Art Library has an inexpensive book of reproductions of Rossetti.
2. Read "The Blessed Damozel" for its pictures and poetic mood. What in it suggests a medieval painting?
3. Make a special study of the Pre-Raphaelite Movement, and look up copies of paintings by members of the brotherhood.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI (1830-1894)

Christina, the gifted younger sister of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, was, like her brother, born in London, where she passed practically all of her life, first at the home of her father, later in her brother William's home. Although she was endowed with great poetic genius, comparatively little of her time was given to literature, for she devoted all her life to the care of an invalid mother and two elderly aunts. Like the beautiful Elizabeth Siddal, she was a model for her artist brother, who painted her in his picture, "The Girlhood of Mary Virgin." Deeply spiritual by nature, she wrote many short religious poems, notable for faith and fervor; but she is most widely known for her lyrics and sonnets. Her most representative longer works include "Goblin Market," a fairy tale, and "Monna Innominata," a series of beautiful love sonnets. She ranks among the supreme woman poets of the world.

A BIRTHDAY

My heart is like a singing bird
 Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
 My heart is like an apple tree
 Whose bough is bent with thickset fruit;

My heart is like a rainbow shell
 That paddles on a halcyon sea;
 My heart is gladder than all these
 Because my love is come to me.

5

Raise me a dais of silk and down;
 Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
 Carve it in doves, and pomegranates,
 And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
 Work it in gold and silver grapes,
 In leaves, and silver fleur-de-lis;
 Because the birthday of my life
 Is come, my love is come to me.

15

6. **halcyon sea**: the calm, peaceful sea, when for fourteen days in the winter the kingfisher, or halcyon, was supposed to nest at sea. 10. **vair**: a kind of fur, probably squirrel, much used in the Middle Ages.

REMEMBER

mem (Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land;
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,
 Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more, day by day,
 You tell me of our future that you planned;
 Only remember me; you understand
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterward remember, do not grieve;
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
 Better by far you should forget and smile
mem Than that you should remember and be sad.)

5

10

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

1. In what sense is the word "birthday" used in the first poem? Notice the parallel construction in the two stanzas. Contrast the pictures of natural beauty in the first with the scene of oriental splendor in the second. There is a beautiful musical setting for this poem, by R. H. Woodman. If possible have it sung in class.

2. How is the mood of "Remember" in contrast with that of "A Birthday"? What do the two together suggest of the author's life history?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read other short poems of Christina Rossetti (see page 799), and if you like her style try the longer "Goblin Market."

2. Compare her with Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Emily Dickinson, and modern American women poets you have read. (See *Adventures in American Literature*.)

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837-1909)

Algernon Charles Swinburne, the son of Admiral Charles Henry Swinburne, was born in London. The Swinburnes were an aristocratic Border family, and Swinburne himself has said that "Hotspur's lineal blood in direct descent" was his. His childhood was spent on his father's large estate on the Isle of Wight. At Oxford he fell in with William Morris, Rossetti, and Burne-Jones. Even in age Swinburne retained "something of a beautifully well-bred child. But he had the eyes of a god, and the smile of an elf." His neck was long and his shoulders quite sloping; he was small, his head large and crowned in youth with tempestuous auburn hair. A strange figure was this scholar of Greek and the Romance languages, this omnivorous reader of the classics, this passionate lover of the Elizabethan dramatists. He was one of the two greatest purely lyric poets that England has ever produced, the other being Shelley. From early reading of Shelley and Victor Hugo, Swinburne imbibed his love of political liberty, but in the last analysis he was a conservative save in religion. Formal Christianity represented to him the stifling of the independent spirit in man, and for this reason he opposed it; but he never entertained the radical ideas of Shelley. At the same time one has only to read his "Christmas Antiphonies" in *Songs before Sunrise* to realize with what ardor he desired the true brotherhood of man.

For his mastery of verse forms and rhythms and his skill in inventing new ones, he is without peer in our language. "Before the advent of Swinburne," writes Edmund Clarence Stedman, "we did not realize the full scope of English verse. In his hands it is like the violin of Paganini. The range of his fantasias, roulades, arias, new effects of measure and sound, is incomparable with anything hitherto known. In his poetry we discover qualities we did not know were in the language — a softness that seemed Italian, a rugged strength we thought German, a blithe and debonair lightness we despaired of capturing from the French. Words in his hands are like the ivory balls of a juggler, and all words seem to be in his hands." Swinburne's first published work was seen to be influenced by Shakespeare.

cherished with Paganini

His masterpiece of poetic drama, *Atalanta in Calydon*, which immediately established his fame, was based on the Greek dramatic form, but its famous choruses leaped to rhythms and cadences that established a new standard for English versification. His *Poems and Ballads*, full of vivid excitable imagination, shocked his time with their paganism, a fact which, considering their merits, seems strange to us today. He constantly celebrated the sea in his poetry, and during his latter quiet life he began writing many verses in praise of very young children.

The following selections give some slight idea of the range, depth, and power of this virtuoso of poetry. "The Return" is taken from the longer poem, "The Triumph of Time."

THE RETURN

I will go back to the great sweet mother,
 Mother and lover of men, the sea.
 I will go down to her, I and none other,
 Close with her, kiss her, and mix her with me;
 Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast; 5
 O fair white mother, in days long past
 Born without sister, born without brother,
 Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
 Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain, 10
 Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,
 Thy large embraces are keen like pain.
 Save and hide me with all thy waves,
 Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,
 Those pure cold populous graves of thine, 15
 Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships,
 Change as the winds change, veer in the tide;
 My lips shall feast on the foam of thy lips,
 I shall rise with thy rising, with thee subside; 20
 Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were,
 Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,
 As a rose is filled to the roseleaf tips
 With splendid summer and perfume and pride.

This woven raiment of nights and days, 25
 Were it once cast off and unwound from me,
 Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,
 Alive and aware of thy ways and thee;
 Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,
 Clothed with the green and crowned with the foam, 30
 A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,
 A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea.

Fair mother, fed with the lives of men,
 Thou art subtle and cruel of heart, men say,
 Thou hast taken, and shalt not render again; 35
 Thou art full of thy dead, and cold as they.
 But death is the worst that comes of thee:
 Thou art fed with our dead, O mother, O sea.
 But when hast thou fed on our hearts? or when,
 Having given us love, hast thou taken away? 40

O tender-hearted, O perfect lover.
 Thy lips are bitter, and sweet thy heart.
 The hopes that hurt and the dreams that hover,
 Shall they not vanish away and depart?
 But thou, thou art sure, thou art older than earth; 45
 Thou art strong for death and fruitful of birth;
 Thy depths conceal and thy gulfs discover;
 From the first thou wert, from the end thou art.

WHEN THE HOUNDS OF SPRING-*go 1*

This exotic song of springtime is probably the best-known lyric by Swinburne, rich in its rhythms and redolent of awakening life. It is from Atalanta in Calydon, a tragedy on the Greek model.

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
 The mother of months in meadow or plain
 Fills the shadows and windy places
 With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain;
 And the brown bright nightingale amorous 5
 Is half assuaged for Itylus,

6. **Itylus:** The Greek myth is that King Tereus of Thrace cut out the tongue of his wife's sister, Philomela. In revenge the two sisters killed the king's son, Itylus. The gods turned Philomela into a nightingale, forever mourning her tragedy.

For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,
The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
With a noise of winds and many rivers,
With a clamor of waters, and with might;
Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
Over the splendor and speed of thy feet;
For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

10

15

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest wind and the west wind sing.

20

For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins. . . .

25

30

10. Maiden . . . light: Diana, goddess of the moon and of the hunt, both alluded to in this stanza.

PARODY ON HIMSELF

Swinburne had enough of the saving grace of humor to see that many of his poetic mannerisms, carried too far, would become ridiculous. This parody can be appreciated only by those who have become familiar with his alliterative tendencies and rhythmic experiments.

From the depth of the dreamy decline of the dawn through a notable
nimbus of nebulous noonshine,
Pallid and pink as the palm of the flag flower that flickers with fear
of the flies as they float,

Are the looks of our lovers that lustrously lean from a marvel of
 mystic miraculous moonshine,
 These that we feel in the blood of our blushes that thicken and
 threaten with sobs from the throat?
 Thicken and thrill as a theater thronged at appeal of an actor's ap-
 palled agitation, 5
 Fainter with fear of the fires of the future than pale with the promise
 of pride in the past;
 Flushed with the famishing fullness of fever that reddens with radi-
 ance of rathe recreation,
 Gaunt as the ghastliest of glimpses that gleam through the gloom of
 the gloaming when ghosts go aghast?

7. *rathe*: early.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF SWINBURNE

1. If you read nothing more of Swinburne than these few poems, what would you still be able to tell definitely about his style and his theory of poetry?
2. Select lines which you especially like either for their rhythmic quality or for their appeal to the senses.
3. Do you find difficulty in following the thought in these poems? Does Swinburne seem to be more concerned with conveying ideas or sense impressions? What poets whom you know does he most nearly resemble?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Make a study of Swinburne's poems on infants and small children. "A Child's Laughter" and "Étude Réaliste" are two of the best known. Are these poems sentimental? Did Swinburne have children of his own to observe?
2. Read some of his richly flowing descriptive poems, such as "A Forsaken Garden" and "The Garden of Proserpine," and compare with those you have read in this book. How do you think Swinburne compares with Keats in the appeal to the senses? Do you find passages where Swinburne seems to have sacrificed the sense to the sound of the lines? What are some of the devices he uses to procure his sound effects? What American poets resemble Swinburne in their attention to the sound of their lines?

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY (1849-1903)

The life of William E. Henley was a veritable storm center. The greatest force in the transitional period following the Victorian Age, his outspoken nature and belligerent attitude kept his work as a journalist, radical, and innovator seething with combat.

In early years he suffered much from a tubercular infection of the bone; so, after the amputation of one foot, he went to Edinburgh for treatment to prevent further injury. During his two years in the Old Infirmary there, he occupied himself by writing a series of portrait sonnets, showing hospital life with its nurses, doctors, and surgeons painted in a few realistic lines. Robert Louis Stevenson, visiting him there, began one of the most famous of modern literary friendships, which is perpetuated for us in their letters. The two collaborated on essays and several unsuccessful plays. Stevenson used Henley as his model for Long John Silver in *Treasure Island*, and Henley has described Stevenson vividly in "Apparition."

On leaving the hospital, Henley became an editor. Stevenson's *New Arabian Nights* and Kipling's *Barrack Room Ballads* were first published in two of his papers. In his own verses Henley experimented with old French forms and also with free verse, then an untried field in England. Original and modern in his own writing, he discovered and encouraged many new young writers, including Yeats, Barrie, Conrad, and Wells.

Though he produced a vast amount of literary work in spite of ill health, yet in some ways the man towers above his work. Large and muscular in build, he gloried in physical strength, and he had an iron will which would not be shaken or conquered by misfortune or disease. Believing that man should triumph over himself and fate, he scorned fear and oppression of circumstances. Henley said fearlessly in a new, swift way what he thought; and his thoughts were new in his day.

WHAT IS TO COME WE KNOW NOT

In contrast to Henley's use of free verse, we find him trying the most intricate French forms, such as the rondeau.

What is to come we know not. But we know
That what has been was good — was good to show,
Better to hide, and best of all to bear.
We are the masters of the days that were —
We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered . . . even so. 5

Shall we not take the ebb who had the flow?
Life was our friend. Now if it be our foe —

Dear, though it spoil and break us! — need we care
What is to come?

Let the great winds their worst and wildest blow, 10
Or the gold weather round us mellow slow;
We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can dare
And we can conquer, though we may not share
In the rich quiet of the afterglow
What is to come. 15

INVICTUS

This cry of indomitable courage was written while the author, in the Edinburgh hospital, was awaiting an operation of doubtful outcome. Because it shows the unconquerable spirit of the man and has given heart to many, it is his most popular poem.

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance 5
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Beneath the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this space of wrath and tears 10
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate.
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate: 15
I am the captain of my soul.

Title: **Invictus**: unconquered. 2. **pit**: Hades, or hell. 10. **Horror of the shade**: Death. Compare the Valley of the Shadow of Death. 13. **strait**: narrow.

main reason in Carlyles writings
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greatest { Heroes and Hero-Worship
Victorian History and Essay
Sartor Resartus
THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881)

Chief among the great Victorian prose writers was the pessimistic "sage of Chelsea." Like an Old Testament prophet, Carlyle descended upon London, and for nearly fifty years he scolded and rebuked the British, who at that period seemed content to accept the mere forms of religion so long as they did not interfere with the good things of life produced by the Industrial Age.

The eldest of nine children, Thomas Carlyle was born at Ecclefechan, near Dumfries, Scotland. His parents were typical Scotch folk: honest, poor, prudent, hard-working, and bred on porridge, Burns, and the Bible. His father, a stonemason, decided that his unusual son should become a Presbyterian minister; so Thomas was sent to Edinburgh University, a distance of a hundred miles, which he walked, arriving there a month before his fifteenth birthday. Of his five years of painful economy there, he records: "I was without friends, experience, or connection in the sphere of human business, was of sly humor, proud enough and to spare, and had begun my long curriculum of dyspepsia." This illness, which persisted throughout his life, largely caused his irritability and gloomy view of the world. While at the university, he made a special study of German literature, which opened up a new world for him. From this he acquired much of his philosophy and his individual, uneven, un-English style of writing, which has been called "Carlylese."

Having decided against entering the ministry, Carlyle nearly starved to death for two years on the meager returns from his writing. Finally he became a tutor in London, where he met and married Jane Welsh, a beautiful and brilliant Scotch girl. The couple took refuge from the high cost of London living on Jane's farm at Craigenputtock. Here Carlyle did much reading and writing and began his thirty years' friendship with Emerson, through which each gained a reading public in the other's country. To be nearer the publishers the Carlyles moved back to London in 1834, and thereafter the narrow, three-story house on Cheyne Row with its bit of garden was thronged with admirers. Among these were Dickens, Browning, Thackeray, Kingsley; Tennyson, a lifelong friend; and Ruskin, an ardent disciple. To shut out distraction, Carlyle built himself a sound-proof study, in which he devoted himself to producing essays on literary men, original pieces of philosophy, and his historical masterpiece, The French Revolution. A tragic circumstance connected with the history was the accidental burning of the manuscript by the stupid servant of a friend to whom Carlyle had given the manuscript to read. Carlyle had kept no notes and could not recall any of his wording; so he sat down and read

in Heroes and Hero
Worship - because
studied documents

Marryat's novels for a week, and then rewrote his famous book, which has been aptly called "history by lightning flashes."

The loss of his wife in 1866 was a blow from which Carlyle never recovered. He stoically endured his affliction, but lived a secluded life of no great productivity for his remaining fifteen years. After a funeral service in Westminster Abbey, he was buried, according to his own wish, among his people at Ecclefechan, Scotland. Whistler's familiar portrait has adequately preserved for us the features of that rugged and sincere soul who strove "to bring dead things and dead people back to life, and to inspire the youth of the world to love the truth and to do righteous deeds."

THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE

This vivid account of the storming of the Bastille, from *The French Revolution*, shows how intense was the conflict between the nobility and the oppressed classes. The Bastille prison, standing in the heart of the Saint-Antoine suburb, a working-class quarter, has become to them a symbol of the iniquities and oppressions of monarchical government. The day of its destruction, July 14, 1789, is the great French national festival, still celebrated by military reviews and dancing in the streets.

This selection illustrates Carlyle's unique style of broken exclamatory sentences and his method of writing history as romance, using in it the color, emotion, and vivid detail which Scott had introduced into historical fiction.

The Bastille is besieged!

On, then, all Frenchmen that have hearts in your bodies! Roar with all your throats of cartilage and metal, ye sons of liberty: stir spasmodically whatsoever of utmost faculty is in you, soul, body, or spirit, for it is the hour! Smite thou, Louis Tournay, cartwright of the Marais,¹ old soldier of the Régiment Dauphiné;² smite at that outer drawbridge chain, though the fiery hail whistles around thee! Never, over nave³ or fellow,⁴ did thy ax strike such a stroke. Down with it, man; down with it to Orcus;⁵ let the whole accursed edifice sink thither, and tyranny be swallowed up forever! Mounted, some say, on the roof of the guardroom, some "on bayonets stuck into joints of the wall," Louis Tournay smites, brave Aubin Bonnemère (also an old soldier) seconding him. The chain yields, breaks; the huge drawbridge slams down, thundering. Glorious! and yet,

¹ Marais: a manufacturing quarter of Paris. ² Régiment Dauphiné: regiment of the Dauphin, or King's Son. ³ nave: the hub of a wheel. ⁴ fellow: a segment of the rim of a wooden wheel. ⁵ Orcus: in Roman mythology, the home of the dead; the underworld.

alas! it is still but the outworks. The eight grim towers with their invalide⁶ musketry, their paving stones and cannon mouths, still soar aloft intact; ditch yawning impassable, stone-faced; the inner drawbridge with its *back* toward us; the Bastille is still to take! . . .

Paris, wholly, has got to the acme of its frenzy, whirled all ways by panic madness. At every street barricade there whirls, simmering, a minor whirlpool, strengthening the barricade, since God knows what is coming; and all minor whirlpools play distractedly into that grand fire maelstrom⁷ which is lashing round the Bastille.

And so if lashes and roars. Cholat, the wine merchant, has become an impromptu cannoneer. See Georget, of the marine service, fresh from Brest,⁸ play the King of Siam's cannon. Singular (if we were not used to the like). Georget lay last night taking his ease at his inn; the King of Siam's cannon also lay, knowing nothing of *him* for a hundred years; yet now, at the right instant, they have got together, and discourse eloquent music; for, hearing what was toward, Georget sprang from the Brest diligence,⁹ and ran. Gardes Françaises, also, will be here with real artillery. Were not the walls so thick? Upward from the esplanade, horizontally from all neighboring roofs and windows, flashes one irregular deluge of musketry, without effect. The invalides lie flat, firing comparatively at their ease from behind stone; hardly through portholes show the tip of a nose. We fall, shot, and make no impression!

Let conflagration rage of whatsoever is combustible! Guardrooms are burnt, invalides messrooms. A distracted "peruke maker"¹⁰ with two fiery torches" is for burning "the saltpeters of the arsenal," had not a woman run screaming, had not a patriot, with some tincture of natural philosophy, instantly struck the wind out of him (butt of musket on pit of stomach), overturned barrels, and stayed the devouring element. A young, beautiful lady seized, escaping, in these outer courts, and thought, falsely, to be De Launay's¹¹ daughter, shall be burnt in De Launay's sight; she lies, swooned, on a paillasse;¹² but, again, a patriot — it is brave Aubin Bonnemère, the old soldier — dashes in, and rescues her. Straw is burnt; three cartloads of it, hauled hither, go up in white smoke, almost to the choking of patriotism itself; so that Elie had, with singed brows, to drag back one

⁶ **invalide**: veteran (originally, wounded soldier). ⁷ **maelstrom**: a whirlpool of the northwest coast of Norway; used figuratively, any resistless movement or influence. ⁸ **Brest**: a naval station in northwest France. ⁹ **diligence**: a French stagecoach. ¹⁰ **peruke**: a wig. ¹¹ **De Launay**: governor of the Bastille; slain after its capture. ¹² **paillasse**: a straw mattress.

cart, and Réole, the "gigantic haberdasher," another. Smoke as of Tophet,¹³ confusion as of Babel,¹⁴ noise as of the crack of doom!

Blood flows, the aliment of new madness. The wounded are carried into houses of the Rue Cerisaie;¹⁵ the dying leave their last mandate not to yield till the accursed stronghold fall. And yet, alas! how fall? The walls are so thick! Deputations, three in number, arrive from the Hôtel-de-Ville.¹⁶ . . . These wave their town flag in the arched gateway, and stand, rolling their drum, but to no purpose. In such crack of doom De Launay cannot hear them, dare not believe them; they return, with justified rage, the whew of lead still singing in their ears. What to do? The firemen are here, squirting with their fire pumps on the invalides cannon to wet the touchholes; they unfortunately cannot squirt so high, but produce only clouds of spray. Individuals of classical knowledge propose *catapults*. Santerre, the sonorous brewer of the suburb Saint-Antoine, advises rather that the place be fired by "a mixture of phosphorous and oil of turpentine spouted up through forcing pumps." O Spinola-Santerre,¹⁷ hast thou the mixture *ready*? Every man his own engineer! And still the fire deluge abates not; even women are firing, and Turks—at least one woman (with her sweetheart) and one Turk. Gardes Françaises have come; real cannon, real cannoneers. Usher Maillard is busy; half-pay Elie, half-pay Hulin, rage in the midst of thousands.

How the great Bastille clock ticks (inaudible) in its inner court, there, at its ease, hour after hour; as if nothing special, for it or the world, were passing! It tolled one when the firing began, and is now pointing toward five, and still the firing slakes not. Far down in their vaults, the seven prisoners hear muffled din as of earthquakes; their turnkeys answer vaguely.

Woe to thee, De Launay, with thy poor hundred invalides! . . .

What shall De Launay do? One thing only De Launay could have done—what he said he would do. Fancy him sitting, from the first, with lighted taper, within arm's length of the powder magazine; motionless, like an old Roman senator, or bronze lamp holder; coldly apprising Thuriot,¹⁸ and all men, by a slight motion of his eye, what

¹³ **Tophet**: a place near Jerusalem used for burning city refuse; here, hell.

¹⁴ **Babel**: a confusion of many tongues and voices; from the Tower of Babel (Genesis 11:9). ¹⁵ **Rue Cerisaie**: a street in Paris. ¹⁶ **Hôtel-de-Ville**: City Hall. ¹⁷ **Spinola-Santerre**: Santerre, a leader of the Parisian Revolutionary mob, is likened to General Spinola, who captured a fortress in Holland in 1625. ¹⁸ **Thuriot**: a French Jacobin; voted for the death of the King and helped to overthrow Robespierre; died in 1829.

his resolution was. Harmless he sat there, while unharmed; but the king's fortress, meanwhile, could, might, would, or should in nowise be surrendered, save to the king's messengers; one old man's life is worthless, so it be lost with honor; but think, ye brawling *canaille*,¹⁹ how will it be when a whole Bastille springs skyward? In such statuesque, taper-holding attitude, one fancies De Launay might have left Thuriot, the red clerks of the Basoche, curé²⁰ of St. Stephen, and all the tagrag and bobtail of the world, to work their will.

And yet, withal, he could not do it. . . . Distracted he hovers between two — hopes in the middle of despair; surrenders not his fortress; declares that he will blow it up, seizes torches to blow it up, and does not blow it. Unhappy old De Launay, it is the death agony of the Bastille and thee! Jail, jailing, and jailor, all three, such as they may have been, must finish.

For four hours now has the world bedlam roared; call it the world chimera,²¹ blowing fire! The poor invalides have sunk under their battlements, or rise only with reversed muskets; they have made a white flag of napkins, go beating the *chamade*,²² or seeming to beat, for one can hear nothing. The very Swiss at the portcullis²³ look weary of firing, disheartened in the fire deluge; a porthole at the drawbridge is opened, as by one that would speak. See Huissier Maillard, the shifty man! On his plank, swinging over the abyss of that stoned ditch, plank resting on parapet, balanced by weight of patriots, he hovers perilous — such a dove toward such an ark! Deftly, thou shifty usher; one man already fell and lies smashed, far down there against the masonry! Usher Maillard falls not; deftly, unerringly, he walks, with outspread palm. The Swiss holds a paper through the porthole; the shifty usher snatches it and returns. Terms of surrender: Pardon, immunity to all! Are they accepted? "*Foi d'officier* [on the word of an officer]," answers half-pay Hulin, or half-pay Elie — for men do not agree on it — "they are!" Sinks the drawbridge, Usher Maillard bolting it when down; rushes in the living deluge; the Bastille is fallen!

*Victoire! La Bastille est prise!*²⁴

¹⁹ *canaille*: the vulgar multitude; the mob. ²⁰ *curé*: parish priest.
²¹ *chimera*: a mythical fire-breathing animal. ²² *chamade*: a drum or trumpet signal for a parley. ²³ *Swiss . . . portcullis*: The French hired Swiss mercenaries as guards. The portcullis was an iron grating at the entrance.
²⁴ *Victoire: . . . prise*: "Victory! The Bastille is taken."

THE HERO AS A MAN OF LETTERS

Carlyle's belief that the history of the world is primarily the history of its great men is well set forth in his *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, in which he assembles a great variety of heroes from many countries, ages, and walks in life. Shakespeare, Johnson, and Burns are the English writers he has included. Naturally he felt a special interest in Burns, who, like himself, had to struggle against the odds of poverty and lowly birth.

It was a curious phenomenon, in the withered, unbelieving, second-hand eighteenth century, that of a Hero starting up, among the artificial pasteboard figures and productions, in the guise of a Robert Burns. Like a little well in the rocky desert places, — like a sudden splendor of Heaven in the artificial Vauxhall! ¹ People knew not what to make of it. They took it for a piece of the Vauxhall firework; alas, it *let* itself be so taken, though struggling half-blindly, as in bitterness of death, against that! Perhaps no man had such a false reception from his fellow men. Once more a very wasteful life drama was enacted under the sun.

The tragedy of Burns's life is known to all of you. Surely we may say, if discrepancy between place held and place merited constitute perverseness of lot for a man, no lot could be more perverse than Burns's. Among those secondhand acting figures, *mimes* ² for most part, of the eighteenth century, once more a giant Original Man: one of those men who reach down to the perennial Deeps, who take rank with the Heroic among men: and he was born in a poor Ayrshire ³ hut. The largest soul of all the British lands came among us in the shape of a hardhanded Scottish Peasant.

His Father, a poor toiling man, tried various things; did not succeed in any; was involved in continual difficulties. The Steward, Factor as the Scotch call him, used to send letters and threatenings, Burns says, "which threw us all into tears." The brave, hard-toiling, hard-suffering Father, his brave heroine of a wife; and those children, of whom Robert was one! In this Earth, so wide otherwise, no shelter for *them*. The letters "threw us all into tears": figure it. The brave Father, I say always; — a *silent* Hero and Poet; without whom the son had never been a speaking one! Burns's Schoolmaster came afterward to London, learned what good society was; but declares that in no meeting of men did he ever enjoy better dis-

¹ **Vauxhall**: a suburb of London. ² **mimes**: mimic actors. ³ **Ayrshire**: a county in southwest Scotland, where Burns was born and lived.

course than at the hearth of this peasant. And his poor "seven acres of nursery ground," — not that, nor the miserable patch of clay farm, nor anything he tried to get a living by, would prosper with him; he had a sore unequal battle all his days. But he stood it valiantly; a wise, faithful, unconquerable man — swallowing-down how many sore sufferings daily into silence; fighting like an unseen Hero — nobody publishing newspaper paragraphs about his nobleness; voting pieces of plate to him! However, he was not lost: nothing is lost. Robert is there; the outcome of him — and indeed of many generations of such as him.

This Burns appeared under every disadvantage: uninstructed, poor, born only to hard manual toil; and writing, when it came to that, in a rustic special dialect, known only to a small province of the country he lived in. Had he written, even what he did write, in the general language of England, I doubt not he had already become universally recognized as being, or capable to be, one of our greatest men. That he should have tempted so many to penetrate through the rough husk of that dialect of his is proof that there lay something far from common within it. He has gained a certain recognition, and is continuing to do so over all quarters of our wide Saxon world; wheresoever a Saxon dialect is spoken, it begins to be understood, by personal inspection of this and the other, that one of the most considerable Saxon men of the eighteenth century was an Ayrshire Peasant named Robert Burns. Yes, I will say, here too was a piece of the right Saxon stuff: strong as the Harz⁴ rock, rooted in the depths of the world — rock, yet with wells of living softness in it! A wild impetuous whirlwind of passion and faculty slumbered quiet there; such heavenly *melody* dwelling in the heart of it. A noble rough genuineness; homely, rustic, honest; true simplicity of strength; with its lightning fire, with its soft dewy pity — like the old Norse Thor,⁵ the Peasant-god!

Burns's brother Gilbert, a man of much sense and worth, has told me that Robert, in his young days, in spite of their hardship, was usually the gayest of speech; a fellow of infinite frolic, laughter, sense and heart; far pleasanter to hear there, stript, cutting peats in the bog, or suchlike, than he ever afterward knew him. I can well believe it. This basis of mirth (*fond gaillard*,⁶ as old Marquis Mirabeau⁷ calls it), a primal element of sunshine and joyfulness, coupled

⁴ Harz: the chief mountain range of Germany. ⁵ Thor: the Norse god of thunder; Thursday is named for him. ⁶ *fond gaillard*: the foundation of mirth. ⁷ Mirabeau: a French count and statesman; a leader in the French Revolution (1749-1791).

with his other deep and earnest qualities, is one of the most attractive characteristics of Burns. A large fund of Hope dwells in him; spite of his tragical history, he is not a mourning man. He shakes his sorrows gallantly aside; bounds forth victorious over them. It is as the lion shaking "dewdrops from his mane"; as the swift-bounding horse, that *laughs* at the shaking of the spear. But indeed, Hope, Mirth, of the sort like Burns's, are they not the outcome properly of warm generous affection — such as is the beginning of all to every man?

You would think it strange if I called Burns the most gifted British soul we had in all that century of his; and yet I believe the day is coming when there will be little danger in saying so. His writings, all that he *did* under such obstructions, are only a poor fragment of him. Professor Stewart remarked very justly, what indeed is true of all Poets good for much, that his poetry was not any particular faculty; but the general result of a naturally vigorous original mind expressing itself in that way. Burns's gifts, expressed in conversation, are the theme of all that ever heard him. All kinds of gifts: from the gracefulest utterances of courtesy, to the highest fire of passionate speech; loud floods of mirth, soft wailings of affection, laconic emphasis, clear piercing insight: all was in him. Witty duchesses celebrate him as a man whose speech "led them off their feet." This is beautiful; but still more beautiful that which Mr. Lockhart has recorded, which I have more than once alluded to: How the waiters and hostlers at inns would get out of bed, and come crowding to hear this man speak! Waiters and hostlers — they too were men, and here was a man! I have heard much about his speech; but one of the best things I ever heard of it was, last year, from a venerable gentleman long familiar with him. That it was speech distinguished by always *having something in it*. "He spoke rather little than much," this old man told me; "sat rather silent in those early days, as in the company of persons above him; and always when he did speak, it was to throw new light on the matter." I know not why anyone should ever speak otherwise! — But if we look at his general force of soul, his healthy *robustness* every way, the rugged downrightness, penetration, generous valor and manfulness that was in him — where shall we readily find a better-gifted man? . . .

Once more we have to say here that the chief quality of Burns is the *sincerity* of him. So in his Poetry, so in his Life. The Song he sings is not of fantasticalities; it is of a thing felt, really there; the prime merit of this, as of all in him, and of his Life generally, is truth. The Life of Burns is what we may call a great tragic sin-

cerity. A sort of savage sincerity — not cruel, far from that; but wild, wrestling naked with truth of things. In that sense, there is something of the savage in all great men.

Hero-worship — Odin,⁸ Burns? Well; these Men of Letters too were not without a kind of Hero-worship: but what a strange condition has that got into now! The waiters and hostlers of Scotch inns, prying about the door, eager to catch any word that fell from Burns, were doing unconscious reverence to the Heroic. . . .

My last remark is on that notablest phasis of Burns's history — his visit to Edinburgh. Often it seems to me as if his demeanor there were the highest proof he gave of what a fund of worth and genuine manhood was in him. If we think of it, few heavier burdens could be laid on the strength of a man. So sudden; all common *Lionism*, which ruins innumerable men, was as nothing to this. It is as if Napoleon had been made a King of, not gradually, but at once from the Artillery Lieutenancy in the Regiment La Fère. Burns, still only in his twenty-seventh year, is no longer even a plowman; he is flying to the West Indies to escape disgrace and a jail. This month he is a ruined peasant, his wages seven pounds a year, and these gone from him; next month he is in the blaze of rank and beauty, handing down jeweled Duchesses to dinner; the cynosure⁹ of all eyes! Adversity is sometimes hard upon a man; but for one man who can stand prosperity, there are a hundred that will stand adversity. I admire much the way in which Burns met all this. Perhaps no man one could point out was ever so sorely tried, and so little forgot himself. Tranquil, unastonished; not abashed, not inflated, neither awkwardness nor affectation: he feels that *he* there is the man Robert Burns; that the "rank is but the guinea stamp"; that the celebrity is but the candlelight, which will show *what* man, not in the least make him a better or other man! Alas, it may readily, unless he look to it, make him a *worse* man; a wretched inflated windbag — inflated till he *burst*, and become a *dead* lion; for whom, as someone has said, "there is no resurrection of the body"; worse than a living dog! — Burns is admirable here.

And yet, alas, as I have observed elsewhere, these Lion hunters were the ruin and death of Burns. It was they that rendered it impossible for him to live! They gathered round him in his Farm; hindered his industry; no place was remote enough from them. He could not get his Lionism forgotten, honestly as he was disposed to

⁸ **Odin**: the supreme deity in the Norse mythology. ⁹ **cynosure**: the center of attraction or attention.

do so. He falls into discontents, into miseries, faults; the world getting ever more desolate for him; health, character, peace of mind all gone — solitary enough now. It is tragical to think of! These men came but to *see* him; it was out of no sympathy with him, nor no hatred to him. They came to get a little amusement: they got their amusement; — and the Hero's life went for it!

Richter¹⁰ says, in the Island of Sumatra¹¹ there is a kind of "Light chafers," large Fireflies, which people stick upon spits, and illuminate the ways with at night. Persons of condition can thus travel with a pleasant radiance, which they much admire. Great honor to the Fireflies! But — ! —

¹⁰ Richter: a German writer of stories and novels (1763-1825). ¹¹ Sumatra: an island in the Dutch East Indies.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF CARLYLE

THE FALL OF THE BASTILLE

1. Show by specific examples how Carlyle makes the scene vivid and dramatic.
2. What does he show of the revolutionists' attitude toward the aristocrats? How does excitement destroy their judgment? What do you learn about mob psychology? Does Carlyle show sympathy with either side? If so, which?
3. What is the significance of the fall of the Bastille in French history?

THE HERO AS A MAN OF LETTERS

1. How is Burns made alive and human? Is this a case of "hero-worship" or does the author point out weaknesses of his subject as well as virtues?
2. What poetic merits does Carlyle find in Burns? After your own study of Burns's poems do you agree or disagree with Carlyle?
3. Discuss the effects of Burns's visit to Edinburgh.
4. Why was Burns a good choice for this section of Carlyle's volume, *Heroes and Hero-Worship*?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Dickens based his description of the fall of the Bastille in *A Tale of Two Cities* (Book II, Chapter 21) largely on Carlyle's account. It would be interesting to compare the two.

Read also an account from a more recent history such as Shailer Mathews' *The French Revolution*.

2. Write an account of a fire, flood, or some other exciting event you have experienced, trying to give it the surge, suspense, and climax of excitement that Carlyle gives his description.

3. If you like Carlyle's unique style, read *Sartor Resartus* (in part at least) for his comment on modern society. If you like biography, read other essays on great men from *Heroes and Hero-Worship*.

4. Write an appraisal or appreciation of some person who has been a subject of your own hero-worship.

5. Jane Carlyle's letters are brilliant, and throw interest and light on the private life of this unusual couple. The best ones are in collections of letters (see page 481).

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THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (1800-1859)

Unlike Carlyle's long martyrdom Macaulay's life was passed in ease and comfort; in fact, his was one of the most successful and brilliant careers in the annals of literature. His father, a wealthy merchant of Scotch ancestry, was the distinguished leader of the band of humanitarians who secured the peaceful abolition of slavery in the British Empire. Thomas was a precocious child; at three he was able to read; at four he gave indications of a marvelous memory; and at eight he wrote a theological discourse. At eighteen he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where with the single exception of mathematics, which he detested, he carried off all the prizes. His phenomenal memory (it is said he could repeat the whole of *Paradise Lost*) enabled him to enrich his conversation, debates, and writings with apt allusions and accurate quotations. He was a great reader all his life and was rarely seen without a book in hand.

From the publication at twenty-five of his essay on Milton, Macaulay's career was a series of literary and political triumphs. When he entered Parliament in 1830, he rose to immediate fame through his orations in support of the Reform Bill; but his father's loss of property compelled him to give up a promising career in Parliament and take a lucrative position as member of the Supreme Council in India for four years. Later he re-entered the House of Commons, held two cabinet positions in succession, and greatly increased his fame as an orator and statesman.

In addition to his official duties he wrote continuously. At thirty-nine he began his world-renowned History of England, in which he created a new form, the historical essay. So popular was his style that the third volume had the record-breaking sale of twenty-six thousand, five hundred copies in ten weeks. His royalties of over one hundred and fifty thousand dollars would have been trebled if he had received any payment for the copies sold in the United States alone. "No work of any kind," wrote his American publishers, "has ever so completely taken our whole country by storm." The *History* was translated into many languages and brought him not only fame but a peerage. While working on his masterpiece during a period of twenty years, he published his popular Lays of Ancient Rome and his great essays on Bunyan, Addison, Johnson, and Goldsmith which

accurate
didn't think of style & laws in the
writing

entitle him to share with Carlyle the honor of greatest of English essayists. Because of his strong hold on the reading public he has been called "the prince of popularizers."

FROM THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND

Macaulay has told us that he planned his *History of England* to "supersede the last fashionable novel upon the dressing table of young ladies." It is, indeed, as readable as a novel with its vivid details and clear-cut, vigorous style. In his attempt to make the seventeenth century a living experience to his readers, he succeeded so well that the book is a classic among literary histories. The work was originally designed to include the period from James II to William IV, but only five volumes were published, covering sixteen years up to the reign of Queen Anne. The following description from Chapter III is a graphic portrayal of life and manners in the English capital in the days of Charles II.

LONDON STREETS

The position of London, relatively to the other towns of the empire, was, in the time of Charles the Second, far higher than at present. For at present the population of London is little more than six times the population of Manchester¹ or of Liverpool.² In the days of Charles the Second the population of London was more than seventeen times the population of Bristol or of Norwich. It may be doubted whether any other instance can be mentioned of a great kingdom in which the first city was more than seventeen times as large as the second. There is reason to believe that in 1685 London had been, during about half a century, the most populous capital in Europe. The inhabitants, who are now at least nineteen hundred thousand, were then probably little more than half a million. . . .

We should greatly err if we were to suppose that any of the streets and squares then bore the same aspect as at present. The great majority of the houses, indeed, have, since that time, been wholly, or in great part, rebuilt. If the most fashionable parts of the capital could be placed before us, such as they then were, we should be disgusted by their squalid appearance, and poisoned by their noisome atmosphere. In Covent Garden³ a filthy and noisy market was held close to the dwellings of the great. Fruit women screamed, carters fought,

¹ Manchester: the great cotton-manufacturing center of Lancashire.

² Liverpool: England's second shipping port; on the west coast. ³ Covent Garden: the largest fruit and flower market in London.

cabbage stalks and rotten apples accumulated in heaps at the thresholds of the Countess of Berkshire and of the Bishop of Durham.

The center of Lincoln's Inn Fields ⁴ was an open space where the rabble congregated every evening, within a few yards of Cardigan House and Winchester House, to hear mountebanks harangue, to see bears dance, and to set dogs at oxen. Rubbish was shot in every part of the area. Horses were exercised there. The beggars were as noisy and importunate as in the worst governed cities of the Continent. A Lincoln's Inn mumper ⁵ was a proverb. The whole fraternity knew the arms and liveries of every charitably disposed grandee in the neighborhood, and, as soon as his lordship's coach and six appeared, came hopping and crawling in crowds to persecute him. These disorders lasted, in spite of many accidents, and of some legal proceedings, till, in the reign of George the Second, Sir Joseph Jekyll, Master of the Rolls, was knocked down and nearly killed in the middle of the square. Then at length palisades were set up, and a pleasant garden laid out.

Saint James's Square ⁶ was a receptacle for all the offal and cinders, for all the dead cats and dead dogs of Westminster.⁷ At one time a cudgel player ⁸ kept the ring there. At another time an impudent squatter settled himself there, and built a shed for rubbish under the windows of the gilded saloons in which the first magnates of the realm, Norfolk, Ormond, Kent, and Pembroke, gave banquets and balls. It was not till these nuisances had lasted through a whole generation, and till much had been written about them, that the inhabitants applied to Parliament for permission to put up rails, and to plant trees.

When such was the state of the region inhabited by the most luxurious portion of society, we may easily believe that the great body of the population suffered what would now be considered as insupportable grievances. The pavement was detestable; all foreigners cried shame upon it. The drainage was so bad that in rainy weather the gutters soon became torrents. Several facetious poets have commemorated the fury with which these black rivulets roared down Snow Hill and Ludgate Hill, bearing to Fleet Ditch a vast tribute of animal and vegetable filth from the stalls of butchers and green-

⁴ **Lincoln's Inn Fields:** the largest square in London, surrounded by lawyers' offices and old mansions. ⁵ **mumper:** a beggar and imposter. ⁶ **Saint James's Square:** later a fashionable district. ⁷ **Westminster:** the section of London where the government houses are now located. ⁸ **cudgel player:** a man skilled in defending himself with cudgel or staff.

grocers. This flood was profusely thrown to right and left by coaches and carts. To keep as far from the carriage road as possible was therefore the wish of every pedestrian. The mild and timid gave the wall. The bold and athletic took it. If two roisterers met, they cocked their hats in each other's faces, and pushed each other about till the weaker was shoved toward the kennel.⁹ If he was a mere bully he sneaked off, muttering that he should find a time. If he was pugnacious, the encounter probably ended in a duel behind Montague House.¹⁰

The houses were not numbered. There would indeed have been little advantage in numbering them; for of the coachmen, chairmen,¹¹ porters, and errand boys of London, a very small proportion could read. It was necessary to use marks which the most ignorant could understand. The shops were therefore distinguished by painted or sculptured signs, which gave a gay and grotesque aspect to the streets. The walk from Charing Cross to Whitechapel lay through an endless succession of Saracens' Heads, Royal Oaks, Blue Bears, and Golden Lambs, which disappeared when they were no longer required for the direction of the common people.

When the evening closed in, the difficulty and danger of walking about London became serious indeed. The garret windows were opened, and pails were emptied, with little regard to those who were passing below. Falls, bruises, and broken bones were of constant occurrence. For, till the last year of the reign of Charles the Second, most of the streets were left in profound darkness. Thieves and robbers plied their trade with impunity; yet they were hardly so terrible to peaceable citizens as another class of ruffians. It was a favorite amusement of dissolute young gentlemen to swagger by night about the town, breaking windows, upsetting sedans, beating quiet men, and offering rude caresses to pretty women. Several dynasties of these tyrants had, since the Restoration, domineered over the streets. The Muns and Tityre Tus had given place to the Hectors, and the Hectors had been recently succeeded by the Scourers. At a later period rose the Nicker, the Hawcubite, and the yet more dreaded name of Mohawk. The machinery for keeping the peace was utterly contemptible. There was an act of Common Council which provided that more than a thousand watchmen should be constantly on the alert in the city, from sunset to sunrise, and that every inhabitant should take his turn of duty. But this Act was negligently executed.

⁹ kennel: street gutter. ¹⁰ Montague House: a government building in Whitehall. ¹¹ chairmen: men who carried the sedan chairs.

Few of those who were summoned left their homes; and those few generally found it more agreeable to tipple in alehouses than to pace the streets. . . .

LONDON COFFEEHOUSES

The coffeehouse must not be dismissed with a cursory mention. It might indeed at that time have been not improperly called a most important political institution. No Parliament had sat for years. The municipal council of the City had ceased to speak the sense of the citizens. Public meetings, harangues, resolutions, and the rest of the modern machinery of agitation had not yet come into fashion. Nothing resembling the modern newspaper existed. In such circumstances the coffeehouses were the chief organs through which the public opinion of the metropolis vented itself.

The first of these establishments had been set up, in the time of the Commonwealth, by a Turkey merchant, who had acquired among the Mahometans a taste for their favorite beverage. The convenience of being able to make appointments in any part of the town, and of being able to pass evenings socially at a very small charge, was so great that the fashion spread fast. Every man of the upper or middle class went daily to his coffeehouse to learn the news and to discuss it. Every coffeehouse had one or more orators to whose eloquence the crowd listened with admiration, and who soon became, what the journalists of our own time have been called, a fourth Estate of the realm. The court had long seen with uneasiness the growth of this new power in the state. An attempt had been made, during Danby's¹ administration, to close the coffeehouses. But men of all parties missed their usual places of resort so much that there was an universal outcry. The government did not venture, in opposition to a feeling so strong and general, to enforce a regulation of which the legality might well be questioned. Since that time ten years had elapsed, and during those years the number and influence of the coffeehouses had been constantly increasing. Foreigners remarked that the coffeehouse was that which especially distinguished London from all other cities; that the coffeehouse was the Londoner's home, and that those who wished to find a gentleman commonly asked, not whether he lived in Fleet Street or Chancery Lane, but whether he frequented the Grecian or the Rainbow. Nobody was excluded from these places who laid down his penny at the bar. Yet every rank and

¹ **Danby:** Thomas Osborn. Lord Danby: Lord Treasurer under Charles II.

profession, and every shade of religious and political opinion, had its own headquarters. There were houses near Saint James's Park where fops congregated, their heads and shoulders covered with black or flaxen wigs, not less ample than those which are now worn by the Chancellor and by the Speaker of the House of Commons. The wig came from Paris; and so did the rest of the fine gentleman's ornaments, his embroidered coat, his fringed gloves, and the tassel which upheld his pantaloons. The conversation was in that dialect which, long after it had ceased to be spoken in fashionable circles, continued, in the mouth of Lord Foppington,² to excite the mirth of theaters. The atmosphere was like that of a perfumer's shop. Tobacco in any other form than that of richly scented snuff was held in abomination. If any clown, ignorant of the usages of the house, called for a pipe, the sneers of the whole assembly and the short answers of the waiters soon convinced him that he had better go somewhere else. Nor, indeed, would he have had far to go. For, in general, the coffeerooms reeked with tobacco like a guardroom; and strangers sometimes expressed their surprise that so many people should leave their own firesides to sit in the midst of eternal fog and stench. Nowhere was the smoking more constant than at Will's. That celebrated house, situated between Covent Garden and Bow Street, was sacred to polite letters. There the talk was about poetical justice and the unities of place and time. There was a faction for Perrault³ and the moderns, a faction for Boileau⁴ and the ancients. One group debated whether *Paradise Lost* ought not to have been in rhyme. To another an envious poetaster demonstrated that *Venice Preserved*⁵ ought to have been hooted from the stage. Under no roof was a greater variety of figures to be seen. There were Earls in stars and garters, clergymen in cassocks and bands, pert Templars,⁶ sheepish lads from the Universities, translators and index makers in ragged coats of frieze. The great press was to get near the chair where John Dryden sat. In winter that chair was always in the warmest nook by the fire; in summer it stood in the balcony. To bow to the Laureate, and to hear his opinion of Racine's⁷ last tragedy or of Bossu's⁸ treatise on epic poetry, was thought a privilege. A pinch from his snuffbox was an

² **Foppington**: a character in *The Relapse*, by Vanbrugh; he pronounced "Lord" as "Lard." ³ **Perrault**: a French writer; member of the French Academy (1628-1703). ⁴ **Boileau**: French satirist and critic (1636-1711); member of the French Academy. The two disputed the merits of ancient and modern literature. ⁵ ***Venice Preserved***: a play by Thomas Otway (1652-1685). ⁶ **Templars**: Lawyers and law students resided in the Temple. ⁷ **Racine**: a French dramatic poet (1639-1699). ⁸ **Bossu**: eminent French critic (1631-1680).

honor sufficient to turn the head of a young enthusiast. There were coffeehouses where the first medical men might be consulted. Doctor John Radcliffe, who, in the year 1685, rose to the largest practice in London, came daily, at the hour when the Exchange was full, from his house in Bow Street, then a fashionable part of the capital, to Garraway's, and was to be found, surrounded by surgeons and apothecaries, at a particular table. There were Puritan coffeehouses where no oath was heard, and where lank-haired men discussed election and reprobation through their noses; Jew coffeehouses where dark-eyed money-changers from Venice and from Amsterdam greeted each other; and Popish coffeehouses where, as good Protestants believed, Jesuits planned, over their cups, another great fire, and cast silver bullets to shoot the King.

These gregarious habits had no small share in forming the character of the Londoner of that age. He was, indeed, a different being from the rustic Englishman. There was not then the intercourse which now exists between the two classes. Only very great men were in the habit of dividing the year between town and country. Few esquires came to the capital thrice in their lives. Nor was it yet the practice of all citizens in easy circumstances to breathe the fresh air of the fields and woods during some weeks of every summer. A cockney, in a rural village, was stared at as much as if he had intruded into a Kraal⁹ of Hottentots. On the other hand, when the Lord of a Lincolnshire or Shropshire manor appeared in Fleet Street, he was as easily distinguished from the resident population as a Turk or a Lascar.¹⁰ His dress, his gait, his accent, the manner in which he stared at the shops, stumbled into the gutters, ran against the porters, and stood under the waterspouts, marked him out as an excellent subject for the operations of swindlers and banterers. Bullies jostled him into the kennel. Hackney coachmen splashed him from head to foot. Thieves explored with perfect security the huge pockets of his horseman's coat, while he stood entranced by the splendor of the Lord Mayor's show. Money droppers, sore from the cart's tail,¹¹ introduced themselves to him, and appeared to him the most honest, friendly gentlemen that he had ever seen. Painted women, the refuse of Lewkner Lane and Whetstone Park, passed themselves on him for countesses and maids of honor. If he asked his way to Saint James's,¹²

⁹ **Kraal**: a stockaded village of South African natives. ¹⁰ **Lascar**: East Indian sailor. ¹¹ **money droppers** . . . **tail**: cheats, who had been tied to a cart and whipped through the streets. ¹² **Saint James's**: the fashionable residential district in the west side.

his informants sent him to Mile End.¹³ If he went into a shop, he was instantly discerned to be a fit purchaser of everything that nobody else would buy, of secondhand embroidery, copper rings, and watches that would not go. If he rambled into any fashionable coffeehouse, he became a mark for the insolent derision of fops and the grave wag-gery of Templars. Enraged and mortified, he soon returned to his mansion, and there, in the homage of his tenants, and the conversation of his boon companions, found consolation for the vexations and humiliations which he had undergone. There he was once more a great man, and saw nothing above himself except when at the assizes he took his seat on the bench near the Judge, or when at the muster of the militia he saluted the Lord Lieutenant.

¹³ **Mile End:** poor district in the East End of London.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF MACAULAY

1. What are the most noticeable differences between London as Macaulay describes it and a modern American city? What difficulties were there for pedestrians? Do we still have problems of lawlessness?
2. What part did the coffeehouses play in the life of the day? What in modern life corresponds most closely to them? What light is thrown on the fashions of that day? on different classes of people in London? Do you think you would have enjoyed living in London in those days? Why, or why not?
3. Judging Carlyle and Macaulay by the selections in this book, what differences do you observe in their sentence structure, language, and manner of writing history? Which do you prefer?

For the Ambitious Student

1. All of Chapter III in Volume I of *The History of England* gives an interesting picture of general conditions in England. A particularly good oral report for the class would be on travel conditions, a passage which follows the selection from Chapter III given in this book. This report could be illustrated with pictures of old coaches.
2. If you have never read *The Lays of Ancient Rome*, at least read "Horatius," the most famous. Stirring ballads on English history are "The Armada" and "The Battle of Naseby." Portions of all these might be read aloud to the class. Can you discover what in these poems shows that Macaulay is a historian and orator more than a poet?
3. Students interested in India may wish to investigate Macaulay's essays on Clive and Warren Hastings; those interested in literary criticism should read the ones on Addison, Johnson, Milton, and Bunyan. Macaulay's essay on Warren Hasting offers a good comparison with Burke's Oration on that subject.

4. Write an account of your own town or city either as it is today or as it was in the past. A co-operative account, for which different students interview their older relatives and friends, illustrated by old photographs, would be a valuable class project.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890)

In the Victorian era no man was held in greater respect and admiration than the many-sided John Henry Newman. He was a master of English prose, a cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church, and the author of that supreme hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light."

Though born in London, he spent nearly half his life at Oxford, as student, teacher, and clergyman. From early life he seemed destined for some high office in the Church. His extraordinary talents, gentle mien, and deeply religious nature, evidenced even in preparatory school, brought him distinction at Oxford University and an appointment as Fellow of Oriel College and later as rector of St. Mary's Church, where for fifteen years his sermons made religion a vital force to the students. During this period Newman, with other earnest Anglicans, launched the Oxford Movement in an attempt to regain the spirit and doctrine of early Christianity. Their purposes were set forth in a series of articles called *Tracts of the Times*. One of these, written by Newman, brought him into opposition with the ecclesiastical authorities. Forced by differences of opinion on religious matters to leave his position, Newman traveled abroad; and it was while he was returning from Sicily in 1843, still troubled about his future actions on account of his religious convictions, that he was inspired to write his deathless hymn.

Two years later, after much study and reflection, he joined the Roman Catholic Church, a step which caused Disraeli, England's famous prime minister and statesman, to say that "Anglicanism reeled under the shock." After serving as rector of the Roman Catholic University in Dublin for four years, he was created a cardinal. The rest of his life was spent at the Birmingham Oratory, where his Christian character and his intellectual and spiritual powers brought him the highest regard of his countrymen of all religions, whether Roman Catholic, Protestant, or Jew.

Newman's high position in English literature is due to his originality of expression, sweet and gentle, yet clear, logical, and eloquent. He was an example, both in theory and in practice, of the blending of religion with literature, and he will always be remembered for his spiritual force and his mastery of language. His vigorous and lucid prose is at its best in such essays as "The Idea of a University," and his autobiography, *Apologia pro Vita Sua* (Apology for His Life). His most extended writing in verse is "The Dream of Gerontius," a drama of the human soul, which for thought and penetration has been favorably compared with Dante's *Divine Comedy*.

THE EDUCATED MAN

This short passage and "The Gentleman," which follows it, are from the series of lectures entitled *The Idea of a University* which Cardinal Newman delivered in Dublin. They show the breadth of view, the power of luminous definition, and the faultless use of English for which their author is justly famous.

A university is not a birthplace of poets or of immortal authors, of founders of schools, leaders of colonies, or conquerors of nations. It does not promise a generation of Aristotles or Newtons, of Napoleons or Washingtons, of Raphaels or Shakespeares, though such miracles of nature it has before now contained within its precincts. Nor is it content on the other hand with forming the critic or the experimentalist, the economist or the engineer, though such too it includes within its scope. But a university training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life. It is the education which gives a man a clear conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to get right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them. He is at home in any society, he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably, when he has nothing to impart himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion, and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle, and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. He has the repose of mind which lives in itself, while it lives in the world, and which has resources for its happiness at home when

it cannot go abroad. He has a gift which serves him in public, and supports him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar, and with which failure and disappointment have a charm.

THE GENTLEMAN

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him, and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature; like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unreasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disci-

plined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds, who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack, instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence; he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honors the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling which is the attendant on civilization.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF NEWMAN

1. What, to the author's mind, is the intrinsic value of a college education? If you plan to go to college, how does your own idea of what you expect to get out of it compare with Newman's? Has your high-school training taught you any of the things mentioned by Newman? If so, which?
2. Give briefly his definition of a gentleman, listing the chief characteristics. Is the gentleman made attractive to you, or not? Can a person be a great man and yet not a gentleman? Discuss. Are gentlemen common or uncommon in your community?
3. Study the author's method of presenting an argument. How does he gain our interest in his statements? How does he impress them on our minds? Prove that he is scrupulous in his choice of words.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Write definitions of your own on subjects parallel to Newman's, such as "The Educated Senior," "The Ideal Chum," "A True Sportsman."
2. Write a short essay on the kind of college course you wish to take and what values you expect to get from it. Put this away where you can find it after you have had some experience in college to see how near you have come to realizing your objectives.

3. Study carefully the words of "Lead, Kindly Light." What makes it such an appealing hymn? If possible have it sung before the class by a good soloist or quartet.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819-1900)

To John Ruskin, frequently called "the Apostle of Art," we owe much of our present appreciation of architecture and painting. More than any other great Englishman, he saw in these arts the everyday aspiration, idealism, and religion of a people. "If we can perceive beauty in everything of God's doing," he writes, "we may argue that we have reached the true perception of its universal laws."

Ruskin was born in London, the only son of a wealthy merchant, who hoped that his son would become "another Byron, only pious." His religious mother saw in him a future bishop, and so he read the Bible daily and memorized scores of favorite passages. The influence of this early training on his literary style was very marked. As a boy he was an intellectual prodigy. At four he was reading; by five he had actually read hundreds of books and had commenced writing poems and plays. At nine he wrote "Endosia, a Poem of the Universe"; at fifteen he published an essay on rock strata and one on the color of the Rhine; and at eighteen he wrote a series of papers on The Poetry of Architecture.

With the publication of the first volume of Modern Painters when he was twenty-three, Ruskin found himself famous and a social lion. The second volume was a defense of the original but misunderstood painter, Turner. Then in quick succession came, with his own illustrations, The Seven Lamps of Architecture, the "seven spiritual virtues," perhaps his masterpiece; Pre-Raphaelitism, a defense of the chief painters of the Brotherhood; and The Stones of Venice, in which Gothic and Renaissance architecture are contrasted.

About 1860 Ruskin devoted himself to setting forth his ideas of a social Utopia, feeling that further lectures and writings on art were futile as long as the people were living narrow and miserable lives. He spent his inherited fortune of nearly a million dollars in plans for public welfare to bring light and beauty to the people. He founded the Guild of St. George, a socialistic enterprise; started a model teashop; encouraged handicrafts; taught and lectured to the students at Oxford as well as at the Working Men's College in London, where he swept streets and even got his students to try road building. His social and intellectual ideas he afterward enunciated in Sesame and Lilies and Unto This Last. *-laboring class revolt, few have money, passion*

But in Praeterita, his autobiography and one of his most charming books, we get glimpses of the tragedies that darkened his life. There is the romantic story of his early disappointment in love, and the later sorrow when his wife deserted him to marry the painter Millais, whose art he had so *creative writing comes in*

boldly defended against all critics. The last ten years of his life were spent at his beautiful home, Brantwood, on Lake Coniston, where he assembled a fine collection of pictures. Ruskin's enormous literary output is deathless witness to the fifty-five active years which he devoted to the service of art and humanity. "Life," he says, "is a magic vase filled to the brim, so that you cannot dip in it nor draw from it; but it overflows into the hand that drops treasures into it — drop in malice and it overflows hate; drop in charity and it overflows love."

THE MEDIEVAL AND THE MODERN WORKMAN

In *The Stones of Venice*, from which this selection is taken, Ruskin contrasted the Gothic and the Renaissance architecture found in Venice, to the advantage of the first. He believed that art and architecture express the religion of a people and embody their best thought and aspiration. He also preached the dignity of labor. "Life without industry is guilt," he said, "and industry without art is brutality."

Now, in the make and nature of every man, however rude or simple, whom we employ in manual labor, there are some powers for better things: some tardy imagination, torpid capacity of emotion, tottering steps of thought, there are, even at the worst; and in most cases it is all our own fault that they *are* tardy or torpid. But they cannot be strengthened, unless we are content to take them in their feebleness, and unless we prize and honor them in their imperfection above the best and most perfect manual skill. And this is what we have to do with all our labors: to look for the *thoughtful* part of them, and get that out of them, whatever we lose for it, whatever faults and errors we are obliged to take with it. For the best that is in them cannot manifest itself, but in company with much error. Understand this clearly: You can teach a man to draw a straight line, and to cut one; to strike a curved line, and to carve it; and to copy and carve any number of given lines or forms, with admirable speed and perfect precision; and you find his work perfect of its kind: but if you ask him to think about any of those forms, to consider if he cannot find any better in his own head, he stops; his execution becomes hesitating; he thinks, and ten to one he thinks wrong; ten to one he makes a mistake in the first touch he gives to his work as a thinking being. But you have made a man of him for all that. He was only a machine before, an animated tool.

And observe, you are put to stern choice in this matter. You must either make a tool of the creature, or a man of him. You cannot

make both. Men were not intended to work with the accuracy of tools, to be precise and perfect in all their actions. If you will have that precision out of them, and make their fingers measure degrees like cogwheels, and their arms strike curves like compasses, you must unhumanize them. All the energy of their spirits must be given to make cogs and compasses of themselves. All their attention and strength must go to the accomplishment of the mean act. The eye of the soul must be bent upon the finger point, and the soul's force must fill all the invisible nerves that guide it, ten hours a day, that it may not err from its steely precision, and so soul and sight be worn away, and the whole human being be lost at last — a heap of sawdust, so far as its intellectual work in this world is concerned; saved only by its Heart, which cannot go into the form of cogs and compasses, but expands, after the ten hours are over, into fireside humanity. On the other hand, if you will make a man of the working creature, you cannot make a tool. Let him but begin to imagine, to think, to try to do anything worth doing; and the engine-turned precision is lost at once. Out come all his roughness, all his dullness, all his incapability; shame upon shame, failure upon failure, pause after pause: but out comes the whole majesty of him also; and we know the height of it only when we see the clouds settling upon him. And, whether the clouds be bright or dark, there will be transfiguration behind and within them.

And now, reader, look round this English room of yours, about which you have been proud so often, because the work of it was so good and strong, and the ornaments of it so finished. Examine again all those accurate moldings, and perfect polishings, and unerring adjustments of the seasoned wood and tempered steel. Many a time you have exulted over them, and thought how great England was, because her slightest work was done so thoroughly. Alas! if read rightly, these perfectnesses are signs of a slavery in our England a thousand times more bitter and more degrading than that of the scourged African, or helot¹ Greek. Men may be beaten, chained, tormented, yoked like cattle, slaughtered like summer flies, and yet remain in one sense, and the best sense, free. But to smother their souls within them, to blight and hew into rotting pollards² the suckling branches of their human intelligence, to make the flesh and skin which, after the worm's work on it, is to see God, into leathern thongs to yoke machinery with — this it is to be slave masters indeed;

¹ *helot*: a serf of the lowest class in Sparta. ² *pollards*: trees cut back to the trunks to promote growth of dense heads of leaves.

and there might be more freedom in England, though her feudal lords' lightest words were worth men's lives, and though the blood of the vexed husbandman dropped in the furrows of her fields, than there is while the animation of her multitudes is sent like fuel to feed the factory smoke, and the strength of them is given daily to be wasted into the fineness of a web, or racked into the exactness of a line.

And, on the other hand, go forth again to gaze upon the old cathedral front, where you have smiled so often at the fantastic ignorance of the old sculptors; examine once more those ugly goblins, and formless monsters, and stern statues, anatomiless and rigid; but do not mock at them, for they are signs of the life and liberty of every workman who struck the stone; a freedom of thought, and rank in scale of being, such as no laws, no charters, no charities can secure; but which it must be the first aim of all Europe at this day to regain for her children.

Let me not be thought to speak wildly or extravagantly. It is verily this degradation of the operative into a machine, which, more than any other evil of the times, is leading the mass of the nations everywhere into vain, incoherent, destructive struggling for a freedom of which they cannot explain the nature to themselves. Their universal outcry against wealth, and against nobility, is not forced from them either by the pressure of famine, or the sting of mortified pride. These do much, and have done much in all ages; but the foundations of society were never yet shaken as they are at this day. It is not that men are ill fed, but that they have no pleasure in the work by which they make their bread, and therefore look to wealth as the only means of pleasure. It is not that men are pained by the scorn of the upper classes, but they cannot endure their own; for they feel that the kind of labor to which they are condemned is verily a degrading one, and makes them less than men. Never had the upper classes so much sympathy with the lower, or charity for them, as they have at this day, and yet never were they so much hated by them; for, of old, the separation between the noble and the poor was merely a wall built by law; now it is a veritable difference in level of standing, a precipice between upper and lower grounds in the field of humanity, and there is pestilential air at the bottom of it. I know not if a day is ever to come when the nature of right freedom will be understood, and when men will see that to obey another man, to labor for him, yield reverence to him or to his place, is not slavery. It is often the best kind of liberty—liberty from care. The man who says to one, Go, and he goeth, and to another, Come, and he cometh,

has, in most cases, more sense of restraint and difficulty than the man who obeys him. The movements of the one are hindered by the burden on his shoulder; of the other, by the bridle on his lips. There is no way by which the burden may be lightened; but we need not suffer from the bridle if we do not champ at it. To yield reverence to another, to hold ourselves and our lives at his disposal, is not slavery; often it is the noblest state in which a man can live in this world. There is, indeed, a reverence which is servile, that is to say irrational or selfish: but there is also noble reverence, that is to say, reasonable and loving; and a man is never so noble as when he is reverent in this kind; nay, even if the feeling pass the bounds of mere reason, so that it be loving, a man is raised by it. Which had, in reality, most of the serf nature in him — the Irish peasant who was lying in wait yesterday for his landlord, with his musket muzzle thrust through the ragged hedge; or that old mountain servant, who two hundred years ago, at Inverkeithing, gave up his own life and the lives of his seven sons for his chief? — as each fell, calling forth his brother to the death, “Another for Hector!”³ And therefore, in all ages and all countries, reverence has been paid and sacrifice made by men to each other, not only without complaint, but rejoicingly; and famine, and peril, and sword, and all evil, and all shame, have been borne willingly in the causes of masters and kings; for all these gifts of the heart ennobled the men who gave, not less than the men who received, them, and nature prompted, and God rewarded the sacrifice. But to feel their souls withering within them, unthanked, to find their whole being sunk into an unrecognized abyss, to be counted off into a heap of mechanism, numbered with its wheels, and weighed with its hammer strokes — this nature bade not — this God blesses not — this humanity for no long time is able to endure.

We have much studied and much perfected, of late, the great civilized invention of the division of labor; only we give it a false name. It is not, truly speaking, the labor that is divided; but the men: divided into mere segments of men — broken into small fragments and crumbs of life; so that all the little piece of intelligence that is left in a man is not enough to make a pin, or a nail, but exhausts itself in making the point of a pin or the head of a nail. Now it is a good and desirable thing, truly, to make many pins in a day; but if we could only see with what crystal sand their points were polished — sand of human soul, much to be magnified before it can be discerned for what it is — we should think there might be some loss in it also.

³ This story is told in the preface to Scott's *The Fair Maid of Perth*.

And the great cry that rises from all our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for this — that we manufacture everything there except men; we blanch cotton, and strengthen steel, and refine sugar, and shape pottery; but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine, or to form a single living spirit, never enters into our estimate of advantages. And all the evil to which that cry is urging our myriads can be met only in one way: not by teaching nor preaching, for to teach them is but to show them their misery, and to preach to them, if we do nothing more than preach, is to mock at it. It can be met only by a right understanding, on the part of all classes, of what kinds of labor are good for men, raising them, and making them happy; by a determined sacrifice of such convenience, or beauty, or cheapness as is to be got only by the degradation of the workman; and by equally determined demand for the products and results of healthy and ennobling labor.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF RUSKIN

1. What differences does Ruskin find between the workmen of past and present ages? Do you think his picture of the modern workman represents the American worker of today? Discuss.
2. What dangers of overspecialization does he point out here? Can you cite illustrations of this in present life?
3. Find examples of Ruskin's rhythmic prose, his use of Biblical allusions, his extraordinary picturesqueness, and his appeal to the highest standards in art and in life.
4. Ruskin has been called "the Keats of prose." Why? Compare the prose style of Ruskin with that of De Quincey.
5. How does this chapter reflect Ruskin's interest in the Pre-Raphaelite Movement?

For the Ambitious Student

1. *Sesame and Lilies*, a series of lectures on reading and education delivered to young people, is especially recommended for reading. Reports on significant passages might well be given to the class.
2. Read *Præterita* to understand Ruskin's unusual bringing up. What do you think of it, especially in view of modern ideas on child training? How did it affect his later life?
3. Students interested in art may make a special study of Turner, one of the artists defended by Ruskin, and if possible obtain color prints to show the class; do the same for the Pre-Raphaelites. Also read *The Seven Lamps of Architecture* and *The Stones of Venice*.
4. Students interested in social problems may read *A Crown of Wild Olive* and *Unto This Last*. Find out all you can about his Guild of St.

George. How do Ruskin's ideas compare with modern socialistic movements?

5. A returned traveler may be able to tell you about the Ruskin museum at Brantwood.

did much to have universal acceptance of Darwin

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825-1895)

Among all the distinguished scientists who adorned the Victorian age, Thomas Huxley holds a unique position. An all-around man of spotless life, devoted unselfishly to the service of his fellow men and to the science to which he contributed so greatly, he had the happy gift of being able to share his investigations, both by tongue and pen, with the unscientific mind.

Because of the limited means of his parents, Huxley had to do without the higher education he craved. From boyhood he was interested in geology and engineering, but his parents thought he would be more successful in the medical profession. So he became a doctor and soon found himself, like Darwin, in service at sea.

Appointed assistant surgeon on H.M.S. *Battle Snake*, Huxley began to make original studies of life at sea, keeping in mind what Carlyle had said: "Make things clear, and get rid of cant and show of all sorts." One of the first papers reporting his research which he sent to England was published by the Royal Society. On his return home after four years of observation and calculation, he resigned from the navy, became a Fellow of the Royal Society, and for the next thirty-one years served as professor of natural history with the Royal Society of Mines and also as professor of physiology at the Royal Institute.

During his remaining years Huxley suffered from wretched health, but with resolute courage he fulfilled the promise of his early discoveries by his epoch-making studies in biology, especially in paleontology (the study of fossils). By diligent toil he made himself one of the most effective writers and public speakers of his country. He had wit, eloquence, and lightning repartee.

His most important works include scientific writings on biology, comparative anatomy, physiology, and the relation between evolution and ethics. His value as a speaker and writer is best illustrated by his defense of his master, Darwin, whose thought-provoking book, *The Origin of Species*, was being torn to pieces by the critics. By his superb display of facts and the force of his humor, Huxley in a series of writings and lectures turned the battle against the foes of the older scientist. These lectures attracted large crowds of the rich as well as the poor folk from the east side of London. One day when Huxley offered his fare to the cabman who had driven him to the hall where he was to lecture, the cabman, to his surprise and delight, said, "No, Mr. Huxley; your lectures have done me

too much good to let you pay your fare. It is an honor to have driven you, sir." The great biologist had not dreamed that he had been recognized.

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

Huxley was not a scientist in the sense that he was concerned only with experimentation in a narrow field, but rather in the broader sense of one interested in applying the laws of science to the whole of life. The following statement of his views is part of a long address delivered to the South London Working Men's College in 1868. This college, founded in 1854, was one of the evidences of the growing interest in popular education during the Victorian age. Compulsory education was not yet established, but it was on its way. In the first part of this address Huxley says: "I believe we should have compulsory education in the course of [the] next session [of Parliament] if there were the least probability that half a dozen leading statesmen of different parties would agree what that education should be." He then goes on to show what he believes to be the purpose and scope of a liberal education, in the extract given here. The last part of the address is concerned with a detailed criticism of educational practices of his day, most of which are now outmoded.

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game of chess. Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth, that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chessboard is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well, the highest

stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is check-mated — without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture, a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win — and I should accept it as an image of human life.

Well, what I mean by Education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me education means neither more nor less than this. Anything which professes to call itself education must be tried by this standard, and if it fails to stand the test, I will not call it education, whatever may be the force of authority, or of numbers, upon the other side.

It is important to remember that, in strictness, there is no such thing as an uneducated man. Take an extreme case. Suppose that an adult man, in the full vigor of his faculties, could be suddenly placed in the world, as Adam is said to have been, and then left to do as he best might. How long would he be left uneducated? Not five minutes. Nature would begin to teach him, through the eye, the ear, the touch, the properties of objects. Pain and pleasure would be at his elbow telling him to do this and avoid that; and by slow degrees the man would receive an education, which, if narrow, would be thorough, real, and adequate to his circumstances, though there would be no extras and very few accomplishments.

And if to this solitary man entered a second Adam, or better still, an Eve, a new and greater world, that of social and moral phenomena, would be revealed. Joys and woes, compared with which all others might seem but faint shadows, would spring from the new relations. Happiness and sorrow would take the place of the coarser monitors, pleasure and pain; but conduct would still be shaped by the observation of the natural consequences of actions; or, in other words, by the laws of the nature of man.

To every one of us the world was once as fresh and new as to Adam. And then, long before we were susceptible of any other mode of instruction, Nature took us in hand, and every minute of waking life brought its educational influence, shaping our actions into rough

accordance with Nature's laws, so that we might not be ended untimely by too gross disobedience. Nor should I speak of this process of education as past for anyone, be he as old as he may. For every man the world is as fresh as it was at the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them. And Nature is still continuing her patient education of us in that great university, the universe, of which we are all members — Nature having no Test-Acts.¹

Those who take honors in Nature's university, who learn the laws which govern men and things and obey them, are the really great and successful men in this world. The great mass of mankind are the "Poll,"² who pick up just enough to get through without much discredit. Those who won't learn at all are plucked;³ and then you can't come up again. Nature's pluck means extermination.

Thus the question of compulsory education is settled so far as Nature is concerned. Her bill on that question was framed and passed long ago. But, like all compulsory legislation, that of Nature is harsh and wasteful in its operation. Ignorance is visited as sharply as willful disobedience — incapacity meets with the same punishment as crime. Nature's discipline is not even a word and a blow, and the blow first; but the blow without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed.

The object of what we commonly call education — that education in which man intervenes and which I shall distinguish as artificial education — is to make good these defects in Nature's methods; to prepare the child to receive Nature's education, neither incapably nor ignorantly, nor with willful disobedience; and to understand the preliminary symptoms of her displeasure, without waiting for the box on the ear. In short, all artificial education ought to be an anticipation of natural education. And a liberal education is an artificial education, which has not only prepared a man to escape the great evils of disobedience to natural laws, but has trained him to appreciate and to seize upon the rewards, which Nature scatters with as free a hand as her penalties.

That man, I think, has had a liberal education, who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and

¹ **Test-Acts**: acts which at that time excluded from English universities all those who did not profess the established religion. ² "**Poll**": the poll degree at Cambridge was the common degree, without honors. The term was derived from a Greek word, *oi πολλοι* meaning "the common people." We still use this term, *hoi polloi*. ³ **plucked**: English college slang, same as "flunked" in America.

does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself.

Such an one and no other, I conceive, has had a liberal education; for he is, as completely as a man can be, in harmony with Nature. He will make the best of her, and she of him. They will get on together rarely; she as his ever beneficent mother; he as her mouth-piece, her conscious self, her minister and interpreter.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF HUXLEY

1. How does Huxley compare life to a game of chess? If you have never played chess, the terms he uses will mean nothing to you. Can you think of any plays in the game of life which would mean nothing to you because your education so far has not provided you with the necessary vocabulary and experience? Are there any of these which you expect to gain in college?

2. Discuss what studies you have had so far which you think will most definitely help you to play the game of life.

3. Why does Huxley think there is no such thing as an uneducated man? Do you think there can be such a thing as a "self-made" man?

4. Compare Huxley's definition of true education with Newman's (see page 746). Are there any differences? Which do you prefer?

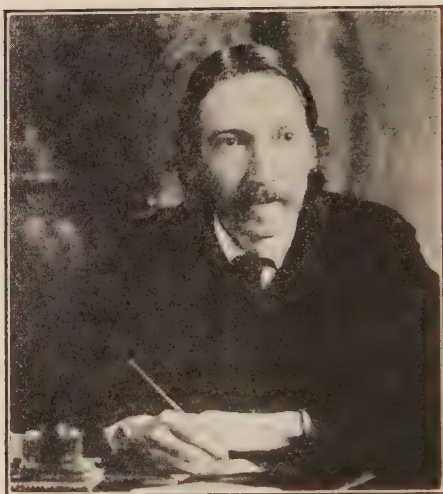
5. Do you think Huxley would overemphasize science in planning the details of a young person's education? Discuss.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Students interested in science may well read on in Huxley. A special report on his famous lecture, "A Piece of Chalk," would interest the whole class. See the list on page 799 for other readings.

2. Huxley was a charming letter writer with a genuine sense of humor. Read also his short autobiography. For collections of letters, see page 481.

3. Read the remainder of "A Liberal Education" to find out what improvements in college courses have been made since his day. Select some of the most striking differences to report to the class.



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-94)

That valiant poet, essayist, and novelist, Stevenson, was a native of Edinburgh. His father and grandfather were the most distinguished lighthouse builders of their day, and he might have followed in their steps had he been as strong physically as he was mentally and spiritually. But his childhood was so full of sickness that its record reads like a hospital report. A constant cough was a sign that his lungs were affected, and without the unselfish devotion of an old Scotch nurse, Alison Cunningham, to whom he dedicated *A Child's Garden*

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Romancer, essayist, and child's poet, he achieved literary greatness in spite of physical handicaps. (Underwood & Underwood)

of Verse, he would not have survived childhood.

As a boy Stevenson read voraciously. "We should gloat over a book," he said; "be rapt clean out of ourselves." The romantic novelists were his favorites. He went into ecstasies over *Robinson Crusoe*, which he first read in Welsh. On walking tours in Wales he had learned the language, the better to enjoy "Crusoeing," as he called it. The romantic gypsy strain in his blood prolonged his own life and also benefited the world of literature.

A natural poet and storyteller, like Scott in many ways, Stevenson published his first booklet, *The Pentland Rising*, descriptive of an event in Scotch history, when he was only sixteen. Satisfied with this literary venture, he formed the habit of jotting down his observations, especially during his winter trips on the Continent. These descriptive sketches soon grew into charming essays and novels. Among them are *An Inland Voyage* and *Travels with a Donkey*, in which he pictures a walking tour through France. On this trip he met Mrs. Osborne, an American who afterward became his wife. In quest of health and sunshine he traveled to California, but the hardships of cheap travel across the ocean and continent left him not only dangerously ill but also penniless. Only the devoted nursing of his wife, whom he married in San Francisco, saved his life. His honeymoon in the California mountains is described in *The Silverado Squatters*,

for everywhere he went he found materials and incentives for writing. The Scotland of his boyhood reappears in his children's verse and his novels; France, Switzerland, and America appear in his travel books and a few of his stories; the story of his last days in the Samoan Islands is told in his letters.

While his verse and essays are both distinctive, his novels brought him his greatest fame. Such romances as *Treasure Island*, a pirate tale; *Kidnapped*, *David Balfour*, and *The Master of Ballantrae*, partly historical adventure tales of Scotland; and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, a fantastic story of dual personality, suggested by a dream, show that Stevenson knew how to plan a good story and to tell it well.

After many wanderings in a vain search for health he finally settled at Vailima, Samoa. There, living like an island chieftain on his plantation, he found greater energy, wrote much, and endeared himself to the natives, who affectionately named him Tusitala, "teller of tales." On his death, sixty natives built a road to the top of Mount Vailima, where they buried him, and carved on a great boulder the "Requiem" he had written for himself:

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

EL DORADO

All Stevenson's writing, whatever its type, has the charm of his courageous spirit. To him life was a dangerous but a thrilling adventure to be met with fortitude. This essay from *Virginibus Puerisque* sets forth the ideals toward which he himself ever strove.

It seems as if a great deal were attainable in a world where there are so many marriages and decisive battles, and where we all, at certain hours of the day, and with great gusto and dispatch, stow a portion of victuals finally and irretrievably into the bag which con-

Title: *El Dorado*: "The Golden," a name originally given to a fabulous king in a wealthy city, supposedly in South America. Later the name came to mean any visionary quest.

tains us. And it would seem also, on a hasty view, that the attainment of as much as possible was the one goal of man's contentious life. And yet, as regards the spirit, this is but a semblance. We live in an ascending scale when we live happily, one thing leading to another in an endless series. There is always a new horizon for onward-looking men, and although we dwell on a small planet, immersed in petty business and not enduring beyond a brief period of years, we are so constituted that our hopes are inaccessible, like stars, and the term of hoping is prolonged until the term of life. To be truly happy is a question of how we begin and not of how we end, of what we want and not of what we have. An aspiration is a joy forever, a possession as solid as a landed estate, a fortune which we can never exhaust and which gives us year by year a revenue of pleasurable activity. To have many of these is to be spiritually rich. Life is only a very dull and ill-directed theater unless we have some interests in the piece; and to those who have neither art nor science, the world is a mere arrangement of colors, or a rough footway where they may very well break their shins. It is in virtue of his own desires and curiosities that any man continues to exist with even patience, that he is charmed by the look of things and people, and that he awakens every morning with a renewed appetite for work and pleasure. Desire and curiosity are the two eyes through which he sees the world in the most enchanted colors; it is they that make women beautiful or fossils interesting; and the man may squander his estate and come to beggary, but if he keeps these two amulets he is still rich in the possibilities of pleasure. Suppose he could take one meal so compact and comprehensive that he should never hunger anymore; suppose him, at a glance, to take in all the features of the world and allay the desire for knowledge; suppose him to do the like in any province of experience — would not that man be in a poor way for amusement ever after?

One who goes touring on foot with a single volume in his knapsack reads with circumspection, pausing often to reflect, and often laying the book down to contemplate the landscape or the prints in the inn parlor; for he fears to come to an end of his entertainment, and be left companionless on the last stages of his journey. A young fellow recently finished the works of Thomas Carlyle, winding up, if we remember aright, with the ten notebooks upon Frederick the Great. "What!" cried the young fellow, in consternation, "is there no more Carlyle? Am I left to the daily papers?" A more celebrated instance is that of Alexander, who wept bitterly because he had no more worlds to subdue. And when Gibbon had finished the *De-*

cline and Fall,¹ he had only a few moments of joy; and it was with a "sober melancholy" that he parted from his labors.

Happily we all shoot at the moon with ineffectual arrows; our hopes are set on inaccessible El Dorado; we come to an end of nothing here below. Interests are only plucked up to sow themselves again, like mustard. You would think, when the child was born, there would be an end to trouble; and yet it is only the beginning of fresh anxieties; and when you have seen it through its teething and its education, and at last its marriage, alas! it is only to have new fears, new quivering sensibilities, with every day; and the health of your children's children grows as touching a concern as that of your own. Again, when you have married your wife, you would think you were got upon a hilltop, and might begin to go downward by an easy slope. But you have only ended courting to begin marriage. Falling in love and winning love are often difficult tasks to overbearing and rebellious spirits; but to keep in love is also a business of some importance, to which both man and wife must bring kindness and good will. The true love story commences at the altar, when there lies before the married pair a most beautiful contest of wisdom and generosity, and a lifelong struggle toward an unattainable ideal. Unattainable? Ay, surely unattainable, from the very fact that they are two instead of one.

"Of making books there is no end," complained the Preacher;² and did not perceive how highly he was praising letters as an occupation. There is no end, indeed, to making books or experiments, or to travel, or to gathering wealth. Problem gives rise to problem. We may study forever, and we are never as learned as we would. We have never made a statue worthy of our dreams. And when we have discovered a continent, or crossed a chain of mountains, it is only to find another ocean or another plain upon the further side. In the infinite universe there is room for our swiftest diligence and to spare. It is not like the works of Carlyle, which can be read to an end. Even in a corner of it, in a private park, or in the neighborhood of a single hamlet, the weather and the seasons keep so deftly changing that although we walk there for a lifetime there will be always something new to startle and delight us.

There is only one wish realizable on the earth; only one thing that can be perfectly attained: Death. And from a variety of circumstances we have no one to tell us whether it be worth attaining.

¹ *Decline and Fall*: This work on the Roman Empire occupied Gibbon twenty-four years. ² **Preacher**: Ecclesiastes 12:12.

A strange picture we make on our way to our chimeras, ceaselessly marching, grudging ourselves the time for rest; indefatigable, adventurous pioneers. It is true that we shall never reach the goal; it is even more than probable that there is no such place; and if we lived for centuries and were endowed with the powers of a god, we should find ourselves not much nearer what we wanted at the end. O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, traveling ye know not whither! Soon, soon, it seems to you, you must come forth on some conspicuous hilltop, and but a little way further, against the setting sun, descry the spires of El Dorado. Little do ye know your own blessedness: for to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor.

what Stevenson contributed to short story
O. Henry - start at end surprise ending

The Victorian Short Story

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894)

The short story, which in America had reached such high development in the first half of the nineteenth century under Hawthorne and Poe, had no really great exponent in England until the latter half of the century. It is true that many of the Victorian novelists had written some short tales, but they were usually early or incidental works, quite overshadowed by their novels, and seldom met Poe's definition of compressed plot marked by a single dominant impression. Not until the '80's did Great Britain produce great short-story writers, beginning with Stevenson, and continuing in the '90's with Hardy, Barrie, and Kipling. The stories of these last three have been placed under the twentieth century because their long period of productivity entitles them to stand with modern rather than Victorian literature. Stevenson was on the threshold of the new period.

Conrad, Katherine Mansfield, D. Lawrence, dramatic
intruded in points ending of story left to reader
 MARKHEIM

"Yes," said the dealer, "our windfalls are of various kinds. Some customers are ignorant, and then I touch a dividend on my superior knowledge. Some are dishonest," and here he held up the candle, so that the light fell strongly on his visitor, "and in that case," he continued, "I profit by my virtue."

Markheim had but just entered from the daylight streets, and his eyes had not yet grown familiar with the mingled shine and darkness

in the shop. At these pointed words, and before the near presence of the flame, he blinked painfully and looked aside.

The dealer chuckled. "You come to me on Christmas Day," he resumed, "when you know that I am alone in my house, put up my shutters, and make a point of refusing business. Well, you will have to pay for that; you will have to pay for my loss of time, when I should be balancing my books; you will have to pay, besides, for a kind of manner that I remark in you today very strongly. I am the essence of discretion, and ask no awkward questions; but when a customer cannot look me in the eye, he has to pay for it." The dealer once more chuckled; and then, changing to his usual business voice, though still with a note of irony, "You can give, as usual, a clear account of how you came into the possession of the object?" he continued. "Still your uncle's cabinet? A remarkable collector, sir!"

And the little pale, round-shouldered dealer stood almost on tiptoe, looking over the top of his gold spectacles, and nodding his head with every mark of disbelief. Markheim returned his gaze with one of infinite pity, and a touch of horror.

"This time," said he, "you are in error. I have not come to sell, but to buy. I have no curios to dispose of; my uncle's cabinet is bare to the wainscot; even were it still intact, I have done well on the Stock Exchange, and should more likely add to it than otherwise, and my errand today is simplicity itself. I seek a Christmas present for a lady," he continued, waxing more fluent as he struck into the speech he had prepared; "and certainly I owe you every excuse for thus disturbing you upon so small a matter. But the thing was neglected yesterday; I must produce my little compliment at dinner; and, as you very well know, a rich marriage is not a thing to be neglected."

There followed a pause, during which the dealer seemed to weigh this statement incredulously. The ticking of many clocks among the curious lumber of the shop, and the faint rushing of the cabs in a near thoroughfare, filled up the interval of silence.

"Well, sir," said the dealer, "be it so. You are an old customer after all; and if, as you say, you have the chance of a good marriage, far be it from me to be an obstacle. Here is a nice thing for a lady, now," he went on, "this hand glass — fifteenth-century, warranted; comes from a good collection, too; but I reserve the name, in the interests of my customer, who was just like yourself, my dear sir, the nephew and sole heir of a remarkable collector."

The dealer, while he thus ran on in his dry and biting voice, had stooped to take the object from its place; and, as he had done so, a

shock had passed through Markheim, a start both of hand and foot, a sudden leap of many tumultuous passions to the face. It passed as swiftly as it came, and left no trace beyond a certain trembling of the hand that now received the glass.

"A glass," he said hoarsely, and then paused, and repeated it more clearly. "A glass? For Christmas? Surely not."

"And why not?" cried the dealer. "Why not a glass?"

Markheim was looking upon him with an indefinable expression. "You ask me why not?" he said. "Why, look here — look in it — look at yourself! Do you like to see it? No! nor I — nor any man."

The little man had jumped back when Markheim had so suddenly confronted him with the mirror; but now, perceiving there was nothing worse on hand, he chuckled. "Your future lady, sir, must be pretty hard-favored," said he.

"I ask you," said Markheim, "for a Christmas present, and you give me this — this damned reminder of years and sins and follies — this hand conscience! Did you mean it? Had you a thought in your mind? Tell me. It will be better for you if you do. Come, tell me about yourself. I hazard a guess now, that you are in secret a very charitable man?"

The dealer looked closely at his companion. It was very odd, Markheim did not appear to be laughing; there was something in his face like an eager sparkle of hope, but nothing of mirth.

"What are you driving at?" the dealer asked.

"Not charitable?" returned the other, gloomily. "Not charitable; not pious; not scrupulous; unloving; unbeloved; a hand to get money, a safe to keep it. Is that all? Dear God, man, is that all?"

"I will tell you what it is," began the dealer, with some sharpness, and then broke off again with a chuckle. "But I see this is a love match of yours, and you have been drinking the lady's health."

"Ah!" cried Markheim, with a strange curiosity. "Ah, have you been in love? Tell me about that."

"I!" cried the dealer. "I in love! I never had the time, nor have I the time today for all this nonsense. Will you take the glass?"

"Where is the hurry?" returned Markheim. "It is very pleasant to stand here talking; and life is so short and insecure that I would not hurry away from any pleasure — no, not even from so mild a one as this. We should rather cling, cling to what little we can get, like a man at a cliff's edge. Every second is a cliff, if you think upon it — a cliff a mile high — high enough, if we fall, to dash us out of

every feature of humanity. Hence it is best to talk pleasantly. Let us talk of each other; why should we wear this mask? Let us be confidential. Who knows, we might become friends? "

"I have just one word to say to you," said the dealer. "Either make your purchase, or walk out of my shop."

"True, true," said Markheim. "Enough fooling. To business. Show me something else."

The dealer stooped once more, this time to replace the glass upon the shelf, his thin blond hair falling over his eyes as he did so. Markheim moved a little nearer, with one hand in the pocket of his great-coat; he drew himself up and filled his lungs; at the same time many different emotions were depicted together on his face — terror, horror, and resolve, fascination, and a physical repulsion; and through a haggard lift of his upper lip, his teeth looked out.

"This, perhaps, may suit," observed the dealer; and then, as he began to re-arise, Markheim bounded from behind upon his victim. The long, skewerlike dagger flashed and fell. The dealer struggled like a hen, striking his temple on the shelf, and then tumbled on the floor in a heap.

Time had some score of small voices in that shop, some stately and slow as was becoming to their great age, others garrulous and hurried. All these told out the seconds in an intricate chorus of tickings. Then the passage of a lad's feet, heavily running on the pavement, broke in upon these smaller voices and startled Markheim into the consciousness of his surroundings. He looked about him awfully. The candle stood on the counter, its flame solemnly wagging in a draft; and by that inconsiderable movement, the whole room was filled with noiseless bustle and kept heaving like a sea: the tall shadows nodding, the gross blots of darkness swelling and dwindling as with respiration, the faces of the portraits and the china gods changing and wavering like images in water. The inner door stood ajar, and peered into that leaguer of shadows with a long slit of daylight like a pointing finger.

From these fear-stricken roving, Markheim's eyes returned to the body of his victim, where it lay both humped and sprawling, incredibly small and strangely meaner than in life. In these poor, miserly clothes, in that ungainly attitude, the dealer lay like so much sawdust. Markheim had feared to see it, and, lo! it was nothing. And yet, as he gazed, this bundle of old clothes and pool of blood began to find eloquent voices. There it must lie; there was none to work the cunning hinges or direct the miracle of locomotion — there it must lie till it

was found. Found! ay, and then? Then would this dead fish lift up a cry that would ring over England, and fill the world with the echoes of pursuit. Ay, dead or not, this was still the enemy. "Time was that when the brains were out,"¹ he thought: and the first word struck into his mind. Time, now that the deed was accomplished — time, which had closed for the victim, had become instant and momentous for the slayer.

The thought was yet in his mind, when, first one and then another, with every variety of pace and voice — one deep as the bell from a cathedral turret, another ringing on its treble notes the prelude of a waltz — the clocks began to strike the hour of three in the afternoon.

The sudden outbreak of so many tongues in that dumb chamber staggered him. He began to bestir himself, going to and fro with the candle, beleaguered by moving shadows, and startled to the soul by chance reflections. In many rich mirrors, some of home designs, some from Venice or Amsterdam, he saw his face repeated and repeated, as it were an army of spies: his own eyes met and detected him; and the sound of his own steps, lightly as they fell, vexed the surrounding quiet. And still as he continued to fill his pockets, his mind accused him, with a sickening iteration, of the thousand faults of his design. He should have chosen a more quiet hour; he should have prepared an alibi; he should not have used a knife; he should have been more cautious, and only bound and gagged the dealer, and not killed him; he should have been more bold, and killed the servant also; he should have done all things otherwise; poignant regrets, weary, incessant toiling of the mind to change what was unchangeable, to plan what was now useless, to be the architect of the irrevocable past. Meanwhile, and behind all this activity, brute terrors, like the scurrying of rats in a deserted attic, filled the more remote chambers of his brain with riot; the hand of the constable would fall heavy on his shoulder, and his nerves would jerk like a hooked fish; or he beheld, in galloping defile, the dock, the prison, the gallows, and the black coffin. Terror of the people in the street sat down before his mind like a besieging army. It was impossible, he thought, but that some rumor of the struggle must have reached their ears and set on edge their curiosity; and now, in all the neighboring houses, he divined them sitting motionless and with uplifted ear — solitary people, condemned to spend Christmas dwelling alone on memories of the past, and now startlingly recalled from that tender exercise; happy family

¹ For the exact quotation which Markheim had in mind see *Macbeth* Act. III, Sc. 4, ll. 78-79.

parties, struck into silence round the table, the mother still with raised finger: every degree and age and humor, but all, by their own hearths, prying and hearkening and weaving the rope that was to hang him. Sometimes it seemed to him he could not move too softly; the clink of the tall Bohemian goblets rang out loudly like a bell; and alarmed by the bigness of the ticking, he was tempted to stop the clocks. And then, again, with a swift transition of his terrors, the very silence of the place appeared a source of peril, and a thing to strike and freeze the passer-by; and he would step more boldly, and bustle aloud among the contents of the shop, and imitate, with elaborate bravado, the movements of a busy man at ease in his own house.

But he was now so pulled about by different alarms that, while one portion of his mind was still alert and cunning, another trembled on the brink of lunacy. One hallucination in particular took a strong hold on his credulity. The neighbor hearkening with white face beside his window, the passer-by arrested by a horrible surmise on the pavement — these could at worst suspect, they could not know; through the brick walls and shuttered windows only sounds could penetrate. But here, within the house, was he alone? He knew he was; he had watched the servant set forth sweethearting, in her poor best, "out for the day" written in every ribbon and smile. Yes, he was alone, of course; and yet, in the bulk of empty house about him, he could surely hear a stir of delicate footing — he was surely conscious, inexplicably conscious, of some presence. Ay, surely; to every room and corner of the house his imagination followed it; and now it was a faceless thing, and yet had eyes to see with; and again it was a shadow of himself; and yet again behold the image of the dead dealer, re-inspired with cunning and hatred.

At times, with a strong effort, he would glance at the open door which still seemed to repel his eyes. The house was tall, the skylight small and dirty, the day blind with fog; and the light that filtered down to the ground story was exceedingly faint, and showed dimly on the threshold of the shop. And yet, in that strip of doubtful brightness, did there not hang wavering a shadow?

Suddenly, from the street outside, a very jovial gentleman began to beat with a staff on the shop door, accompanying his blows with shouts and railleries in which the dealer was continually called upon by name. Markheim, smitten into ice, glanced at the dead man. But no! he lay quite still; he was fled away far beyond earshot of these blows and shoutings; he was sunk beneath seas of silence; and his name, which would once have caught his notice above the howling

of a storm, had become an empty sound. And presently the jovial gentleman desisted from his knocking and departed.

Here was a broad hint to hurry what remained to be done, to get forth from this accusing neighborhood, to plunge into a bath of London multitudes, and to reach, on the other side of day, that haven of safety and apparent innocence — his bed. One visitor had come; at any moment another might follow and be more obstinate. To have done the deed, and yet not to reap the profit, would be too abhorrent a failure. The money, that was now Markheim's concern; and as a means to that, the keys.

He glanced over his shoulder at the open door, where the shadow was still lingering and shivering; and with no conscious repugnance of the mind, yet with a tremor of the belly, he drew near the body of his victim. The human character had quite departed. Like a suit half-stuffed with bran, the limbs lay scattered, the trunk doubled, on the floor; and yet the thing repelled him. Although so dingy and inconsiderable to the eye, he feared it might have more significance to the touch. He took the body by the shoulders, and turned it on its back. It was strangely light and supple, and the limbs, as if they had been broken, fell into the oddest postures. The face was robbed of all expression; but it was as pale as wax, and shockingly smeared with blood about one temple. That was, for Markheim, the one displeasing circumstance. It carried him back, upon the instant, to a certain fair day in a fishers' village: a gray day, a piping wind, a crowd upon the street, the blare of brasses, the booming of drums, the nasal voice of a ballad singer; and a boy going to and fro, buried over head in the crowd and divided between interest and fear, until, coming out upon the chief place of concourse, he beheld a booth and a great screen with pictures, dismally designed, garishly colored: Brownrigg with her apprentice; the Mannings with their murdered guest; Weare in the death grip of Thurtell;² and a score besides of famous crimes. The thing was as clear as an illusion; he was once again that little boy; he was looking once again, and with the same sense of physical revolt, at these vile pictures; he was still stunned by the thumping of the drums. A bar of that day's music returned upon his memory; and at that, for the first time, a qualm came over him, a breath of nausea, a sudden weakness of the joints, which he must instantly resist and conquer.

² **Brownrigg, Mannings, Thurtell:** Elizabeth Brownrigg was a murderess of the eighteenth century; the Mannings and Thurtell were murderers of a later date. The pictures were probably to advertise waxworks of notorious criminals, which were formerly a popular form of side show at country fairs.

He judged it more prudent to confront than to flee from these considerations; looking the more hardily in the dead face, bending his mind to realize the nature and greatness of his crime. So little a while ago that face had moved with every change of sentiment, that pale mouth had spoken, that body had been all on fire with governable energies; and now, and by his act, that piece of life had been arrested, as the horologist, with interjected finger, arrests the beating of the clock. So he reasoned in vain; he could rise to no more remorseful consciousness; the same heart which had shuddered before the painted effigies of crime, looked on its reality unmoved. At best, he felt a gleam of pity for one who had been endowed in vain with all those faculties that can make the world a garden of enchantment, one who had never lived and who was now dead. But of penitence, no, not a tremor.

With that, shaking himself clear of these considerations, he found the keys and advanced toward the open door of the shop. Outside, it had begun to rain smartly; and the sound of the shower upon the roof had banished silence. Like some dripping cavern, the chambers of the house were haunted by an incessant echoing, which filled the ear and mingled with the ticking of the clocks. And, as Markheim approached the door, he seemed to hear, in answer to his own cautious tread, the steps of another foot withdrawing up the stair. The shadow still palpitated loosely on the threshold. He threw a ton's weight of resolve upon his muscles, and drew back the door.

The faint, foggy daylight glimmered dimly on the bare floor and stairs; on the bright suit of armor posted, halbert in hand, upon the landing; and on the dark wood carvings and framed pictures that hung against the yellow panels of the wainscot. So loud was the beating of the rain through all the house that, in Markheim's ears, it began to be distinguished into many different sounds. Footsteps and sighs, the tread of regiments marching in the distance, the chink of money in the counting, and the creaking of doors held stealthily ajar, appeared to mingle with the patter of the drops upon the cupola and the gushing of the water in the pipes. The sense that he was not alone grew upon him to the verge of madness. On every side he was haunted and begirt by presences. He heard them moving in the upper chambers; from the shop, he heard the dead man getting to his legs; and as he began with a great effort to mount the stairs, feet fled quietly before him and followed stealthily behind. If he were but deaf, he thought, how tranquilly he would possess his soul! And then again, and hearkening with ever fresh attention, he blessed him-

self for that unresting sense which held the outposts and stood a trusty sentinel upon his life. His head turned continually on his neck; his eyes, which seemed starting from their orbits, scouted on every side, and on every side were half rewarded as with the tail of something nameless vanishing. The four and twenty steps to the first floor were four and twenty agonies.

On that first story the doors stood ajar, three of them like three ambushes, shaking his nerves like the throats of cannon. He could never again, he felt, be sufficiently immured and fortified from men's observing eyes; he longed to be home, girt in by walls, buried among bedclothes, and invisible to all but God. And at that thought he wondered a little, recollecting tales of other murderers and the fear they were said to entertain of heavenly avengers. It was not so, at least, with him. He feared the laws of nature, lest, in their callous and immutable procedure, they should preserve some damning evidence of his crime. He feared tenfold more, with a slavish, superstitious terror, some scission in the continuity of man's experience, some willful illegality of nature. He played a game of skill, depending on the rules, calculating consequence from cause; and what if nature, as the defeated tyrant overthrew the chessboard, should break the mold of their succession? The like had befallen Napoleon (so writers said) when the winter changed the time of its appearance. The like might befall Markheim: the solid walls might become transparent and reveal his doings like those of bees in a glass hive; the stout planks might yield under his foot like quicksands and detain him in their clutch; ay, and there were soberer accidents that might destroy him: if, for instance, the house should fall and imprison him beside the body of his victim; or the house next door should fly on fire, and the firemen invade him from all sides. These things he feared; and, in a sense, these things might be called the hands of God reached forth against sin. But about God himself he was at ease; his act was doubtless exceptional, but so were his excuses, which God knew; it was there, and not among men, that he felt sure of justice.

When he got safe into the drawing room, and shut the door behind him, he was aware of a respite from alarms. The room was quite dismantled, uncarpeted besides, and strewn with packing cases and incongruous furniture; several great pier glasses, in which he beheld himself at various angles, like an actor on a stage; many pictures, framed and unframed, standing, with their faces to the wall; a fine Sheraton³ sideboard, a cabinet of marquetry, and a great old bed,

³ *Sheraton*: Thomas Sheraton (1751-1806), a famous English furniture maker.

with tapestry hangings. The windows opened to the floor; but by great good fortune the lower part of the shutters had been closed, and this concealed him from the neighbors. Here, then, Markheim drew in a packing case before the cabinet, and began to search among the keys. It was a long business, for there were many; and it was irksome, besides; for, after all, there might be nothing in the cabinet, and time was on the wing. But the closeness of the occupation sobered him. With the tail of his eye he saw the door—even glanced at it from time to time directly, like a besieged commander pleased to verify the good estate of his defenses. But in truth he was at peace. The rain falling in the street sounded natural and pleasant. Presently, on the other side, the notes of a piano were wakened to the music of a hymn, and the voices of many children took up the air and words. How stately, how comfortable was the melody! How fresh the youthful voices! Markheim gave ear to it smilingly, as he sorted out the keys; and his mind was thronged with answerable ideas and images; church-going children and the pealing of the high organ; children afield, bathers by the brookside, ramblers on the brambly common, kitefliers in the windy and cloud-navigated sky; and then, at another cadence of the hymn, back again to church, and the somnolence of summer Sundays, and the high, genteel voice of the parson (which he smiled a little to recall), and the painted Jacobean⁴ tombs, and the dim lettering of the Ten Commandments in the chancel.

And as he sat thus, at once busy and absent, he was startled to his feet. A flash of ice, a flash of fire, a bursting gush of blood, went over him, and then he stood transfixed and thrilling. A step mounted the stair slowly and steadily, and presently a hand was laid upon the knob, and the lock clicked, and the door opened. Fear held Markheim in a vise. What to expect he knew not, whether the dead man walking, or the official ministers of human justice, or some chance witness blindly stumbling in to consign him to the gallows. But when a face was thrust into the aperture, glanced round the room, looked at him, nodded and smiled as if in friendly recognition, and then withdrew again, and the door closed behind it, his fear broke loose from his control in a hoarse cry. At the sound of this the visitant returned.

“Did you call me?” he asked pleasantly, and with that he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

Markheim stood and gazed at him with all his eyes. Perhaps there was a film upon his sight, but the outlines of the newcomer seemed to

⁴ **Jacobean:** pertaining to the reign of the English kings named James in the seventeenth century.

change and waver like those of the idols in the wavering candlelight of the shop; and at times he thought he knew him; and at times he thought he bore a likeness to himself; and always, like a lump of living terror, there lay in his bosom the conviction that this thing was not of the earth and not of God.

And yet the creature had a strange air of the commonplace, as he stood looking on Markheim with a smile; and when he added: "You are looking for the money, I believe?" it was in the tones of everyday politeness.

Markheim made no answer.

"I should warn you," resumed the other, "that the maid has left her sweetheart earlier than usual and will soon be here. If Mr. Markheim be found in this house I need not describe to him the consequences."

"You know me?" cried the murderer.

The visitor smiled. "You have long been a favorite of mine," he said; "and I have long observed and often sought to help you."

"What are you?" cried Markheim: "the devil?"

"What I may be," returned the other, "cannot affect the service I propose to render you."

"It can," cried Markheim; "it does! Be helped by you? No, never; not by you! You do not know me yet; thank God, you do not know me!"

"I know you," replied the visitant, with a sort of kind severity or rather firmness. "I know you to the soul."

"Know me!" cried Markheim. "Who can do so? My life is but a travesty and slander on myself. I have lived to belie my nature. All men do; all men are better than this disguise that grows about and stifles them. You see each dragged away by life, like one whom bravos have seized and muffled in a cloak. If they had their own control — if you could see their faces, they would be altogether different, they would shine out for heroes and saints! I am worse than most; my self is more overlaid; my excuse is known to me and God. But, had I the time, I could disclose myself."

"To me?" inquired the visitant.

"To you before all," returned the murderer. "I supposed you were intelligent. I thought — since you exist — you would prove a reader of the heart. And yet you would propose to judge me by my acts! Think of it; my acts! I was born and I have lived in a land of giants; giants have dragged me by the wrists since I was born out of my mother — the giants of circumstance. And you would

judge me by my acts! But can you not look within? Can you not understand that evil is hateful to me? Can you not see within me the clear writing of conscience, never blurred by any willful sophistry although too often disregarded? Can you not read me for a thing that surely must be common as humanity — the unwilling sinner? ”

“ All this is very feelingly expressed,” was the reply, “ but it regards me not. These points of consistency are beyond my province, and I care not in the least by what compulsion you may have been dragged away, so as you are but carried in the right direction. But time flies; the servant delays, looking in the faces of the crowd and at the pictures on the hoardings, but still she keeps moving nearer; and remember, it is as if the gallows itself were striding toward you through the Christmas streets! Shall I help you — I, who know all? Shall I tell you where to find the money? ”

“ For what price? ” asked Markheim.

“ I offer you the service for a Christmas gift,” returned the other.

Markheim could not refrain from smiling with a kind of bitter triumph. “ No,” said he, “ I will take nothing at your hands; if I were dying of thirst, and it was your hand that put the pitcher to my lips, I should find the courage to refuse. I may be credulous, but I will do nothing to commit myself to evil.”

“ I have no objection to a deathbed repentance,” observed the visitant.

“ Because you disbelieve their efficacy! ” Markheim cried.

“ I do not say so,” returned the other; “ but I look on these things from a different side, and when the life is done my interest falls. The man has lived to serve me, to spread black looks under color of religion, or to sow tares in the wheat field, as you do, in a course of weak compliance with desire. Now that he draws so near to his deliverance, he can add but one act of service — to repent, to die smiling, and thus to build up in confidence and hope the more timorous of my surviving followers. I am not so hard a master. Try me. Accept my help. Please yourself in life as you have done hitherto; please yourself more amply, spread your elbows at the board; and when the night begins to fall and the curtains to be drawn, I tell you, for your greater comfort, that you will find it even easy to compound your quarrel with your conscience, and to make a truckling peace with God. I came but now from such a deathbed, and the room was full of sincere mourners, listening to the man’s last words; and when I looked into that face, which had been set as a flint against mercy, I found it smiling with hope.”

"And do you, then, suppose me such a creature?" asked Markheim. "Do you think I have no more generous aspirations than to sin, and sin, and sin, and, at last, sneak into heaven? My heart rises at the thought. Is this, then, your experience of mankind? or is it because you find me with red hands that you presume such baseness? and is this crime of murder indeed so impious as to dry up the very springs of good?"

"Murder is to me no special category," replied the other. "All sins are murder, even as all life is war. I behold your race, like starving mariners on a raft, plucking crusts out of the hands of famine and feeding on each other's lives. I follow sins beyond the moment of their acting; I find in all that the last consequence is death; and to my eyes, the pretty maid who thwarts her mother with such taking graces on a question of a ball, drips no less visibly with human gore than such a murderer as yourself. Do I say that I follow sins? I follow virtues also; they differ not by the thickness of a nail. They are both scythes for the reaping angel of Death. Evil, for which I live, consists not in action but in character. The bad man is dear to me; not the bad act, whose fruits, if we could follow them far enough down the hurtling cataract of the ages, might yet be found more blessed than those of the rarest virtues. And it is not because you have killed a dealer, but because you are Markheim, that I offered to forward your escape."

"I will lay my heart open to you," answered Markheim. "This crime on which you find me is my last. On my way to it I have learned many lessons; itself is a lesson, a momentous lesson. Hitherto I have been driven with revolt to what I would not; I was a bondsman to poverty, driven and scourged. There are robust virtues that can stand in these temptations; mine was not so: I had a thirst of pleasure. But today, and out of this deed, I pluck both warning and riches — both the power and a fresh resolve to be myself. I become in all things a free actor in the world; I begin to see myself all changed, these hands the agents of good, this heart at peace. Something comes over me out of the past; something of what I have dreamed on Sabbath evenings to the sound of the church organ, of what I forecast when I shed tears over noble books, or talked, an innocent child, with my mother. There lies my life; I have wandered a few years, but now I see once more my city of destination."

"You are to use this money on the Stock Exchange, I think?" remarked the visitor; "and there, if I mistake not, you have already lost some thousands?"

"Ah," said Markheim, "but this time I have a sure thing."

"This time, again, you will lose," replied the visitor, quietly.

"Ah, but I keep back the half!" cried Markheim.

"That also you will lose," said the other.

The sweat started upon Markheim's brow. "Well, then, what matter?" he exclaimed. "Say it be lost, say I am plunged again in poverty, shall one part of me, and that the worse, continue until the end to override the better? Evil and good run strong in me, hailing me both ways. I do not love the one thing, I love all. I can conceive great deeds, renunciations, martyrdoms; and though I be fallen to such a crime as murder, pity is no stranger to my thoughts. I pity the poor; who knows their trials better than myself? I pity and help them; I prize love, I love honest laughter; there is no good thing nor true thing on earth but I love it from my heart. And are my vices only to direct my life, and my virtues to lie without effect, like some passive lumber of the mind? Not so; good, also, is a spring of acts."

But the visitant raised his finger. "For six and thirty years that you have been in this world," said he, "through many changes of fortune and varieties of humor, I have watched you steadily fall. Fifteen years ago you would have started at a theft. Three years back you would have blenched at the name of murder. Is there any crime, is there any cruelty or meanness, from which you still recoil?—five years from now I shall detect you in the fact! Downward, downward lies your way; nor can anything but death avail to stop you."

"It is true," Markheim said huskily, "I have in some degree complied with evil. But it is so with all: the very saints, in the mere exercise of living, grow less dainty, and take on the tone of their surroundings."

"I will propound to you one simple question," said the other; "and as you answer, I shall read to you your moral horoscope. You have grown in many things more lax; possibly you do right to be so; and at any account, it is the same with all men. But granting that, are you in any one particular, however trifling, more difficult to please with your own conduct, or do you go in all things with a looser rein?"

"In any one?" repeated Markheim, with an anguish of consideration. "No," he added, with despair, "in none! I have gone down in all."

"Then," said the visitor, "content yourself with what you are, for you will never change; and the words of your part on this stage are irrevocably written down."

Markheim stood for a long while silent, and indeed it was the visitor who first broke the silence. "That being so," he said, "shall I show you the money?"

"And grace?" cried Markheim.

"Have you not tried it?" returned the other. "Two or three years ago, did I not see you on the platform of revival meetings, and was not your voice the loudest in the hymn?"

"It is true," said Markheim; "and I see clearly what remains for me by way of duty. I thank you for these lessons from my soul; my eyes are opened, and I behold myself at last for what I am."

At this moment, the sharp note of the doorbell rang through the house; and the visitant, as though this were some concerted signal for which he had been waiting, changed at once in his demeanor.

"The maid!" he cried. "She has returned, as I forewarned you, and there is now before you one more difficult passage. Her master, you must say, is ill; you must let her in, with an assured but rather serious countenance — no smiles, no overacting, and I promise you success! Once the girl within, and the door closed, the same dexterity that has already rid you of the dealer will relieve you of this last danger in your path. Thenceforward you have the whole evening — the whole night, if needful — to ransack the treasures of the house and to make good your safety. This is help that comes to you with the mask of danger. Up!" he cried: "up, friend; your life hangs trembling in the scales: up, and act!"

Markheim steadily regarded his counselor. "If I be condemned to evil acts," he said, "there is still one door of freedom open — I can cease from action. If my life be an ill thing, I can lay it down. Though I be, as you say truly, at the beck of every small temptation, I can yet, by one decisive gesture, place myself beyond the reach of all. My love of good is damned to barrenness; it may, and let it be! But I have still my hatred of evil; and from that, to your galling disappointment, you shall see that I can draw both energy and courage."

The features of the visitor began to undergo a wonderful and lovely change: they brightened and softened with a tender triumph; and, even as they brightened, faded and dislimned. But Markheim did not pause to watch or understand the transformation. He opened the door and went downstairs very slowly, thinking to himself. His past went soberly before him; he beheld it as it was, ugly and strenuous like a dream, random as chance medley — a scene of defeat. Life, as he thus reviewed it, tempted him no longer; but on the

farther side he perceived a quiet haven for his bark. He paused in the passage, and looked into the shop, where the candle still burned by the dead body. It was strangely silent. Thoughts of the dealer swarmed into his mind, as he stood gazing. And then the bell once more broke out into impatient clamor.

He confronted the maid upon the threshold with something like a smile.

"You had better go for the police," said he: "I have killed your master."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF STEVENSON

1. By what details in the first page or two does the author gradually build up in the reader's mind a picture of the shop and the two characters involved?

2. Where and how is the idea of conscience first introduced? At what point does the working of conscience become the main part of the story?

3. Why is a secondhand shop a particularly appropriate place to create the atmosphere desired in this story? Point out details which contribute to the impression produced.

4. Discuss the various thoughts that pass through Markheim's mind while he is alone in the shop. What kind of man do they show him to be?

5. How do you interpret the stranger with whom Markheim carries on the long conversation? What changes Markheim's ideas as to his future course of action? Is the ending a surprise to you? Why, or why not?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Compare this story with Poe's "Tell-Tale-Heart," in which a murderer also gives himself up to the police. What noticeable differences are there in the situation? In what ways does this story resemble those of Hawthorne and Poe in general?

2. Almost everything that Stevenson wrote is interesting reading for high-school students. See the list given on page 800. His letters are famous for their marked personality. Compare him with Huxley and Jane Carlyle as an entertaining letter writer.

3. "Stevenson through the Eyes of Those Who Knew Him" is an interesting subject to pursue. See Henley's sonnet, "Apparition," and the recent biography, *This Life I've Loved*, by his stepdaughter, Isobel Field.

780 THE VICTORIAN AGE
All stories and novels for serial form and technique influenced by this fact - stopping story of interest - accounts for length had to go back
All stories illustrated in humor and caricature - description enough for picture to be made - full of dramatic element -
CHARLES DICKENS (1812-1870)

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the great majority of public institutions in England, such as schools, courts, prisons, hospitals, and poorhouses, were in a deplorable condition. The spirit of reform aroused by these abuses found its most able and effective champion in Charles Dickens.

A vivid account of the pathetic boyhood of this great novelist is given by Gilbert Chesterton (see page 1090). While working as a newspaper reporter in London when he was twenty-two, Dickens began his Sketches by Boz. For these he received seven hundred and fifty dollars, but later, when he was internationally famous, it cost him eighty-two hundred and fifty dollars to buy back the copyright from the publisher! The publication of his Pickwick Papers, at first in monthly parts, illustrated by "Phiz" (H. K. Browne), established Dickens's fame and fortune. Heralded as the most popular writer of the day, he succeeded Sir Walter Scott in the affection of the reading public in both Great Britain and the United States. World-famous and prosperous, he was now able to purchase a fine house which he had admired as a boy. Here, at Gadshill near Rochester, he spent the rest of his life, devoting himself to writing and to his friends. Some of his great novels like David Copperfield, which he thought was his best, are partly autobiographical; others like Nicholas Nickleby and Little Dorrit were propaganda for social reform; A Tale of Two Cities, a general favorite, is a historical novel of the French Revolution; while others, like Oliver Twist, Dombey and Son, and The Old Curiosity Shop, depict in his most inimitable style the experiences of children. Not since Shakespeare has any English writer created such a gallery of characters interesting for their eccentricities, drawn from the common people, and presented in such scenes of humor and pathos.

So eager and persistent were the public to see and hear this famous writer that he began to give platform readings from his works. His personality and dramatic powers made him a host of friends on both continents, although he had to overcome considerable prejudice in the United States on account of his satirical picture of Americans in Martin Chuzzlewit.

Like Carlyle and Ruskin, Dickens was a reformer at heart. Long before his death he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had been the means of causing the government and other organizations to remedy the pitiful conditions of the poor which had been his chief incentive to writing. Today, just as Shakespeare clubs and Browning societies keep alive the works of these authors, so the Dickens Fellowship of the World everywhere reminds us of the achievements of this creator of fiction with a purpose, whose characters are as real to us as actual people.

novel of crime, mystery, politics



Child's
History
England

Martin
Chuzzlewit
picture of
America

MR. PICKWICK SLIDES. Skating at Manor Farm, as portrayed by Phiz, who drew the illustrations for the first edition of *Pickwick Papers*.

MR. PICKWICK ON THE ICE

Some of Dickens's so-called novels are not novels in the strict sense of the word, but rather series of sketches united by the characters running through them. Of these, *Pickwick Papers*, which established the author's reputation, is the funniest. London used to wait breathlessly for further installments of the ridiculous experiences of the Pickwick Club. This club consists of a leader, the benign Mr. Pickwick, and three members "distinguished" for their absurdities — Tupman, Snodgrass, and Winkle. The four set off on a journey of investigation and discovery through England. Accompanying Mr. Pickwick is Sam Weller, the inimitable Cockney servant. After many amusing adventures they become acquainted with Mr. Wardle, a hospitable old country squire, who invites them to spend Christ-

7/19th cent. Addison's Steele

caricature - person - founded on exaggeration
savage veils its intention by irony or wit

mas with him at Manor Farm. The persons they meet there and the athletic catastrophes of the day form the subject of this favorite bit.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight, and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies; which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindoo. At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone; "off vith you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently, and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle made, at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet in the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These — these — are very awkward skates; ain't they, Sam?" inquired Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afeerd there's a orkard gen'tl'm'n in 'em sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter. "Come; the ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle, with a ghastly smile; "I'm coming."

"Just agoin' to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank'ee, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle, hastily; "you needn't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for a Christmas box, Sam. I'll give it you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're wery good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam; will you?" said Mr. Winkle. "There—that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and unswanlike manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank,—

"Sam!"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here. I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor acallin'? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort, Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Pickwickian, and in so doing administered a considerable impetus to the unhappy Mr. Winkle. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty. Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.

"Are you hurt?" inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

"Not much," said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

"I wish you'd let me bleed ¹ you," said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

"No, thank you," replied Mr. Winkle, hurriedly.

"I really think you had better," said Allen.

¹ **bleed**: a common treatment by doctors in those days. Benjamin Allen and Bob Sawyer were young medical students.

"Thank you," replied Mr. Winkle, "I'd rather not."

"What do *you* think, Mr. Pickwick?" inquired Bob Sawyer.

Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller and said, in a stern voice, "Take his skates off."

"No; but really I had scarcely begun," remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

"Take his skates off," repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

"Lift him up," said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders, and beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered, in a low but distinct and emphatic tone, these remarkable words —

"You're a humbug, sir."

"A what?" said Mr. Winkle, starting.

"A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer, if you wish it. An impostor, sir."

With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel, and rejoined his friends.

While Mr. Pickwick was delivering himself of the sentiment just recorded, Mr. Weller and the fat boy, having by their joint endeavors cut out a slide, were exercising themselves thereupon in a very masterly and brilliant manner. Sam Weller, in particular, was displaying that beautiful feat of fancy sliding which is currently denominated "knocking at the cobbler's door," and which is achieved by skimming over the ice on one foot, and occasionally giving a twopenny postman's knock upon it with the other. It was a good long slide, and there was something in the motion which Mr. Pickwick, who was very cold with standing still, could not help envying.

"It looks a nice, warm exercise that, doesn't it?" he inquired of Wardle, when that gentleman was thoroughly out of breath by reason of the indefatigable manner in which he had converted his legs into a pair of compasses, and drawn complicated problems on the ice.

"Ah, it does indeed," replied Wardle. "Do you slide?"

"I used to do so, on the gutters, when I was a boy," replied Mr. Pickwick.

"Try it now," said Wardle.

"Oh, do, please, Mr. Pickwick!" cried all the ladies.

"I should be very happy to afford you any amusement," replied Mr. Pickwick, "but I haven't done such a thing these thirty years."

"Pooh, pooh! Nonsense!" said Wardle, dragging off his skates

with the impetuosity which characterized all his proceedings. "Here; I'll keep you company. Come along!" And away went the good-tempered old fellow down the slide with a rapidity which came very close upon Mr. Weller, and beat the fat boy all to nothing.

Mr. Pickwick paused, considered, pulled off his gloves and put them in his hat; took two or three short runs, balked himself as often, and at last took another run, and went slowly and gravely down the slide, with his feet about a yard and a quarter apart, amidst the gratified shouts of all the spectators.

"Keep the pot abilin', sir!" said Sam; and down went Wardle again, and then Mr. Pickwick, and then Sam, and then Mr. Winkle, and then Mr. Bob Sawyer, and then the fat boy, and then Mr. Snodgrass, following closely upon each other's heels, and running after each other with as much eagerness as if all their future prospects in life depended on their expedition.

It was the most intensely interesting thing to observe the manner in which Mr. Pickwick performed his share in the ceremony: to watch the torture of anxiety with which he viewed the person behind, gaining upon him at the imminent hazard of tripping him up; to see him gradually expend the painful force which he had put on at first, and turn slowly round on the slide, with his face toward the point from which he had started; to contemplate the playful smile which mantled on his face when he had accomplished the distance, and the eagerness with which he turned round when he had done so and ran after his predecessor — his black gaiters tripping pleasantly through the snow, and his eyes beaming cheerfulness and gladness through his spectacles. And when he was knocked down (which happened upon the average every third round), it was the most invigorating sight that can possibly be imagined to behold him gather up his hat, gloves, and handkerchief with a glowing countenance, and resume his station in the rank with an ardor and enthusiasm that nothing could abate.

The sport was at its height, the sliding was at the quickest, the laughter was at the loudest, when a sharp, smart crack was heard. There was a quick rush toward the bank, a wild scream from the ladies, and a shout from Mr. Tupman. A large mass of ice disappeared; the water bubbled up over it; Mr. Pickwick's hat, gloves, and handkerchief were floating on the surface; and this was all of Mr. Pickwick that anybody could see.

Dismay and anguish were depicted on every countenance; the males turned pale, and the females fainted; Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle

grasped each other by the hand, and gazed at the spot where their leader had gone down, with frenzied eagerness; while Mr. Tupman, by way of rendering the promptest assistance, and at the same time conveying to any persons who might be within hearing the clearest possible notion of the catastrophe, ran off across the country at his utmost speed, screaming "Fire!" with all his might.

It was at this very moment, when old Wardle and Sam Weller were approaching the hole with cautious steps, and Mr. Benjamin Allen was holding a hurried consultation with Mr. Bob Sawyer on the advisability of bleeding the company generally, as an improving little bit of professional practice — it was at this very moment that a face, head, and shoulders emerged from beneath the water, and disclosed the features and spectacles of Mr. Pickwick.

"Keep yourself up for an instant — for only one instant!" bawled Mr. Snodgrass.

"Yes, do; let me implore you — for my sake!" roared Mr. Winkle, deeply affected. The adjuration was rather unnecessary — the probability being that if Mr. Pickwick had declined to keep himself up for anybody else's sake, it would have occurred to him that he might as well do so for his own.

"Do you feel the bottom there, old fellow?" said Wardle.

"Yes, certainly," replied Mr. Pickwick, wringing the water from his head and face, and gasping for breath. "I fell upon my back. I couldn't get on my feet at first."

The clay upon so much of Mr. Pickwick's coat as was yet visible bore testimony to the accuracy of this statement; and as the fears of the spectators were still further relieved by the fat boy's suddenly recollecting that the water was nowhere more than five feet deep, prodigies of valor were performed to get him out. After a vast quantity of splashing, and cracking, and struggling, Mr. Pickwick was at length fairly extricated from his unpleasant position, and once more stood on dry land.

"Oh, he'll catch his death of cold," said Emily.

"Dear old thing!" said Arabella. "Let me wrap this shawl round you, Mr. Pickwick."

"Ah, that's the best thing you can do," said Wardle; "and when you've got it on, run home as fast as your legs can carry you, and jump into bed directly."

A dozen shawls were offered on the instant. Three or four of the thickest having been selected, Mr. Pickwick was wrapped up, and started off, under the guidance of Mr. Weller — presenting the singu-

lar phenomenon of an elderly gentleman, dripping wet, and without a hat, with his arms bound down to his sides, skimming over the ground without any clearly defined purpose, at the rate of six good English miles an hour.

But Mr. Pickwick cared not for appearances in such an extreme case, and urged on by Sam Weller, he kept at the very top of his speed until he reached the door of Manor Farm, where Mr. Tupman had arrived some five minutes before, and had frightened the old lady into palpitations of the heart by impressing her with the unalterable conviction that the kitchen chimney was on fire—a calamity which always presented itself in glowing colors to the old lady's mind when anybody about her evinced the smallest agitation.

Mr. Pickwick paused not an instant until he was snug in bed. Sam Weller lighted a blazing fire in the room, and took up his dinner; a bowl of punch was carried up afterward, and a grand carouse held in honor of his safety. Old Wardle would not hear of his rising, so they made the bed the chair, and Mr. Pickwick presided. A second and a third bowl were ordered in. And when Mr. Pickwick awoke next morning there was not a symptom of rheumatism about him; which proves, as Mr. Bob Sawyer very justly observed, that there is nothing like hot punch in such cases; and that if ever hot punch did fail to act as a preventive, it was merely because the patient fell into the vulgar error of not taking enough of it.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF DICKENS

1. Characterize Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Winkle, Bob Sawyer, Sam Weller.
2. On what does the fun in this narrative depend? Find some good examples of how Dickens adds to the humor by the use of long words.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Write a narrative in which you show yourself or someone else placed in an absurd predicament.
2. Read the remainder of *Pickwick Papers* and report another amusing adventure to the class.
3. Compare Shakespeare's gallery of character portrayals with that of Dickens.
4. Compare the contribution of Dickens and of Washington Irving to our Christmas festival.
5. Make a study of type characters from Dickens's novels, such as humorous characters, or child characters.
6. Report on Dickens's novels in the recent film world.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863)

Just as Dickens depicted the misfortunes of the poor and disclosed the evils of public institutions, his equally famous contemporary, Thackeray, revealed the shams and hypocrisies of the upper middle class and the aristocracy of his age.

This contemporary of Dickens was his opposite in worldly position. Born in Calcutta, where both his father and grandfather had been officials of the East India Company, he had every advantage of position and education. When he was five years old, his father died, leaving him a fortune of one hundred thousand dollars, and his mother, noted for her beauty, soon afterward remarried. Then, as now, the children of Anglo-Indian officers were sent to England to be educated; so when Thackeray was eleven, he entered the famous Charterhouse School in London. An easygoing, good-natured, dreamy boy, he showed slight signs of genius during his six years there; but he did show a talent for making up comic verses and sketches. At Trinity College, Cambridge, he did little better, being "careless of university distinction," but he made friends with Fitzgerald, later the translator of Omar Khayyam's *Rubaiyat*, and with Tennyson, whose prize poem he burlesqued in his first contribution to the press.

Leaving the University at twenty-one, he traveled on the Continent. But this delightful manner of living was rudely cut short. Careless in money matters and unwise in investments, he soon let his inherited fortune slip from him, and had to go to work for a living. He first tried to become illustrator for Dickens's *Pickwick Papers*; failing in this, he turned to journalism and literature. There he made a tremendous success, but fame and fortune came to him more slowly than to Dickens. Not until 1847, with the publication of *Vanity Fair*, which he illustrated and subtitled "a novel without a hero," did he take his place among the world's great masters of fiction.

One great sorrow marred Thackeray's domestic life. His wife, a beautiful Irish woman, the mother of three lovable daughters, became insane and had to be placed in a sanitarium, where she outlived her famous husband by nearly half a century. This tragedy, similar to that of Charles Lamb, added tenderness to his pathos and sharpened his satire.

Pendennis, *Henry Esmond*, and *The Newcomes*, masterpieces of portraiture marked by a careful, fastidious style with a rare mingling of humor and satire, followed *Vanity Fair* in rapid succession. With his literary reputation now firmly established, Thackeray was encouraged to follow Dickens's example of giving public readings. He lectured in London, Oxford, Edinburgh, and twice in the United States, thus gathering material for the American background of *The Virginians*, a sequel to *Henry Esmond*.

As first editor of the now famous *Cornhill Magazine*, he not only amassed a fortune, but proved that he could write excellent essays in his charming

Roundabout Papers. In the midst of his growing popularity, he died suddenly on Christmas Eve, 1863. He was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, London, and a bust of him was placed in Westminster Abbey.

THE SNOB SOCIALLY CONSIDERED

Thackeray was a hater of snobbery, fashionable affectations, and all sham. He warred against these and the selfishness of society as earnestly and sincerely as Dickens protested against other social evils. In his *Book of Snobs*, from which this selection is taken, he satirizes in masterly and inimitable style snobs of many types. He is never cruel, nor does he moralize; he presents a picture of human beings as they are. His intention, as suggested by his own words from this book, is: "Have we not after all reason to be thankful that we are of the middle rank and are out of the reach of amazing arrogance and amazing meanness?"

There are relative and positive Snobs. I mean by positive, such persons as are Snobs everywhere, in all companies, from morning till night, from youth to the grave, being by Nature endowed with Snobbishness—and others who are Snobs only in certain circumstances and relations of life.

For instance: I once knew a man who committed before me an act as atrocious as that which I have indicated in the last chapter as performed by me for the purpose of disgusting Colonel Snobley; viz., the using the fork in the guise of a toothpick. I once, I say, knew a man who, dining in my company at the "Europa Coffeehouse" (opposite the Grand Opera, and as everybody knows, the only decent place for dining at Naples), ate peas with the assistance of his knife. He was a person with whose society I was greatly pleased at first—indeed, we had met in the crater of Mount Vesuvius, and were subsequently robbed and held to ransom by brigands in Calabria¹ which is nothing to the purpose—a man of great powers, excellent heart, and varied information; but I had never before seen him with a dish of peas, and his conduct in regard to them caused me the deepest pain.

After having seen him thus publicly comport himself, but one course was open to me—to cut his acquaintance. I commissioned a mutual friend (the Honorable Poly Anthus) to break the matter to this gentleman as delicately as possible, and to say that painful circumstances—in no wise affecting Mr. Marrowfat's honor, or my esteem for him—had occurred, which obliged me to forego my in-

¹ Calabria: a city in southern Italy.

timacy with him; and accordingly we met, and gave each other the cut direct that night at the Duchess of Monte Fiasco's ball.

Everybody at Naples remarked the separation of the Damon and Pythias² — indeed Marrowfat had saved my life more than once — but, as an English gentleman, what was I to do?

My dear friend was, in this instance, the Snob relative. It is not snobbish of persons of rank of any other nation to employ their knife in the manner alluded to. I have seen Monte Fiasco clean his trencher with his knife, and every Principe in company doing likewise. I have seen, at the hospitable board of H.I.H. the Grand Duchess Stephanie of Baden (who, if these humble lines should come under her Imperial eyes, is besought to remember graciously the most devoted of her servants) — I have seen, I say, the Hereditary Princess of Potztausend-Donnerwetter (that serenely beautiful woman) use her knife in lieu of a fork or spoon; I have seen her almost swallow it, by Jove! like Ramo Samee, the Indian juggler. And did I blench? Did my estimation for the Princess diminish? No, lovely Amalia! One of the truest passions that ever was inspired by woman was raised in this bosom by that lady. Beautiful one! long, long may the knife carry food to those lips! the reddest and loveliest in the world!

The cause of my quarrel with Marrowfat I never breathed to mortal soul for four years. We met in the halls of the aristocracy — our friends and relatives. We jostled each other in the dance or at the board; but the estrangement continued, and seemed irrevocable, until the fourth of June, last year.

We met at Sir George Golloper's. We were placed, he on the right, your humble servant on the left of the admirable Lady G. Peas formed part of the banquet — ducks and green peas. I trembled as I saw Marrowfat, and turned away sickening, lest I should behold the weapon darting down his horrid jaws.

What was my astonishment, what my delight, when I saw him use his fork like any other Christian! He did not administer the cold steel once. Old times rushed back upon me — the remembrance of old services — his rescuing me from the brigands — his gallant conduct in the affair with the Countess Dei Spinachi — his lending me the seventeen hundred pounds. I almost burst into tears with joy — my voice trembled with emotion. "George, my boy!" I exclaimed, "George Marrowfat, my dear fellow! a glass of wine!"

Blushing — deeply moved — almost as tremulous as I was myself,

² Damon and Pythias: symbols of friendship; the Greek David and Jonathan.

George answered, "Frank, shall it be Hock or Madeira?" I could have hugged him to my heart but for the presence of the company. Little did Lady Golloper know what was the cause of the emotion which sent the duckling I was carving into her ladyship's pink satin lap. The most good-natured of women pardoned the error, and the butler removed the bird.

We have been the closest friends ever since, nor, of course, has George repeated his odious habit. He acquired it at a country school, where they cultivated peas and only used two-pronged forks, and it was only by living on the Continent, where the usage of the four-prong is general, that he lost the horrible custom.

In this point — and in this only — I confess myself a member of the Silver-Fork School; and if this tale but induce one of my readers to pause, to examine in his own mind solemnly and ask, "Do I or do I not eat peas with a knife?" — to see the ruin which may fall upon himself by continuing the practice, or his family by beholding the example, these lines will not have been written in vain. And now, whatever other authors may be, I flatter myself, it will be allowed that I, at least, am a moral man.

By the way, as some readers are dull of comprehension, I may as well say what the moral of this history is. The moral is this — Society having ordained certain customs, men are bound to obey the law of society, and conform to its harmless orders.

If I should go to the British and Foreign Institute (and heaven forbid I should go under any pretext or in any costume whatever) — if I should go to one of the tea parties in a dressing gown and slippers, and not in the usual attire of a gentleman; viz., pumps, a gold waistcoat, a crush hat, a sham frill, and a white choker — I should be insulting society, and eating peas with my knife. Let the porter of the Institute hustle out the individual who shall so offend. Such an offender is, as regards society, a most emphatical and refractory Snob. It has its code and police as well as governments, and he must conform who would profit by the decrees set forth for their common comfort.

I am naturally averse to egotism, and hate self-laudation consumedly; but I can't help relating here a circumstance illustrative of the point in question, in which I must think I acted with considerable prudence.

Being at Constantinople a few years since (on a delicate mission) — the Russians were playing a double game, between ourselves, and it became necessary on our part to employ an extra negotiator —

Leckerbiss Pasha of Roumelia, then Chief Galeongee of the Porte, gave a diplomatic banquet at his summer palace at Bujukdere. I was on the left of the Galeongee, and the Russian agent, Count de Diddloff, on his dexter³ side. Diddloff is a dandy who would die of a rose in aromatic pain: he had tried to have me assassinated three times in the course of the negotiation; but of course we were friends in public, and saluted each other in the most cordial and charming manner.

The Galeongee is — or was, alas! for a bowstring has done for him — a staunch supporter of the old school of Turkish politics. We dined with our fingers, and had flaps of bread for plates; the only innovation he admitted was the use of European liquors, in which he indulged with great gusto. He was an enormous eater. Among the dishes a very large one was placed before him of a lamb dressed in its wool, stuffed with prunes, garlic, asafetida, capsicums, and other condiments, the most abominable mixture that ever mortal smelt or tasted. The Galeongee ate of this hugely; and pursuing the Eastern fashion, insisted on helping his friends right and left, and when he came to a particularly spicy morsel, would push it with his own hands into his guests' very mouths.

I never shall forget the look of poor Diddloff, when his Excellency — rolling up a large quantity of this into a ball and exclaiming, " Buk Buk " (it is very good) — administered the horrible bolus to Diddloff. The Russian's eyes rolled dreadfully as he received it; he swallowed it with a grimace that I thought must precede a convulsion, and seizing a bottle next him, which he thought was Sauterne, but which turned out to be French brandy, he drank off nearly a pint before he knew his error. It finished him; he was carried away from the dining room almost dead, and laid out to cool in a summer house on the Bosphorus.

When it came to my turn, I took down the condiment with a smile, said " Bismillah," licked my lips with easy gratification, and when the next dish was served, made up a ball myself so dexterously, and popped it down the old Galeongee's mouth with so much grace, that his heart was won. Russia was put out of court at once, and the treaty of Kabobanople was signed. As for Diddloff, all was over with him: he was recalled to St. Petersburg, and Sir Roderick Murchison saw him, under the No. 3967, working in the Ural mines.

The moral of this tale, I need not say, is that there are many disagreeable things in society which you are bound to take down and to do so with a smiling face.

³ *dexter*: right.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF THACKERAY

1. Define snobbery as the author uses the word. Point out some definite examples of how he holds it up to ridicule. Is there any difference in the way snobbery shows itself in England and in America?
2. What does the conversational style of writing add to the effectiveness of this sketch?
3. Compare the humor of Thackeray with that of Dickens. In what are they alike and in what do they differ? What differences do you find in the satires on social life by Addison and Thackeray?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Thackeray's use of the name *Vanity Fair* was mentioned in the discussion of Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Read the novel and discuss its place in literature. Recently it was filmed in technicolor as "Becky Sharp." Compare the picture with the novel in plot and character portrayal.
2. *Henry Esmond* has Addison and Steele as two of its characters. What part have they in the story? What characteristics of each are made clear in the novel?
3. Colonel Newcome is considered one of the most lovable characters of literature. Justify this opinion from your reading of *The Newcomes*.
4. Thackeray's *Pendennis* will appeal to the boys. It depicts youth and early manhood.
5. *The Virginians* deals with America. What picture of Washington does it present?

LEWIS CARROLL (1832-1898)

Many, many people who have known the Mad Hatter, the March Hare, and the Tearful Walrus from childhood and who know well the name of their whimsical creator do not know that Lewis Carroll is but the pseudonym for a scholarly clergyman and brilliant mathematician, the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson.

This thoroughly romantic and delightfully original English writer, after graduating from Oxford University and entering the Church, became a professor of mathematics at his own university, where he served from 1855 to 1881, making an enviable reputation for his many valuable contributions to the literature of mathematics. Meanwhile the other part of his nature was expressing itself in charming letters to his child friends, for whom, like Swinburne, he had the deepest affection, and in absurd imaginative rhymes and tales for children, which through their "glorified nonsense" have won the hearts of readers both old and young. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass* are eternally fresh, and the characters whom we meet on these travels have become an integral part of English literature.

A SEA DIRGE

The sea theme running through English literature is treated sometimes enthusiastically, sometimes seriously, sometimes tragically, but never has it been treated with more drollery than by Lewis Carroll, who dares to defy the nature lovers.

There are certain things — as, a spider, a ghost,
The income tax, gout, an umbrella for three —
That I hate, but the thing that I hate the most
Is a thing they call the Sea.

Pour some salt water over the floor —
Ugly I'm sure you'll allow it to be;
Suppose it extended a mile or more,
That's very like the Sea.

5

Beat a dog till he howls outright —
Cruel, but all very well for a spree;
Suppose that he did so day and night,
That would be like the Sea.

10

I had a vision of nurserymaids;
Tens of thousands passed by me —
All leading children with wooden spades,
And this was by the Sea.

15

Who invented those spades of wood?
Who was it cut them out of the tree?
None, I think, but an idiot could —
Or one that loved the Sea.

20

It is pleasant and dreamy, no doubt, to float
With "thoughts as boundless, and souls as free";
But, suppose you are very unwell in the boat —
How do you like the Sea?

There is an insect that people avoid
(Whence is derived the verb "to flee").
Where have you been by it most annoyed?
In lodgings by the Sea.

25

If you like your coffee with sand for dregs,
A decided hint of salt in your tea,

30

And a fishy taste in the very eggs —
By all means choose the Sea.

And if, with these dainties to drink and eat,
You prefer not a vestige of grass or tree,
And a chronic state of wet in your feet, 35
Then — I recommend the Sea.

For *I* have friends who dwell by the coast —
Pleasant friends they are to me!
It is when I am with them I wonder most 40
That anyone likes the Sea.

They take me a walk; though tired and stiff,
To climb the heights I madly agree;
And, after a tumble or so from the cliff,
They kindly suggest the Sea.

I try the rocks, and I think it cool 45
That they laugh with such an excess of glee,
As I heavily slip into every pool
That skirts the cold, cold Sea.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF CARROLL

1. What aspects of the sea are unfolded here? Which ones are omitted? Why?
2. If you have had experience with the sea, how does your own reaction compare with Carroll's?
3. Why is ballad form well adapted to this poem?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Write a humorous account of your prejudice against something which is supposed to be popular with most people.
2. Look up some of Carroll's other humorous ballads.
3. The original Alice for whom *Alice in Wonderland* was written, Mrs. Alice Liddell Hargreaves, died in 1934. What can you learn about her and the celebration of Carroll's centennial in 1932?

W. S. GILBERT (1836-1911)

Like Lewis Carroll, William Schwenk Gilbert had a serious occupation in which he was highly successful, in addition to the avocation through which he attained wider distinction. Gilbert was a Londoner by birth and

received a diversified education at Boulogne, King's College, and the University of London. He was admitted to the bar at twenty-eight, became a magistrate at fifty-five, and was knighted at seventy-two, three years before his death. During his twenties he began writing humorous verses, illustrated by his own sketches, which were later collected into successive volumes called *The Bab Ballads*. In 1875 he first collaborated with the musician Arthur Sullivan in the light opera *Trial by Jury*. From then on, the names of Gilbert and Sullivan were inseparable, and the remarkable succession of light operas which they produced have never been excelled. Schools, amateur clubs, and professional companies still delight in these merry, tuneful plays, of which the best known are *H.M.S. Pinafore*, *The Pirates of Penzance*, *Patience*, *Iolanthe*, and *The Mikado*.

Gilbert is a master of swinging meter and unexpected rhyme, especially of mouth-filling polysyllables. His humor lies in the combination of these technical intricacies with delicious satire on the life of his day. He was almost a privileged character in his ability to ridicule the dignities of army, navy, court, and ultraesthetic literature without giving offense. His verse has sparkle without sting, vivacity without vulgarity. The following selection is from *Iolanthe*.

A NIGHTMARE

When you're lying awake with a dismal headache, and repose is
 tabooed by anxiety,
 I conceive you may use any language you choose to indulge in, with-
 out impropriety;
 For your brain is on fire — the bedclothes conspire of usual slumber
 to plunder you:
 First your counterpane goes and uncovers your toes, and your sheet
 slips demurely from under you;
 Then the blanketing tickles — you feel like mixed pickles, so terribly
 sharp is the pricking, 5
 And you're hot, and you're cross, and you tumble and toss till there's
 nothing 'twixt you and the ticking.
 Then the bedclothes all creep to the ground in a heap, and you pick
 'em all up in a tangle;
 Next your pillow resigns and politely declines to remain at its usual
 angle!
 Well, you get some repose in the form of a doze, with hot eyeballs
 and head ever aching,
 But your slumbering teems with such horrible dreams that you'd very
 much better be waking, 10

For you dream you are crossing the Channel, and tossing about in
 a steamer from Harwich,
 Which is something between a large bathing machine and a very
 small second-class carriage,
 And you're giving a treat (penny ice and cold meat) to a party of
 friends and relations —
 They're a ravenous horde — and they all came on board at Sloane
 Square and South Kensington Stations.
 And bound on that journey you find your attorney (who started that
 morning from Devon); 15
 He's a bit undersized, and you don't feel surprised when he tells you
 he's only eleven.
 Well, you're driving like mad with this singular lad (by the bye, the
 ship's now a four-wheeler),
 And you're playing round games, and he calls you bad names when
 you tell him that "ties pay the dealer";
 But this you can't stand, so you throw up your hand, and you find
 you're as cold as an icicle,
 In your shirt and your socks (the black silk with gold clocks), cross-
 ing Salisbury Plain on a bicycle: 20
 And he and the crew are on bicycles too — which they've somehow
 or other invested in —
 And he's telling the tars all the particulars of a company he's inter-
 ested in —
 It's a scheme of devices, to get at low prices, all goods from cough
 mixtures to cables
 (Which tickled the sailors) by treating retailers, as though they were
 all *vegetables* —
 You get a good spadesman to plant a small tradesman (first take
 off his boots with a boot tree), 25
 And his legs will take root, and his fingers will shoot, and they'll
 blossom and bud like a fruit tree —
 From the greengrocer tree you get grapes and green pea, cauliflower,
 pineapple, and cranberries,
 While the pastry cook plant, cherry brandy will grant, apple puffs,
 and three-corners, and banberries —
 The shares are a penny, and ever so many are taken by Rothschild
 and Baring,
 And just as a few are allotted to you, you awake with a shudder
 despairing — 30

11. **Harwich**: pronounced to rhyme with "carriage" in the next line.

You're a regular wreck, with a crick in your neck, and no wonder you snore, for your head's on the floor, and you've needles and pins from your soles to your shins, and your flesh is acreep, for your left leg's asleep, and you've cramp in your toes, and a fly on your nose, and some fluff in your lung, and a feverish tongue, and a thirst that's intense, and a general sense that you haven't been sleeping in clover;

But the darkness has passed, and it's daylight at last, and the night has been long—ditto, ditto my song—and thank goodness they're both of them over! 40

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF GILBERT

1. Pick out examples of Gilbert's amusing rhymes, especially where they run into three syllables. How does the internal rhyme contribute to the humor?
2. What details of the nightmare appeal to you as particularly ridiculous? How does he create the sense of confusion and distress characteristic of nightmare?
3. What words and allusions show that this was written by an Englishman, not an American?
4. Although the two poems are markedly different, what point does this poem have in common with "Kubla Khan"?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Write an account of some absurd predicament you have been in either in a dream or in actual life.
2. Arrange a program of Gilbert and Sullivan songs, including "A Nightmare," and readings of some of the best of *The Bab Ballads*.

READING LIST FOR VICTORIAN AGE

LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD

Practically everything in this section is suitable for high-school students.

Poetry

Tennyson, Alfred: "The Revenge," "Rizpah," "Locksley Hall," "Maud," "The Dream of Fair Women," "Enoch Arden," "The Princess," "The Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Lady of Shalott," "Sir Galahad," *The Idylls of the King*

Browning, Robert: "Evelyn Hope," "The Last Ride Together," "Love among the Ruins," "The Lost Leader," "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix," "An Incident of the French Camp," "Hervé Riel," "Tray," "The Boy and the An-

- gel," "Andrea del Sarto," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Pheidippides," "Saul"
- Browning, Elizabeth Barrett: "The Forced Recruit," "The North and the South," "The Cry of the Children," "The Sleep," *Sonnets from the Portuguese*
- Arnold, Matthew: "Growing Old," "East London," "Shakespeare," "Self-Dependence," "The Forsaken Merman," "Sohrab and Rustum" (See also History and Essay.)
- Macaulay, Thomas B.: *The Lays of Ancient Rome* (See also History and Essay.)
- Rossetti, D. G.: "The Cloud Confines," "The Blessed Damozel," "My Sister's Sleep," "Three Shadows," "Sister Helen," "The King's Tragedy," *Sonnets*
- Rossetti, Christina: "Frost," "Abnegation," "Uphill," "A Christmas Carol," "Dream Land," "When I Am Dead"
- Morris, William: "The Voice of Toil," "The Defense of Guenevere," "Atalanta's Race," "The March of the Workers," "Sigurd the Volsung"
- Swinburne, A. C.: "A Child's Laughter," "Étude Réaliste," "On a Country Road," "To a Sea-Mew," "A Forsaken Garden," "The Garden of Proserpine"
- Henley, W. E.: *In Hospital, London Types*, "On the Way to Kew," "Apparition"
- Stevenson, R. L.: *A Child's Garden of Verse* (See also Fiction and Essay.)
- Fitzgerald, Edward: *The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*
- Carroll, Lewis: "Jabberwocky," "The Walrus and the Carpenter," "Father William," "The Crocodile," "The Baker's Tale"
- Gilbert, W. S.: "The Yarn of the Nancy Bell," "Gentle Alice Brown," "The Captain and the Mermaids," "To the Terrestrial Globe," *Songs of a Savoyard* (lyrics from his operas)
- History and Essay*
- Arnold, M.: *Culture and Anarchy*, "Wordsworth," "Emerson"
- Carlyle, Thomas: *Heroes and Hero Worship, Sartor Resartus, The French Revolution*
- Macaulay, Thomas B.: *The History of England*; essays on Addison, Johnson, Milton, Bunyan
- Ruskin, John: *Sesame and Lilies, Stones of Venice, Seven Lamps of Architecture, The Crown of Wild Olive*, "The King of the Golden River" (story), *Præterita* (autobiography)
- Newman, John: *The Idea of a University*, "Lead, Kindly Light" (hymn)
- Huxley, Thomas: "A Piece of Chalk," "On the Advisableness of Improving Natural Knowledge," "The Lobster," autobiography and letters
- Stevenson, R. L.: *Virginibus Puerisque, Memories and Portraits, Travels with a Donkey*
- Fiction*
- Dickens, Charles: *Oliver Twist, David Copperfield, Nicholas Nickleby, A Tale of Two Cities, The Old Curiosity Shop, Dombey and Son, Martin Chuzzlewit, Great Expectations, Little Dorrit, Christmas Stories*

Thackeray, William M.: *Henry Esmond*, *Vanity Fair*, *Pendennis*, *The Newcomes*; essays and satire: *The English Humorists*, *The Book of Snobs*, *Roundabout Papers*

Eliot, George (Marian Evans): *Silas Marner*, *Romola*, *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss*, *Middlemarch*

Brontë, Charlotte: *Jane Eyre*

Trollope, Anthony: *Barchester Towers*

Bulwer-Lytton, Edward: *The Last Days of Pompeii*

Kingsley, Charles: *Westward Ho!*

Gaskell, Elizabeth: *Cranford*

Blackmore, R. D.: *Lorna Doone*
Meredith, George: *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, *The Egoist*

Stevenson, R. L.: *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, *David Balfour*, *The Master of Ballantrae*, *St. Ives*, *Weir of Hermiston*, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, *New Arabian Nights* (short stories)

Wilde, Oscar: "The Birthday of the Infanta"

Hardy, Thomas: *Under the Greenwood Tree*, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, *The Return of the Native*, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*; short stories: *Wessex Tales*, *Life's Little Ironies*

IMPORTANT BOOKS ABOUT THE PERIOD

Drama

Besier, Rudolf: *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*

Braun, Wilbur: *After Wimpole Street*

Firkins, Oscar: *Two Passengers for Chelsea* (the Carlyles); *Turnpikes in Arcady* (the Brownings)

Housman, Laurence: *Victoria Regina*

Biography and Criticism

Queen Victoria by L. Strachey, E. F. Benson, S. Lee, and E. Sitwell

The Brownings by O. Burdett and D. G. Loth. Also *Two Poets, a Dog, and a Boy* by Frances Theresa Russell.

The Rossettis by Elizabeth F. Cary

Biographies of individual authors are too numerous to include here.

Music

Many of Tennyson's and Browning's lyrics are available in both

sheet music and phonograph records; also C. Rossetti's "A Birthday," Henley's "Invictus," Stevenson's "Requiem," and other lyrics.

General Background

Benson, E. F.: *As We Were*
Chesteron, G. K.: *The Victorian Age in Literature*

M'Carthy, J.: *History of Our Own Times* (5 vols.)

Ward, T. H.: *The Reign of Queen Victoria*

Art, Architecture, and Costume

Bate, P. H.: *The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters*

Du Maurier, A.: *Social Pictorial Satire*

Everitt, G.: *English Caricaturists of the Nineteenth Century*

Quennell, C. H.: *Victorian Panorama*



THE CORONATION OF GEORGE VI IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY
Painting by Fortunino Matania

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

1890-

Time of reaction - 1890-1900

As the decade of the '90's recedes further into the past, giving us a greater perspective, we realize its significance as the beginning of a new age. In recent books it has been labeled colorfully "the yellow decade," "the mauve decade," and "the gay nineties." Politically it might have been called "the sinister decade," for those forces which led to the World War were slowly fermenting beneath the surface. Under the stress of commercial and colonization rivalry the great nations of Europe stood glaring at one another. There had been a wild scramble among all the nations of the world for "every inch of the globe that remained to be appropriated and exploited." Trade was no longer "an exchange of benefits." It was an endeavor "to vanquish and exclude all one's neighbors" in and from the best markets of the world.

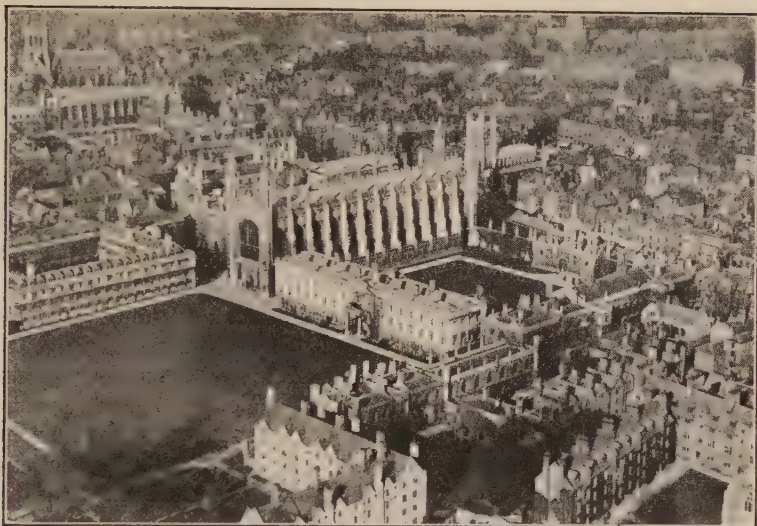
Old jealousies and wrongs still rankled and new ones were added thereto. Military establishments increased to appalling proportions, and the rapid development of science added to the cost by outmoding equipment almost as soon as it was provided. In 1887 the Triple Alliance was formed among Germany, Austria, and Italy. This danger signal led to the final conclusion of the Triple Entente among England, France, and Russia. Thus, seven years before the World War, Europe was lined up in two great opposing camps. There were wars, too, at the turn of the century, though they were comfortably distant from the centers of civilization. These were the Spanish-American War of 1898, the Boer War of 1899, and the Russo-Japanese War of 1904, which showed Japan as a growing militant power. Modern warfare was having its dress rehearsal for the great performance of 1914.

Industry and Science Transform Ways of Living. Industrially, the '90's and the opening of the new century were sinister too. By speedier means of transportation, the markets for industrial products had been multiplied many times. Scientists also had invented new products and improved processes of manufacture. Commercial rivalry had reached the cutthroat stage, and it was the laborer who



MAGDALEN COLLEGE, OXFORD. This is one of the colleges which make up Oxford University. Addison attended Magdalen. Other colleges in the University were attended by Johnson, Shelley, De Quincey, Ruskin, Swinburne, and Galsworthy. (Ewing Galloway)

suffered. In Victorian days reforms in labor conditions had come from the governing classes through humanitarian sympathies. Now the laborer himself assumed leadership and began to claim rights. Workingmen in towns had had the vote since 1867, but workingmen in the country first gained it in 1885. Trade unions, through strikes, fought for more equitable conditions. Early in the new century the Labor party established itself as an active force in politics. The wars between capital and labor, coming closer home to the average Englishman than the Boer War, led to the "social consciousness," or desire to improve standards of living for all classes, which has characterized the present century. These standards were complicated by the very products of the scientific and industrial age. The average family needed so much more material equipment than formerly, and high wages so increased cost of production, that "the high cost of living" became the bugaboo of modern life. Improved plumbing, heat-



CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY FROM THE AIR. Alma mater of Milton, Pepys, Gray, Byron, Macaulay, Tennyson, Brooke, and Sassoon. (Ewing Galloway)

ing, lighting, and electrical appliances transformed the construction of houses and led to higher standards of sanitation and health. The bicycle of the '90's gave place to the automobile, and the airplane aroused speculation as to the future air world. Within a generation the whole mode of living was metamorphosed.

The Modern Woman Appears. One of the most significant changes came in the position of women. This movement had been germinating throughout the nineteenth century, sometimes called "the woman's century." Women had won high recognition in literature, gained admission to colleges, entered professions, and carried on valiant struggles for greater property rights and the suffrage. But the pioneers in these movements were rather scornfully termed "emancipated" and popularly dubbed "queer." It was not until the twentieth century that a college-bred woman, pursuing a career as independently as a man, became an accepted commonplace of social life. "The gay nineties" played an important part in this evolution. The shocking sport of riding bicycles was a halfway stage in the graduation of girls from croquet to Channel swimming. The early attempts at dress reform, ludicrous in retrospect, deserve grati-

tude for introducing the light, comfortable clothing of the present day. The long struggle for suffrage was apparently interrupted, but in reality consummated, by the War. English women won the vote in 1918, two years before the Americans. *Lake Isle of Innisfree*

The Celtic Revival Furthers Irish Independence. The conditions so far mentioned were not confined to England but were operative throughout Europe and America. England, however, had troubles of her own, not the least of which was Ireland. Since the days of Queen Elizabeth, misunderstanding between the two countries had flared into strife. In the eighteenth century the wrongs of the peasantry had been set forth by Swift and Goldsmith. In the nineteenth, Tom Moore had aroused sympathy by his patriotic lyrics. At the end of the century came the Celtic Renaissance under a group of Irish nationalists headed by William Butler Yeats. This movement strove to build up national sentiment through revival of the ancient Celtic legends and even advocated the revival of the old Celtic language. It produced a body of poetry and drama notable for its imaginative quality on the one hand and for its humorous or tragic realism on the other. It was part of the last great drive for Irish independence, which ended in the establishment in 1922 of the Irish Free State, now equal in the British Empire with the other dominions.

Anglo-Indian Relations Reflected in Literature. India also had been a problem of long standing. For the first time India came to the front in English literature through the vigorous presentation of English army life, as well as native life, by Rudyard Kipling. Kipling, however, represented the Anglo-Indian community, the "ruling race" in India, which had no idea "of entering into any social or spiritual communion" with the native people whom they regarded often with intolerance, not to say contempt. However, a different point of view toward the natives is expressed in the recent *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, by the Englishman Yeats-Brown. A new note is seen also in the campaign of nonresistance in India, guided by Mahatma Gandhi, a great religious leader.

Problems with Other Colonies. The nationalist spirit also awoke in Egypt, which had never desired English rule. One notable viceroy, Lord Kitchener, however, had the Egyptian peasantry much at heart. In Arabia many troubles with native chiefs were avoided by the understanding of the late T. E. Lawrence, whose *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* gives us striking portraits of these Asiatics.

The World War Disrupts Europe. The outstanding tragedy of the present age was the World War, which affected England more



THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, with "Big Ben" to toll the hours. Here sits the oldest (except Iceland's) representative legislative body in the world. (De Cou from Ewing Galloway)

intensely than America. Only one of the major causes of this war will be pointed out here. The human race had made gigantic strides in science and invention and the control of nature. Master of the material world, it was not yet master of social relationships. Men were unable to meet the challenge of the environment which their own efforts had produced. There had been a "mad pursuit of power over the outer world to the neglect of the inner man." They were "turning the very resources of science into the means of suicide." Whatever countries may be blamed for starting the war, we cannot forget that Europe had become an intricate network of fears, real or imaginary, which prompted alliances and counteralliances between nations and dictated murderous competition in armaments. The volcano was bound to belch forth sometime. In 1914 it erupted. For four years the war swept over Europe, leaving behind it the wreck of the younger generation in every country.

European Governments Transformed by the War. In its wake old governments were overthrown. In Russia the Czarist rule with its long history of tyrannies gave way to the Union of Soviet



HENRY VII'S CHAPEL. This section of Westminster Abbey is floodlighted for King George V's Jubilee Celebration. (Soibelman Syndicate)

Socialist Republics, set up in 1917. During the past twenty years the world has been watching this tremendous experiment in government to prove or disprove the social theories on which it is founded. In Germany the Kaiser was exiled, and the new republican government struggled with the difficult postwar problems for nearly a decade before the Nazi party gained control and set up the present dictatorship. Even earlier in Italy the government became concentrated under a single dictator, though the royal family still retains its position as a figurehead. When the King of Spain abdicated in 1931, a republic was established, but whether this government will stand or become a dictatorship will be determined by the outcome of the present civil war in Spain. Because of the active participation of some nations and the resultant indignation of others, this war has been a constant menace to international peace. So today we have new tyrannies in place of old, with a new race for vast armaments, new clashes between opposing theories of government, new conquests of weaker nations by more militaristic ones, and a younger generation in Europe brought up almost from infancy to the practice of bayonet and rifle.

Attempts at Furthering World Peace. The more hopeful side of the picture is the firmly intrenched feeling among the ma-

jority of people throughout the world, especially in the democratic countries, that world peace is necessary to the preservation of civilization. One striking immediate result of the World War was the League of Nations, established to adjust reasonably the quarrels among nations by a central representative body. Handicapped at the start by the Treaty of Versailles, now generally conceded as injurious, the League has met with many rebuffs and has been unable to prevent the despoiling of Ethiopia by Italy or the invasion of China by Japan. Yet it has succeeded in many less spectacular situations, and still stands as a protector of the smaller nations, and a hope for the future. It is well to remember that never in history has any great idealistic movement been a total success within twenty years of its establishment.

England's Postwar Problems. The problems which England faced after the war were not those of drastic changes in government. The attitude of the English has been well stated by an American woman writer:

The English have ingrained in them two things: Respect for personality and a deep, probably unconscious sense of legitimacy in government. You can make any kind of change you like in government, provided you make it inside established principles. That's what legitimate government is. And the crown is the symbol of that legitimacy. And because they feel this so deeply there has been only one revolution in England in a thousand years, and that ended in restoration and compromise.

But England has many other problems, which she is still trying to solve. The great depression started earlier in England than in the United States, and as a result nearly all her workers were brought under a system of unemployment insurance. Since the growing increase of town workers over country workers during the last century has resulted in congested living quarters and increasing slums in the large cities, great housing projects have been carried on both by the government and by private concerns. The English dislike the large apartment buildings so popular for Continental housing projects; they prefer the individual small house and garden. Consequently today one sees radiating out from most of the cities interminable rows of "semidetached villas." These are small two-story houses arranged in pairs, each pair having one wall in common, and a garden, no matter how small, in front and back. Many of the great estates have been split up into small farms or suburban lots. Improved as many conditions are, there is still abject poverty and hardship among



AIRPLANE VIEW OF THE WESTMINSTER SECTION OF LONDON.
(Hudson Historical Bureau)

certain such groups as the miners of South Wales and the shipyard workers of the Tyne.

The war broke down some class distinctions. Many old aristocratic families lost estates and fortunes. Men from the lower classes rose to prominence with the growing power of the Labor party. In 1923 Ramsay MacDonald became Labor's first Prime Minister.

Much has been done to provide a college education for promising students from the lower classes who lack means, but a good high-school education is not open to all children of the working class in England. The education of the children of the masses is still inadequate both in equipment and in opportunity. Their schools are segregated from those of students preparing for college, and few of them continue after the compulsory age limit of fourteen. Recently the need for improvement of the physical development of young people has frequently been discussed in England. The popularity of sports in English schools has touched only the small proportion of the population who attend the exclusive schools, and the majority have lacked opportunity for regular exercise. The building up of a youth program is one of the projects in which the British have recently become most interested.

LITERATURE OF THE PERIOD

Twentieth-Century Literature Flourishes in All Its Types. Viewing the literature of the past fifty years as a whole, one sees certain marked tendencies. Especially evident is its complexity and diversity. Our age has shown no one type overtopping all others,



To Sligo,
the scene of
SYNGE'S "RIDERS
TO THE SEA."

KIRRIEMUIR
(Thurms)
(Birthplace of
J. M. Barrie.)

Hospital where
Henley wrote
"Invictus."

Robert L.
Stevenson

EDINBURGH
(Robert L. Stevenson
born here.)
Craigenputtock
Ecclefechan

Carlyle's Cottage

W.B. Yeats,
Minister
of Fine
Arts.

DUBLIN

James
Stephens
born
here.

Arnold
Bennett's
five towns.

Macaulay, "Prince
of Popularizers,"
born here.

HOME OF THE
ARNOLDS

"A Shropshire
Lad"

RUGBY

Rothley
Temple

University of
London, where
Wells studied
biology.

LEDGBURY

Masefield born here.
Davies the super-tramp
poet set out from
here.

OXFORD

Lewis Carroll
Prof of Math-
ematics here.

LONDON

ALDWORTH
(Tennyson's home)

KELMSCOTT
PRESS
Founded
by
William
Morris.

"Break, break, break
on thy cold gray
stones, O sea!"

BRISTOL CHANNEL

CLEDON CHURCH

Egdon Heath

WESSEX
(6 western counties)

Hardy's heart
buried here

ISLE OF
WIGHT

Swinburne spent
boyhood here.

SURREY
(Kipling
lived here.)

Kipling's
Tommy.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
Born in Dublin.

Joseph Conrad sailed the world
round on ships like this.

Huxley
sailing for
country
and for
science

"HOME
THOUGHTS
FROM THE
SEA"

LITERARY MAP of VICTORIAN AGE and 20th CENTURY

X KEW (It isn't far from London!)

Boots! Boots! Boots!

but has produced able work in every field. Poetry received an impetus from the aesthetic movement of the '90's, the Celtic Renaissance, the Imagists and free-versifiers, and from the World War itself, while Masfield, the greatest living poet of England, harks back to the old masters for his inspiration. Though the war destroyed many promising young writers, it nevertheless produced a distinctive literature of its own, both in poetry and prose. Unlike war literature of the past, it was largely the work of the disillusioned soldier himself.

Much postwar writing reflects the breaking up of traditional modes of thought and the social chaos resulting from the war. The novel is still flourishing as in Victorian days, with a long list of established or rapidly forming reputations. The present-day novel is strongly influenced by realism, tends toward the psychological probing of character, and often emphasizes the struggle of the individual against his environment, the problems of complex social life, and even the trend of world events.

The short story, while not proportionally as important as in America, is a vital element in British literature. At the end of the century the tendency in short fiction on both sides of the Atlantic was toward local color and considerable use of dialect. Thus in Britain we can place certain authors neatly on the map in their distinctive localities. Hardy's dominion was the old Wessex in southwestern England. Barrie's Scotch dialect became so popular that it gave rise to a whole school of fiction. Kipling showed us India and Tommy Atkins' talk. Later, Bennett confined himself largely to the five pottery towns of Staffordshire; W. W. Jacobs, to the sailors and longshoremen of London; even H. G. Wells occasionally forgot his preoccupation with world events to give us straight Cockney. The present short story tends to emphasize human psychology irrespective of locality. Both novel and short story are making considerable use of "the stream of consciousness" method; that is, telling a story by means of the successive thoughts flowing through the mind of one or more of the characters.

The Drama Comes Back into Its Own. The type which, more than any other, the twentieth century may claim for its own is the drama. Not since the days of Elizabeth has there been such an outburst of playwriting that bids fair to stand the test of time. Restoration plays were corrupt; late eighteenth-century drama was confined to a few sparkling comedies; the nineteenth century was practically barren. But the dawn of the twentieth brought a spectacular sunrise of stage writing. Again we must look to the '90's for our causes.



THE TOWER OF LONDON. Modern London has engulfed this medieval fortress where Sir Walter Raleigh was imprisoned. The tops of the Tower Bridge are seen on the right. (Hudson Historical Bureau)

That decade saw the vogue of the Norwegian dramatist, Henrik Ibsen, and other Continental writers through translation into English. Ibsen was a thinker and an image breaker. Soon England was vibrating with problem plays. George Bernard Shaw, a great admirer of Ibsen, began shocking England in the '90's with his satirically epigrammatic comedies, and has continued doing it with a play a year (but today the world is less shocked than amused and stimulated). Then an established fiction writer, James M. Barrie, turned sharply to drama, and produced a remarkable succession of uniquely fanciful and entirely engaging comedies. Another fiction writer, John Galsworthy, interspersed plays with novels at a breath-taking rate, and demonstrated that tragedy-writing is not confined to Shakespeare and the Continentals. The Irish Renaissance produced a remarkable drama of its own.

The New Biography Sweeps In. Biography is the form of nonfiction prose in which there has perhaps been the greatest change. Instead of the long, factual, often uninteresting, and usually admiring biographies of an older generation, the new age, in keeping with its frankness, brought in a type of biographer who viewed his subject with strict impartiality, organized and eliminated his material more judiciously, and used some of the tricks of the novelist to hold the reader's interest. Thus biography, from being a scholarly exercise, became a widely popular type, with Lytton Strachey the outstanding leader of the new school.

Poets Who Consider Life Subjectively. Only a few of the innumerable British writers of the twentieth century can be here



JOHN MASEFIELD. The poet laureate is coming out of Buckingham Palace after an interview with the King. (Acme News Photo)

presented, but included are those of most firmly established reputations who represent different types of writing characteristic of today. Among the poets are some who probe human experience seriously or ironically, like Thomas Hardy, a great novelist who returned to poetry in his later years but was ever concerned with the influence of nature and the fatality of circumstance. A. E. Housman gave his compact, highly finished verse a sudden poignant twist or a bit of stoic pessimism. Francis Thompson best represents a whole group of mystic poets who write with beauty and intensity of man's spiritual life. The Celtic Renaissance is best represented by two of many singers — William

Butler Yeats, the dean of the movement, and James Stephens, poet and novelist, who has sought to revive in Ireland the rich flavor of the Celtic language. Poetry permeates both the dramas of Yeats and the novels of Stephens. Another poet of delicate fancy is Walter de la Mare, whose mood is one of entranced magic, and whose music is subtle with "dying falls."

Poets of Marching Meters. In contrast, is the marching masculinity of Kipling and Masefield, who both picture humble but virile toilers, such as soldiers, sailors, laborers, and pioneers, though they do not, of course, confine themselves to such themes. Another of the vigorous objective school of poets is Alfred Noyes, who harks back to medieval or Elizabethan days for his themes. Gilbert Chesterton, though primarily a writer of prose, knew how to splash his poetic canvas with colorful historical pageantry. W. H. Davies, the

tramp-poet, has a keen and often whimsical observation, especially of nature.

The Georgians and the Rising Generation. Just before the World War a group of younger poets, issuing their poems together in pamphlets and anthologies, became known as the Georgians, named from King George V. This generation served in the war and thus forfeited some of its best minds before they reached full fruition. Among them Rupert Brooke was the most promising. Of the survivors, Siegfried Sassoon still writes with flaming sincerity of his hatred of war. W. W. Gibson, who also pictured war realistically, now is engrossed with the lot of the common people. Poets of the rising generation, represented here by the Sitwells and Stephen Spender, are experimenting with new emotional values through strange cadences and word connotations. There is general similarity among the arts of poetry, music, and painting in the present reaching out for new methods of expression which often seem chaotic in comparison with the old. Before leaving the younger poets it is interesting to note that one of their leaders is T. S. Eliot, an American who for ten years has been a naturalized British subject.

The Great Novelists also Short Story Writers. Among the fiction writers the chapter on the novel has already emphasized Hardy, Barrie, Kipling, Conrad, Wells, Bennett, Galsworthy, and Maugham. The first six writers are represented in this volume by short stories, which illustrate in condensed form their typical subject matter and style. Galsworthy, also a writer of excellent short stories, has been the outstanding writer of tragedy and serious drama in twentieth-century England. Katherine Mansfield is one of the few English fiction writers who has been primarily a creator of short stories, distinctive for brevity and delicacy of character portrayal. P. G. Wodehouse leads the humorous writers for unadulterated merriment.

Leaders of Irish Drama and British Comedy. Drama, like the novel, is a difficult type to represent in a single volume. It is only by extensive additional reading that the student can get a rounded impression of modern British drama (see the list on page 1141). John Synge, represented in this book, is one of the most talented dramatists of the Celtic Renaissance. Since he died before the quantity of his work had become large, he must be judged on quality alone. But to realize the full power of the Irish drama, you must investigate the poetic plays of Yeats, the strange fantasies of Lord Dunsany,



SIR JAMES BARRIE. Carried in state by students of Edinburgh University after his installation as Chancellor in 1930. (Wide World Photos)

the richly flavored dialect plays of Lady Gregory and Sean o'Casey, and the stark tragedies of humble life by St. John Ervine. A. A. Milne, whose many full length comedies have met with stage success on both sides of the Atlantic, possesses a gift for graceful and lightly satiric comedy. To know modern British comedy in its richest vein, you should read widely among the plays of Sir James Barrie and George Bernard Shaw. These two men produce a totally different effect. Barrie is naïve where Shaw is sophisticated, whimsical where Shaw is devastating, sentimental where Shaw is sharp. Barrie inspires affection in his readers while Shaw inspires either admiration or antagonism. Of the younger generation Noel Coward is probably the best-known writer of

comedy because of his rapidly appearing series of society satires which both sparkle and bite.

Serious Drama Attempted by Many Fiction Writers. The Galsworthy play in this book is only one of some forty which he wrote on problems pertinent to modern life. In the historic field John Drinkwater vivified a number of great characters of the past, including Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee. Bennett, Wells, Maugham, Masfield, Clemence Dane, and J. B. Priestley have all made notable excursions into the fields of serious or semiserious drama. This type of play is closely linked with fiction writing; often they have dramatized their earlier fiction. Like many Irish dram-



FOUR LEADING TWENTIETH-CENTURY WRITERS

(Upper left) Aldous Huxley, best known for his sophisticated novels and thoughtful essays. (Echo)

(Upper right) Rupert Brooke, handsome and talented young poet who died early in the World War. (©Hutchinson)

(Lower left) H. G. Wells, novelist and promoter of world organization. (Underwood & Underwood)

(Lower right) John Galsworthy, whose *Forsyte Saga* and series of great plays stand as landmarks. (Underwood & Underwood)

atists, Drinkwater and Masfield are also poets. Apparently the only man whose reputation rests solely on drama is Shaw, and even he has written for his plays long prefaces which belong to the field of essay and criticism.

Nonfiction Prose in Some Form Engages Most Major Authors. Today writers of nonfiction prose are highly diversified. Practically all authors write essays, biography, travel, some form of comment and criticism, and good fiction. Modern Britain does not seem to produce essayists who devote their whole time to that literary type as Addison, Steele, and Lamb did. It produces versatile authors, who write essays among other works. The same is true of biography (including autobiography and memoirs) except for Lytton Strachey, who specialized in the new type of biography which he played a major part in launching.

Summary. The nineties brought into the foreground many of the forces which determined the character of our twentieth century, such as the clash of nations, which climaxed in the World War and its consequences; the phenomenal development of inventions for transportation and human comfort; and the political and economic independence of women. England's own problems before the World War were largely concerned with assimilating outlying parts of a previously acquired empire. The older colonies and the new Union of South Africa, resulting from the Boer War, were given self-government as dominions. The Celtic Renaissance fanned Irish nationalism, and Ireland acquired partial independence with dominion status a few years after the close of the World War. Postwar depression and disintegration of old standards and customs changed many aspects of social and economic life.

Increasing education and demand for reading matter have enabled literature to flourish in all its branches. The new types to receive emphasis have been drama and biography, but on the whole the novel remains the most popular form of reading. Authors have not only increased in number, but in general versatility, for almost all of them produce more than one type of literature. Since the beginning of the century a whole generation of able writers has arisen, made their reputations, and now, with a few exceptions, have left their laurels to the younger authors.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

1890	1900	1920	1940
1837 Victoria	1899 Boer War	1910 Edward VII	*Edward VIII
		George V	1936
		1914 1918 World War	Depression *
		1922 Irish Free State	George VI
		1923 England's first Labor Prime Minister	
		1918 Women given vote	
		League of Nations	
1840 Hardy		1928	
1856 Shaw			
1857 Conrad		1924	
1859 Housman			1936
1860 Barrie			1937
1865 Kipling			1936
1865 Yeats			
1866 Wells			
1867 Bennett		1931	
1867 Galsworthy		1933	
1871 Synge	1909		
1872 Beerbohm			
1873 De la Mare			
1874 Chesterton			1936
1875 Maschfield			
1880 Strachey		1932	
1882 V. Woolf			
1887 Brooke	1915		
1890 K. Mansfield		1923	
1894 A. Huxley			
	1909	Spender	

Twentieth-Century Poetry

THOMAS HARDY (1840-1928)

More than any other author Hardy is a link between the Victorian age and the twentieth century. His literary work is cut into two marked divisions almost with the turn of the century. As a novelist he was a late Victorian, who, with George Meredith, carried on the great tradition of the English novel after Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. As a poet he stood with the younger generation of the present century. Equally great in both types of writing, Hardy was regarded toward the end of his life as "the grand old man of literature."

p. 892
He was a native of "Wessex," which he used as the setting for almost all his writings. This is a general term (derived from "West Saxons") covering the six southwest counties of England, of which Dorset was Hardy's actual home. His father, a builder, apprenticed his son at seventeen to an ecclesiastical architect. In this profession young Hardy worked with sympathy and ability, winning several prizes for his designs and essays; but when he was thirty-one, he decided to abandon architecture for fiction. For twenty years Hardy devoted himself to novel-writing. For a discussion of his novels see page 494. In his sixties Hardy returned to poetry, his first literary love. Besides his many lyrics he produced a dramatic trilogy, *The Dynasts*, the story of Napoleon set forth in nineteen acts and one hundred and thirty-one scenes. In his boyhood on the south coast of England Hardy had heard the tradition that Napoleon came reconnoitering across the Channel one dark night, and he developed an insatiable interest in that great military figure, whom he used in a number of his writings, culminating in this ambitious play-poem, the product of eleven years of thought.

The last forty-three years of his life were spent at Max Gate, the home which he designed and built for himself just outside Dorchester. A visitor who met him there in his sunset years describes him as "a little man with wisps of faded sandy hair on the back of the collar of his tweed jacket, blue-eyed, with a masterful nose — and questioning eyebrows that pushed furrows up his forehead to his bald and globular cranium."

Hardy's death was an occasion of national mourning. His ashes were buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, but his heart, by his own request, was placed in the churchyard on Egdon Heath. *scene of Return*

Hardy has been called a pessimist because he so often represents his characters as the puppets of Fate; nevertheless, a faith in human nature shines through both his prose and his verse. The titles of some of his volumes — *Life's Little Ironies* (short stories) and *Satires of Circumstance* *etc.*

(poetry) — suggest his point of view. He questions and is bewildered; yet he believes in man's innate power to do and to endure. He has made his Wessex a part of our literary world, for he had "a genius for capturing the smell and color of the whole countryside in a single lyric."

WEATHERS

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,
 And so do I;
 When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,
 And nestlings fly;
 And the little brown nightingale bills his best, 5
 And they sit outside the Traveler's Rest,
 And maids come forth sprig muslin dressed,
 And citizens dream of the South and West,
 And so do I.

This is the weather the shepherd shuns, 10
 And so do I;
 When beeches drip in browns and duns,
 And thresh, and ply;
 And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,
 And meadow rivulets overflow, 15
 And drops on gate bars hang in a row,
 And rooks in families homeward go,
 And so do I.

AFTERWARD

When the Present has latched its postern behind my tremulous
 stay,

And the May month flaps its glad green leaves like wings,
 Delicate-filmed as new-spun silk, will the neighbors say,
 "He was a man who used to notice such things"?

If it be in the dusk when, like an eyelid's soundless blink, 5
 The dewfall hawk comes crossing the shades to alight
 Upon the wind-warped upland thorn, a gazer may think,
 "To him this must have been a familiar sight."

If I pass during some nocturnal blackness, mothy and warm,
 When the hedgehog travels furtively over the lawn, 10
 One may say, "He strove that such innocent creatures should come
 to no harm,
 But he could do little for them; and now he is gone."

If, when hearing that I have been stilled at last, they stand at the
 door,
 Watching the full-starred heavens that winter sees,
 Will this thought rise on those who will meet my face no more, 15
 "He was one who had an eye for such mysteries"?

And will any say when my bell of quittance is heard in the gloom,
 And a crossing breeze cuts a pause in its outrollings,
 Till they rise again, as they were a new bell's boom,
 "He hears it not now, but used to notice such things"? 20

THE MAN HE KILLED

FROM THE DYNASTS

"Had he and I but met
 By some old ancient inn,
 We should have sat us down to wet
 Right many a nipperkin!

"But ranged as infantry, 5
 And staring face to face,
 I shot at him as he at me,
 And killed him in his place.

"I shot him dead because —
 Because he was my foe, 10
 Just so: my foe of course he was;
 That's clear enough; although

"He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
 Offhandlike — just as I —
 Was out of work — had sold his traps — 15
 No other reason why.

"Yes; quaint and curious war is!
 You shoot a fellow down
 You'd treat, if met where any bar is,
 Or help to half a crown."

20

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF HARDY

1. Where in these poems do you find reflection of Wessex life? Do you find any differences from country life as you have seen it? If so, what?
2. What estimate do you form of Hardy from "Afterward"? Select unusual combinations of words in this poem.
3. How does "The Man He Killed" show Hardy's interest in fate? In what way does this poem show a modern attitude toward war?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Hardy was much interested in Napoleon, whom he used as his theme in poems, in several short stories, a novel, and a play. Make a report on all you can learn of his writings on this theme.
2. Read *The Dynasts*, and discuss the parts best suited for production, and the ones which show the greatest imagination.
3. Report on Hardy's skill in character portrayals in a representative volume, like *The Woodlanders*.
4. Compare Hardy's poems on nature with those of another modern poet, like Robert Bridges or W. H. Davies.

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN (1859-1936)

A. E. Housman was born in Worcestershire and received his classical education at St. John's College, Oxford. After ten years in government employment in the Patent Office, he became a professor of Latin. He spent twenty years at University College, London; during the rest of his life he was a fellow and professor of Latin at Cambridge University. To the scholarly world he is known for his translations, reviews, and original research work in Latin. His published poetry is small in amount. Issued in 1896, *A Shropshire Lad* contains sixty-three short lyrics, mostly the meditations of a farmer boy. *Last Poems*, published after a silence of twenty-six years, is an even more slender volume. A third volume edited by his brother, Laurence Housman, a well-known dramatist, appeared after his death. These three thin books represent an important contribution to English verse. They have had a decided influence on contemporary poetry.

Housman's classical training is evidenced in the finish, the artistry and brevity, of all these lyrics. Modern in thought, time, and technique, they have simplicity and marvelous music. Like Hardy's verse, they are often ironic and pessimistic in tone; but they reveal acute self-analysis and

record in melodious numbers the simple but strong and deep emotions of humankind. Not the least of Housman's merits is his art in picturing the English countryside in lines of flawless beauty.

REVEILLE

Wake! The silver dusk returning
Up the beach of darkness brims,
And the ship of sunrise burning
Strands upon the eastern rims.

Wake! The vaulted shadow shatters,
Trampled to the floor it spanned,
And the tent of night in tatters
Straws the sky-pavilioned land.

5

Up, lad, up! 'Tis late for lying;
Hear the drums of morning play;
Hark, the empty highways crying,
"Who'll beyond the hills away?"

10

Towns and countries woo together,
Forelands beacon, belfries call;
Never lad that trod on leather
Lived to feast his heart with all.

15

Up, lad! Thews that lie and cumber
Sunlit pallets never thrive;
Morns abed and daylight slumber
Were not meant for man alive.

20

Clay lies still, but blood's a rover;
Breath's a ware that will not keep.
Up, lad; when the journey's over
There'll be time enough to sleep.

LOVELIEST OF TREES

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
 Is hung with bloom along the bough,
 And stands about the woodland ride
 Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten, 5
 Twenty will not come again,
 And take from seventy springs a score,
 It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom 10
 Fifty springs are little room,
 About the woodlands I will go
 To see the cherry hung with snow.

3. *ride*: a road intended for horseback travel.

WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-TWENTY

When I was one-and-twenty
 I heard a wise man say,
 "Give crowns and pounds and guineas
 But not your heart away;
 Give pearls away and rubies 5
 But keep your fancy free."
 But I was one-and-twenty,
 No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
 I heard him say again, 10
 "The heart out of the bosom
 Was never given in vain;
 'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
 And sold for endless rue."
 And I am two-and-twenty, 15
 And, oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

WITH RUE MY HEART IS LADEN

With rue my heart is laden
 For golden friends I had,
 For many a rose-lipped maiden
 And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping 5
 The lightfoot boys are laid;
 The rose-lipped girls are sleeping
 In fields where roses fade.

THE DEAD LOVER

"Is my team plowing,
 That I was used to drive
 And hear the harness jingle
 When I was man alive?"

Ay, the horses trample, 5
 The harness jingles now;
 No change though you lie under
 The land you used to plow.

"Is football playing
 Along the river shore, 10
 With lads to chase the leather,
 Now I stand up no more?"

Ay, the ball is flying,
 The lads play heart and soul;
 The goal stands up, the keeper 15
 Stands up to keep the goal.

"Is my girl happy,
 That I thought hard to leave,
 And has she tired of weeping
 As she lies down at eve?" 20

Ay, she lies down lightly,
 She lies not down to weep:
 Your girl is well contented.
 Be still, my lad, and sleep.

“Is my friend hearty,
 Now I am thin and pine,
 And has he found to sleep in
 A better bed than mine?” 25

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
 I lie as lads would choose; 30
 I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
 Never ask me whose.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF HOUSMAN

1. Trace the changes of mood which run through these five poems.
2. How are the emotions of these poems typical of young rather than old people?
3. Which one has a touch of grim humor in the last two lines?
4. Why is dialogue an effective method in “The Dead Lover”?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Select a dozen or more poems from one of Housman's volumes, and analyze them carefully for style, theme, and technique. Are they all pastorals?
2. Trace the influence of this poet on one of the later writers.
3. Select a group of quotations from Housman which picture English scenes.

FRANCIS THOMPSON (1859-1907)

Francis Thompson differs from the majority of his contemporaries in two respects. His field is almost entirely limited to lyric verse, and his reiterated subject is faith in God.

His was a strange and pitiful life. Poverty followed him from birth. He tried studying to be a priest and a doctor, but proved unsuited to either, and consequently became estranged from his family. He then tried all sorts of ways to earn a living. But always he was a reader, haunting the libraries until his tatters caused him to be barred. Under the influence of the romantic lyrists he composed verses of his own. An appreciative editor, Wilfred Meynell, discovered Thompson at his lowest ebb, penniless, ill with tuberculosis, and addicted to opium as a result of having read of its effects

on De Quincey. Thompson was taken to the Meynell home, where he lived the rest of his life and finally overcame the opium habit.

Outstanding among Thompson's unique and varied lyrics is "The Hound of Heaven," which has been described as "one of the few *great* odes of which our language can boast." The delicate imagery and distinctive artistry in words of this "frail poet of celestial vision," this "aloof moth of a man," are well illustrated in the following poem, which is as "tinily, surely, mightily, frailly" constructed as the snowflake itself.

TO A SNOWFLAKE

What heart could have thought you?

Past our devisal

(O filagree petal!)

Fashioned so purely,

Fragilely, surely,

5

From what Paradisal

Imagineless metal,

Too costly for cost?

Who hammered you, wrought you,

From argentine vapor?

10

"God was my shaper.

Passing surmisal,

He hammered, He wrought me,

From curled silver vapor,

To lust of His mind —

15

Thou couldst not have thought me!

So purely, so palely,

Tinily, surely,

Mightily, frailly,

Insculped and embossed,

20

With His hammer of wind,

And His graver of frost."

10. *argentine*: silvery.

IN NO STRANGE LAND

These verses, unpublished during his lifetime, were found among Francis Thompson's papers after his death.

The meaning of this poem may not be evident on first reading, but it repays careful study. What do Jacob's ladder and Christ's walking on the water stand for in the world of the spirit?

O world invisible, we view thee,
 O world intangible, we touch thee,
 O world unknowable, we know thee,
 Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
 The eagle plunge to find the air —
 That we ask of the stars in motion
 If they have rumor of thee there? 5

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
 And our benumbed conceiving soars! —
 The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
 Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors. 10

The angels keep their ancient places;
 Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
 'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
 That miss the many-splendored thing. 15

But, when so sad thou canst not sadder,
 Cry; and upon thy so sore loss
 Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
 Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross. 20

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
 Cry, clinging Heaven by the hems;
 And lo, Christ walking on the water
 Not of Gennesaret, but Thames!

10. **Jacob's ladder:** for the story of Jacob's dream, see Genesis 28:10-22.
 20. **Charing Cross:** one of the busiest spots in the center of London.
 24. **Gennesaret:** a plain bordering the Sea of Galilee. For the story of Christ walking on the water see Matthew 14:22-36.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF THOMPSON

1. In "To a Snowflake" what echo of Blake's "The Tiger" do you find? What other points of similarity are there between these two mystic poets? What marked differences?

2. Write a simple direct statement of the meaning of "In No Strange Land." Discuss its application to our own experiences.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read "The Hound of Heaven" and compare it with one of the other great odes in English literature, such as Wordsworth's "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality" or Tennyson's "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington."
2. Read the poems of Francis Thompson which relate to the Meynell family, and analyze the family from these pictures.
3. Report on Everard Meynell's *The Life of Francis Thompson*.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865-)

The most widely known name in contemporary Irish literature is William Butler Yeats. A romantic poet, a dramatist, a writer of tales, and an essayist, he has received many honors. Since 1922 he has been a senator of the Irish Free State and Minister of the Fine Arts in the Dublin cabinet. The Nobel prize was conferred on him in 1923 "for his consistently emotional poetry, which in the strictest artistic form expresses a people's spirit."

This Celtic mystic and romanticist was born near Dublin, but spent much time at Sligo in northwestern Ireland, where his grandfather was a merchant and shipowner. To please his father, a member of the Royal Academy of Art, the son studied art; but he preferred books, especially fairy stories and tales of the peasantry. He collected several volumes of folk tales and has written his own versions of the old legends; indeed the Celtic material is his chief literary inspiration. After some years of journalism and contributions to periodicals, he became a leader in the Celtic Renaissance. He was active in establishing the Irish National Theater and worked zealously with Lady Augusta Gregory and others in writing and producing plays for the Abbey Theater. Chief among his typically Irish poetic dramas are *Cathleen ni Houlihan*, *The Hourglass*, and *The Land of Heart's Desire*, an exquisite bit of symbolism.

Everything he writes is poetic, simple, and natural, with the wistful beauty, bewildering mysticism, and lingering melody which distinguish Irish literature.

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

The Celtic spirit with its yearning for the remote, the beautiful, the ideal, is melodiously caught in this poem. Of its origin the author says: "I had still the ambition, formed . . . in my teens, of living in imitation of Thoreau on Innisfree . . . and when walking through Fleet Street [London], very homesick, I heard a little tinkle of water and saw a fountain in a shopwindow . . . and began to remember lake water. From the sudden remembrance came my poem, 'Innisfree.'"

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
 And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
 Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honeybee,
 And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow, 5
 Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
 There midnight's all aglimmer, and noon a purple glow,
 And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
 I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore; 10
 While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
 I hear it in the deep heart's core.

1. **Innisfree**: a little island in Lough Gill, Ireland. 2. **wattles**: twigs and pliable rods woven together.

THE FIDDLER OF DOONEY

From the earliest days of Celtic song and story, the Irish have held their musicians and poets in highest esteem. Although this ballad has a light, lyric tone, underneath is the strong belief of the fiddler in the sacredness of his important calling.

When I play on my fiddle in Dooney,
 Folk dance like the wave of the sea;
 My cousin is priest in Kilvarnet,
 My brother in Moharabuiee.

I passed by brother and cousin; 5
 They read in their books of prayer;
 I read in my book of songs
 I bought at the Sligo fair.

When we come to the end of time,
 To Peter sitting in state, 10
 He will smile on the three old spirits,
 But call me first through the gate;

1, 3, 4, 8. **Dooney, Kilvarnet, Moharabuiee, Sligo**: hamlets on the west coast of Ireland. Sligo, the largest of the four, is Yeats's childhood home.

For the good are always the merry,
 Save by an evil chance,
 And the merry love the fiddle,
 And the merry love to dance; 15

And when the folk there spy me,
 They will all come up to me,
 With "Here is the fiddler of Dooney!"
 And dance like a wave of the sea. 20

THE SONG OF THE OLD MOTHER

I rise in the dawn, and I kneel and blow
 Till the seed of the fire flicker and glow.
 And then I must scrub, and bake, and sweep,
 Till stars are beginning to blink and peep;
 But the young lie long and dream in their bed 5
 Of the matching of ribbons, the blue and the red,
 And their day goes over in idleness,
 And they sigh if the wind but lift up a tress.
 While I must work, because I am old
 And the seed of the fire gets feeble and cold. 10

THE CAP AND BELLS

The jester walked in the garden:
 The garden had fallen still;
 He bade his soul rise upward
 And stand on her window sill.

It rose in a straight blue garment,
 When owls began to call: 5
 It had grown wise-tongued by thinking
 Of a quiet and light footfall;

But the young queen would not listen;
 She rose in her pale nightgown;
 She drew in the heavy casement
 And pushed the latches down. 10

He bade his heart go to her,
When the owls called out no more;
In a red and quivering garment
It sang to her through the door. 15

It had grown sweet-tongued by dreaming
Of a flutter of flowerlike hair;
But she took up her fan from the table
And waved it off on the air. 20

"I have cap and bells," he pondered,
"I will send them to her and die";
And when the morning whitened
He left them where she went by.

She laid them upon her bosom, 25
Under a cloud of her hair,
And her red lips sang them a love song
Till stars grew out of the air.

She opened her door and her window,
And the heart and the soul came through, 30
To her right hand came the red one,
To her left hand came the blue.

They set up a noise like crickets,
A chattering wise and sweet,
And her hair was a folded flower 35
And the quiet of love in her feet.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF YEATS

1. In "The Lake Isle of Innisfree" study the symbols of peace throughout. How is the sound of water suggested in the last stanza?

2. Comment on R. L. Stevenson's remark to the author that it is "so quaint and airy, simple, artful, and eloquent to the heart — that I seek words in vain." How do the circumstances of its composition make it especially "eloquent to the heart"?

3. Why does the Fiddler of Dooney mention the occupation of his two relatives? Why does he think he will be given preference on entering Heaven? Interesting reading in connection with this piece is Donn Byrne's novel, *Blind Raftery*, describing the wanderings of a minstrel through Connaught, just south of Sligo.

4. What is the mood of "The Song of the Old Mother"?
5. What does "The Cap and Bells" symbolize to you?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Compare the Irish National Theater movement with the Little Theater movement in America.
2. Make a report on one of Yeats's plays.
3. Compare Yeats's verse with that of one of his Irish contemporaries.
4. Compare the contribution of Yeats and of James Stephens to Irish folklore.

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-1936)

"Rudyard Kipling's poetry is as familiar to us as the air we breathe. He is the spokesman for the Anglo-Saxon breed," writes William Lyon Phelps.

This vigorous man of letters was born in Bombay but educated in England. At seventeen he returned to India to become editor of the *Civil and Military Gazette* at Lahore, where his father, a well-known designer and afterward illustrator of some of his son's novels, was director of the museum. Nine years later, after his *Departmental Ditties* had started his reputation as a poet, Kipling returned to England and devoted himself to literature, using his intimate knowledge of East Indian and Anglo-Indian life as material for many tales and ballads. After his marriage in 1892 to Miss Carolyn Balestier of Vermont, with whose brother he had collaborated on a novel, *The Naulahka*, he lived in Brattleboro, Vermont, for five years, writing the *Jungle Books* and the *Just So Stories*.

Travel was one of Kipling's delights. There are few parts of the world that he did not visit and describe in verse or prose. Except when traveling, he lived, after 1897, in England, first in London, later in Sussex. During the World War he was correspondent with the fleet, and later wrote *Irish Guards in the Great War*, a memorial to his only son, Lieutenant John Kipling, lost in service in Belgium.

One of the most quoted of modern writers, Kipling has gained his popularity through his direct, living speech, his modernity, and his special form of romanticism which sees a glory in toil and obstacles and opposition. His work is varied, including many types of verse — ballads, chanteys, lyrics, dramatic monologues, elegies, narrative verse, and hymns; more than a dozen volumes of short stories which are among the world's masterpieces for vigor and invention; and novels such as *Kim*, a picture of India, which some regard as his greatest work. Kipling was awarded the Nobel prize for literature in 1907 and the gold medal of the Royal Society of Literature nineteen years later; his greatest honor is his wide and thoroughly deserved popularity.

RECESSIONAL

This hymn was written to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, June 22, 1897, which marked the sixtieth anniversary of her ascension to the throne. Majestic of mood, fervent in tone, rising to a great height in its closing personal prayer, it is scriptural in its simplicity and vigor.

God of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle line,
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine —
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Eng. better not boast

5

The tumult and the shouting dies;
 The captains and the kings depart;
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

10

Far-called, our navies melt away;
 On dune and headland sinks the fire;
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

15

If drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law —
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget — lest we forget!

20

Title: **Recessional**: a hymn sung as the choir and clergy leave the chancel after a service. 14. **On . . . fire**: As a part of the opening ceremonies of the Jubilee, bonfires "on dune and headland" were lighted one by one on signal until the island of Great Britain was encircled with a wall of protecting fire, which the poet now sees fading away. 16. **Nineveh**: the ancient capital of Assyria. Its fall in 608 B.C. ended the power of the Assyrian empire after twelve centuries of prestige. 16. **Tyre**: an ancient Phoenician city famous for its beauty, strength, and wealth. It lost its prestige after it was captured by Alexander the Great in 332 B.C. 21. **Gentiles**: here used in the Biblical sense — not belonging to the chosen people of God.

For heathen heart that puts her trust 25
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding calls not Thee to guard,
 For frantic boast and foolish word —
 Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord! 30

26. **tube**: the barrel of a gun. 26. **shard**: destructive fragments of the bombshell.

TOMMY

From his years of residence in India and his journalistic work on the *Military Gazette*, Kipling knew the Anglo-Indian soldier from A to Z. In this characteristic poem from *Barrack-Room Ballads*, written long before the World War, a typical "Tommy Atkins" speaks his mind and presents his grievances.

I went into a public 'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
 The publican 'e up an' sez, " We serve no redcoats here."
 The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,
 I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:
 Oh, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' " Tommy, go away "; 5
 But it's " Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to
 play —
 The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play.
 Oh, it's " Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to play.

I went into a theater as sober as could be,
 They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me; 10
 They sent me to the gallery or round the music 'alls,
 But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!
 For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' " Tommy, wait out-
 side ";
 But it's " Special train for Atkins " when the trooper's on the
 tide — 14
 The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troopship's on the tide,
 Oh, it's " Special train for Atkins " when the trooper's on the tide.

1. **public 'ouse**: a tavern. 2. **publican**: the innkeeper. 12. **stalls**: the best seats in English theaters. 14. **trooper**: troopship or transport.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep
 Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;
 An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a bit
 Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit. 20

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer
 soul?"

But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll —
 The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll,
 Oh, it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too, 25
 But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
 An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
 Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints;

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, fall be'ind,"
 But it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in the
 wind — 30

There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the wind,
 Oh, it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in the
 wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all;
 We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.
 Don't mess about the cookroom slops, but prove it to our face 35
 The Widow's uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the
 brute!"

But it's "Savior of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot;
 An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;
 An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool — you bet that Tommy sees! 40

20. *paradin'* . . . *kit*: marching with the heavy load of the infantry. 36. *The Widow's uniform*: After the death of Prince Albert, her consort, Queen Victoria was popularly called "the widow" by the soldiers.

BOOTS

Here "Tommy Atkins" is back at war again, the Boer War this time. Now the Londoners are undoubtedly calling him the savior of his country again, but that is little consolation for the monotony of the African march, as expressed in the incomparable rhythm of this poem.

We're foot — slog — slog — slog — sloggin' over Africa
 Foot — foot — foot — foot — sloggin' over Africa —
 (Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up and down again!)
 There's no discharge in the war!

Seven — six — eleven — five — nine-an'-twenty mile today — 5
 Four — eleven — seventeen — thirty-two the day before —
 (Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up and down again!)
 There's no discharge in the war!

Don't — don't — don't — don't — look at what's in front of you.
 (Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up an' down again); 10
 Men — men — men — men — men go mad with watchin' 'em,
 An' there's no discharge in the war!

Try — try — try — try — to think o' something different —
 Oh — my — God — keep — me from goin' lunatic!
 (Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up an' down again!) 15
 There's no discharge in the war!

Count — count — count — count — the bullets in the bandoliers.
 If — your — eyes — drop — they will get atop o' you!
 (Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up an' down again!) —
 There's no discharge in the war! 20

We — can — stick — out — 'unger, thirst, an' weariness,
 But — not — not — not — not the chronic sight of 'em —
 Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up an' down again,
 An' there's no discharge in the war!

'Tain't — so — bad — by — day because o' company, 25
 But — night — brings — long — strings — o' forty thousand million
 Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up an' down again.
 There's no discharge in the war!

I — 'ave — marched — six — weeks in 'Ell and certify
 It — is — not — fire — devils, dark, or anything, 30
 But boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up an' down again,
 An' there's no discharge in the war!

THE EXPLORER

Again in this ballad Kipling shows his fine understanding of another type of people, the restless, adventuresome Englishmen who throughout the past three hundred and fifty years have explored and made settlements in every part of the globe.

“There’s no sense in going farther — it’s the edge of cultivation,”
So they said, and I believed it — broke my land and sowed my
crop —

Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes 5
On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated — so:

“Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the
Ranges —

“Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you.
Go! ”

So I went, worn out of patience; never told my nearest neighbors —
Stole away with pack and ponies — left ’em drinking in the
town; 10

And the faith that moveth mountains didn’t seem to help my labors
As I faced the sheer main ranges, whipping up and leading down.

March by march I puzzled through ’em, turning flanks and dodging
shoulders,

Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for lack of grass;
Till I camped above the tree line — drifted snow and naked boulders — 15

Felt free air astir to windward — knew I’d stumbled on the pass.

Thought to name it for the finder; but that night the norther found
me —

Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies; so I called the camp
Despair

(It’s the Railway Gap today, though). Then my Whisper waked to
hound me: —

“Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder! Go you
there! ” 20

Then I knew, the while I doubted — knew His Hand was certain o'er
me.

Still — it might be self-delusion — scores of better men had died —
I could reach the township living, but — He knows what terrors tore
me —

But I didn't — but I didn't. I went down the other side,

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers turned to aloes, 25

And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming stream ran by:
But the thickets dwined to thorn scrub, and the water drained to
shallows,

And I dropped again on desert — blasted earth, and blasting sky.

I remember lighting fires; I remember sitting by 'em;

I remember seeing faces, hearing voices through the smoke; 30
I remember they were fancy — for I threw a stone to try 'em.

"Something lost behind the Ranges" was the only word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember that I knew it

When I heard myself hallooing to the funny folk I saw.

Very full of dreams that desert; but my two legs took me through
it — 35

And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes all black and raw.

But at last the country altered — White Man's country past disput-
ing —

Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills behind —

There I found me food and water, and I lay a week recruiting.

Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I entered on my
find. 40

Thence I ran my first rough survey — chose my trees and blazed and
ringed 'em —

Week by week I pried and sampled — week by week my findings
grew.

Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by God he found a kingdom!

But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had struck the worth of
two!

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-poised snow slide
shivers — 45

Down and through the big fat marshes that the virgin ore bed
stains,

Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined rivers,
And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable plains!

Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades between 'em;
Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thousand head an
hour; 50

Counted leagues of water frontage through the ax-ripe woods that
screen 'em —

Saw the plant to feed a people — up and waiting for the power!

Well I know who'll take the credit — all the clever chaps that fol-
lowed —

Came, a dozen men together — never knew my desert fears;
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water holes I'd hol-
lowed — 55

They'll go back and do the talking. *They'll* be called the Pioneers!

They will find my sites of townships — not the cities that I set there.

They will rediscover rivers — not my rivers heard at night.

By my own old marks and bearings they will show me how to get
there,

By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my feet aright. 60

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one single acre?

Have I kept one single nugget — (barring samples)? No, not I!
Because my price was paid me ten times over by my Maker.

But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle; water transit sure and
steady 65

(That should keep the railway rates down), coal and iron at your
doors.

God took care to hide that country till He judged His people ready,
Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've found it, and it's
yours!

Yes, your "Never-never country" — yes, your "edge of cultivation"

And "no sense in going farther" — till I crossed the range to see. 70

God forgive me! No, I didn't. It's God's present to our nation.

Anybody might have found it but — His Whisper came to Me!

creed in art

L'ENVOI

Originally these matchless stanzas, often called "When Earth's Last Picture is Painted," appeared as the closing poem in the volume, *The Seven Seas*. They present the poet's gospel of work carried on in the hereafter. The word "l'envoi" means a postscript to a poem, essay, or book.

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,

When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,

We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it — lie down for an aeon or two,

Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work anew.

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden chair; 5

They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets' hair.

They shall find real saints to draw from — Magdalene, Peter, and Paul;

They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;

And no one shall work for money and no one shall work for fame, 10

But each for the joy of the working, and, each, in his separate star,

Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They are!

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF KIPLING

1. What great fear, and what fervent prayer are expressed in "Recessional"? What do you judge was Kipling's purpose in writing it, and what do you know of its effect on the British people? Why do you think it has become so popular? What metrical devices and what Biblical lan-

guage add to the organlike tone of the lines? Why is the title appropriate? In what ways may the life of a nation be compared to that of an individual?

2. What reasons are suggested for Tommy's being refused service at the public house, denied admission to the theater, and poorly paid? Explain the indifference of nations to their soldiers during times of peace. It has been frequently said that this ballad and "The Sons of the Widow" cost Kipling the appointment as poet laureate. Why might this be true?

3. In "The Explorer" picture the speaker, the listeners, and the place. What other characters are brought into this dramatic monologue? How did the explorer know when he had reached the pass? Describe his struggles and his decisions there. Analyze the relation of this meter to the ruggedness and the sincerity of the narrative. What devices similar to those in "Boots" are used? In what way is the effect entirely different?

4. In "L'Envoi" what suggests vastness and satisfaction in Kipling's Heaven? How do you like his picture of Heaven? What standards of great art are suggested? To what arts besides painting could these standards be applied?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read Kipling's autobiography, *Something of Myself*, and report on what he considered the salient facts of his life.

2. Compare *Stalky and Co.* with the biographical study of its four chief characters in Dunsterville's *Stalky's Reminiscences*.

3. Make a study of one type of Kipling's verse, such as his poems on imperialism, Tommy Atkins, a world tour, machinery, the sea, or another of his many themes.

4. Prepare a program on Kipling including musical settings of his poems, either with records or actual singers.

WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES (1871-)

William Henry Davies, commonly known as the "supertramp poet," is a Welsh writer who was born in Monmouthshire. Because his parents were poor, his formal education was negligible; and he was early apprenticed to a picture framer. But he was eager to avoid a humdrum life; so, when at twenty-three he inherited a small legacy from his grandmother, he left England for America. Here for six years he was a tramp by choice, crossing the Atlantic several times on cattle ships, and working, as he told later in his *Autobiography of a Supertramp*, as a day laborer and berry picker. At thirty, while trying to steal a ride on a Canadian train, he fell under the wheels and lost a foot. After this accident he returned to England, where he wandered about as a peddler of notions and a street singer.

In his youth the appeal of poetry had led him to read from the poets and even to write some verse of his own. Now at thirty-four he turned

definitely to writing. No publisher would consider his poetry manuscript; he therefore had a small number of copies printed privately and mailed to celebrities. George Bernard Shaw, much impressed by Davies's little volume, praised the artless, simple lyrics. This encouragement started Davies on his upward path. Since then he has published some twenty volumes of poetry and eight of prose. His poems, based largely on his own experiences, either deal with the people of a tramp's world or show his love for nature, told directly and simply, in a tone like that of the Elizabethans and of Wordsworth.

LEISURE

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass. 5

No time to see in broad daylight
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance. 10

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

THE VILLAIN

While joy gave clouds the light of stars,
That beamed where'er they looked;
And calves and lambs had tottering knees,
Excited while they sucked;

While every bird enjoyed his song, 5
Without one thought of harm or wrong —
I turned my head and saw the wind,
Not far from where I stood,
Dragging the corn by her golden hair,
Into a dark and lonely wood. 10

SHEEP

When I was once in Baltimore,
A man came up to me and cried,
“Come, I have eighteen hundred sheep,
And we will sail on Tuesday’s tide.

“If you will sail with me, young man, 5
I’ll pay you fifty shillings down;
These eighteen hundred sheep I take
From Baltimore to Glasgow town.”

He paid me fifty shillings down,
I sailed with eighteen hundred sheep; 10
We soon had cleared the harbor’s mouth,
We soon were in the salt-sea deep.

The first night we were out at sea
Those sheep were quiet in their mind;
The second night they cried with fear — 15
They smelt no pastures in the wind.

They sniffed, poor things, for their green fields,
They cried so loud I could not sleep:
For fifty thousand shillings down
I would not sail again with sheep. 20

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF DAVIES

1. How do these poems reflect Davies’s personality and manner of living? What do you think of his philosophy in “Leisure”?
2. How does the quaint metaphor of “The Villain” give us a vivid picture of the kind of day it was? of the location of the cornfield? What is the golden hair?

For the Ambitious Student

1. What does Davies's *Autobiography of a Supertramp* disclose of its author's character and ambitions? What influence have his adventures had on his writings?
2. Analyze the content of one of W. H. Davies's recent volumes of verse.
3. Compare his treatment of nature with that of one of the earlier poets, like Wordsworth.
4. Which of his poems on the following themes do you like best: nature, human nature, love, philosophy?

WALTER DE LA MARE (1873-)

"The singer of a young and romantic world, a singer even for children, understanding and perceiving as a child," is Walter de la Mare, a widely known writer of unique verse and prose romance. Though born in Kent, he has been a Londoner nearly all his life. He studied at St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School, where he ranked high in scholarship. Then, like Lamb, he knew twenty years of "that dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood" in the offices of the Anglo-American Oil Company before he became a free-lance journalist, writing reviews for various British periodicals. His *Peacock Pie* has become a children's classic in poetry. His prose romances, especially *The Memoirs of a Midget*, bespeak a rare inventive power. This book won the most important of the English literary awards.

De la Mare has a strange freshness of imagination that often carries us into the world of the mysterious and mystic. Of his work as a poet, Wilbur Cross has written: "Walter de la Mare's *Collected Poems* would be my first choice, if I were to make a present to a child, or a sweetheart, or an old gentleman, or in general, to any happily constituted person. From the first page to the last, one is in the land of poetry, in the atmosphere of genuine folklore, in the age of creative faith."

SILVER

Slowly, silently, now the moon
 Walks the night in her silver shoon;
 This way, and that, she peers, and sees
 Silver fruit upon silver trees;
 One by one the casements catch
 Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;
 Couched in his kennel, like a log,
 With paws of silver sleeps the dog;

From their shadowy cote the white breasts peep
 Of doves in a silver-feathered sleep; 10
 A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
 With silver claws and a silver eye;
 And moveless fish in the water gleam,
 By silver reeds in a silver stream.

THE LISTENERS

Imagine yourself a lone traveler riding through a forest on a moonlight night to a house which you find deserted. The poet takes you into a strange world of echoes and eerie fancies.

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveler,
 Knocking on the moonlit door;
 And his horse in the silence champed the grasses
 Of the forest's ferny floor;
 And a bird flew up out of the turret, 5
 Above the Traveler's head;
 And he smote upon the door again a second time;
 "Is there anybody there?" he said.
 But no one descended to the Traveler;
 No head from the leaf-fringed sill 10
 Leaned over and looked into his gray eyes,
 Where he stood perplexed and still.
 But only a host of phantom listeners
 That dwelt in the lone house then
 Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight 15
 To that voice from the world of men;
 Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair,
 That goes down to the empty hall,
 Harkening in an air stirred and shaken
 By the lonely Traveler's call. 20
 And he felt in his heart their strangeness,
 Their stillness answering his cry,
 While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,
 'Neath the starred and leafy sky;
 For he suddenly smote on the door, even 25
 Louder, and lifted his head —
 "Tell them I came, and no one answered,
 That I kept my word," he said.

Never the least stir made the listeners,
 Though every word he spake 30
 Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house
 From the one man left awake.
 Ay, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,
 And the sound of iron on stone,
 And how the silence surged softly backward, 35
 When the plunging hoofs were gone.

MISS LOO

Walter de la Mare's imaginative gift touches even the ordinary persons and things in life which he is fond of describing. Though his subjects may be commonplace, his poems never are, as the next four examples show. There is always a kind of witchery about them, as of life seen through a child's eyes, and yet a subtlety which lifts them above being mere children's poems.

When thin-strewn memory I look through,
 I see most clearly poor Miss Loo,
 Her tabby cat, her cage of birds,
 Her nose, her hair, her muffled words,
 And how she would open her green eyes, 5
 As if in some immense surprise,
 Whenever as we sat at tea
 She made some small remark to me.

'Tis always drowsy summer when
 From out of the past she comes again; 10
 The westering sunshine in a pool
 Floats in her parlor still and cool;
 While the slim bird its lean wire shakes,
 As into piercing song it breaks;
 Till Peter's pale-green eyes ajar 15
 Dream, wake; wake, dream, in one brief bar.
 And I am sitting dull and shy,
 And she with gaze of vacancy,

And large hands folded on the tray,
 Musing the afternoon away; 20
 Her satin bosom heaving slow
 With sighs that softly ebb and flow.

And her plain face in such dismay,
 It seems unkind to look her way;
 Until all cheerful back will come
 Her gentle gleaming spirit home;
 And one would think that poor Miss Loo
 Asked nothing else, if she had you.

BUNCHES OF GRAPES

Find out how good a child psychologist you are by analyzing the characters of these children, according to their preferences.

“Bunches of grapes,” says Timothy;
 “Pomegranates pink,” says Elaine;
 “A junket of cream and a cranberry tart
 For me,” says Jane.

“Love-in-a-mist,” says Timothy;
 “Primroses pale,” says Elaine;
 “A nosegay of pinks and mignonette
 For me,” says Jane.

“Chariots of gold,” says Timothy;
 “Silver wings,” says Elaine;
 “A bumpity ride in a wagon of hay
 For me,” says Jane.

NICHOLAS NYE

Thistle and darnell and dock grew there,
 And a bush, in the corner, of may,
 On the orchard wall I used to sprawl
 In the blazing heat of the day;
 Half asleep and half awake,
 While the birds went twittering by,
 And nobody there my lone to share
 But Nicholas Nye.

Nicholas Nye was lean and gray,
 Lame of a leg and old,
 More than a score of donkey's years
 He had seen since he was foaled;

He munched the thistles, purple and spiked,
 Would sometimes stoop and sigh,
 And turn to his head, as if he said,
 " Poor Nicholas Nye! " 15

Alone with his shadow he'd drowse in the meadow,
 Lazily swinging his tail,
 At break of day he used to bray, —
 Not much too hearty and hale; 20
 But a wonderful gumption was under his skin,
 And a clear calm light in his eye,
 And once in a while — he'd smile —
 Would Nicholas Nye.

Seem to be smiling at me, he would, 25
 From his bush in the corner, of may —
 Bony and ownerless, widowed and worn,
 Knobble-kneed, lonely, and gray;
 And over the grass would seem to pass
 'Neath the deep dark blue of the sky, 30
 Something much better than words between me
 And Nicholas Nye.

But dusk would come in the apple boughs,
 The green of the glowworm shine,
 The birds in nest would crouch to rest, 35
 And home I'd trudge to mine;
 And there, in the moonlight, dark with dew,
 Asking not wherefore nor why,
 Would brood like a ghost, and as still as a post,
 Old Nicholas Nye. 40

THE SCARECROW

All winter through I bow my head
 Beneath the driving rain;
 The North Wind powders me with snow
 And blows me back again;

At midnight 'neath a maze of stars
 I flame with glittering rime,
 And stand, above the stubble, stiff
 As mail at morning prime.
 But when that child, called Spring, and all
 His host of children, come,
 Scattering their buds and dew upon
 These acres of my home,
 Some rapture in my rags awakes;
 I lift void eyes and scan
 The skies for crows, those ravening foes,
 Of my strange master, Man.
 I watch him striding lank behind
 His clashing team, and know
 Soon will the wheat swish body high
 Where once lay sterile snow;
 Soon shall I gaze across a sea
 Of sun-begotten grain,
 Which my unflinching watch has sealed
 For harvest once again.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF DE LA MARE

1. Piece out for yourself the story which the poet just suggests in "The Listeners." Why did the Traveler come? What is the meaning of his message?

2. By what details of sound, silence, and light does the writer secure the desired mood? Compare and contrast with "Silver."

3. What is unusual about the rhythm of "The Listeners"? Contrast the meter of the odd and even lines. What recurring consonant sounds add to the effect in both "Silver" and "The Listeners"?

4. What details are most effective in making Miss Loo real to you? What do you think was her relationship to the speaker — nurse, governess, aunt, friend of the family? Who is Peter (l. 15)? Have you ever known anyone like Miss Loo?

5. Write a brief characterization of each of the three children in "Bunches of Grapes." This is an easy poem to parody. Try writing one in which you characterize three of your classmates.

6. How are the donkey and the scarecrow given a human touch? How does the poet make you feel toward each of them?

7. From all these poems select poetic words or phrases which show that their quality appeals to mature minds and not just to children.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Compare Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verse* with De la Mare's *Peacock Pie*.
2. *Henry Brocken* is an interesting and unique portrayal of a journey with famous literary characters. Discuss its pictures of the characters you have met in books.
3. Report on a group of De la Mare's short stories.
4. What poems of his do you consider most beautiful? Why?

GILBERT K. CHESTERTON (1874-1936)

One of the most brilliant and prolific of modern writers was the versatile G. K. Chesterton — active journalist, essayist, novelist, critic, dramatist, parodist, lecturer, historian, and poet.

This master of the paradox and apostle of good cheer was born in Kensington, London, of Scotch and French ancestry. He attended St. Paul's School and the famous Slade School of Art, London, for he intended to be a painter. His literary work began with reviews of books about art written for the *London Bookman*, and painting was soon set aside for writing, although he illustrated several of his books with cartoons.

He became known as one of the three cleverest young men in London, Hilaire Belloc and Max Beerbohm being the other two. A man of marked conversational ability, he was throughout his life a conspicuous London figure with his massive frame, tousled hair, total indifference to appearances.

His poetry, swinging and colorful, tends toward the historic and romantic. His first volume of verse in 1900 was entitled *The Wild Knight and Other Poems*. "The Ballad of the White Horse" (see page 12) is illustrative of the Anglo-Saxon age; while "Lepanto" pictures the end of the Crusades and the passing of medievalism. His *New and Collected Poems* was published in 1929. For his prose writings see page 1090.

LEPANTO

Out of a sixteenth-century battle Chesterton has created one of the finest of modern chants. "Banging, clanging, colorful," its music beats until we feel in our own pulses the marching song of the mighty host of Crusaders. This battle was fought in the Gulf of Lepanto, on October 7, 1571. Since the capture of Cyprus by the Turks threatened the destruction of Venetian trade and even the stability of Spain, Pope Pius V had called for the gathering of a fleet from all the Christian nations. Don John of Austria, a brilliant strategist, was in command of the two hundred and eight vessels of the Christian powers which opposed two hundred and seventy-three small

and more poorly equipped Turkish vessels. Both sides depended on galleys (manned by prisoners), and incidentally, this was the last important historical engagement in which galleys were used. Through their heavier vessels and superior discipline the Christians won the battle, only a few of the Turkish vessels escaping capture or destruction. The Christians lost some eight thousand men; but the Turks, more than twenty thousand. Moreover, the Turkish naval power was so broken that it never again threatened the peace and safety of Christian Europe. While these historical details are of interest and the poem abounds in other historical allusions, they are insignificant in comparison with the vigor and rapid movement which the poet has packed into the virile lines of this poem.

White founts falling in the Courts of the Sun,
 And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run;
 There is laughter like the fountains in that face of all men feared,
 It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard;
 It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips; 5
 For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.
 They have dared the white republics on the capes of Italy,
 They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,
 And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,
 And called the kings of Christendom for swords about the Cross. 10
 The cold queen of England is looking in the glass;
 The shadow of the Valois is yawning at the Mass;
 From evening isles fantastical rings faint the Spanish gun,
 And the Lord upon the Golden Horn is laughing in the sun.

Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard, 15
 Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has stirred,
 Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half-attainted stall,
 The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall,
 The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has sung,
 That once went singing southward when all the world was young.
 In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid, 21
 Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.
 Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,

2. **Soldan of Byzantium**: Sultan of Constantinople. 6. **inmost sea**: the Mediterranean. 8. **Lion . . . Sea**: The winged lion of St. Mark is the emblem of Venice. 11. **cold queen**: Elizabeth of England did not take part in this expedition. 12. **shadow . . . Valois**: Charles IX was nominally king of France, but actually he was in the power of Catherine de' Medici, the Duchess of Valois. 14. **Lord . . . Horn**: The Sultan's palace in Constantinople overlooks an arm of the Bosphorus called the Golden Horn. 16. **crownless prince**: Don John of Austria.

Don John of Austria is going to the war,
 Stiff flags straining in the night blasts cold 25
 In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,
 Torchlight crimson on the copper kettledrums,
 Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and he comes.
 Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,
 Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world, 30
 Holding his head up for a flag of all the free.
 Love light of Spain — hurrah!
 Death light of Africa!
 Don John of Austria
 Is riding to the sea. 35

Mahound is in his paradise above the evening star;
 (*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)
 He moves a mighty turban on the timeless houri's knees,
 His turban that is woven of the sunsets and the seas.
 He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from his ease. 40
 And he strides among the treetops and is taller than the trees;
 And his voice through all the garden is a thunder sent to bring
 Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing.
 Giants and the Genii,
 Multiplex of wing and eye, 45
 Whose strong obedience broke the sky
 When Solomon was king.

They rush in red and purple from the red clouds of the morn,
 From the temples where the yellow gods shut up their eyes in scorn;
 They rise in green robes roaring from the green hells of the sea 50
 Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless creatures be,
 On them the sea valves cluster and the gray sea forests curl,
 Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of the pearl;
 They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue cracks of the ground —
 They gather and they wonder and give worship to Mahound. 55
 And he saith, "Break up the mountains where the hermitfolk can
 hide,

28. *tuckets*: a flourish of trumpets. 36. **Mahound**: Mohammed. 38. **timeless houri**: in the Mohammedan paradise, the faithful were rewarded with the companionship of beautiful women throughout eternity. 43. **Azrael**: the angel of death. 43. **Ariel**: the spirit of the air. 43. **Ammon**: the highest god of the Egyptians. 47. **Solomon**: According to Mohammedan legend, Solomon had a ring inscribed with the name of God which gave him control over demons and genii of the underworld.

And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide,
 And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not giving rest,
 For that which was our trouble comes again out of the west.
 We have set the seal of Solomon on all things under sun, 60
 Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of things done.
 But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains, and I know
 The voice that shook our palaces — four hundred years ago:
 It is he that saith not ' Kismet ' ; it is he that knows not Fate;
 It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey at the gate! 65
 It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the wager worth,
 Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be on the earth."
 For he heard drums groaning and he heard guns jar,
 (*Don John of Austria is going to the war.*)
 Sudden and still — hurrah! 70
 Bolt for Iberia!
 Don John of Austria
 Is gone by Alcalar.

St. Michael's on his Mountain in the sea roads of the north
 (*Don John of Austria is girt and going forth.*) 75
 Where the gray seas glitter and the sharp tides shift
 And the seafolk labor and the red sails lift.
 He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings of stone;
 The noise is gone through Normandy; the noise is gone alone;
 The North is full of tangled things and texts and aching eyes, 80
 And dead is all the innocence of anger and surprise,
 And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty room,
 And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer face of doom,
 And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in Galilee —
 But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea. 85
 Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse
 Crying with the trumpet, with the trumpet of his lips,
 Trumpet that sayeth *ha!*
Domino gloria!
 Don John of Austria 90
 Is shouting to the ships.

58. **Giaours**: unbelievers; an insulting name used by Mohammedans for anyone not of their faith. 63. **four . . . ago**: at the time of the early Crusades. 64. **Kismet**: Fate. 65. **Richard, Raymond, Godfrey**: These three were leaders in early Crusades. 71. **Iberia**: Spain. 74. **St. Michael's . . . Mountain**: Mont St. Michel, a rocky islet off the coast of France sacred to St. Michael. 89. **Domino gloria**: God be thanked! Glory to God!

The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle broke,
 (*Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke.*)
 The hidden room in man's house where God sits all the year,
 The secret window whence the world looks small and very dear. 95
 He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea
 The crescent of his cruel ships whose name is mystery;
 They fling great shadows foeward, making Cross and Castle dark;
 They veil the plumèd lions on the galleys of St. Mark;
 And above the ships are palaces of brown, black-bearded chiefs, 100
 And below the ships are prisons, where with multitudinous griefs,
 Christian captives sick and sunless, all a laboring race repines
 Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the mines.
 They are lost like slaves that swat, and in the skies of morning hung
 The stairways of the tallest gods when tyranny was young. 105
 They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those fallen or fleeing on
 Before the high Kings' horses in the granite of Babylon.
 And many a one grows witless in his quiet room in hell
 Where a yellow face looks inward through the lattice of his cell.
 And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no more a sign — 110
 (*But Don John of Austria has burst the battle line!*)
 Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,
 Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,
 Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,
 Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds, 115
 Thronging of the thousands up that labor under sea
 White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.
Vivat Hispania!
Domino gloria!
 Don John of Austria 120
 Has set his people free!

Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath
 (*Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wraith.*)
 And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain,
 Up which a lean and foolish knight forever rides in vain, 125

98. **Cross and Castle**: the arms of Aragon and of Castile. 99. **galleys of St. Mark**: the Venetian ships. Mark is the patron saint of Venice.
 102. **Christian captives**: galley slaves in the Turkish fleet. 104. **swat**: obsolete form of *sweated*. 118. **Vivat Hispania**: Long live Spain! 122. **Cervantes**: Miguel de Cervantes (1547-1616), the author of *Don Quixote*, Spain's great satirical classic. 125. **a . . . knight**: Don Quixote.

And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles back the blade. . . .

(*But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.*)

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF CHESTERTON

1. The very dash and surge of this colorful ballad tends to obscure the logical progress of the thought, which might be analyzed as follows: (1) The Soldan's arrogant laughter, (2) Rumors of the gathering of the Christian hosts, (3) Mohammed's summons to his helpers, (4) Their arrival and Mohammed's orders to them, (5) The rally of the Christians, forgetful of internal strifes, to the call, (6) The Pope's scrutiny of the battle of the galleys, (7) The thoughts of one combatant — Cervantes. Complete each picture for color and detail.

2. Recalling that Cervantes created *Don Quixote* to break down with kindly satire the outworn traditions of feudalism, explain why the poet describes Cervantes (l. 126) as smiling — "but not as Sultans smile" — at the chivalry here romantically exemplified by Don John.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Report on the battle of Lepanto as described in a history book. How closely does Chesterton follow actual occurrences?

2. Report some anecdotes of the "lean and foolish knight" from *Don Quixote*.

3. Compare this poem with Chesterton's "Ballad of the White Horse," in style, interest, and historical value.

romanticist

JOHN MASEFIELD (1874-)

John Masefield, the present poet laureate, is a true lover of the sea and of humanity. Born in Ledbury in western England, where his father was a country lawyer, he lost both his parents while he was a child. At fourteen he was apprenticed as cabin boy on the Conway, a merchant ship. Masefield sailed before the mast for several years, learning thoroughly the ways of the sea. After he had traveled on foot through various countries and had worked in New York for some months, a reading of Chaucer determined him to become a poet. He returned to England and settled near London. "I remember writing poems when I was nine years and nine months old," he himself has said. "Later I wrote a birthday poem, and some fragments in imitation of Sir Walter Scott. I was early influenced by Longfellow, Tennyson, and Chaucer."

After ten years of patient, hard work on several comparatively unnoticed volumes, fame finally came with the publication of *The Everlasting Mercy*. Since then his literary prestige has been increased through many types of writing — novels, adventure stories for boys, short stories, plays.

essays, biographies, and poetry of many forms. His experiences as government historian during the World War are recorded in *Gallipoli* and *The Front Line*. For many years he lived at Boar's Hill, Oxford. In his garden there he built a small theater where with local talent he produced poetic dramas. In this he was aided by his wife and daughter. In 1933 he moved to Penbury, Gloucestershire, a more secluded area. His *Tragedy of Nan* and *Tragedy of Pompey the Great* are notable contributions to the stage.

Much of Masfield's lyric verse, like *Saltwater Ballads* and several of his long narrative poems, notably *Dauber* and *The Wanderer of Liverpool*, give us sublime and unsurpassed pictures of the sea; some, like *Reynard the Fox* and *Right Royal*, re-create scenes in rural England; while others, like *The Widow in the Bye Street*, show his poetic consecration to the common people in strong and direct language. In all his work there is one inspiration — the "joy of trying for beauty — the balm of this world's way."

A CONSECRATION

In this poem, the introduction to *Saltwater Ballads*, a volume written in early manhood, the poet consecrates himself and his poetic efforts to the toilers and sufferers of the world.

Not of the princes and prelates with periwigged charioteers
Riding triumphantly laureled to lap the fat of the years —
Rather the scorned — the rejected — the men hemmed in with the
spears;

The men of the tattered battalion which fights till it dies,
Dazed with the dust of the battle, the din, and the cries. 5
The men with the broken heads and the blood running into their eyes.

Not the bemedaled Commander, beloved of the throne,
Riding cockhorse to parade when the bugles are blown,
But the lads who carried the koppie and cannot be known.

Not the ruler for me, but the ranker, the tramp of the road, 10
The slave with the sack on his shoulders pricked on with the goad.
The man with too weighty a burden, too weary a load.

The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man with the clout,
The chanteyman bent at the halliards putting a tune to the shout,
The drowsy man at the wheel and the tired lookout. 15

9. **koppie**: from *kopje*, a hill; a term used by the British soldiers during the Boer War in South Africa. 13. **clout**: a rag or cloth, here used for cleaning. 14. **chanteyman**: the sailor who leads in a song called a chantey used to lighten the labor at the halliards (ropes for hoisting).

Others may sing of the wine and the wealth and the mirth,
 The portly presence of potentates goodly in girth —
 Mine be the dirt and the dross, the dust and scum of the earth!

Theirs be the music, the color, the glory, the gold;
 Mine be a handful of ashes, a mouthful of mold. 20
 Of the maimed, of the halt and the blind in the rain and the cold —
 Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told.

LAUGH AND BE MERRY

Laugh and be merry; remember, better the world with a song,
 Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.
 Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span,
Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man.

*feels more
deeply*

Laugh and be merry; remember, in olden time, 5
 God made heaven and earth, for joy He took in a rime,
 Made them, and filled them full with the strong red wine of His
 mirth,
 The splendid joy of the stars, the joy of the earth.

So we must laugh and drink from the deep blue cup of the sky,
 Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by, 10
 Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink of the wine outpoured
 In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the Lord.

Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin,
 Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn,
 Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt of the music ends. 15
 Laugh till the game is played; and be you merry, my friends.

ROUNDING THE HORN

"Dauber" is the scornful nickname given by his shipmates to a young sailor because he has ambitions to be a painter. Tall, delicate, not yet twenty-two, Dauber is regarded as a mollicoddle and subjected to considerable abuse by those who would make a man of him. His ideal, to be able to paint ships and the sea as they have never been painted before, persists in the face of all discouragement. In the end he slips from a high yardarm to the deck and is killed, his dreams all unrealized.

The following passage, taken from the long poem *Dauber*, describes the boy's feelings as the ship rounds Cape Horn. It is one of the most vivid episodes in the poem and is based on the poet's actual experience.

Then came the cry of "Call all hands on deck!"
 The Dauber knew its meaning; it was come:
 Cape Horn, that tramples beauty into wreck,
 And crumples steel and smites the strong man dumb.
 Down clattered flying kites and staysails; some 5
 Sang out in quick, high calls: the fair-leads skirled,
 And from the southwest came the end of the world . . .

"Lay out!" the Bosun yelled. The Dauber laid
 Out on the yard, gripping the yard, and feeling
 Sick at the mighty space of air displayed 10
 Below his feet, where mewing birds were wheeling.
 A giddy fear was on him; he was reeling.
 He bit his lip half through, clutching the jack.
 A cold sweat glued the shirt upon his back.

The yard was shaking, for a brace was loose. 15
 He felt that he would fall; he clutched, he bent,
 Clammy with natural terror to the shoes
 While idiotic promptings came and went.
 Snow fluttered on a windflaw and was spent;
 He saw the water darken. Someone yelled, 20
 "Frap it; don't stay to furl! Hold on!" He held.

Darkness came down — half darkness — in a whirl;
 The sky went out, the waters disappeared.
 He felt a shocking pressure of blowing hurl
 The ship upon her side. The darkness speared 25
 At her with wind; she staggered, she careered;
 Then down she lay. The Dauber felt her go,
 He saw her yard tilt downward. Then the snow

Whirled all about — dense, multitudinous, cold —
 Mixed with the wind's one devilish thrust and shriek, 30
 Which whiffled out men's tears, defeated, took hold,
 Flattening the flying drift against the cheek.

21. **frap**: wrap round with rope.

The yards buckled and bent; man could not speak.
 The ship lay on her broadside; the wind's sound
 Had devilish malice at having got her downed. . . . 35

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF MASEFIELD

1. How is "Laugh and Be Merry" in harmony with Masefield's purpose in "A Consecration"?
2. In these two poems, what things arouse the writer's enthusiasm? How do they show his philosophy of life? Compare it with that of other poets you have studied.
3. What is similar yet distinctly different in the rhythm of these poems? In what verse-form is "A Consecration" written? How does it differ from Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind"?
4. If you knew nothing of Masefield's life, what would lead you to suppose that he was drawing upon personal experience? Point out particular lines or phrases that make you feel his firsthand knowledge.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Write a brief account of your feelings during a severe storm or other intense physical and emotional experience. By the vividness of your detail and word selection, try to make the reader live through the experience.
2. Study the stanza form, called Rime Royal, a favorite meter of Masefield's master, Chaucer. Find other poems in this same form.
3. Read the remainder of *Dauber* and decide whether it is a tragedy or a triumph.
4. Make a collection of Masefield's sea poems, or of sea poems in general.
5. Compare Masefield's contribution to sea poetry with that of Kipling. Do not overlook their chanteys.

WILFRED WILSON GIBSON (1878-)

Gibson, often called "the poet of contemporary industrial life," has devoted his life almost exclusively to writing. His publications, which began with two volumes of merely conventional lyric verse in 1902, now number above twenty books of prose, drama, and poetry with three main themes—the grim shepherds of the Northumbrian hills of his youth, narrative poems of labor, and compact, gripping war verse.

This poem, "The Stone," a universal favorite, shows an unusual combination of the characteristics of the old folk ballad and the more recent dramatic monologue. It has also the abrupt beginning in the middle of events and the high tone of tragedy which mark the great epics. While the stonecutter is the narrator throughout, yet our interest is centered wholly in the woman.

THE STONE

" And will you cut a stone for him,
To set above his head?
And will you cut a stone for him —
A stone for him? " she said.

Three days before, a splintered rock 5
Had struck her lover dead —
Had struck him in the quarry dead,
Where, careless of the warning call,
He loitered, while the shot was fired —
A lively stripling, brave and tall, 10
And sure of all his heart desired —
A flash, a shock,
A rumbling fall —
And, broken 'neath the broken rock,
A lifeless heap, with face of clay, 15
And still as any stone he lay,
With eyes that saw the end of all.

I went to break the news to her;
And I could hear my own heart beat
With dread of what my lips might say; 20
But some poor fool had sped before;
And flinging wide her father's door,
Had blurted out the news to her,
Had struck her lover dead for her,
Had struck the girl's heart dead in her, 25
Had struck life lifeless, at a word,
And dropped it at her feet;
Then hurried on his witless way,
Scarce knowing she had heard.

And when I came, she stood alone — 30
A woman, turned to stone;
And though no word at all she said,
I knew that all was known.

Because her heart was dead,
She did not sigh nor moan. 35

Her mother wept;
She could not weep.
Her lover slept;
She could not sleep.
Three days, three nights, 40
She did not stir.
Three days, three nights
Were one to her,
Who never closed her eyes
From sunset to sunrise, 45
From dawn to evenfall —
Her tearless, staring eyes,
That seeing naught, saw all.

The fourth night when I came from work,
I found her at my door. 50
“And will you cut a stone for him?”
She said, and spoke no more,
But followed me, as I went in,
And sank upon a chair;
And fixed her gray eyes on my face 55
With still, unseeing stare.
And, as she waited patiently,
I could not bear to feel
Those still, gray eyes that followed me,
Those eyes that plucked the heart from me, 60
Those eyes that sucked the breath from me
And curdled the warm blood in me,
Those eyes that cut me to the bone,
And pierced my marrow like cold steel.

And so I rose, and sought a stone, 65
And cut it, smooth and square;
And, as I worked, she sat and watched,
Beside me, in her chair.
Night after night, by candlelight,
I cut her lover's name. 70
Night after night, so still and white,
And like a ghost she came;
And sat beside me, in her chair,
And watched with eyes aflame.

She eyed each stroke, 75
 And hardly stirred;
 She never spoke
 A single word;
 And not a sound or murmur broke
 The quiet, save the mallet stroke. 80

With still eyes ever on my hands,
 With eyes that seemed to burn my hands,
 My wincing, overwearied hands,
 She watched, with bloodless lips apart,
 And silent, indrawn breath; 85
 And every stroke my chisel cut,
 Death cut still deeper in her heart;
 The two of us were chiseling,
 Together, I and death.

And when at length the job was done, 90
 And I had laid the mallet by,
 As if, at last, her peace were won,
 She breathed his name; and, with a sigh,
 Passed slowly through the open door —
 And never crossed my threshold more. 95

Next night I labored late, alone,
 To cut her name upon the stone.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF GIBSON

1. What characteristics of ballads are found in this narrative?
2. What two meanings do you find for the title?
3. How is the effectiveness of the poem increased by repetitions, irregular line length, pauses?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Gibson has been called "the poet of contemporary industrial life." Try to justify this title.
2. Look up some of Gibson's war verse and compare it to that of other contemporary English poets.

ALFRED NOYES (1880—)

One of our most melodious lyrists, Alfred Noyes, has consistently earned his living with his pen, and most of it by his verse. Born in Staffordshire, he was educated at Oxford, where he rowed with a winning crew. Interested in verse since his boyhood, he has written an astonishing amount, mostly in the older verse forms, which he has vigorously defended in lectures and critical essays. While visiting professor of modern poetry at Princeton University, he became well known in many parts of the United States through his lectures and public readings from his own works. During the World War he was with the British trawlers serving as mine destroyers in the Baltic Sea, and his experiences there are set down in "Open Boats" and "Songs of the Trawlers." He lives now in London, occupied with his writings.

Besides several volumes of verse Noyes has written plays, short stories, biographical essays, and magazine articles. His work shows a graceful natural gift for telling a good story in rousing, musical verse. Familiar favorites are "The Highwayman" and "Forty Singing Seamen." Noyes distinctly draws his inspiration from the past. Tennyson and Swinburne are his avowed masters, and the Elizabethans an oft-used subject.

Among his numerous long poems are the epic *Drake*, and the highly colored *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*, containing one of his best ballads, "The Companion of a Mile." *The Torchbearers* is a trilogy celebrating pioneers of science. His poetic drama *Sherwood* revives the figure of Robin Hood. The same theme appears in the following shorter poem.

A SONG OF SHERWOOD ¹

Sherwood Forest in central England was the haunt and home of Robin Hood and his band of merry outlaws, who fled thither to escape punishment for breaking the forest laws of the Normans by killing deer. Since they robbed the rich oppressors, but succored the poor Saxons, they became the heroes of the old ballads. Is it not natural that the poet, seeing the scene of their adventures again made beautiful in spring, should imagine it repopled by these romantic figures?

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Gray and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake,
Shadows of a dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

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Robin Hood is here again; all his merry thieves 5
 Hear a ghostly bugle note shivering through the leaves,
 Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Merry, Merry England has kissed the lips of June;
 All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon, 10
 Like a flight of rose leaves fluttering in a mist
 Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, Merry England is waking as of old,
 With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold;
 For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray 15
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
 Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs.
 Love is in the greenwood; dawn is in the skies;
 And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes. 20

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep!
 Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
 Round the fairy grass rings frolic elf and fay,
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold, 25
 Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mold,
 Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
 And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
 With quarterstaff and drinking can and gray goose feather. 30
 The dead are coming back again; the years are rolled away
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.
 All the heart of England hid in every rose
 Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap, 35
 Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

20. **Marian**: the sweetheart and bride of Robin Hood. 21. **laverock**: the lark. 25. **Oberon**: the king of the fairies. 28, 29. **Will Scarlett, Friar Tuck, Little John**: members of Robin Hood's band. 30. **quarterstaff**: a stout stick from six to eight feet long; formerly used as a weapon by English peasants.

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
 And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
 Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep:
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep? 40

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
 All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men —
 Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the may
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day —

Calls them and they answer; from aisles of oak and ash 45
 Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash;
 The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly;
 And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
 Answer as the bugle note shivers through the leaves, 50
 Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
 In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

THE ADMIRAL'S GHOST¹

The days of Queen Elizabeth have always had a peculiar fascination for Alfred Noyes, as shown in this poem and his longer *Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*. He has a gift for catching the spirit of olden times and transporting his reader into the past.

I tell you a tale tonight
 Which a seaman told to me,
 With eyes that gleamed in the lanthorn light
 And a voice as low as the sea.

You could almost hear the stars 5
 Twinkling up in the sky,
 And the old wind woke and moaned in the spars,
 And the same old waves went by,

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3. **lanthorn:** lantern (an old form).

- Singing the same old song
 As ages and ages ago, 10
 While he froze my blood in that deep-sea night
 With the things that he seemed to know.
- A bare foot pattered on deck;
 Ropes creaked — then all grew still,
 And he pointed his finger straight in my face 15
 And growled, as a sea dog will.
- “Do ’ee know who Nelson was?
 That pore little shriveled form
 With the patch on his eye, and the pinned-up sleeve
 And a soul like a North Sea storm? 20
- “Ask of the Devonshire men!
 They know, and they’ll tell you true;
 He wasn’t the pore little chawed-up chap
 That Hardy thought he knew.
- “He wasn’t the man you think! 25
 His patch was a dern disguise!
 For he knew that they’d find him out, d’you see,
 If they looked him in both his eyes.
- “He was twice as big as he seemed;
 But his clothes was cunningly made, 30
 He’d both of his hairy arms all right!
 The sleeve was a trick of the trade.
- “You’ve heard of sperrits, no doubt;
 Well, there’s more in the matter than that!
 But he wasn’t the patch and he wasn’t the sleeve, 35
 And he wasn’t the lace cocked hat.
- “*Nelson was just — a ghost!*
 You may laugh! But the Devonshire men

17. **Nelson**: Horatio Nelson (1758-1805); a great English admiral who defeated the French fleet off Trafalgar in 1805, and thereby destroyed Napoleon's hope of invading England. 10. **patch . . . sleeve**: Nelson had lost his right eye and his right arm earlier in service. 24. **Hardy**: Nelson's flag captain at Trafalgar. They were walking together on the deck of the *Victory* when Nelson received a mortal wound. 38. **Devonshire**: a county in southwest England. From the time of Drake and Raleigh it has been famous for its seafaring men.

They knew that he'd come when England called,
And they know that he'll come again. 40

"I'll tell you the way it was
(For none of the landsmen know),
And to tell it you right, you must go astarn
Two hundred years or so.

.

"The waves were lapping and slapping 45
The same as they are today;
And Drake lay dying aboard his ship
In Nombre Dios Bay.

"The scent of the foreign flowers
Came floating all around; 50
'But I'd give my soul for the smell o' the pitch,'
Says he, 'in Plymouth Sound.

"'What shall I do,' says he,
'When the guns begin to roar,
An' England wants me, and me not there 55
To shatter 'er foes once more?'

"(You've heard what he said, maybe,
But I'll mark you the points again;
For I want you to box your compass right
And get my story plain.) 60

"'You must take my drum,' he says,
'To the old sea wall at home;
And if ever you strike that drum,' he says,
'Why, strike me blind, I'll come!

47. **Drake:** Sir Francis Drake (1540?-1595), the first English commander to see the Pacific Ocean and to circumnavigate the globe. He defeated the Spanish in many naval battles and as vice-admiral helped win the victory over the Spanish Armada in 1588. He was a Devonshire man. 48. **Nombre de Dios Bay:** on the Isthmus of Panama. Drake died there on shipboard during an expedition against the Spaniards. 52. **Plymouth:** an inlet and seaport on the coast of Devonshire. It was the starting point of the English fleet against the Armada. 59. **box your compass:** to recite in order the thirty-two points of the compass; hence, to veer through all opinions back to an original opinion.

- “ ‘ If England needs me, dead
Or living, I'll rise that day!
I'll rise from the darkness under the sea
Ten thousand miles away.’ 65
- “ That's what he said; and he died;
An' his pirates listenin' roun',
With their crimson doublets and jeweled swords
That flashed as the sun went down, 70
- “ They sewed him up in his shroud
With a round shot top and toe,
To sink him under the salt sharp sea
Where all good seamen go. 75
- “ They lowered him down in the deep,
And there in the sunset light
They boomed a broadside over his grave,
As meanin' to say, ' Good-night.' 80
- “ They sailed away in the dark
To the dear little isle they knew;
And they hung his drum by the old sea wall
The same as he told them to.
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- “ Two hundred years went by,
And the guns began to roar,
And England was fighting hard for her life,
As ever she fought of yore. 85
- “ ‘ It's only my dead that count,'
She said, as she says today;
‘ It isn't the ships and it isn't the guns
'Ull sweep Trafalgar's Bay.' 90
- “ D'you guess who Nelson was?
You may laugh, but it's true as true!
There was more in that pore little chawed-up chap
Than ever his best friend knew. 95

02. **Trafalgar's Bay:** on the southwest coast of Spain. Nelson was mortally wounded there in his great naval triumph.

"The foe was creepin' close,
 In the dark to our white-cliffed isle;
 They were ready to leap at England's throat,
 When — Oh, you may smile, you may smile; 100

"But — ask of the Devonshire men;
 For they heard in the dead of night
 The roll of a drum, and they saw *him* pass
 On a ship all shining white.

"He stretched out his dead cold face 105
 And he sailed in the grand old way!
 The fishes had taken an eye and an arm,
 But he swept Trafalgar's Bay.

"Nelson — was Francis Drake!
 O, what matters the uniform, 110
 Or the patch on your eye, or your pinned-up sleeve,
 If your soul's like a North Sea storm? "

THE BARREL ORGAN ¹

"Out of the mechanical grinding of the hand organ, with the accompaniment of the city omnibuses, we get the very breath of spring in almost intolerable sweetness. This poem affects the head, the heart, and the feet. I defy any man or woman to read it without surrendering to the magic of the lines, the magic of old memories, the magic of the poet." — William Lyon Phelps.

There's a barrel organ caroling across a golden street
 In the City as the sun sinks low;
 And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet
 And fulfilled it with the sunset glow;
 And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain 5
 That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light;
 And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
 In the symphony that rules the day and night.

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2. *City*: London, especially the business district. 4. *fulfilled*: completed.
 8. *symphony*: the rhythm of life.

And now it's marching onward through the realms of old romance,
 And trolling out a fond familiar tune, 10
 And now it's roaring cannon down to fight the King of France,
 And now it's prattling softly to the moon.
 And all around the organ there's a sea without a shore
 Of human joys and wonders and regrets;
 To remember and to recompense the music evermore 15
 For what the cold machinery forgets. . . .

Yes; as the music changes,
 Like a prismatic glass,
 It takes the light and ranges
 Through all the moods that pass; 20
 Dissects the common carnival
 Of passions and regrets,
 And gives the world a glimpse of all
 The colors it forgets.

And there *La Traviata* sighs 25
 Another sadder song;
 And there *Il Trovatore* cries
 A tale of deeper wrong;
 And bolder knights to battle go
 With sword and shield and lance, 30
 Than ever here on earth below
 Have whirled into — a dance! —

Go down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time, in lilac time;
 Go down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!)
 And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonder-
 land; 35
 Go down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!)

The cherry trees are seas of bloom and soft perfume and sweet per-
 fume,
 The cherry trees are seas of bloom (and oh, so near to London!)

18. **prismatic**: resembling the colors of light refracted by a prism. Here used figuratively. 25, 27. *La Traviata, Il Trovatore*: tragic operas by Verdi, containing many well-known airs. 33. **Kew**: a suburb of London, famous for its botanical gardens.

And there they say, when dawn is high and all the world's a blaze of
sky

The cuckoo, though he's very shy, will sing a song for London. 40

The Dorian nightingale is rare, and yet they say you'll hear him
there

At Kew, at Kew in lilac time (and oh, so near to London!)

The linnet and the throstle, too, and after dark the long halloo

And golden-eyed *tu-whit, tu-whoo* of owls that ogle London.

For Noah hardly knew a bird of any kind that isn't heard 45

At Kew, at Kew in lilac time (and oh, so near to London!)

And when the rose begins to pout and all the chestnut spires are out

You'll hear the rest, without a doubt, all chorusing for London:

Come down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time, in lilac time;

Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!) 50

*And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonder-
land;*

Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!)

And then the troubadour begins to thrill the golden street,

In the City as the sun sinks low;

And in all the gaudy busses there are scores of weary feet 55

Marking time, sweet time, with a dull mechanic beat,

And a thousand hearts are plunging to a love they'll never meet,

Through the meadows of the sunset, through the poppies and the
wheat,

In the land where the dead dreams go.

Verdi, Verdi, when you wrote *Il Trovatore* did you dream 60

Of the City when the sun sinks low,

Of the organ and the monkey and the many-colored stream

On the Piccadilly pavement, of the myriad eyes that seem

To be litten for a moment with a wild Italian gleam

As *A che la morte* parodies the world's eternal theme 65

And pulses with the sunset glow?

41. **Dorian**: pertaining to Doris, in ancient Greece. 63. **Piccadilly**: a famous thoroughfare in London. 65. *A che la morte*: a passionate song of lost love in *Il Trovatore*, familiarly called "The Miserere."

There's a thief, perhaps, that listens with a face of frozen stone

In the City as the sun sinks low;

There's a portly man of business with a balance of his own,

There's a clerk and there's a butcher of a soft reposeful tone, 70

And they're all of them returning to the heavens they have known;

They are crammed and jammed in busses and — they're each of them
alone

In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a very modish woman and her smile is very bland

In the City as the sun sinks low;

75

And her hansom jingles onward, but her little jeweled hand

Is clenched a little tighter and she cannot understand

What she wants or why she wanders to that undiscovered land.

For the parties there are not at all the sort of thing she planned,

In the land where the dead dreams go. 80

There's an Oxford man that listens and his heart is crying out

In the City as the sun sinks low;

For the barge, the eight, the Isis, and the coach's whoop and shout.

For the minute gun, the counting, and the long disheveled rout.

For the howl along the tow path and a fate that's still in doubt, 85

For a roughened oar to handle and a race to think about

In the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a laborer that listens to the voices of the dead

In the City as the sun sinks low;

And his hand begins to tremble and his face is rather red 90

As he sees a loafer watching him and — there he turns his head

And stares into the sunset where his April love is fled.

For he hears her softly singing and his lonely soul is led

Through the land where the dead dreams go.

There's an old and hardened demirep, it's ringing in her ears, 95

In the City as the sun sinks low;

With the wild and empty sorrow of the love that blights and sears,

Oh, and if she hurries onward, then be sure, be sure she hears,

74. **modish**: stylish. 83. **Isis**: the upper course of the Thames River, where rowing matches are held. 95. **demirep**: a woman of doubtful reputation.

Hears and bears the bitter burden of the unforgotten years,
 And her laugh's a little harsher and her eyes are brimmed with
 tears, 100
 For the land where the dead dreams go.

There's a barrel organ caroling across a golden street
 In the City as the sun sinks low;
 Though the music's only Verdi there's a world to make it sweet
 Just as yonder yellow sunset where the earth and heaven meet 105
 Mellows all the sooty City! Hark, a hundred thousand feet
 Are marching on to glory through the poppies and the wheat
 In the land where the dead dreams go.

So it's Jeremiah, Jeremiah,
 What have you to say 110
 When you meet the garland girls
 Tripping on their way?

All around my gala hat
 I wear a wreath of roses
 (A long and lonely year it is 115
 I've waited for the May!)

If anyone should ask you,
 The reason why I wear it is —
 My own love, my true love
 Is coming home today. 120

And it's buy a bunch of violets for the lady
 (*It's lilac time in London; it's lilac time in London!*)
 Buy a bunch of violets for the lady;
 While the sky burns blue above;

On the other side the street you'll find it shady 125
 (*It's lilac time in London; it's lilac time in London!*)
 But buy a bunch of violets for the lady,
 And tell her she's your own true love.

There's a barrel organ caroling across a golden street
 In the City as the sun sinks glittering and slow; 130

109. **Jeremiah:** Notice that the loves now change from the dead to the living.

And the music's not immortal; but the world has made it sweet
 And enriched it with the harmonies that make a song complete
 In the deeper heavens of music where the night and morning meet,
 As it dies into the sunset glow;
 And it pulses through the pleasures of the City and the pain 135
 That surround the singing organ like a large eternal light,
 And they've given it a glory and a part to play again
 In the symphony that rules the day and night.

And there, as the music changes,
 The song runs round again; 140
 Once more it turns and ranges
 Through all its joy and pain,
 Dissects the common carnival
 Of passions and regrets;
 And the wheeling world remembers all 145
 The wheeling song forgets.

Once more *La Traviata* sighs
 Another sadder song;
 Once more *Il Trovatore* cries 150
 A tale of deeper wrong;
 Once more the knights to battle go
 With sword and shield and lance
 Till once, once more, the shattered foe
 Has whirled into — *a dance!*

Come down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time, in lilac time; 155
Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!)
And you shall wander hand in hand with love in summer's wonder-
 land,
Come down to Kew in lilac time (it isn't far from London!)

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF NOYES

A SONG OF SHERWOOD

1. What customs of Robin Hood and his band are retold poetically here?
2. Why is the scene set for the morning twilight of a summer day? List details that contribute to the atmosphere.
3. Point out phrases and lines which show reverence for tradition, the charm of romance, the beauty of nature, and the appeal to the senses.
4. Show wherein the rhythm, rhyme, use of alliteration, and repetition contribute to the poem.

THE ADMIRAL'S GHOST

1. What details of Nelson's personal appearance are explained in this seaman's tale?
2. What does the story gain by being told in seaman's dialect?

THE BARREL ORGAN

1. What are the main divisions of this poem? What is the common thought that binds them together?
2. What is the effect of the barrel-organ music on the various individuals who hear it? What classes of people are not described here? Why did the poet not include them?
3. What is the effect in the change of meter and diction in various parts of the poem? Where in the poem does the music change from the pathos of dead dreams to the gaiety of true love coming?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Compare "A Song of Sherwood" with the literary ballads of the Romanticists; with the old popular ballads about Robin Hood.
2. Select some locale in our country where the spirits of dead heroes might be recalled, and picture it either in prose or poetry.
3. What other stories can you find about dead heroes who return at their country's call, like this legend of Nelson?
4. Compare "The Barrel Organ" with "Alexander's Feast," page 315. Which seems to you the more effective in showing the power of music over human emotion? Give reasons. List some pieces of music which have a strong emotional effect upon you.
5. Students of music may explain to the class in what way the changing rhythms of "The Barrel Organ" resemble the movements of a symphony or a concerto. If possible, records of the music mentioned in the poem may be played before the class.

JAMES STEPHENS (1882—)

"Come away! for the dance has begun lightly, the wind is sounding over the hill, the sun laughs down into the valley, and the sea leaps upon the shingle panting for joy, dancing, dancing, dancing for joy." This is the invitation to "Faery Land" which comes to all the readers of James Stephens, another of the Irish Renaissance writers, and one of its most gifted.

This poet and novelist is Irish in theme and idiom as well as in nationality. The son of poor parents living in Dublin, he had but little formal education and passed a wandering boyhood of extreme poverty. He was a typist and

shorthand clerk in a lawyer's office in Dublin, supporting his wife and children on a weekly salary of six dollars and a half, when one of his contributions to an Irish periodical attracted the attention of George Russell. As a result of his visits and this encouragement Stephens published two volumes of verse in 1909; and three years later came two books of prose fiction, *The Charwoman's Daughter* and *The Crock of Gold*, which lifted him into sudden fame. Since then he has written many short stories, fantasies and fairy tales for children, and several volumes of verse, in which he, like Synge, draws from the wellspring of old Celtic material. His avowed purpose has been to give Ireland "a new mythology to take the place of the threadbare mythology of Greece and Rome."

Now an authority on art, he is assistant director of the National Gallery of Ireland in Dublin, but has leisure for writing and some travel. When he visited America in 1925, giving readings from his own verse and fiction, he impressed his hearers by the strangely combined humor, fantasy, and philosophy of his tales. All his work shows him to be a poet (even in his prose) and a master of diction at once direct, rhythmic, and rich in human tenderness.

TO THE FOUR COURTS, PLEASE

The driver rubbed at his nettly chin
 With a huge, loose forefinger, crooked and black,
 And his wobbly, violet lips sucked in,
 And puffed out again, and hung down slack;
 One fang shone through his lopsided smile, 5
 In his little pouched eye flickered years of guile.

And the horse, poor beast, it was ribbed and forked,
 And its ears hung down, and its eyes were old,
 And its knees were knuckly, and as we talked
 It swung the stiff neck that could scarcely hold 10
 Its big, skinny head up — then I stepped in,
 And the driver climbed to his seat with a grin.

God help the horse and the driver too,
 And the people and beasts who have never a friend,
 For the driver easily might have been you, 15
 And the horse be me by a different end.
 And nobody knows how their days will cease,
 And the poor, when they're old, have little of peace.

Title: **The Four Courts:** an important official building in Dublin. During the Republican uprising in 1922 it was almost completely destroyed.

THE SHELL

And then I pressed the shell
 Close to my ear
 And listened well,
 And straightway like a bell
 Came low and clear 5
 The slow, sad murmur of the distant seas,
 Whipped by an icy breeze
 Upon a shore
 Wind-swept and desolate.
 It was a sunless strand that never bore 10
 The footprint of a man,
 Nor felt the weight
 Since time began
 Of any human quality or stir
 Save what the dreary winds and waves incur 15
 And in the hush of waters was the sound
 Of pebbles rolling round,
 Forever rolling with a hollow sound.
 And bubbling seaweeds as the waters go
 Swish to and fro 20
 Their long, cold tentacles of slimy gray.
 There was no day,
 Nor ever came a night
 Setting the stars alight
 To wonder at the moon: 25
 Was twilight only and the frightened croon,
 Smitten to whimpers, of the dreary wind
 And waves that journeyed blind —
 And then I loosed my ear. . . . Oh, it was sweet
 To hear a cart go jolting down the street. 30

IN WASTE PLACES

As a naked man I go
 Through the desert, sore afraid;
 Holding high my head, although
 I'm as frightened as a maid.

The lion crouches there! I saw 5
 In barren rocks his amber eye!
 He parts the cactus with his paw!
 He stares at me as I go by!

He would pad upon my trace
 If he thought I was afraid! 10
 If he knew my hardy face
 Veils the terrors of a maid.

He rises in the nighttime, and
 He stretches forth! He snuffs the air!
 He roars! He leaps along the sand! 15
 He creeps! He watches everywhere!

His burning eyes, his eyes of bale
 Through the darkness I can see!
 He lashes fiercely with his tail!
 He makes again to spring at me! 20

I am the lion, and his lair!
 I am the fear that frightens me!
 I am the desert of despair!
 And the night of agony!

Night or day, whate'er befall, 25
 I must walk that desert land,
 Until I dare my fear and call
 The lion out to lick my hand.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF STEPHENS

1. From the ideas and fancies expressed in these poems of Stephens, what kind of man do you imagine him to be?
2. What connection does the title "To the Four Courts, Please" have with the poem to which it is attached? In this poem does Stephens give you a new idea or one which you have thought of before? Are such creatures as these to be found in your community?
3. In "The Shell" what strong contrast comes in the last two lines? How do you interpret the significance of these lines?
4. Put the idea of "In Waste Places" into simple language. What principle of psychology is involved in the last two stanzas?

For the Ambitious Student

1. *The Crock of Gold* has a brilliant opening. Discuss its literary qualities.
2. Compare the fairyland of Stephens and Yeats with that of De la Mare or of Alfred Noyes.
3. What application of Wordsworth's theories of poetry can you find in the verse of Stephens?

SIEGFRIED SASSOON (1886-)

Among the poets who actually saw service during the World War, Siegfried Sassoon stands out prominently for his bitter denunciation of the horrors of all warfare. "Let no one from henceforth," he is quoted as having said, "say one word countenancing war."

Sassoon is the son of a well-to-do country gentleman of Kent. At Cambridge he was known as a quiet young man who excelled in field sports, as master of the fox hounds, and as a lover of music and poetry. Between 1911 and 1916 he printed for private distribution seven small volumes of his own verse. With the outbreak of the World War he enlisted at once, rose to a captaincy in the Royal Welch Fusiliers, served in France and Palestine, and was awarded the Military Cross for courage in bringing back wounded soldiers from the battlefield. He wrote while in service, but not at all the pleasant lyric verse of his earlier years. *Counterattack* and two other volumes reflecting his experiences in the war are protests against the false glamour, baseness, waste, and futility of all war.

After 1918 he was a journalist in London for a time, but still wrote verse. In 1920 he visited America, where he read from his own works. Since then he has published both poetry and prose, much less violently emotional than his earlier volumes. His anonymous autobiographical novel, *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* (1928), won two literary prizes. Two years later it was followed by a similar work, *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer*.

DREAMERS

Soldiers are citizens of death's gray land,
 Drawing no dividend from time's tomorrows.
 In the great hour of destiny they stand,
 Each with his feuds, and jealousies, and sorrows.
 Soldiers are sworn to action; they must win
 Some flaming, fatal climax with their lives.
 Soldiers are dreamers; when the guns begin
 They think of firelit homes, clean beds, and wives.

I see them in foul dugouts, gnawed by rats,
 And in the ruined trenches, lashed with rain, 10
 Dreaming of things they did with balls and bats,
 And mocked by hopeless longing to regain
 Bank holidays, and picture shows, and spats,
 And going to the office in the train.

AFTERMATH

Have you forgotten yet? . . .

For the world's events have rumbled on since those gagged days,
 Like traffic checked awhile at the crossing of city ways;
 And the haunted gap in your mind has filled with thoughts that flow
 Like clouds in the lit heavens of life: and you're a man reprieved
 to go, 5

Taking your peaceful share of Time, with joy to spare.

But the past is just the same — and war's a bloody game. . . .

Have you forgotten yet? . . .

Look down, and swear by the slain of the war that you'll never forget.

Do you remember the dark months you held the sector at
 Mametz, 10

The nights you watched and wired and dug and piled sandbags on
 parapets?

Do you remember the rats; and the stench

Of corpses rotting in front of the front-line trench —

And dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill with a hopeless rain?

Do you ever stop and ask, "Is it all going to happen again?" 15

Do you remember that hour of din before the attack,

And the anger, the blind compassion that seized and shook you then

As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your men?

Do you remember the stretcher cases lurching back

With dying eyes and lolling heads, those ashen-gray 20

Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?

Have you forgotten yet? . . .

Look up, and swear by the green of the spring that you'll never forget.

DOES IT MATTER?

Does it matter? — losing your leg?
 For people will always be kind,
 And you need not show that you mind
 When the others come in after hunting
 To gobble their muffins and eggs.

5

Does it matter? — losing your sight?
 There's such splendid work for the blind;
 And people will always be kind,
 As you sit on the terrace remembering
 And turning your face to the light.

10

Do they matter? — those dreams from the pit?
 You can drink and forget and be glad,
 And people won't say that you're mad;
 For they'll know that you fought for your country,
 And no one will worry a bit.

15

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF SASSOON

1. In what ways are these poems characteristic of their author? Which poem do you think the most bitter? the most impressive?
2. What is the meaning of "aftermath" as used here? In what ways is this poem prophetic?
3. Are the consolations of "Does It Matter?" genuine or ironic? Where do you catch echoes of remarks which he may have heard sentimentalists make?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Make a study of the poetry of the World War from the anthologies listed on page 1146. What final impression is left in your mind as to the attitude of poets toward the war? Compare poetry about this war with that about previous wars. How do you account for the difference?
2. What important pieces of literature aside from poetry treat of the World War? Discuss them in comparison with the poetry as to attitude, effectiveness, influence upon public opinion.

RUPERT BROOKE (1887-1915)

"To look at, he was part of the youth of the world," wrote a friend of Rupert Brooke. "A golden young Apollo," said another. These personal characterizations of England's famous soldier-poet apply equally to his verse, which is exuberant with the joy and beauty of life.

romanticist

Born at Rugby, where his father was assistant headmaster at the school, he was educated there and at Cambridge. In college he was known as an enthusiastic student of letters and a splendid all-around athlete. He continued his education through travel in Germany, Italy, the United States, Canada, Samoa, and Tahiti. His *Letters from America* give a vivid picture of his impressions of this country. His first slight volume of verse, published in 1913, justified his many literary friends in expecting greater verse from him; but immediately on the declaration of war in the following year, Brooke enlisted, throwing himself into this cause with his characteristic buoyancy and enthusiasm. In February, 1915, he sailed with the British Expeditionary Force to the Dardanelles campaign. Death came en route, by blood poisoning from an insect bite, and he was buried on the Isle of Skyros in the Aegean Sea. The British government selected the poet's friend, John Masefield, to set up the memorial tablet which marks the spot. Thus was the prophecy of one of his "1914" sonnets fulfilled — his burial in a "corner of a foreign field that is forever England." Brooke's poetry wins our admiration not only for its sincere love of country, but also for the beauty beyond its theme. It radiates life.

THE GREAT LOVER

Brooke exulted in the thousand little details of life, familiar and dear to him through custom and memory. It is this zest for living which makes his early death doubly tragic.

I have been so great a lover: filled my days
 So proudly with the splendor of Love's praise,
 The pain, the calm, the astonishment,
 Desire illimitable, and still content,
 And all dear names men use, to cheat despair, 5
 For the perplexed and viewless streams that bear
 Our hearts at random down the dark of life.
 Now, ere the unthinking silence on that strife
 Steals down, I would cheat drowsy Death so far,
 My night shall be remembered for a star 10
 That outshone all the suns of all men's days.
 Shall I not crown them with immortal praise
 Whom I have loved, who have given me, dared with me
 High secrets, and in darkness knelt to see
 The inenarrable godhead of delight? 15
 Love is a flame — we have beacons the world's night;

15. **inenarrable**: unspeakable; indescribable.

wrote on leave
in Eng.
because he felt
would be when
returned

A city — and we have built it, these and I;
 An emperor — we have taught the world to die.
 So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,
 And the high cause of Love's magnificence, 20
 And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names
 Golden forever, eagles, crying flames,
 And set them as a banner, that men may know,
 To dare the generations, burn, and blow
 Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming. 25
 These I have loved:

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
 Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, fairy dust;
 Wet roofs, beneath the lamplight; the strong crust
 Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
 Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood; 30
 And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
 And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,
 Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;
 Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon
 Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss 35
 Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is
 Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the keen
 Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;
 The benison of hot water; furs to touch;
 The good smell of old clothes; and other such — 40
 The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,
 Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers
 About dead leaves and last year's ferns —

Dear names,
 And thousand others throng to me! Royal flames;
 Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring; 45
 Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing —
 Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,
 Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting train;
 Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam
 That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home; 50
 And washen stones, gay for an hour; the cold
 Graveness of iron; moist black earthen mold;
 Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;
 And oaks; and brown horse chestnuts, glossy-new;
 And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass — 55

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF BROOKE

1. How do both these poems reflect the spirit of a vigorous young man?
2. What is the significance of the title "The Great Lover"? How many of the things named in this poem would you choose for your personal list of "loves"? What other things not mentioned would you include? Here is good subject matter for a composition.
3. What is especially admirable about the type of patriotism shown in "The Soldier"? Compare this poem with Sassoon's "Dreamers," page 879. What differences in the experience of the two men produced a different kind of recollection of home while in service?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Make a comparative study of the verse of Brooke and the verse of one of America's best-known "Gold Star" poets, like Alan Seeger or Joyce Kilmer. In what ways are they alike? How do they differ?
2. What picture of Brooke does A. C. Benson give in his *Memories and Friends*?

Some Interesting Younger Poets

Several writers, both men and women, are bringing to English literature new moods and verse effects which well merit our attention. Among the most interesting of these moderns are the Sitwell family and Stephen Spender.

Edith Sitwell (1887-) and both her brothers, Osbert and Sacheverell, are poets. The children of a baronet, grandchildren of an earl, and direct descendants of Norman barons, they were reared in the large Yorkshire estate which has been in the family for six hundred years. Miss Sitwell's education was obtained through tutors, travel, and her wide reading of poetry in her late teens. She wrote her first poem at twenty-four, and in 1916 promoted an annual anthology of verse of the younger poets called *Wheels*, which continued for five years. Her own nine volumes of verse followed each other in rapid succession, *Collected Poems* appearing in 1930.

An able pianist and a devotee of the xylophone, Miss Sitwell secures unusual rhythmic effects. In everything she does, her originality is evident. Once when she gave a public reading in Aeolian Hall, London, she remained invisible to her audience, who saw only an immense screen painted with the towering figure of a woman with closed eyes. Through this screen came the voice of the poet and the musical accompaniment. In this way she tried to emphasize impersonality in her poetry and to concentrate the attention of the audience on its sound values. Her strange phrases often take

us into a fantastic world where "the morning light creaks down again," and we see "stag-antlered trees," feel the "furry warmth" of fire, and hear silence "like a slow-leaking tap." In one of her poems she says of her childhood, "I was always a little outside life . . . a little cold air wandering and lost." This "outside" quality permeates all her poetry, giving it the stylized effect of modern ballet and painting.

Osbert Sitwell's (1892-) background was much like his sister's. In one of her poems she has described him as a child under a slightly altered name:

"And Dagobert my brother whose large strength
Great body and brave beauty still reflect
The Angevin dead kings from whom we spring;
And sweet as the young tender winds that stir
In thickets where the earliest flower bells sing
Upon the boughs, was his just character."

But this youthful sweetness changed into the stinging satire of a brilliant mind often at odds with his environment. At Eton he, like Shelley, was unhappy: at eighteen he entered the army and served in the World War. His brilliant conversation and his interest in the arts make his London home a center for artistic people of all types. Between 1916 and 1931, when his *Collected Satires and Poems* appeared, he published eleven volumes, several of them being collections of short stories. Two are novels, *Before the Bombardment* and *The Man Who Lost Himself*. In 1935 he assembled the personal reactions which gave him his reputation as a conversationalist in *Penny Foolish*.

Stephen Spender (1909-), lecturer and reader, is another of the still younger British poets coming into public recognition. The son of a journalist, Spender from the age of seventeen had his own press, through which he supported himself by printing chemists' labels, and on which later he printed his own poems. His rather intermittent experience at Oxford, punctuated by foreign travel, ended in 1931. His acquaintance with Auden, a college friend, ripened into an informal partnership which has combined their names in the public mind, though their work is decidedly different.

Spender is a spokesman of the machine age and its laborers, but his everyday subjects glow with an emotion and figurative power that transforms them into poetry. "The Express Train" concludes:

". . . like a comet through flames she moves entranced,
Wrapped in her music no bird song, no nor bough
Breaking with honey buds, shall ever equal."

Of the thoughts of workmen at the funeral of a man who excelled in making driving belts, he says:

"They think how one life hums, revolves, and toils,
One cog in a golden and singing hive:
Like spark from fire, its task happily achieved,
It falls away quietly."

Spender's new poetic idiom is sometimes hard to grasp on first reading; like new modes in any of the arts, it must win its way slowly. His published volumes include *Poems* and *Vienna*.

POEMS BY EDITH SITWELL

AUBADE

"The poem is about a country servant," writes Miss Sitwell, "a girl on a farm, plain and neglected and unhappy, and with a sad bucolic stupidity, coming down in the dawn to light the fire."

Jane, Jane,
Tall as a crane,
The morning light creaks down again.

Comb your cockscomb-ragged hair;
Jane, Jane, come down the stair. 5

Each dull blunt wooden stalactite
Of rain creaks, hardened by the light,

Sounding like an overtone
From some lonely world unknown.

But the creaking empty light 10
Will never harden into sight,

Will never penetrate your brain
With overtones like the blunt rain.

The light would show (if it could harden)
Eternities of kitchen garden, 15

Cockscomb flowers that none will pluck,
And wooden flowers that 'gin to cluck.

In the kitchen you must light
Flames as staring, red and white

As carrots or as turnips, shining 20
Where the cold dawn light lies whining.

Cockscomb hair on the cold wind
Hangs limp, turns the milk's weak mind. . . .

Jane, Jane,
Tall as a crane, 25
The morning light creaks down again!

SOLO FOR EAR-TRUMPET

The carriage brushes through the bright
Leaves (violent jets from life to light).
Strong polished speed is plunging, heaves
Between the showers of bright hot leaves.
The window glasses glaze our faces 5
And jar them to the very basis,
But they could never put a polish
Upon my manners, or abolish
My most distinct disinclination
For calling on a rich relation! 10
In her house — bulwark built between
The life man lives and visions seen —
The sunlight hiccups white as chalk,
Grown drunk with emptiness of talk,
And silence hisses like a snake, 15
Invertebrate and rattling ache.

Till suddenly, Eternity
Drowns all the houses like a sea,
And down the street the Trump of Doom
Blares — barely shakes this drawing room 20
Where raw-edged shadows sting forlorn
As dank dark nettles. Down the horn
Of her ear trumpet I convey
The news that: "It is Judgment Day!"
"Speak louder; I don't catch, my dear." 25
I roared: "*It is the Trump we hear!*"
"The *What?*" — "The TRUMP!" . . .
"I shall complain —
Those boy scouts practicing again!"

POEMS BY OSBERT SITWELL

THE BLIND PEDDLER

I stand alone through each long day
 Upon these pavers; cannot see
 The wares spread out upon this tray
 — For God has taken sight from me!

Many a time I've cursed the night 5
 When I was born. My peering eyes
 Have sought for but one ray of light
 To pierce the darkness. When the skies

Rain down their first sweet April showers
 On budding branches; when the morn 10
 Is sweet with breath of spring and flowers,
 I've cursed the night when I was born.

But now I thank God, and am glad
 For what I cannot see this day
 — The young men cripples, old, and sad, 15
 With faces burnt and torn away;

Or those who, growing rich and old,
 Have batted on the slaughter,
 Whose faces, gorged with blood and gold,
 Are creased in purple laughter! 20

PROGRESS

The city's heat is like a leaden pall —
 Its lowered lamps glow in the midnight air
 Like mammoth orange moths that flit and flare
 'Through the dark tapestry of night. The tall
 Black houses crush the creeping beggars down, 5
 Who walk beneath and think of breezes cool,
 Of silver bodies bathing in a pool,
 Or trees that whisper in some far, small town

Whose quiet nursed them, when they thought that gold
 Was merely metal, not a grave of mold 10
 In which men bury all that's fine and fair.
 When they could chase the jeweled butterfly
 Through the green bracken-scented lanes or sigh
 For all the future held so rich and rare;
 When, though they knew it not, their baby cries 15
 Were lovely as the jeweled butterflies.

POEMS BY STEPHEN SPENDER

The works of Stephen Spender, the youngest writer included in this volume, are represented by the next two poems. They may seem at first glance to be contradictory to each other, but they open up the question, "What does it mean to be modern in the best sense?"

STATISTICS

Lady, you think too much of speeds,
 Pulleys and cranes swing in your mind;
 The Woolworth Tower has made you blind
 To Egypt and the pyramids.

 Too much impressed by motor cars 5
 You have a false historic sense.
 But I, perplexed at God's expense
 Of electricity on stars,

 From Brighton pier shall weigh the seas,
 And count the sands along the shore: 10
 Despise all moderns, thinking more
 Of Shakespeare and Praxiteles.

o. **Brighton**: a popular seaside resort on the English Channel. Its great pier is crowded with brilliantly lighted places of amusement. 12. **Praxiteles**: one of the finest of the old Greek sculptors. He lived in the fourth century B.C.

CALL TO ACTION

In this poem Spender justifies his admirers who have referred to his "Shelleyan spirit." The ardent and rebellious nature declares itself in the lines which are a call to youth to appreciate and co-operate with the vast

social changes which are taking place. It is too late, the poet says, to moon over the past with its caste system ("family pride") and remnants of old-world traditions of prettiness ("beauty's filtered dusts"). We must live vitally, drawing our energy as from an electric battery, the symbol of our age. All our faculties must contribute toward a new world where men shall not be starved and exploited, but where Man, "bringing light to life," shall be his greater self.

It is too late for rare accumulation
 For family pride, for beauty's filtered dusts;
 I say, stamping the words with emphasis,
 Drink from here energy and only energy.
 As from the electric charge of a battery, 5
 To will this Time's change.
 Eye, gazelle, delicate wanderer,
 Drinker of horizon's fluid line;
 Ear that suspends on a chord
 The spirit drinking timelessness; 10
 Touch, love, all senses;
 Leave your gardens, your singing feasts,
 Your dreams of suns circling before our sun,
 Of heaven after our world.
 Instead, watch images of flashing brass 15
 That strike the outward sense, the polished will
 Flag of our purpose which the wind engraves.
 No spirit seek here rest. But this: No man
 Shall hunger: Man shall spend equally.
 Our goal which we compel: Man shall be man. 20
 — That program of the antique Satan
 Bristling with guns on the indented page
 With battleship towering from hilly waves:
 For what? Drive of a ruining purpose
 Destroying all but its agelong exploiters. 25
 Our program like this, yet opposite,
 Death to the killers, bringing light to life.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF THE YOUNGER WRITERS

1. Tell in your own words the impression you have of Jane. Select details which perhaps seem unrelated on first reading, but which contribute definitely to the *mood* of Jane and her surroundings. How does this poem resemble stylized pictorial art?

2. Describe realistically the picture of the rich relation in "Solo for Ear-

Trumpet," and the room in which she sits. How are some of those details suggested indirectly? What might the trump of doom and the relation's response symbolize in modern life?

3. What series of pictures come to the mind of the blind peddler? How does each affect him? Compare this aftermath of the war with the verse of other poets on this theme.

4. Why is the next poem entitled "Progress"? Contrast the surroundings and the thoughts of the people on the streets. What comment on modern life is implied in the poem?

5. Compare "Statistics" with "The World Is Too Much with Us," page 517. What strong similarity in thought do you find? What divergence in expression?

6. What modern hopes are embodied in "Call to Action"? What gives the poem its vigor?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Compare "Solo for Ear-Trumpet" with Oliver Wendell Holmes's "My Aunt" and "The Last Leaf," which also show the young generation looking satirically at the older. What marked differences do you find in the attitude of the two poets? in their rhythms? in their use of the leaf as a symbol?

2. To the artistic student Jane and the rich relation offer excellent material for a picture in the stylized manner, or a cartoon. Other poems offer you further choices.

3. Compare the work of Edith Sitwell with that of a modern American woman writer like Elinor Wylie or Edna St. Vincent Millay.

4. Make a further study of one of these three poets or another of their period, and try to analyze their trend and contribution to literature. What seems to be the present outlook for English poetry as far as you can discern?

novels belonged to Victorian period (Victorian style)
Poems .. 20th century.

Twentieth-Century Short Stories

THOMAS HARDY (1840-1928)

not description
novels but not
poetry

Hardy's short stories as well as his novels show his ability to portray intimately the lives of the people of rural England, especially those of the humble folk of his own countryside, Wessex. Not only in dialect, plot, and character portrayal is "Tony Kytes" representative of Hardy's best prose; it also illustrates the striking use of coincidence, with the characters controlled largely by outward circumstances instead of by their own wills, which runs through most of Hardy's fiction. This story is part of a series

in *Life's Little Ironies*, in which a native of a district in Wessex relates to a former resident revisiting his old home the things that have happened during his absence. For the life of Hardy, see page 818.

Under the Greenwood Tree - one of his first novels

TONY KYTES, THE ARCHDECEIVER

"I shall never forget Tony's face. 'Twas a little, round, firm, tight face, with a seam here and there left by the smallpox, but not enough to hurt his looks in a woman's eye, though he'd had it badish when he was a boy. So very serious-looking and unsmiling 'a was, that young man, that it really seemed as if he couldn't laugh at all without great pain to his conscience. He looked very hard at a small speck in your eye when talking to 'ee. And there was no more sign of a whisker or beard on Tony Kytes's face than on the palm of my hand. He used to sing 'The Tailor's Breeches' with a religious manner, as if it were a hymn. He was quite the women's favorite, and in return for their likings he loved 'em in shoals.

"But in course of time Tony got fixed down to one in particular, Milly Richards — a nice, light, small, tender little thing; and it was soon said that they were engaged to be married. One Saturday he had been to market to do business for his father, and was driving home the wagon in the afternoon. When he reached the foot of the very hill we shall be going over in ten minutes, who should he see waiting for him at the top but Unity Sallet, a handsome girl, one of the young women he'd been very tender toward before he'd got engaged to Milly.

"As soon as Tony came up to her she said, 'My dear Tony, will you give me a lift home?'

"'That I will, darling,' said Tony. 'You don't suppose I could refuse 'ee?'

"She smiled a smile, and up she hopped, and on drove Tony.

"'Tony,' she says, in a sort of tender chide, 'why did ye desert me for that other one? In what is she better than I? I should have made 'ee a finer wife, and a more loving one, too. 'Tisn't girls that are so easily won at first that are the best. Think how long we've known each other—ever since we were children almost—now haven't we, Tony?'

"'Yes, that we have,' says Tony, astruck with the truth o't.

"'And you've never seen anything in me to complain of, have ye, Tony? Now tell the truth to me.'

“ ‘I never have, upon my life,’ says Tony.

“ ‘And — can you say I’m not pretty, Tony? Now look at me!’

“ ‘He let his eyes light upon her for a long while. ‘I really can’t,’ says he. ‘In fact, I never knowed you was so pretty before!’

“ ‘Prettier than she?’

“ ‘What Tony would have said to that nobody knows, for before he could speak, what should he see ahead, over the hedge past the turning, but a feather he knew well — the feather in Milly’s hat — she to whom he had been thinking of putting the question as to giving out the banns that very week.

“ ‘Unity,’ says he, as mild as he could. ‘here’s Milly coming. Now I shall catch it mightily if she sees ’ee riding here with me; and if you get down she’ll be turning the corner in a moment, and, seeing ’ee in the road, she’ll know we’ve been coming on together. Now, dearest Unity, will ye, to avoid all unpleasantness, which I know ye can’t bear any more than I, will ye lie down in the back part of the wagon, and let me cover you over with the tarpaulin till Milly has passed? It will all be done in a minute. Do! — and I’ll think over what we’ve said; and perhaps I shall put a loving question to you after all, instead of to Milly. ’Tisn’t true that it is all settled between her and me.’

“ ‘Well, Unity Sallet agreed, and lay down at the back end of the wagon, and Tony covered her over, so that the wagon seemed to be empty but for the loose tarpaulin; and then he drove on to meet Milly.

“ ‘My dear Tony!’ cries Milly, looking up with a little pout at him as he came near. ‘How long you’ve been coming home! Just as if I didn’t live at Upper Longpuddle at all! And I’ve come to meet you as you asked me to do, and to ride back with you, and talk over our future home — since you asked me, and I promised. But I shouldn’t have come else, Mr. Tony!’

“ ‘Ay, my dear, I did ask ye — to be sure I did, now I think of it — but I had quite forgot it. To ride back with me, did you say, dear Milly?’

“ ‘Well, of course! What can I do else? Surely you don’t want me to walk, now I’ve come all this way?’

“ ‘Oh, no, no! I was thinking you might be going on to town to meet your mother. I saw her there — and she looked as if she might be expecting ’ee.’

“ ‘Oh, no; she’s just home. She came across the fields, and so got back before you.’

“ ‘ Ah! I didn’t know that,’ says Tony. And there was no help for it but to take her up beside him.

“ They talked on very pleasantly, and looked at the trees and beasts and birds and insects, and at the plowmen at work in the fields, till presently who should they see looking out of the upper window of a house that stood beside the road they were following but Hannah Jolliver, another young beauty of the place at that time, and the very first woman that Tony had fallen in love with — before Milly and before Unity, in fact — the one that he had almost arranged to marry instead of Milly. She was a much more dashing girl than Milly Richards, though he’d not thought much of her of late. The house Hannah was looking from was her aunt’s.

“ ‘ My dear Milly — my coming wife, as I may call ’ee,’ says Tony in his modest way, and not so loud that Unity could overhear, ‘ I see a young woman looking out of window who I think may accost me. The fact is, Milly, she had a notion that I was wishing to marry her, and since she’s discovered I’ve promised another, and prettier than she, I’m rather afeared of her temper if she sees us together. Now, Milly, would you do me a favor — my coming wife, as I may say? ’

“ ‘ Certainly, dearest Tony,’ says she.

“ ‘ Then would ye creep under the tarpaulin just here in the front of the wagon, and hide there out of sight till we’ve passed the house? She hasn’t seen us yet. You see, we ought to live in peace and good will since ’tis almost Christmas, and ’twill prevent angry passions rising, which we always should do.’

“ ‘ I don’t mind, to oblige you, Tony,’ Milly said; and though she didn’t care much about doing it, she crept under, and crouched down just behind the seat, Unity being snug at the other end. So they drove on till they got near the roadside cottage. Hannah had soon seen him coming, and waited at the window, looking down upon him. She tossed her head a little disdainful and smiled offhand.

“ ‘ Well, aren’t you going to be civil enough to ask me to ride home with you? ’ she says, seeing that he was for driving past with a nod and a smile.

“ ‘ Ah, to be sure! What was I thinking of? ’ said Tony, in a flutter. ‘ But you seem as if you was staying at your aunt’s? ’

“ ‘ No, I am not,’ she said. ‘ Don’t you see I have my bonnet and jacket on? I have only called to see her on my way home. How can you be so stupid, Tony? ’

“ ‘ In that case — ah — of course you must come along wi’ me,’ says Tony, feeling a dim sort of sweat rising up inside his clothes.

And he reined in the horse, and waited till she'd come downstairs, and then helped her up beside him. He drove on again, his face as long as a face that was a round one by nature well could be.

"Hannah looked round sideways into his eyes. 'This is nice, isn't it, Tony?' she says. 'I like riding with you.'

"Tony looked back into her eyes. 'And I with you,' he said, after a while. In short, having considered her, he warmed up, and the more he looked at her the more he liked her, till he couldn't for the life of him think why he had ever said a word about marriage to Milly or Unity while Hannah Jolliver was in question. So they sat a little closer and closer, their feet upon the footboard and their shoulders touching, and Tony thought over and over again how handsome Hannah was. He spoke tenderer and tenderer, and called her 'dear Hannah' in a whisper at last.

"'You've settled it with Milly by this time, I suppose,' said she.

"'N—no, not exactly.'

"'What? How low you talk, Tony.'

"'Yes—I've a kind of hoarseness. I said, not exactly.'

"'I suppose you mean to?'

"'Well, as to that—' His eyes rested on her face, and hers on his. He wondered how he could have been such a fool as not to follow up Hannah. 'My sweet Hannah!' he bursts out, taking her hand, not being really able to help it, and forgetting Milly and Unity and all the world besides. 'Settled it? I don't think I have!'

"'Hark!' says Hannah.

"'What?' says Tony, letting go her hand.

"'Surely I heard a sort of little screaming squeak under that tar cloth? Why, you've been carrying corn, and there's mice in this wagon, I declare!' She began to haul up the tails of her gown.

"'Oh, no; 'tis the axle,' said Tony, in an assuring way. 'It do go like that sometimes in dry weather.'

"'Perhaps it was. . . . Well, now, to be quite honest, dear Tony, do you like her better than me? Because—because, although I've held off so independent, I'll own at last that I do like 'ee, Tony, to tell the truth; and I wouldn't say no if you asked me—you know what.'

"Tony was so won over by this pretty offering mood of a girl who had been quite the reverse (Hannah had a backward way with her at times, if you can mind) that he just glanced behind, and then whispered very soft, 'I haven't quite promised her, and I think I can get out of it, and ask you that question you speak of.'

“ ‘ Throw over Milly? — all to marry me! How delightful! ’ broke out Hannah, quite loud, clapping her hands.

“ ‘ At this there was a real squeak — an angry, spiteful squeak, and afterward a long moan, as if something had broke its heart, and a movement of the wagon cloth.

“ ‘ Something’s there! ’ said Hannah, starting up.

“ ‘ It’s nothing, really,’ says Tony, in a soothing voice, and praying inwardly for a way out of this. ‘ I wouldn’t tell ’ee at first, because I wouldn’t frighten ’ee. But, Hannah, I’ve really a couple of ferrets in a bag under there, for rabbiting, and they quarrel sometimes. I don’t wish it knowed, as ’twould be called poaching. Oh, they can’t get out, bless ye! — you are quite safe. And — and — what a fine day it is, isn’t it, Hannah, for this time of year? Be you going to market next Saturday? How is your aunt now? ’ And so on, says Tony, to keep her from talking any more about love in Milly’s hearing.

“ ‘ But he found his work cut out for him, and wondering again how he should get out of this ticklish business, he looked about for a chance. Nearing home he saw his father in a field not far off, holding up his hand as if he wished to speak to Tony.

“ ‘ Would you mind taking the reins a moment, Hannah,’ he said, much relieved, ‘ while I go and find out what Father wants? ’

“ ‘ She consented, and away he hastened into the field, only too glad to get breathing time. He found that his father was looking at him with rather a stern eye.

“ ‘ Come, come, Tony,’ says old Mr. Kytes, as soon as his son was alongside him, ‘ this won’t do, you know.’

“ ‘ What? ’ says Tony.

“ ‘ Why, if you mean to marry Milly Richards, do it, and there’s an end o’t. But don’t go driving about the country with Jolliver’s daughter and making a scandal. I won’t have such things done.’

“ ‘ I only asked her — that is, she asked me — to ride home.’

“ ‘ She? Why, now, if it had been Milly, ’twould have been quite proper; but you and Hannah Jolliver going about by yourselves — ’

“ ‘ Milly’s there, too, Father.’

“ ‘ Milly? Where? ’

“ ‘ Under the tarpaulin! Yes; the truth is, Father, I’ve got rather into a nunny-watch, I’m afeard! Unity Sallet is there, too — yes, under the other end of the tarpaulin. All three are in that wagon, and what to do with ’em I know no more than the dead. The best plan is, as I’m thinking, to speak out loud and plain to one of ’em

before the rest, and that will settle it; not but what 'twill cause 'em to kick up a bit of a miff, for certain. Now, which would you marry, Father, if you was in my place?'

" 'Whichever of 'em did *not* ask to ride with thee.'

" 'That was Milly, I'm bound to say, as she only mounted by my invitation. But Milly —'

" 'Then stick to Milly, she's the best. . . . But look at that!'

" His father pointed toward the wagon. 'She can't hold that horse in. You shouldn't have left the reins in her hands. Run on and take the horse's head, or there'll be some accident to them maids!'

" Tony's horse, in fact, in spite of Hannah's tugging at the reins, had started on his way at a brisk walking pace, being very anxious to get back to the stable, for he had had a long day out. Without another word, Tony rushed away from his father to overtake the horse.

" Now, of all things that could have happened to wean him from Milly, there was nothing so powerful as his father's recommending her. No; it could not be Milly, after all. Hannah must be the one, since he could not marry all three. This he thought while running after the wagon. But queer things were happening inside it.

" It was, of course, Milly who had screamed under the tarpaulin, being obliged to let off her bitter rage and shame in that way at what Tony was saying, and never daring to show, for very pride and dread o' being laughed at, that she was in hiding. She became more and more restless, and in twisting herself about, what did she see but another woman's foot and white stocking close to her head. It quite frightened her, not knowing that Unity Sallet was in the wagon likewise. But after the fright was over she determined to get to the bottom of all this, and she crept and crept along the bed of the wagon, under the cloth, like a snake, when lo and behold she came face to face with Unity.

" 'Well, if this isn't disgraceful!' says Milly, in a raging whisper, to Unity.

" ' 'Tis,' says Unity, 'to see you hiding in a young man's wagon like this, and no great character belonging to either of ye!'

" 'Mind what you are saying!' replied Milly, getting louder. 'I am engaged to be married to him, and haven't I a right to be here? What right have you, I should like to know? What has he been promising you? A pretty lot of nonsense, I expect! But what Tony says to other women is all mere wind, and no concern to me!'

“ ‘Don’t you be too sure!’ says Unity. ‘He’s going to have Hannah, and not you, nor me either; I could hear that.’ ”

“Now, at these strange voices sounding from under the cloth Hannah was thunderstruck a’most into a swoon; and it was just at this time that the horse moved on. Hannah tugged away wildly, not knowing what she was doing; and as the quarrel rose louder and louder Hannah got so horrified that she let go the reins altogether. The horse went on at his own pace, and coming to the corner where we turn round to drop down the hill to Lower Longpuddle he turned too quick, the off-wheels went up the bank, the wagon rose sideways till it was quite on edge upon the near axles, and out rolled the three maidens into the road in a heap.

“When Tony came up, frightened and breathless, he was relieved enough to see that neither of his darlings was hurt, beyond a few scratches from the brambles of the hedge. But he was rather alarmed when he heard how they were going on at one another.

“ ‘Don’t ye quarrel, my dears — don’t ye!’ says he, taking off his hat out of respect to ’em. And then he would have kissed them all round, as fair and square as a man could, but they were in too much of a taking to let him, and screeched and sobbed till they was quite spent.

“ ‘Now, I’ll speak out honest, because I ought to,’ says Tony, as soon as he could get heard. ‘And this is the truth,’ says he: ‘I’ve asked Hannah to be mine, and she is willing, and we are going to put up the banns next —’ ”

“Tony had not noticed that Hannah’s father was coming up behind, nor had he noticed that Hannah’s face was beginning to bleed from the scratch of a bramble. Hannah had seen her father, and had run to him, crying worse than ever.

“ ‘My daughter is *not* willing, sir,’ says Mr. Jolliver, hot and strong. ‘Be you willing, Hannah? I ask ye to have spirit enough to refuse him.’ ”

“ ‘I have spirit, and I do refuse him!’ says Hannah, partly because her father was there, and partly, too, in a tantrum because of the discovery and the scratch on her face. ‘Little did I think when I was so soft with him just now that I was talking to such a false deceiver!’ ”

“ ‘What, you won’t have me, Hannah?’ says Tony, his jaw hanging down like a dead man’s.

“ ‘Never; I would sooner marry no — nobody at all!’ she gasped out, though with her heart in her throat, for she would not have re-

fused Tony if he had asked her quietly, and her father had not been there, and her face had not been scratched by the bramble. And having said that, away she walked upon her father's arm, thinking and hoping he would ask her again.

"Tony didn't know what to say next. Milly was sobbing her heart out; but as his father had strongly recommended her he couldn't feel inclined that way. So he turned to Unity.

" 'Well, will you, Unity dear, be mine?' he says.

" 'Take her leavings? Not I!' says Unity. 'I'd scorn it!' And away walks Unity Sallet likewise, though she looked back when she'd gone some way, to see if he was following her.

"So there at last were left Milly and Tony by themselves, she crying in watery streams, and Tony looking like a tree struck by lightning.

" 'Well, Milly,' he says at last, going up to her, 'it do seem as if fate had ordained that it should be you and I, or nobody. And what must be must be, I suppose. Hey, Milly?'

" 'If you like, Tony. You didn't really mean what you said to them?'

" 'Not a word of it,' declares Tony, bringing down his fist upon his palm.

"And then he kissed her, and put the wagon to rights, and they mounted together; and their banns were put up the very next Sunday."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF HARDY

1. Hardy's architectural training is evident in the careful building-up of his literary plots. Analyze the structure of this story; discuss its opening, its plot complications, its climax, and the conclusion. Show what part coincidence plays in it.
2. Why is the use of dialect extremely valuable in this story? What other evidences of Wessex "local color" can you discover?
3. How would you classify Hardy's humor? Compare it with Dickens's humor, as seen in "Mr. Pickwick on the Ice," page 781.
4. In what way does this story illustrate the title of the volume from which it is taken, *Life's Little Ironies*?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read "The Three Strangers" or other stories from *Wessex Tales* and *Life's Little Ironies*. Compare them with "Tony Kytes, the Archdeceiver" in their pictures of country folk and their use of coincidence or fate.

2. Report to the class interesting bits from *Thomas Hardy's Wessex* by Herman Lea, or other books picturing southwest England. Assemble pictures of cottages and village streets in this district.

Salisbury important in discovering him.

JOSEPH CONRAD (1857-1924)

It is one of the marvels of twentieth-century literature that Joseph Conrad, who could not speak English before he was nineteen, should have attained distinction as a prose stylist in his adopted language.

Teodor Jozef Konrad Korzeniowski was born in the Ukraine. Because his parents were political exiles, he was educated at Cracow by an uncle; but his father's library gave him an acquaintance with Shakespeare, Cervantes, and Hugo in translation. Early in life he determined to go to sea, and at seventeen he finally secured his uncle's permission. Reaching Marseilles, he signed up with the British Merchant Marine as an ordinary seaman and dropped the last part of his Polish name. There he made rapid progress, passed his examinations, began as a master, and for the next ten years sailed many seas throughout the world. Always he was reading, and when convalescing from a fever, he began his first novel. For years he carried the first chapters of it around on his voyages. He lived a sailor's life until he was nearly forty, when a passenger on his ship read the manuscript of *Almayer's Folly*, and advised its publication. Conrad then resigned, partly on account of ill health, and henceforth lived on land as an author. He married an Englishwoman and settled in Canterbury. For the first ten years he wrote sea stories only, but after that his tales were laid on land or the seaboard, dealing primarily with character, but using the sea as background.

Poet and realist are combined in Conrad. In him the glowing, vigorous style and pictorial gift of the romancer are coupled with the delicate probing of human motives of the psychologist. He has no heroes or villains, and his sympathy with struggling and suffering mankind is not merely sentimental; it is the fruit of firsthand experience in a life of action and of observation in many quarters of the globe.

theme - changed life entirely because of intense feeling about woman.

THE LAGOON

realistically told

This story of tragedy among a remote and primitive people is unusual in its development. First we are told the sad end of Arsat's tale; then Arsat turns back to depict the elopement; and at its close we are brought again to the dead woman and Arsat's poignant grief. In its sharp analysis of emotions and motives the story is typical of Conrad's powers.

The white man, leaning with both arms over the roof of the little house in the stern of the boat, said to the steersman:

"We will pass the night in Arsat's clearing. It is late."

The Malay only grunted, and went on looking fixedly at the river. The white man rested his chin on his crossed arms and gazed at the wake of the boat. At the end of the straight avenue of forests cut by the intense glitter of the river, the sun appeared unclouded and dazzling, poised low over the water that shone smoothly like a band of metal. The forests, somber and dull, stood motionless and silent on each side of the broad stream. At the foot of big, towering trees, trunkless nipa palms rose from the mud of the bank, in bunches of leaves enormous and heavy, that hung unstirring over the brown swirl of eddies. In the stillness of the air every tree, every leaf, every bough, every tendril of creeper and every petal of minute blossoms seemed to have been bewitched into an immobility perfect and final. Nothing moved on the river but the eight paddles that rose flashing regularly, dipped together with a single splash, while the steersman swept right and left with a periodic and sudden flourish of his blade describing a glinting semicircle above his head. The churned-up water frothed alongside with a confused murmur. And the white man's canoe, advancing upstream in the short-lived disturbance of its own making, seemed to enter the portals of a land from which the very memory of motion had forever departed.

The white man, turning his back upon the setting sun, looked along the empty and broad expanse of the sea reach. For the last three miles of its course the wandering, hesitating river, as if enticed irresistibly by the freedom of an open horizon, flows straight into the sea, flows straight to the east — to the east that harbors both light and darkness. Astern of the boat the repeated call of some bird, a cry discordant and feeble, skipped along over the smooth water and lost itself, before it could reach the other shore, in the breathless silence of the world.

The steersman dug his paddle into the stream, and held hard with stiffened arms, his body thrown forward. The water gurgled aloud; and suddenly the long straight reach seemed to pivot on its center, the forests swung in a semicircle, and the slanting beams of sunset touched the broadside of the canoe with a fiery glow, throwing the slender and distorted shadows of its crew upon the streaked glitter of the river. The white man turned to look ahead. The course of the boat had been altered at right angles to the stream, and the carved dragonhead of its prow was pointing now at a gap in the fringing bushes of the bank. It glided through, brushing the overhanging twigs, and disappeared from the river like some slim and amphibious creature leaving the water for its lair in the forests.

The narrow creek was like a ditch: tortuous, fabulously deep; filled with gloom under the thin strip of pure and shining blue of the heaven. Immense trees soared up, invisible behind the festooned draperies of creepers. Here and there, near the glistening blackness of the water, a twisted root of some tall tree showed among the tracery of small ferns, black and dull, writhing and motionless, like an arrested snake. The short words of the paddlers reverberated loudly between the thick and somber walls of vegetation. Darkness oozed out from between the trees, through the tangled maze of the creepers, from behind the great fantastic and unstirring leaves; the darkness, mysterious and invincible; the darkness scented and poisonous of impenetrable forests.

The men poled in the shoaling water. The creek broadened, opening out into a wide sweep of a stagnant lagoon. The forests receded from the marshy bank, leaving a level strip of bright green, reedy grass to frame the reflected blueness of the sky. A fleecy pink cloud drifted high above, trailing the delicate coloring of its image under the floating leaves and the silvery blossoms of the lotus. A little house, perched on high piles, appeared black in the distance. Near it, two tall nibong palms, that seemed to have come out of the forests in the background, leaned slightly over the ragged roof, with a suggestion of sad tenderness and care in the droop of their leafy and soaring heads.

The steersman, pointing with his paddle, said, "Arsat is there. I see his canoe fast between the piles."

The polers ran along the sides of the boat glancing over their shoulders at the end of the day's journey. They would have preferred to spend the night somewhere else than on this lagoon of weird aspect and ghostly reputation. Moreover, they disliked Arsat, first as a stranger, and also because he who repairs a ruined house, and dwells in it, proclaims that he is not afraid to live amongst the spirits that haunt the places abandoned by mankind. Such a man can disturb the course of fate by glances or words; while his familiar ghosts are not easy to propitiate by casual wayfarers upon whom they long to wreak the malice of their human master. White men care not for such things, being unbelievers and in league with the Father of Evil, who leads them unharmed through the invisible dangers of this world. To the warnings of the righteous they oppose an offensive pretense of disbelief. What is there to be done?

So they thought, throwing their weight on the end of their long poles. The big canoe glided on swiftly, noiselessly, and smoothly,

toward Arsat's clearing, till, in a great rattling of poles thrown down, and the loud murmurs of "Allah be praised!" it came with a gentle knock against the crooked piles below the house.

The boatmen with uplifted faces shouted discordantly, "Arsat! O Arsat!" Nobody came. The white man began to climb the rude ladder giving access to the bamboo platform before the house. The juragan¹ of the boat said sulkily, "We will cook in the sampan,² and sleep on the water."

"Pass my blankets and the basket," said the white man, curtly.

He knelt on the edge of the platform to receive the bundle. Then the boat shoved off, and the white man, standing up, confronted Arsat, who had come out through the low door of his hut. He was a man young, powerful, with broad chest and muscular arms. He had nothing on but his sarong.³ His head was bare. His big, soft eyes stared eagerly at the white man, but his voice and demeanor were composed as he asked, without any words of greeting:

"Have you medicine, Tuan?"⁴

"No," said the visitor in a startled tone. "No. Why? Is there sickness in the house?"

"Enter and see," replied Arsat, in the same calm manner, and turning short round, passed again through the small doorway. The white man, dropping his bundles, followed.

In the dim light of the dwelling he made out on a couch of bamboos a woman stretched on her back under a broad sheet of red cotton cloth. She lay still, as if dead; but her big eyes, wide open, glittered in the gloom, staring upward at the slender rafters, motionless and unseeing. She was in a high fever, and evidently unconscious. Her cheeks were sunk slightly, her lips were partly open, and on the young face there was the ominous and fixed expression—the absorbed, contemplating expression of the unconscious who are going to die. The two men stood looking down at her in silence.

"Has she been long ill?" asked the traveler.

"I have not slept for five nights," answered the Malay, in a deliberate tone. "At first she heard voices calling her from the water and struggled against me who held her. But since the sun of today rose she hears nothing—she hears not me. She sees nothing. She sees not me—me!"

He remained silent for a minute, then asked softly:

¹ *juragan*: native leader or captain. ² *sampan*: flat-bottomed river boat. ³ *sarong*: a skirt or kilt worn by both sexes in the Malay peninsula. ⁴ *Tuan*: term of respect used by natives to white men, like Sir.

"Tuan, will she die?"

"I fear so," said the white man, sorrowfully. He had known Arsat years ago, in a far country in times of trouble and danger, when no friendship is to be despised. And since his Malay friend had come unexpectedly to dwell in the hut on the lagoon with a strange woman, he had slept many times there, in his journeys up and down the river. He liked the man who knew how to keep faith in council and how to fight without fear by the side of his white friend. He liked him — not so much perhaps as a man likes his favorite dog — but still he liked him well enough to help and ask no questions, to think sometimes vaguely and hazily in the midst of his own pursuits, about the lonely man and the long-haired woman with audacious face and triumphant eyes, who lived together hidden by the forests — alone and feared.

The white man came out of the hut in time to see the enormous conflagration of sunset put out by the swift and stealthy shadows that, rising like a black and impalpable vapor above the treetops, spread over the heaven, extinguishing the crimson glow of floating clouds and the red brilliance of departing daylight. In a few moments all the stars came out above the intense blackness of the earth and the great lagoon gleaming suddenly with reflected lights resembled an oval patch of night sky flung down into the hopeless and abysmal night of the wilderness. The white man had some supper out of the basket, then collecting a few sticks that lay about the platform, made up a small fire, not for warmth, but for the sake of the smoke, which would keep off the mosquitoes. He wrapped himself in the blankets and sat with his back against the reed wall of the house, smoking thoughtfully.

Arsat came through the doorway with noiseless steps and squatted down by the fire. The white man moved his outstretched legs a little.

"She breathes," said Arsat in a low voice, anticipating the expected question. "She breathes and burns as if with a great fire. She speaks not; she hears not — and burns!"

He paused for a moment, then asked in a quiet, incurious tone:

"Tuan . . . will she die?"

The white man moved his shoulders' uneasily and muttered in a hesitating manner: "

"If such is her fate."

"No, Tuan," said Arsat, calmly. "If such is my fate. I hear, I see, I wait. I remember . . . Tuan, do you remember the old days? Do you remember my brother?"

"Yes," said the white man. The Malay rose suddenly and went in. The other, sitting still outside, could hear the voice in the hut. Arsat said: "Hear me! Speak!" His words were succeeded by a complete silence. "O Diamelen!" he cried, suddenly. After that cry there was a deep sigh. Arsat came out and sank down again in his old place.

They sat in silence before the fire. There was no sound within the house, there was no sound near them; but far away on the lagoon they could hear the voices of the boatmen ringing fitful and distinct on the calm water. The fire in the bows of the sampan shone faintly in the distance with a hazy red glow. Then it died out. The voices ceased. The land and the water slept invisible, unstirring, and mute. It was as though there had been nothing left in the world but the glitter of stars streaming, ceaseless and vain, through the black stillness of the night.

The white man gazed straight before him into the darkness with wide-open eyes. The fear and fascination, the inspiration and the wonder of death — of death near, unavoidable, and unseen, soothed the unrest of his race and stirred the most indistinct, the most intimate of his thoughts. The ever-ready suspicion of evil, the gnawing suspicion that lurks in our hearts, flowed out into the stillness round him — into the stillness profound and dumb, and made it appear untrustworthy and infamous, like the placid and impenetrable mask of an unjustifiable violence. In that fleeting and powerful disturbance of his being the earth enfolded in the starlight peace became a shadowy country of inhuman strife, a battle field of phantoms terrible and charming, august or ignoble, struggling ardently for the possession of our helpless hearts. An unquiet and mysterious country of inextinguishable desires and fears.

A plaintive murmur rose in the night; a murmur saddening and startling, as if the great solitudes of surrounding woods had tried to whisper into his ear the wisdom of their immense and lofty indifference. Sounds hesitating and vague floated in the air round him, shaped themselves slowly into words; and at last flowed on gently in a murmuring stream of soft and monotonous sentences. He stirred like a man waking up and changed his position slightly. Arsat, motionless and shadowy, sitting with bowed head under the stars, was speaking in a low and dreamy tone:

"... for where can we lay down the heaviness of our trouble but in a friend's heart? A man must speak of war and of love. You, Tuan, know what war is, and you have seen me in time of danger

seek death as other men seek life! A writing may be lost; a lie may be written; but what the eye has seen is truth and remains in the mind! ”

“ I remember,” said the white man, quietly. Arsat went on with mournful composure:

“ Therefore I shall speak to you of love. Speak in the night. Speak before both night and love are gone — and the eye of day looks upon my sorrow and my shame; upon my blackened face; upon my burnt-up heart.”

A sigh, short and faint, marked an almost imperceptible pause, and then his words flowed on, without a stir, without a gesture.

“ After the time of trouble and war was over and you went away from my country in the pursuit of your desires, which we, men of the islands, cannot understand, I and my brother became again, as we had been before, the sword-bearers of the Ruler. You know we were men of family, belonging to a ruling race, and more fit than any to carry on our right shoulder the emblem of power. And in the time of prosperity Si Dendring showed us favor, as we, in time of sorrow, had showed to him the faithfulness of our courage. It was a time of peace. A time of deer hunts and cockfights; of idle talks and foolish squabbles between men whose bellies are full and weapons are rusty. But the sower watched the young rice shoots grow up without fear, and the traders came and went, departed lean and returned fat into the river of peace. They brought news, too. Brought lies and truth mixed together, so that no man knew when to rejoice and when to be sorry. We heard from them about you also. They had seen you here and had seen you there. And I was glad to hear, for I remembered the stirring times, and I always remembered you, Tuan, till the time came when my eyes could see nothing in the past, because they had looked upon the one who is dying there — in the house.”

He stopped to exclaim in an intense whisper, “ O Mara bahia! O Calamity! ” then went on speaking a little louder:

“ There’s no worse enemy and no better friend than a brother, Tuan, for one brother knows another, and in perfect knowledge is strength for good or evil. I loved my brother. I went to him and told him that I could see nothing but one face, hear nothing but one voice. He told me: ‘ Open your heart so that she can see what is in it — and wait. Patience is wisdom. Inchi Midah may die or our Ruler may throw off his fear of a woman! ’ . . . I waited! . . . You remember the lady with the veiled face, Tuan, and the fear of

our Ruler before her cunning and temper. And if she wanted her servant, what could I do? But I fed the hunger of my heart on short glances and stealthy words. I loitered on the path to the bathhouses in the daytime, and when the sun had fallen behind the forest I crept along the jasmine hedges of the women's courtyard. Unseeing, we spoke to one another through the scent of flowers, through the veil of leaves, through the blades of long grass that stood still before our lips; so great was our prudence, so faint was the murmur of our great longing. The time passed swiftly . . . and there were whispers among women — and our enemies watched — my brother was gloomy, and I began to think of killing and of a fierce death. . . . We are of a people who take what they want — like you whites. There is a time when a man should forget loyalty and respect. Might and authority are given to rulers, but to all men is given love and strength and courage. My brother said, 'You shall take her from their midst. We are two who are like one.' And I answered, 'Let it be soon, for I find no warmth in sunlight that does not shine upon her.' Our time came when the Ruler and all the great people went to the mouth of the river to fish by torchlight. There were hundreds of boats, and on the white sand, between the water and the forests, dwellings of leaves were built for the households of the Rajahs. The smoke of cooking fires was like a blue mist of the evening, and many voices rang in it joyfully. While they were making the boats ready to beat up the fish, my brother came to me and said, 'Tonight!' I looked to my weapons, and when the time came our canoe took its place in the circle of boats carrying the torches. The lights blazed on the water, but behind the boats there was darkness. When the shouting began and the excitement made them like mad we dropped out. The water swallowed our fire, and we floated back to the shore that was dark with only here and there the glimmer of embers. We could hear the talk of slave girls among the sheds. Then we found a place deserted and silent. We waited there. She came. She came running along the shore, rapid and leaving no trace, like a leaf driven by the wind into the sea. My brother said gloomily, 'Go and take her; carry her into our boat.' I lifted her in my arms. She panted. Her heart was beating against my breast. I said, 'I take you from those people. You came to the cry of my heart, but my arms take you into my boat against the will of the great!' 'It is right,' said my brother. 'We are men who take what we want and can hold it against many. We should have taken her in daylight.' I said, 'Let us be off'; for since she was in my boat I began to think of our Ruler's

many men. 'Yes. Let us be off,' said my brother. 'We are cast out and this boat is our country now — and the sea is our refuge.' He lingered with his foot on the shore, and I entreated him to hasten, for I remembered the strokes of her heart against my breast and thought that two men cannot withstand a hundred. We left, paddling downstream close to the bank; and as we passed by the creek where they were fishing, the great shouting had ceased, but the murmur of voices was loud like the humming of insects flying at noon-day. The boats floated, clustered together, in the red light of torches, under a black roof of smoke; and men talked of their sport. Men that boasted, and praised, and jeered — men that would have been our friends in the morning, but on that night were already our enemies. We paddled swiftly past. We had no more friends in the country of our birth. She sat in the middle of the canoe with covered face; silent as she is now; unseeing as she is now — and I had no regret at what I was leaving because I could hear her breathing close to me — as I can hear her now."

He paused, listened with his ear turned to the doorway, then shook his head and went on:

"My brother wanted to shout the cry of challenge — one cry only — to let the people know we were freeborn robbers who trusted our arms and the great sea. And again I begged him in the name of our love to be silent. Could I not hear her breathing close to me? I knew the pursuit would come quick enough. My brother loved me. He dipped his paddle without a splash. He only said, 'There is a half a man in you now — the other half is in that woman. I can wait. When you are a whole man again, you will come back with me here to shout defiance. We are sons of the same mother.' I made no answer. All my strength and all my spirit were in my hands that held the paddle — for I longed to be with her in a safe place beyond the reach of men's anger and of women's spite. My love was so great, that I thought it could guide me to a country where death was unknown, if I could only escape from Inchi Midah's fury and from our Ruler's sword. We paddled with haste, breathing through our teeth. The blades bit deep into the smooth water. We passed out of the river; we flew in clear channels among the shallows. We skirted the black coast; we skirted the sand beaches where the sea speaks in whispers to the land; and the gleam of white sand flashed back past our boat, so swiftly she ran upon the water. We spoke not. Only once I said, 'Sleep, Diamelen, for soon you may want all your strength.' I heard the sweetness of her voice, but I never turned my

head. The sun rose and still we went on. Water fell from my face like rain from a cloud. We flew in the light and heat. I never looked back, but I knew that my brother's eyes, behind me, were looking steadily ahead, for the boat went as straight as a bushman's dart, when it leaves the end of the sumpitan.⁵ There was no better paddler, no better steersman than my brother. Many times, together, we had won races in that canoe. But we never had put out our strength as we did then — then, when for the last time we paddled together! There was no braver or stronger man in our country than my brother. I could not spare the strength to turn my head and look at him, but every moment I heard the hiss of his breath getting louder behind me. Still he did not speak. The sun was high. The heat clung to my back like a flame of fire. My ribs were ready to burst, but I could no longer get enough air into my chest. And then I felt I must cry out with my last breath, 'Let us rest!' . . . 'Good!' he answered; and his voice was firm. He was strong. He was brave. He knew not fear and no fatigue. . . . My brother! "

A murmur powerful and gentle, a murmur vast and faint; the murmur of trembling leaves, of stirring boughs, ran through the tangled depths of the forests, ran over the starry smoothness of the lagoon, and the water between the piles lapped the slimy timber once with a sudden splash. A breath of warm air touched the two men's faces and passed on with a mournful sound — a breath loud and short like an uneasy sigh of the dreaming earth.

Arsat went on in an even, low voice.

"We ran our canoe on the white beach of a little bay close to a long tongue of land that seemed to bar our road; a long wooded cape going far into the sea. My brother knew that place. Beyond the cape a river has its entrance, and through the jungle of that land there is a narrow path. We made a fire and cooked rice. Then we lay down to sleep on the soft sand in the shade of our canoe, while she watched. No sooner had I closed my eyes than I heard her cry of alarm. We leaped up. The sun was halfway down the sky already, and coming in sight in the opening of the bay we saw a prau⁶ manned by many paddlers. We knew it at once; it was one of our Rajah's praus. They were watching the shore, and saw us. They beat the gong, and turned the head of the prau into the bay. I felt my heart become weak within my breast. Diamelen sat on the sand

⁵ *sumpitan*: a kind of blowgun for discharging a dart, used by natives of Borneo and adjacent islands. ⁶ *prau*: a swift Malayan vessel with sharp prow and stern, sailing equally well in either direction.

and covered her face. There was no escape by sea. My brother laughed. He had the gun you had given him, Tuan, before you went away, but there was only a handful of powder. He spoke to me quickly: 'Run with her along the path. I shall keep them back, for they have no firearms, and landing in the face of a man with a gun is certain death for some. Run with her. On the other side of that wood there is a fisherman's house — and a canoe. When I have fired all the shots I will follow. I am a great runner, and before they can come up we shall be gone. I will hold out as long as I can, for she is but a woman — that can neither run nor fight, but she has your heart in her weak hands.' He dropped behind the canoe. The prau was coming. She and I ran, and as we rushed along the path I heard shots. My brother fired — once — twice — and the booming of the gong ceased. There was silence behind us. That neck of land is narrow. Before I heard my brother fire the third shot I saw the shelving shore, and I saw the water again; the mouth of a broad river. We crossed a grassy glade. We ran down to the water. I saw a low hut above the black mud, and a small canoe hauled up. I heard another shot behind me. I thought, 'That is his last charge.' We rushed down to the canoe; a man came running from the hut, but I leaped on him, and we rolled together in the mud. Then I got up, and he lay still at my feet. I don't know whether I had killed him or not. I and Diamelen pushed the canoe afloat. I heard yells behind me, and I saw my brother run across the glade. Many men were bounding after him. I took her in my arms and threw her into the boat, then leaped in myself. When I looked back I saw that my brother had fallen. He fell and was up again, but the men were closing round him. He shouted, 'I am coming!' The men were close to him. I looked. Many men. Then I looked at her. Tuan, I pushed the canoe! I pushed it into deep water. She was kneeling forward looking at me, and I said, 'Take your paddle,' while I struck the water with mine. Tuan, I heard him cry. I heard him cry my name twice; and I heard voices shouting, 'Kill! Strike!' I never turned back. I heard him calling my name again with a great shriek, as when life is going out together with the voice — and I never turned my head. My own name! . . . My brother! Three times he called — but I was not afraid of life. Was she not there in that canoe? And could I not with her find a country where death is forgotten — where death is unknown!"

The white man sat up. Arsat rose and stood, an indistinct and silent figure above the dying embers of the fire. Over the lagoon a

mist drifting and low had crept, erasing slowly the glittering images of the stars. And now a great expanse of white vapor covered the land: it flowed cold and gray in the darkness, eddied in noiseless whirls round the tree trunks and about the platform of the house, which seemed to float upon a restless and impalpable illusion of a sea. Only far away the tops of the trees stood outlined on the twinkle of heaven, like a somber and forbidding shore — a coast deceptive, pitiless and black.

Arsat's voice vibrated loudly in the profound peace.

"I had her there! I had her! To get her I would have faced all mankind. But I had her — and —"

His words went out ringing into the empty distances. He paused, and seemed to listen to them dying away very far — beyond help and beyond recall. Then he said quietly:

"Tuan, I loved my brother."

A breath of wind made him shiver. High above his head, high above the silent sea of mist the drooping leaves of the palms rattled together with a mournful and expiring sound. The white man stretched his legs. His chin rested on his chest, and he murmured sadly without lifting his head:

"We all love our brothers."

Arsat burst out with an intense whispering violence —

"What did I care who died? I wanted peace in my own heart."

He seemed to hear a stir in the house — listened — then stepped in noiselessly. The white man stood up. A breeze was coming in fitful puffs. The stars shone paler as if they had retreated into the frozen depths of immense space. After a chill gust of wind there were a few seconds of perfect calm and absolute silence. Then from behind the black and wavy line of the forests a column of golden light shot up into the heavens and spread over the semicircle of the eastern horizon. The sun had risen. The mist lifted, broke into drifting patches, vanished into thin flying wreaths; and the unveiled lagoon lay, polished and black, in the heavy shadows at the foot of the wall of trees. A white eagle rose over it with a slanting and ponderous flight, reached the clear sunshine and appeared dazzlingly brilliant for a moment, then soaring higher, became a dark and motionless speck before it vanished into the blue as if it had left the earth forever. The white man, standing gazing upward before the doorway, heard in the hut a confused and broken murmur of distracted words ending with a loud groan. Suddenly Arsat stumbled out with out-

stretched hands, shivered, and stood still for some time with fixed eyes. Then he said:

"She burns no more."

Before his face the sun showed its edge above the treetops rising steadily. The breeze freshened; a great brilliance burst upon the lagoon, sparkled on the rippling water. The forests came out of the clear shadows of the morning, became distinct, as if they had rushed nearer — to stop short in a great stir of leaves, of nodding boughs, of swaying branches. In the merciless sunshine the whisper of unconscious life grew louder, speaking in an incomprehensible voice round the dumb darkness of that human sorrow. Arsat's eyes wandered slowly, then stared at the rising sun.

"I can see nothing," he said half aloud to himself.

"There is nothing," said the white man, moving to the edge of the platform and waving his hand to his boat. A shout came faintly over the lagoon and the sampan began to glide toward the abode of the friend of ghosts.

"If you want to come with me, I will wait all the morning," said the white man, looking away upon the water.

"No, Tuan," said Arsat, softly. "I shall not eat or sleep in this house, but I must first see my road. Now I can see nothing — see nothing! There is no light and no peace in the world; but there is death — death for many. We are sons of the same mother — and I left him in the midst of enemies; but I am going back now."

He drew a long breath and went on in a dreamy tone:

"In a little while I shall see clear enough to strike — to strike. But she has died, and . . . now . . . darkness."

He flung his arms wide open, let them fall along his body, then stood still with unmoved face and stony eyes, staring at the sun. The white man got down into his canoe. The polers ran smartly along the sides of the boat, looking over their shoulders at the beginning of a weary journey. High in the stern, his head muffled up in white rags, the juragan sat moody, letting his paddle trail in the water. The white man, leaning with both arms over the grass roof of the little cabin, looked at the shining ripple of the boat's wake. Before the sampan passed out of the lagoon into the creek he lifted his eyes. Arsat had not moved. He stood lonely in the searching sunshine; and he looked beyond the great light of a cloudless day into the darkness of a world of illusions.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF CONRAD

1. What details convey the atmosphere and setting at the outset of the story? Pick out elsewhere descriptive details which show that the story is the result of firsthand observation.
2. What makes the story of Arsat's elopement vivid? exciting? tragic? Where does it reach its climax?
3. Point out examples of the primitive customs and beliefs of the Malays. How does this story also illustrate finer aspects of their character? What general attitude toward the natives does Conrad seem to have as far as you can judge from this story?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Compare the nature description in this story with that in Conrad's *Youth and Typhoon*, as to effectiveness and its influence on the lives of the characters.
2. Compare his study of native character with that in *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, or others of his stories. Compare it also with Kipling's studies of Indian natives in his *Plain Tales from the Hills*.
3. Find other tales of Conrad which employ the same theme: the failure of a faithful, courageous man to meet the supreme test.

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE (1860-1937)

Among twentieth-century writers no one has given more widespread delight to all ages and nations than the creator of Peter Pan. In Kensington Gardens, London, the statue of Peter Pan is a great center for children. How fitting it is that the royalties from this classic among fairy tales, amounting to some ten thousand dollars annually, now go to the support of the Children's Hospital in London!

Barrie, like Burns and Carlyle, came from a hard-working Scotch family. His birthplace was Kirriemuir, an insignificant village in the Lowlands of Scotland, which he has immortalized as Thrums in his sketches and novels. He studied first at Dumfries, and later at Edinburgh University, from which he received his Master of Arts degree. Choosing writing as his profession, he began as a journalist in Nottingham at fifteen dollars a week. His pen portrait of himself reveals him as a shy, awkward, melancholy youth of twenty-four, much given to books and solitude, who on moonlight nights was to be found leaning against the Castle walls "with thoughts three hundred miles due north," but very ambitious to reach London. Contrary to the advice of the editor of the *St. James Gazette*, who had accepted some of his writings, Barrie in 1885 went to the metropolis, where for three years he existed on penny buns and coffee.

But Barrie's special articles, written under the name of Gavin Ogilvy,

showed plainly that a new genius had arrived, with a style of his own. *Auld Licht Idylls*, *A Window in Thrums*, and *Margaret Ogilvy*, a semibiography of his mother, were quickly followed by three full-length novels, *The Little Minister* and *Sentimental Tommy* with its sequel, *Tommy and Grizel*. In these the author portrayed the sentiment, pathos, and humor of his own people in his native village so whimsically and with such appeal that by the opening of the present century he had become a world-novelist.

Urged by Sir Henry Irving, England's noted actor-producer, Barrie, without any technical knowledge of playwriting, dramatized *The Little Minister*, *The Little White Bird*, and *Peter Pan*, and later published a number of successful plays, including *The Admirable Crichton*, *Quality Street*, *What Every Woman Knows*, *A Kiss for Cinderella*, and *Mary Rose*. In his two volumes of short plays those of special note are "The Twelve-Pound Look" and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," a war play. Humor and sentiment, springing from a fine intellect and a whimsical imagination, are special qualities of Barrie, the wizard with words.

In 1913 Barrie was knighted by King George for his notable contribution to British life and letters. In 1922 the Degree of Doctor of Letters was conferred on him by Edinburgh University. His last years were spent in retirement in his London home.

HOW GAVIN BIRSE PUT IT TO MAG LOWNIE

Barrie's fiction, like Hardy's, stood just on the threshold of a new age in those late 1880's and '90's which had ceased to be genuinely Victorian and yet did not quite belong to our modern period. Like Hardy, too, he gave up writing fiction at the beginning of the new century; but Barrie turned to drama instead of poetry. A third point of similarity is that each portrayed the simple people of his native district. Barrie's two volumes of short stories and sketches, *Auld Licht Idylls* (1888) and *A Window in Thrums* (1889), proved so popular that they are said to have established the "Kailyard" (cabbage-garden) school of writers; that is, those who portrayed the common people of Scotland, with considerable emphasis on their dialect.

In the following story from *A Window in Thrums*, there are several characters who recur in a number of stories throughout the book. Hendry and Jess are the old couple with whom the author lives, and Leebie (Elizabeth) is their daughter.

In a wet day the rain gathered in blobs on the road that passed our garden. Then it crawled into the cart tracks until the road was streaked with water. Lastly, the water gathered in heavy yellow pools. If the on-ding¹ still continued, clods of earth toppled from the garden dike into the ditch.

¹ on-ding: rain storm.

On such a day, when even the dulseman² had gone into shelter, and the women scudded by with their wrappers over their heads, came Gavin Birse to our door. Gavin, who was the Glen Quharity post, was still young, but had never been quite the same man since some amateurs in the glen ironed his back for rheumatism. I thought he had called to have a crack³ with me. He sent his compliments up to the attic, however, by Leeby, and would I come and be a witness?

Gavin came up and explained. He had taken off his scarf and thrust it into his pocket, lest the rain should take the color out of it. His boots cheeped, and his shoulders had risen to his ears. He stood steaming before my fire.

"If it's no' ower muckle⁴ to ask ye," he said, "I would like ye for a witness."

"A witness! But for what do you need a witness, Gavin?"

"I want ye," he said, "to come wi' me to Mag's and be a witness."

Gavin Birse and Mag had been engaged for a year or more. Mag was the daughter of Janet Ogilvy, who was best remembered as the body that took the hill [that is, wandered about it] for twelve hours on the day Mr. Dishart, the Auld Licht⁵ minister, accepted a call to another church.

"You don't mean to tell me, Gavin," I asked, "that your marriage is to take place today?"

By the twist of his mouth I saw that he was only deferring a smile.

"Far frae that," he said.

"Ah, then, you have quarreled, and I am to speak up for you?"

"Na, na," he said, "I dinna want ye to do that above all things. It would be a favor if ye could gie me a bad character."

This beat me, and, I dare say, my face showed it.

"I'm no' juist what ye would call anxious to marry Mag noo," said Gavin, without a tremor.

I told him to go on.

"There's a lassie oot at Craigiebuckle," he explained, "workin' on the farm — Jeanie Luke by name. Ye may hae seen her?"

"What of her?" I asked, severely.

"Weel," said Gavin, still unabashed, "I'm thinkin' noo 'at I would rather hae her."

Then he stated his case more fully.

² dulseman: gatherer of seaweed. ³ to have a crack: to gossip. ⁴ ower muckle: too much. ⁵ Auld Licht: Old Light, a sect of the Scotch Presbyterians.

"Ay, I thocht I liked Mag oncommon till I saw Jeanie, an' I like her fine yet, but I prefer the other ane. That state o' matters canna gang on forever, so I came into Thrums the day to settle't one wy or another."

"And how," I asked, "do you propose going about it? It is a somewhat delicate business."

"Ou, I see nae great difficulty in't. I'll speir⁶ at Mag, blunt oot, if she'll let me aff. Yes, I'll put it to her plain."

"You're sure Jeanie would take you?"

"Ay; oh, there's nae fear o' that."

"But if Mag keeps you to your bargain?"

"Weel in that case there's nae harm done."

"You are in a great hurry, Gavin?"

"Ye may say that; but I want to be married. The wifie I lodge wi' canna last lang, an' I would like to settle doon in some place."

"So you are on your way to Mag's now?"

"Ay, we'll get her in atween twal' and ane."

"Oh, yes; but why do you want me to go with you?"

"I want ye for a witness. If she winna let me aff, weel an' guid; an' if she will, it's better to hae a witness in case she should go back on her word."

Gavin made his proposal briskly, and as coolly as if he were only asking me to go fishing; but I did not accompany him to Mag's. He left the house to look for another witness, and about an hour afterward Jess saw him pass with Tammas Haggart. Tammas cried in during the evening to tell us how the mission prospered.

"Mind ye," said Tammas, a drop of water hanging to the point of his nose, "I disclaim all responsibility in the business. I ken Mag weel for a thrifty, respectable woman, as her mither was afore her, an' so I said to Gavin when he came to speir me."

"Ay, mony a pirn⁷ has 'Lisbeth filled to me," said Hendry, settling down to a reminiscence.

"No to be ower hard on Gavin," continued Tammas, forestalling Hendry, "he took what I said in guid part; but aye when I stopped speakin', to draw breath, he says, 'The question is, will ye come wi' me?' He was mighty⁸ made up in 's mind."

"Weel, ye went wi' him," suggested Jess, who wanted to bring Tammas to the point.

"Ay," said the stone breaker, "but no in sic⁹ a hurry as that."

⁶ speir: ask. ⁷ pirn: spool to hold yarn. ⁸ mighty: mighty. ⁹ sic: such.

He worked his mouth round and round, to clear the course as it were for a sarcasm.

"Fowk often say," he continued, "'at 'am quick beyond the ordinar' in seein' the humorous side o' things."

Here Tammas paused and looked at us.

"So ye are, Tammas," said Hendry. "Losh,¹⁰ ye mind hoo ye saw the humorous side o' me wearin' a pair o' boots 'at wisna marrows! ¹¹ No, the ane had a toe-piece on, an' the other hadna."

"Ye juist wore them sometimes when ye was delvin'," broke in Jess; "ye have as guid a pair o' boots as ony in Thrums."

"Ay, but I had worn them," said Hendry, "at odd times for mair than a year, an' I had never seen the humorous side o' them. Weel, as fac as death [here he addressed me], Tammas had juist seen them twa or three times when he saw the humorous side o' them. Syne ¹² I saw their humorous side, too, but no till Tammas pointed it oot."

"That was naething," said Tammas, "naething ava ¹³ to some things I've done."

"But what about Mag?" said Leeby.

"We wasna that length, was we?" said Tammas. "Na, we was speakin' about the humorous side. Ay, wait a wee, I didna mention the humorous side for naething."

He paused to reflect.

"Oh, yes," he said at last, brightening up. "I was sayin' to ye hoo quick I was to see the humorous side o' onything. Ay, then, what made me say that was 'at in a clink [flash] I saw the humorous side o' Gavin's position."

"Man, man," said Hendry, admiringly, "an' what is 't?"

"Oh, it's this: there's something humorous in speirin' a woman to let ye aff so as ye can be married to another woman."

"I daur say there is," said Hendry, doubtfully.

"Did she let him aff?" asked Jess, taking the words out of Leeby's mouth.

"I'm comin' to that," said Tammas. "Gavin proposes to me after I had ha'en my laugh —"

"Yes," cried Hendry, banging the table with his fist, "it has a humorous side. Ye're richt again, Tammas."

"I wish ye wadna blatter [beat] the table," said Jess, and then Tammas proceeded:

"Gavin wanted me to tak paper an' ink an' a pen wi' me, to write

¹⁰ **losh**: an exclamation. ¹¹ **wisna marrows**: were not mates. ¹² **syne**: after that. ¹³ **ava**: at all.

the proceedin's doon, but I said, 'Na, na, I'll tak paper, but nae ink nor nae pen, for there'll be ink an' a pen there.' That was what I said."

"An' did she let him aff?" asked Leeby.

"Weel," said Tammas, "aff we goes to Mag's hoose, an' sure enough Mag was in. She was alane, too; so Gavin, no to waste time, juist sat doon for politeness' sake, an' sune rises up again; an' says he, 'Marget Lownie, I hae a solemn question to speir at ye, namely this, Will you, Marget Lownie, let me, Gavin Birse, aff?'"

"Mag would start at that?"

"Sal,¹⁴ she was braw¹⁵ an' cool. I thocht she maun¹⁶ hae got wind o' his intentions aforehand, for she juist replies, quietlike, 'Hoo do ye want aff, Gavin?'"

"'Because,' says he, like a book, 'my affections has undergone a change.'

"'Ye mean Jean Luke?' says Mag.

"'That is wha I mean,' says Gavin, very straightforrard."

"'But she didna let him aff, did she?'"

"Na, she wasna the kind. Says she, 'I wonder to hear ye, Gavin, but am no goin' to agree to naething o' that sort.'

"'Think it ower,' says Gavin.

"'Na, my mind's made up,' said she.

"'Ye would sune get anither man,' he says earnestly.

"'Hoo do I ken¹⁷ that?' she speirs, rale sensibly, I thocht, for men's no sae easy to get.

"'Am sure o' 't,' Gavin says, wi' mighty conviction in his voice, 'for ye're bonny to look at, an' weel kent¹⁸ for bein' a guid body.'

"'Ay,' says Mag, 'I'm glad ye like me, Gavin, for ye have to tak me.'"

"That put a clincher on him," interrupted Hendry.

"He was loath to gie in," replied Tammas, so he says: 'Ye think 'am a fine character, Marget Lownie, but ye're very far mista'en. I wouldna wonder but what I was lossin' my place some o' thae days, an' syne whaur would ye be? — Marget Lownie,' he goes on, 'am nat'rally lazy an' fond o' the drink. As sure as ye stand there, 'am a reg'lar deevil!'"

"That was strong language," said Hendry, "but he would be wantin' to fleg [frighten] her?"

¹⁴ sal: an exclamation. ¹⁵ braw: fine. ¹⁶ maun: must. ¹⁷ ken: know.
¹⁸ weel kent: well known.

"Juist so, but he didna manage 't, for Mag says: 'We a' hae oor faults, Gavin, an' deevil or no deevil, ye're the man for me!'

"Gavin thocht a bit," continued Tammas, "an' syne he tries her on a new tack. 'Marget Lownie,' he says, 'yer father's an auld man noo, an' he has naebody but yersel' to look after him. I'm thinkin' it would be kind o' cruel o' me to tak ye awa frae him?'"

"Mag wouldna be ta'en in wi' that; she wasna born on a Sawbath,"¹⁹ said Jess, using one of her favorite sayings.

"She wasna," answered Tammas. "Says she, 'Hae nae fear on that score, Gavin; my father's fine willin' to spare me!'"

"An' that ended it?"

"Ay, that ended it."

"Did ye tak it doon in writin'?" asked Hendry.

"There was nae need," said Tammas, handing round his snuff mull. "No, I never touched paper. When I saw the thing was settled, I left them to their coortin'. They're to tak a look at Snecky Hobart's auld hoose the nicht."²⁰ It's to let."

¹⁹ **Sawbath:** Sabbath. ²⁰ **auld . . . nicht:** old house tonight.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF BARRIE

1. What do you think of Gavin? of Mag? of Tammas? Which of their characteristics are supposed to be typical of lower-class Scotch people? Which are especially amusing as told by Barrie?

2. Let someone read the story aloud in straight English and note what quality is lost when the dialect is sacrificed. Do you recognize any words which you found in Burns's poems? If so, which ones?

3. What does the story gain by being told by Tammas instead of by the author directly? How is suspense introduced? Where is the climax?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Barrie is fond of unusual courtships. Other good examples are "The Courtin' of 'Tnowhead's Bell," *The Little Minister*, and *What Every Woman Knows*. Read any of these and discuss them in comparison with this story.

2. If you enjoy Scotch dialect, read others of Barrie's tales and also those of Ian MacLaren, Ian Hay, and other Scottish writers. Do you find the same vein of humor in them as in Barrie?

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-1936)

Most people today owe their knowledge of British army life in India to Kipling, who had firsthand experience of it. In this amusing and illuminating story from *Plain Tales from the Hills*, he reveals the white man's

ingenuity in an East Indian atmosphere. It is a tale in which a dramatic situation and a study of racial traits as the author sees them are vividly combined. For details of Kipling's life, see page 832.

MISS YOUGHAL'S "SAIS"

When Man and Woman are agreed, what can the Kazi do?

— *Mahommedan Proverb*

Some people say that there is no romance in India. Those people are wrong. Our lives hold quite as much romance as is good for us. Sometimes more.

Strickland was in the police, and people did not understand him; so they said he was a doubtful sort of man and passed by on the other side. Strickland had himself to thank for this. He held the extraordinary theory that a policeman in India should try to know as much about the natives as the natives themselves. Now, in the whole of upper India, there is only *one* man who can pass for Hindu or Mahommedan, *chamar*¹ or *faqir*,² as he pleases. He is feared and respected by the natives from the Ghor Kathri to the Jamma Musjid; and he is supposed to have the gift of invisibility and executive control over many devils. But what good has this done him with the government? None in the world. He has never got Simla for his charge; and his name is almost unknown to Englishmen.

Strickland was foolish enough to take that man for his model; and, following out his absurd theory, dabbled in unsavory places no respectable man would think of exploring — all among the native riff-raff. He educated himself in this peculiar way for seven years, and people could not appreciate it. He was perpetually "going Fantee" among natives, which, of course, no man with any sense believes in. He was initiated into the *Sat Bhai* at Allahabad³ once, when he was on leave; he knew the Lizard Song of the Sansis, and the *Hállí-Hukk* dance, which is a religious cancan of a startling kind. When a man knows who dances the *Hállí-Hukk*, and how, and when, and where, he knows something to be proud of. He has gone deeper than the skin. But Strickland was not proud, though he had helped once, at Jagadhri, at the Painting of the Death Bull, which no Englishman must even look upon; had mastered the thieves' patter of the *chángars*; had taken

Title: *sais*: a native groom. ¹ *chamar*: skin dresser. ² *faqir*: priest.
³ **Allahabad**: an important city on the Ganges at the foot of the Himalayas.
 The other places mentioned in this paragraph are in northern India.

a Eusufzai horse thief alone near Attock; and had stood under the *mimbar* board ⁴ of a Border mosque and conducted service in the manner of a Sunni Mollah.

His crowning achievement was spending eleven days as a *jaquir* in the gardens of Baba Atal at Amritsar.⁵ and there picking up the threads of the great Nasiban murder case. But people said, justly enough, "Why on earth can't Strickland sit in his office and write up his diary, and recruit, and keep quiet, instead of showing up the incapacity of his seniors?" So the Nasiban murder case did him no good departmentally; but, after his first feeling of wrath, he returned to his outlandish custom of prying into native life. By the way, when a man once acquires a taste for this particular amusement, it abides with him all his days. It is the most fascinating thing in the world; Love not excepted. Where other men took ten days to the Hills, Strickland took leave for what he called *shikar*,⁶ put on the disguise that appealed to him at the time, stepped down into the brown crowd, and was swallowed up for a while. He was a quiet, dark young fellow — spare; black eyes — and, when he was not thinking of something else, a very interesting companion. Strickland on Native Progress as he had seen it was worth hearing. Natives hated Strickland; but they were afraid of him. He knew too much.

When the Youghals came into the station, Strickland — very gravely, as he did everything — fell in love with Miss Youghal; and she, after a while, fell in love with him because she could not understand him. Then Strickland told the parents; but Mrs. Youghal said she was not going to throw her daughter into the worst-paid department in the Empire, and old Youghal said, in so many words, that he mistrusted Strickland's ways and works, and would thank him not to speak or write to his daughter any more. "Very well," said Strickland, for he did not wish to make his ladylove's life a burden. After one long talk with Miss Youghal he dropped the business entirely.

The Youghals went up to Simla ⁷ in April.

In July Strickland secured three months' leave on "urgent private affairs." He locked up his house — though not a native in the province would wittingly have touched "Estreekin Sahib's" gear for the world — and went down to see a friend of his, an old dyer, at Tarn Taran.

⁴ *mimbar* board: sounding board. ⁵ *Amritsar*: a city in the Punjab, the Northwest Province of India. ⁶ *shikar*: hunting. ⁷ *Simla*: the summer capital of India; situated in the Himalayas.

Here all trace of him was lost, until a *sais* met me on the Simla Mall with this extraordinary note:

DEAR OLD MAN,

Please give bearer a box of cheroots — Supers, No. 1, for preference. They are freshest at the Club. I'll repay when I reappear; but at present I'm out of society.

Yours,

E. STRICKLAND.

I ordered two boxes, and handed them over to the *sais* with my love. That *sais* was Strickland, and he was in old Youghal's employ, attached to Miss Youghal's Arab. The poor fellow was suffering for an English smoke, and knew that, whatever happened, I should hold my tongue till the business was over.

Later on, Mrs. Youghal, who was wrapped up in her servants, began talking at houses where she called of her paragon among *saises* — the man who was never too busy to get up in the morning and pick flowers for the breakfast table, and who blacked — actually *blackened* — the hoofs of his horse like a London coachman! The turnout of Miss Youghal's Arab was a wonder and a delight. Strickland — Dulloo, I mean — found his reward in the pretty things that Miss Youghal said to him when she went out riding. Her parents were pleased to find she had forgotten all her foolishness for young Strickland and said she was a good girl.

Strickland vows that the two months of his service were the most rigid mental discipline he has ever gone through. Quite apart from the little fact that the wife of one of his fellow *saises* fell in love with him and then tried to poison him with arsenic because he would have nothing to do with her, he had to school himself into keeping quiet when Miss Youghal went out riding with some man who tried to flirt with her, and he was forced to trot behind, carrying the blanket and hearing every word! Also, he had to keep his temper when he was slanged in Benmore porch⁸ by a policeman — especially once when he was abused by a Naik he had himself recruited from Isser Jang village — or, worse still, when a young subaltern called him a pig for not making way quickly enough.

But the life had its compensations. He obtained great insight into the ways and thefts of *saises* — enough, he says, to have summarily convicted half the *chamar* population of the Punjab if he had been on business. He became one of the leading players at knucklebones,

⁸ Benmore porch: entrance to the recreation center.

which all *jhampánis*⁹ and many *saises* play while they are waiting outside the Government House or the Gaiety Theater of nights; he learned to smoke tobacco that was three-fourths cowdung; and he heard the wisdom of the grizzled Jemadar¹⁰ of the Government House *saises*, whose words are valuable. He saw many things which amused him; and he states, on honor, that no man can appreciate Simla properly, till he has seen it from the *sais*'s point of view. He also says that, if he chose to write all he saw, his head would be broken in several places.

Strickland's account of the agony he endured on wet nights, hearing the music and seeing the lights in "Benmore," with his toes tingling for a waltz and his head in a horse blanket, is rather amusing. One of these days, Strickland is going to write a little book on his experiences. That book will be worth buying; and even more worth suppressing.

Thus, he served faithfully as Jacob served for Rachel;¹¹ and his leave was nearly at an end when the explosion came. He had really done his best to keep his temper in the hearing of the flirtations I have mentioned; but he broke down at last. An old and very distinguished general took Miss Youghal for a ride, and began that specially offensive "you're-only-a-little-girl" sort of flirtation — most difficult for a woman to turn aside deftly, and most maddening to listen to. Miss Youghal was shaking with fear at the things he said in the hearing of her *sais*. Dulloo — Strickland — stood it as long as he could. Then he caught hold of the general's bridle, and, in most fluent English, invited him to step off and be heaved over the cliff. Next minute Miss Youghal began crying; and Strickland saw that he had hopelessly given himself away, and everything was over.

The general nearly had a fit, while Miss Youghal was sobbing out the story of the disguise and the engagement that was not recognized by the parents. Strickland was furiously angry with himself, and more angry with the general for forcing his hand; so he said nothing, but held the horse's head and prepared to thrash the general as some sort of satisfaction. But when the general had thoroughly grasped the story, and knew who Strickland was, he began to puff and blow in the saddle, and nearly rolled off with laughing. He said Strickland deserved a V. C.,¹² if it were only for putting on

⁹ *jhampánis*: servants. ¹⁰ *Jemadar*: a native sergeant. ¹¹ as . . . Rachel: The story is in Genesis 29:15-30. ¹² V. C.: Victoria Cross, the highest crown reward for military valor.

a *sais's* blanket. Then he called himself names, and vowed that he deserved a thrashing, but he was too old to take it from Strickland. Then he complimented Miss Youghal on her lover. The scandal of the business never struck him; for he was a nice old man, with a weakness for flirtations. Then he laughed again, and said that old Youghal was a fool. Strickland let go of the cob's head, and suggested that the general had better help them, if that was his opinion. Strickland knew Youghal's weakness for men with titles and letters after their names and high official position. "It's rather like a forty-minute farce," said the general, "but, begad, I *will* help, if it's only to escape that tremendous thrashing I deserve. Go along to your home, my *sais*-policeman, and change into decent kit, and I'll attack Mr. Youghal. Miss Youghal, may I ask you to canter home and wait? "

About seven minutes later, there was a wild hurroosh at the club. A *sais*, with blanket and headrope, was asking all the men he knew: "For Heaven's sake lend me decent clothes! " As the men did not recognize him, there were some peculiar scenes before Strickland could get a hot bath, with soda in it, in one room, a shirt here, a collar there, a pair of trousers elsewhere, and so on. He galloped off, with half the club wardrobe on his back, and an utter stranger's pony under him, to the house of old Youghal. The general, arrayed in purple and fine linen, was before him. What the general had said Strickland never knew, but Youghal received Strickland with moderate civility; and Mrs. Youghal, touched by the devotion of the transformed Dulloo, was almost kind. The general beamed and chuckled, and Miss Youghal came in, and, almost before old Youghal knew where he was, the parental consent had been wrenched out, and Strickland had departed with Miss Youghal to the telegraph office to wire for his kit. The final embarrassment was when a stranger attacked him on the Mall and asked for the stolen pony.

So, in the end, Strickland and Miss Youghal were married, on the strict understanding that Strickland should drop his old ways, and stick to departmental routine, which pays best and leads to Simla. Strickland was far too fond of his wife, just then, to break his word, but it was a sore trial to him; for the streets and the bazaars, and the sounds in them, were full of meaning to Strickland, and these called to him to come back and take up his wanderings and his discoveries. Someday I will tell you how he broke his promise to help a friend. That was long since, and he has, by this time, been nearly spoiled for what he would call *shikar*. He is forgetting the slang,

and the beggar's cant, and the marks, and the signs, and the drift of the undercurrents, which, if a man would master, he must always continue to learn.

But he fills in his departmental returns beautifully.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF KIPLING

1. What Indian customs and superstitions are woven into this tale?
2. What qualities and past experience enabled Strickland to carry out his plans? Did his conduct in any way differ from that of a native *seis*?
3. What evidences does this story bear of Kipling's understanding of Hindustani speech?
4. Find proofs that Kipling has sharpness of observation and power of rapid narrative. What other qualities make him one of the greatest of modern short-story writers?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read widely among Kipling's volumes of stories. List the stories you read under headings, such as Englishmen in India, Indian natives, animal stories, soldier stories, etc. In which kinds do you think Kipling especially skillful?
2. Discuss East Indian life as portrayed in *Kim* and in some of the short stories.
3. Point out the changes made in the film version of *Captains Courageous*. Discuss whether or not these changes improved the story.

HERBERT GEORGE WELLS (1866-)

In "The Undying Fire" H. G. Wells, in describing the schoolmaster, has almost described himself: "One of the lovable things about you is that you have always been so jolly human to us. You've always been unequal. I've seen you give lessons that were among the best lessons in the world, and I've seen you give some jolly bad lessons." This modern teacher, social reformer, and prophet, at times with a poet's vision, is a busy man, taking himself and his work seriously.

Wells came from humble parentage, for his father was a small shop-keeper of Bromley, a suburb of London. The boy was first apprenticed to a druggist, then to a dry-goods dealer; but being ambitious and persistent, he won a government scholarship, and received his degree of Bachelor of Science from the University of London. His study under Thomas Huxley, the eminent biologist, was one of the most powerful influences in his life. He became a teacher of science and wrote a textbook in biology and physiology, but in 1893 his health broke down because of overwork. He then turned to journalism and later, on a second breakdown,

to the less strenuous work of writing fiction. Since 1895, when he published his first story, he has written on almost every subject, and his series of more than fifty books comprises an education in itself.

These writings fall into well-defined, progressive classes. He began his career with a series of highly imaginative pseudo-scientific romances like *The War of the World* and *The First Men in the Moon*; in these he made use of "the teeming suggestions of modern science." Then came five novels, including *Tono-Bungay* (probably his best novel) and *The New Machiavelli*, which made his reputation as a social reformer, preaching a Utopia on earth. The outbreak of the World War furnished the theme for *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*, while his studies of intellectual and spiritual conditions and problems are presented in such novels as *Joan and Peter*, *The Soul of a Bishop*, *The Undying Fire*, and *The World of William Clissold*. Another important book of his since the war is *The Outline of History*, which has become the most popular history of the world. It was written primarily to hasten the world state, the warless world, in which Mr. Wells believes most ardently. In 1931, collaborating with Julian S. Huxley, grandson of the famous Thomas Huxley, and his own son, G. P. Wells, he published *The Science of Life*, a readable, accurate, and comprehensive volume of fifteen hundred pages, which interprets the findings of biological science for the average reader. In recent years he has continued to turn out novels which are really comments on the social and political condition of the world. The prophecies in one of these, *The Shadow of Things to Come*, have been made especially vivid through the amazing film version. Wells's feeling about the future may be summed up in his own words: "Existence impresses me as a perpetual dawn. Our lives, as I apprehend them, swim in expectation."

MR. BRISHER'S TREASURE

Though Wells's unique field is the future, many think that his most skillful literary work has been in his earlier portrayal of richly human characters drawn from his own observation. Here is one of the best of these.

The quest for buried treasure has proved an inexhaustible theme for song and story, but Wells has found a new way to keep alive our perennial interest in the tale of its recovery, through the amusing mannerisms of a commonplace London Cockney. While this story may be accepted as purely narrative, it may also be allegorical. May not the search of many individuals for treasure trove in life be well paralleled to Mr. Brisher and his experiences?

"You can't be *too* careful *whom* you marry," said Mr. Brisher, and pulled thoughtfully with a fat-wristed hand at the lank mustache that hides his want of chin.

"That's why —" I ventured.

"Yes," said Mr. Brisher, with a solemn light in his bleary, blue-gray eyes, moving his head expressively and breathing alcohol intimately at me. "There's lots as 'ave 'ad a try at me — many as I could name in *this* town — but none 'ave done it — none."

I surveyed the flushed countenance, the equatorial expansion, the masterly carelessness of his attire, and heaved a sigh to think that by reason of the unworthiness of women he must needs be the last of his race.

"I was a smart young chap when I was younger," said Mr. Brisher. "I 'ad my work cut out. But I was very careful — very. And I got through —"

He leaned over the taproom table and thought visibly on the subject of my trustworthiness. I was relieved at last by his confidence.

"I was engaged once," he said at last, with a reminiscent eye on the shuv-a'penny board.

"So near as that?"

He looked at me. "So near as that. Fact is —" He looked about him, brought his face close to mine, lowered his voice, and fenced off an unsympathetic world with a grimy hand. "If she ain't dead or married to someone else or anything — I'm engaged still. Now." He confirmed this statement with nods and facial contortions. "Still," he said, ending the pantomime, and broke into a reckless smile at my surprise. "*Me!*"

"Run away," he explained in further confidence, with coruscating eyebrows. "Come 'ome.

"That ain't all.

"You'd hardly believe it," he said, "but I found a treasure. Found a regular treasure."

I fancied this was irony, and did not, perhaps, greet it with proper surprise. "Yes," he said, "I found a treasure. And come 'ome. I tell you I could surprise you with things that has happened to me." And for some time he was content to repeat that he had found a treasure — and left it.

I made no vulgar clamor for a story, but I became attentive to Mr. Brisher's bodily needs, and presently I led him back to the deserted lady.

"She was a nice girl," he said — a little sadly, I thought. "And respectable."

He raised his eyebrows and tightened his mouth to express extreme respectability — beyond the likes of us elderly men.

"It was a long way from 'ere. Essex, in fact. Near Colchester. It was when I was up in London — in the buildin' trade. I was a smart young chap then, I can tell you. Slim. 'Ad best clo'es 's good as anybody. 'At — *silk* 'at, mind you." Mr. Brisher's hand shot above his head toward the infinite to indicate a silk hat of the highest. "Umbrella — nice umbrella with a 'orn 'andle. Savin's. Very careful I was —"

He was pensive for a little while, thinking, as we must all come to think sooner or later, of the vanished brightness of youth. But he refrained, as one may do in taprooms, from the obvious moral.

"I got to know 'er through a chap what was engaged to 'er sister. She was stopping in London for a bit with an aunt that 'ad a 'am-an'-beef shop. This aunt was very particular — they was all very particular people, all 'er people was — and wouldn't let 'er sister go out with this feller except 'er other sister, *my* girl that is, went with them. So 'e brought me into it, sort of to ease the crowding. We used to go walks in Battersea Park of a Sunday afternoon. Me in my topper, and 'im in 'is; and the girls — well — stylish. There wasn't many in Battersea Park 'ad the larf of us. She wasn't what you'd call pretty, but a nicer girl I never met. I liked 'er from the start, and, well — though I say it who shouldn't — she liked me. You know 'ow it is, I dessay?"

I pretended I did.

"And when this chap married 'er sister — 'im and me was great friends — what must 'e do but arst me down to Colchester, close by where She lived. Naturally I was introjuced to 'er people, and, well, very soon, her and me was engaged."

He repeated "engaged."

"She lived at 'ome with 'er father and mother, quite the lady, in a very nice little 'ouse with a garden — and remarkable respectable people they was. Rich, you might call 'em a'most. They owned their own 'ouse — got it out of the Building Society, and cheap because the chap who had it before was a burglar and in prison — and they 'ad a bit of free'old land, and some cottages and money 'nvested — all nice and tight; they was what you'd call snug and warm. I tell you, I was On. Furniture too. Why! they 'ad a pianner. Jane — 'er name was Jane — used to play it Sundays, and very nice she played too. There wasn't 'ardly a 'ymn toon in the book she *couldn't* play —

"Many's the evenin' we've met and sung 'ymns there, me and 'er and the 'ole bloomin' rest of 'er family.

"'Er father was quite a leadin' man in chapel. You should ha'

seen him Sundays, interruptin' the minister and givin' out 'ymns. He had gold spectacles, I remember, and used to look over 'em at you while he sang hearty — he was always great on singing 'earty to the Lord — and when *he* got out o' toon 'arf the people went after 'im — always. 'E was that sort of man. And to walk be'ind 'im in 'is nice black clo'es — 'is 'at was a brimmer — made one regular proud to be engaged to such a father-in-law. And when the summer came I went down there and stopped a fortnight.

"Now, you know there was a sort of 'itch," said Mr. Brisher. "We wanted to marry, me and Jane did, and get things settled. But 'e said I 'ad to get a proper position first. Consequently, there was a 'itch. Consequently, when I went down there, I was anxious to show that I was a good and useful sort of chap. Show I could do pretty nearly everything like. See?"

I made a sympathetic noise.

"And down at the bottom of their garden was a bit of wild part like. So I says to 'im, 'Why don't you 'ave a rockery 'ere?' I says. 'It 'ud look nice.'

"'Too much expense,' he says.

"'Not a penny,' says I. 'I'm a dab at rockeries. Lemme make you one.' You see, I'd 'elped my brother make a rockery in the beer garden be'ind 'is tap, so I knew 'ow to do it to rights. 'Lemme make you one,' I says. 'It's 'olidays, but I'm that sort of chap, I 'ate doing nothing,' I says. 'I'll make you one to rights.' And the long and the short of it was, he said I might.

"And that's 'ow I come on the treasure."

"What treasure?" I asked.

"Why!" said Mr. Brisher, "the treasure I'm telling you about, what's the reason why I never married."

"What! — a treasure — dug up?"

"Yes — buried wealth — treasure-trove. Come out of the ground. What I kept on saying — regular treasure." He looked at me with unusual disrespect.

"It wasn't more than a foot deep, not the top of it" he said. "I'd 'ardly got thirsty like, before I come on the corner."

"Go on," I said. "I didn't understand."

"Why! Directly I 'it the box I knew it was treasure. A sort of instinct told me. Something seemed to shout inside of me — 'Now's your chance — lie low.' It's lucky I knew the laws of treasure-trove or I'd 'ave been shoutin' there and then. I dare say you know —?"

"Crown bags it,"¹ I said, "all but one per cent. Go on. It's a shame. What did you do?"

"Uncovered the top of the box. There wasn't anybody in the garden or about like. Jane was 'elping 'er mother do the 'ouse. I *was* excited — I tell you. I tried the lock and then gave a whack at the hinges. Open it came. Silver coins — full! Shining. It made me tremble to see 'em. And jest then — I'm blessed if the dustman didn't come round the back of the 'ouse. It pretty nearly gave me 'eart disease to think what a fool I was to 'ave that money showing. And directly after I 'eard the chap next door — 'e was 'olidaying too — I 'eard him watering 'is beans. If only 'e'd looked over the fence!"

"What did you do?"

"Kicked the lid on again and covered it up like a shot, and went on digging about a yard away from it — like mad. And my face, so to speak, was laughing on its own account till I had it hid. I tell you I was regular scared like at my luck. I jest thought that it 'ad to be kep' close and that was all. 'Treasure,' I kep' whisperin' to myself, 'Treasure' and ' 'undreds of pounds, 'undreds, 'undreds of pounds.' Whispering to myself like, and digging like blazes. It seemed to me the box was regular sticking out and showing, like your legs do under the sheets in bed, and I went and put all the earth I'd got out of my 'ole for the rockery slap on top of it. I *was* in a sweat. And in the midst of it all out toddles 'er father. He didn't say anything to me, jest stood behind me and stared, but Jane tol' me afterward when he went indoors, 'e says, 'That there jackanapes of yours, Jane' — he always called me a jackanapes some'ow — 'knows 'ow to put 'is back into it, after all.' Jane said that 'e seemed quite impressed by it, 'e did."

"How long was the box?" I asked suddenly.

"'Ow long?" said Mr. Brisher.

"Yes — in length?"

"Oh! 'bout so — by so." Mr. Brisher indicated a moderate-sized trunk.

"Full?" said I.

"Full up of silver coins — 'arf crowns, I believe."

"Why!" I cried, "that would mean — hundreds of pounds."

"Thousands," said Mr. Brisher, in a sort of sad calm. "I cal'lated it out."

"But how did they get there?"

¹ **Crown bags it:** The government takes it.

"All I know is what I found. What I thought at the time was this. The chap who'd owned the 'ouse before 'er father 'd been a regular slap-up burglar. What you'd call a 'igh-class criminal. Used to drive 'is trap² — like Peace did." Mr. Brisher meditated on the difficulties of narration and embarked on a complicated parenthesis. "I don't know if I told you it'd been a burglar's 'ouse before it was my girl's father's, and I knew 'e'd robbed a mail train once, I did know that. It seemed to me —"

"That's very likely," I said. "But what did you do?"

"Sweated," said Mr. Brisher. "Regular run orf me. All that morning I was at it," said Mr. Brisher, "pretending to make that rockery and wondering what I should do. I'd 'ave told 'er father, p'r'aps, only I was doubtful of 'is honesty — I was afraid he might rob me of it like, and give it up to the authorities — and besides, considering I was marrying into the family, I thought it would be nicer like if it came through me. Put me on a better footing, so to speak. Well, I 'ad three days before me left of my 'olidays, so there wasn't no hurry, so I covered it up and went on digging, and tried to puzzle out 'ow I was to make sure of it. Only I couldn't.

"I thought," said Mr. Brisher, "and I thought. Once I got regular doubtful whether I'd seen it or not, and went down to it and 'ad it uncovered again, just as her ma came out to 'ang up a bit of washin' she'd done. Jumps again! Afterward I was just thinking I'd 'ave another go at it, when Jane comes to tell me dinner was ready. 'You'll want it,' she said, 'seeing all the 'ole you've dug.'

"I was in a regular daze all durin' dinner, wondering whether that chap next door wasn't over the fence and filling 'is pockets. But in the afternoon I got easier in my mind — it seemed to me it must 'ave been there so long it was pretty sure to stop a bit longer — and I tried to get up a bit of a discussion to drawr out the old man and see what 'e thought of treasure-trove."

Mr. Brisher paused, and affected amusement at the memory.

"The old man was a scorcher," he said; "a regular scorcher."

"What!" said I; "did he —?"

"It was like this," explained Mr. Brisher, laying a friendly hand on my arm and breathing into my face to calm me. "Just to drawr 'im out, I told a story of a chap I said I knew — pretendin', you know — who'd found a sovring in an overcoat 'e'd borrowed. I said 'e stuck to it, but I said I wasn't sure whether that was right or not.

² trap: a light two-wheeled, one-horse carriage.

And then the old man began. Lor! 'e *did* let me 'ave it!" Mr. Brisher affected an insincere amusement. "'E was, well — what you might call a rare 'and at snacks. Said that was the sort of friend 'e'd naturally expect me to 'ave. Said 'e'd naturally expect that from the friend of a out-of-work loafer who took up with daughters who didn't belong to 'im. There! I couldn't tell you 'arf 'e said. 'E went on most outrageous. I stood up to 'im about it, just to drawr 'im out. 'Wouldn't you stick to a 'arf sov', not if you found it in the street?' I says. 'Certainly not,' 'e says; 'certainly I wouldn't.' 'What! not if you found it as a sort of treasure?' 'Young man,' 'e says, 'there's 'igher 'thority than mine — "Render unto Caesar"'"³ — what is it? Yes. Well, he fetched up that. A rare 'and at 'itting you over the 'ead with the Bible, was the old man. And so he went on. 'E got to such snacks about me at last I couldn't stand it. I'd promised Jane not to answer 'im back, but it got a bit *too* thick. I — I give it' im —"

Mr. Brisher, by means of enigmatical facework, tried to make me think he had had the best of that argument, but I knew better.

"I went out in a 'uff at last. But not before I was pretty sure I 'ad to lift that treasure by myself. The only thing that kep' me up was thinking 'ow I'd take it out of 'im when I 'ad the cash."

There was a lengthy pause.

"Now, you'd 'ardly believe it, but all them three days I never 'ad a chance at the blessed treasure, never got out not even a 'arf crown. There was always a Somethink — always.

"'Stonishing thing it isn't thought of more," said Mr. Brisher. "Finding treasure's no great shakes. It's getting it. I don't suppose I slep' a wink any of those nights, thinking where I was to take it, what I was to do with it, 'ow I was to explain it. It made me regular ill. And days I was that dull, it made Jane regular 'uffy. 'You ain't the same chap you was in London,' she says several times. I tried to lay it on 'er father and 'is snacks, but bless you, she knew better. What must she 'ave but that I'd got another girl on my mind. Said I wasn't true. Well, we had a bit of a row. But I was that set on the treasure, I didn't seem to mind a bit anything she said.

"Well, at last I got a sort of plan. I was always a bit good at planning, though carrying out isn't so much in my line. I thought it all out and settled on a plan. First, I was going to take all my pock-

³ "Render unto Caesar": "Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's." Matthew 22:21.

ets full of these 'ere 'arf crowns — see? — and afterward — as I shall tell.

"Well, I got to that state I couldn't think of getting at the treasure again in the daytime, so I waited until the night before I had to go, and then, when everything was still, up I gets and slips down to the back door, meaning to get my pockets full. What must I do in the scullery but fall over a pail? Up gets 'er father with a gun — 'e was a light sleeper, was 'er father, and very suspicious — and there was me: 'ad to explain I'd come down to the pump for a drink because my water bottle was bad. 'E didn't let me off a snack or two over that bit, you lay a bob."⁴

"And you mean to say —" I began.

"Wait a bit," said Mr. Brisher. "I say, I'd made my plan. That put the kibosh on ⁵ one bit, but it didn't hurt the general scheme not a bit. I went and I finished that rockery next day, as though there wasn't a snack in the world: cemented over the stones, I did, dabbled it green, and everythink. I put a dab of green just to show where the box was. They all came and looked at it, and said 'ow nice it was — even 'e was a bit softer like to see it, and all he said was, 'It's a pity you can't always work like that, then you might get something definite to do,' he says.

"'Yes,' I says — for I couldn't 'elp it — 'I put a lot in that rockery,' I says, like that. See? 'I put a lot in that rockery' — meaning —"

"I see," said I — for Mr. Brisher is apt to overelaborate his jokes.

"'E didn't," said Mr. Brisher. "Not then, anyhow.

"'Ar'ever — after all that was over, orf I set for London — orf I set for London —"

Pause.

"On'y I wasn't going to no London," said Mr. Brisher, with sudden animation, and thrusting his face into mine. "No fear! What do *you* think?

"I didn't go no further than Colchester — not a yard.

"I'd left the spade just where I could find it. I'd got everything planned and right. I 'ired a little trap in Colchester, and pretended I wanted to go to Ipswich and stop the night, and come back next day, and the chap I 'ired it from made me leave two sovrings on it right away, and off I set.

"I didn't go to no Ipswich neither.

"Midnight the 'orse and trap was 'itched by the little road that

⁴ *you . . . bob*: you bet a shilling. ⁵ *put . . . on*: put an end to.

ran by the cottage where 'e lived — not sixty yards off, it wasn't — and I was at it like a good 'un. It was jest the night for such games — overcast — but a trifle too 'ot, and all round the sky there was summer lightning and presently a thunderstorm. Down it came. First big drops in a sort of fizzles, then 'ail. I kep' on. I whacked at it — I didn't dream the old man would 'ear. I didn't even trouble to go quiet with the spade, and the thunder and lightning and 'ail seemed to excite me like. I shouldn't wonder if I was singing. I got so 'ard at it I clean forgot the thunder and the 'orse and trap. I precious soon got the box showing, and started to lift it — ”

“ Heavy? ” I said.

“ I couldn't no more lift it than fly. I *was* sick. I'd never thought of that! I got regular wild — I tell you, I cursed. I got sort of outrageous. I didn't think of dividing it like for the minute, and even then I couldn't 'ave took money about loose in a trap. I hoisted one end sort of wild like, and over the whole show went with a tremenjous noise. Perfek smash of silver. And then right on the heels of that, Flash! Lightning like the day! And there was the back door open and the old man coming down the garden with 'is blooming old gun. He wasn't not a 'undred yards away! I tell you, I was that upset — I didn't think what I was doing. I never stopped — not even to fill my pockets. I went over the fence like a shot, and ran like one o'clock for the trap, cussing and swearing as I went. I *was* in a state —

“ And will you believe me, when I got to the place where I'd left the 'orse and trap, they'd gone. Orf! When I saw that I 'adn't a cuss left for it. I jest danced on the grass, and when I'd danced enough I started off to London — I was done.”

Mr. Brisher was pensive for an interval. “ I was done,” he repeated, very bitterly.

“ Well? ” I said.

“ That's all,” said Mr. Brisher.

“ You didn't go back? ”

“ No fear. I'd 'ad enough of *that* blooming treasure — any'ow, for a bit. Besides, I didn't know what was done to chaps who tried to collar a treasure-trove. I started off for London there and then — ”

“ And you never went back? ”

“ Never.”

“ But about Jane? Did you write? ”

“ Three times, fishing-like. And no answer. We'd parted in a bit

of a 'uff on account of 'er being jealous. So that I couldn't make out for certain what it meant.

"I didn't know what to do. I didn't even know whether the old man knew it was me. I sort of kep' an eye open on papers to see when he'd give up that treasure to the Crown, as I hadn't a doubt 'e would, considering 'ow respectable he'd always been."

"And did he?"

Mr. Brisher pursed his mouth and moved his head slowly from side to side. "Not 'im," he said.

"Jane was a nice girl," he said, "a thorough nice girl, mind you, *if* jealous, and there's no knowing I mightn't 'ave gone back to 'er after a bit. I thought if he didn't give up the treasure I might 'ave a sort of 'old on 'im — Well, one day I looks as usual under Colchester — and there I saw 'is name. What for d'yer think?" I could not guess.

Mr. Brisher's voice sank to a whisper, and once more he spoke behind his hand. His manner was suddenly suffused with a positive joy. "Issuing counterfeit coins," he said. "Counterfeit coins!"

"You don't mean to say —"

"Yes — It. Bad. Quite a long case they made of it. But they got 'im, though he dodged tremenjous. Traced 'is 'aving passed, oh! — nearly a dozen bad 'arf crowns."

"And you didn't —"

"No fear. And it didn't do 'im much good to say it was treasure-trove."

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF WELLS

1. How do the three men portrayed here differ in character?
2. What does Jane add to the story?
3. In what different ways is the story made humorous?
4. Did the ending surprise you? How was it prepared for earlier in the story?
5. What well-chosen words and phrases contribute to the effectiveness of the narrative? to the presentation of Mr. Brisher's personality and social status?

For the Ambitious Student

1. How does the Cockney dialect used here differ from the Wessex dialect in "Tony Kytes, the Archdeceiver" (page 893)? Where else in this book do you find Cockney dialect? What is the most noticeable characteristic of this dialect? What marked differences do you find between this and Scotch dialect? Irish dialect?
2. Compare this story in treatment and general interest with other stories

of buried treasure that you have read, such as *Treasure Island* and "The Gold Bug." Write a story of your own of buried treasure, giving it a humorous outcome.

ARNOLD BENNETT (1867-1931)

What Hardy did for his "Wessex country," Bennett did for the "Five Towns," situated in the pottery district of North Staffordshire, where he was born and brought up. Bennett studied law in his father's office and at the University of London, but soon "escaped via journalism." After serving as editor of a woman's magazine and as a free-lance writer, he brought out his first novel in 1898. Then after his marriage to a French woman he lived for the next ten years in France, where he came under the influence of the realistic school of writers, as evidenced in all his later work.

On his return to England, Bennett applied himself to literature as efficiently and industriously as his forebears had given their energies to manufacturing pottery. The amount of his work is prodigious. In a single year he wrote more than three hundred and thirty-five thousand words in two hundred and twenty-four articles and stories, besides four installments of a serial, a book of plays, and a novel. Most of this work has died, because it was written primarily for money; but his books which will live and which reveal his true genius are *The Old Wives' Tale*; a tetralogy consisting of *Clayhanger*, *Hilda Lessways*, *These Twain*, and *The Roll Call*; and *Mr. Prohack*, a comedy of success.

Bennett also wrote "pocket philosophies," like *Efficiency* and *How to Live on Twenty-Four Hours a Day*, and collaborated with Edward Knoblock in a successful play, *Milestones*. His list of nearly sixty volumes includes essays, dramas, short stories, several kinds of novels, and books of criticism and of travel; but no poetry, because, as he said, "It is an unprofitable business."

The most significant part of his work is the unforgettable background of the potteries and the mining villages and the provincial types of character existing in this industrial region. His own philosophy he indicated thus: "The aim of literary study is not to amuse the hours of leisure; it is to awake oneself, it is to be alive, to intensify one's capacity for pleasure, for sympathy, and for comprehension. It is not to affect one hour, but twenty-four hours. . . . People who don't want to live, people who would sooner hibernate than feel intensely, will be wise to eschew literature."

THE SILENT BROTHERS

Staffordshire is Bennett's literary treasure house. This typical story, laid in the pottery district, gives him a chance to portray realistically a

provincial group of middle-class people against the background of industrial England.

John and Robert Hessian, brothers, bachelors, and dressed in mourning, sat together after supper in the parlor of their house at the bottom of Oldcastle Street, Bursley.¹ Maggie, the middle-aged servant, was clearing the table.

"Leave the cloth and the coffee," said John, the elder: "Mr. Liversage is coming in."

"Yes, Mr. John," said Maggie.

"Slate, Maggie." Robert ordered laconically, with a gesture toward the mantelpiece behind him.

"Yes, Mr. Robert," said Maggie.

She gave him a slate with slate pencil attached, which hung on a nail near the mantelpiece.

Robert took the slate and wrote on it: "*What is Liversage coming about?*"

And he pushed the slate across the table to John.

Whereupon John wrote on the slate: "*Don't know. He telephoned me he wanted to see us tonight.*"

And he pushed back the slate to Robert.

This singular procedure was not in the least attributable to deafness on the part of the brothers: they were in the prime of life, aged forty-two and thirty-nine respectively, and in complete possession of all their faculties. It was due simply to the fact that they had quarreled, and would not speak to each other. The history of their quarrel would be incredible were it not full of that ridiculous pathetic quality known as human nature, and did not similar things happen frequently in the manufacturing Midlands, where the general temperament is a fearful and strange compound of pride, obstinacy, unconquerableness, romance, and stupidity. Yes, stupidity.

No single word had passed between the brothers in that house for ten years. On the morning after the historic quarrel Robert had not replied when John spoke to him. "Well," said John's secret heart — and John's secret heart ought to have known better, as it was older than its brother heart — "I'll teach him a lesson. I won't speak until he does." And Robert's secret heart had somehow divined this idiotic resolution, and had said: "We shall see." Maggie

¹ **Bursley:** The real name of this town is Burslem. Bennett disguises each of his five towns under a slightly changed name. The five towns are now all part of Stoke on Trent.

had been the first to notice the stubborn silence. Then their friends noticed it, especially Mr. Liversage, the solicitor, their most intimate friend. But you are not to suppose that anybody protested very strongly. For John and Robert were not the kind of men with whom liberties may be taken; and, moreover, Bursley was slightly amused — at the beginning. It assumed the attitude of a disinterested spectator at a fight. It wondered who would win. Of course, it called both the brothers fools, yet in a tone somewhat sympathetic, because such a thing as had occurred to the Hessians might well occur to any man gifted with the true Bursley spirit. There is this to be said for a Bursley man: Having made his bed, he will lie on it, and he will not complain.

The Hessians suffered severely by their self-imposed dumbness, but they suffered like Stoics. Maggie also suffered, and Maggie would not stand it. Maggie it was who had invented the slate. Indeed, they had heard some plain truths from that stout, bustling woman. They had not yielded, but they had accepted the slate in order to minimize the inconvenience to Maggie, and afterward they deigned to make use of it for their own purposes. As for friends — friends accustomed themselves to the *status quo*.² There came a time when the spectacle of two men chattering to everybody else in a company, and not saying a word to each other, no longer appealed to Bursley's sense of humor. The silent scenes at which Maggie assisted every day did not, either, appeal to Maggie's sense of humor, because she had none. So the famous feud grew into a sort of elemental fact of Nature. It was tolerated as the weather is tolerated. The brothers acquired pride in it; even Bursley regarded it as an interesting municipal curiosity. The sole imperfection in a lovely and otherwise perfect quarrel was that John and Robert, being both employed at Roycroft's Majolica Manufactory, the one as works manager and the other as commercial traveler, were obliged to speak to each other occasionally in the way of business. Artistically, this was a pity, though they did speak very sternly and distantly. The partial truce necessitated by Roycroft's was confined strictly to Roycroft's. And when Robert was not on his journeys, these two tall, strong, dark, bearded men might often be seen of a night walking separately and doggedly down Oldcastle Street from the works, within five yards of each other.

And no one suggested the lunatic asylum. Such is the force of pride, of rank stupidity, and of habit.

² *status quo*: the existing condition; as it is.

The slate scratching was scarcely over that evening when Mr. Powell Liversage appeared. He was a golden-haired man, with a jolly face, lighter and shorter in structure than the two brothers. His friendship with them dated from school days, and it had survived even the entrance of Liversage into a learned profession. Liversage, who, being a bachelor like the Hessians, had many unoccupied evenings, came to see the brothers regularly every Saturday night, and one or other of them dropped in upon him most Wednesdays; but this particular night was a Thursday.

"How do?" John greeted him succinctly between two puffs of a pipe.

"How do?" replied Liversage.

"How do, Pow?" Robert greeted him in turn, also between two puffs of a pipe.

And "How do, little 'un?" replied Liversage.

A chair was indicated to him, and he sat down, and Robert poured out some coffee into a third cup which Maggie had brought.

John pushed away the extra special of the *Staffordshire Signal*, which he had been reading.

"What's up these days?" John demanded.

"Well," said Liversage, and both brothers noticed that he was rather ill at ease, instead of being humorous and lightly caustic as usual, "the will's turned up."

"The devil it has!" John exclaimed. "When?"

"This afternoon."

And then, as there was a pause, Liversage added: "Yes, my sons, the will's turned up."

"But where, you cuckoo, sitting there like that?" asked Robert. "Where?"

"It was in that registered letter addressed to your sister that the post-office people wouldn't hand over until we'd taken out letters of administration."

"Well, I'm dashed!" muttered John. "Who'd have thought of that? You've got the will, then?"

Liversage nodded.

The Hessians had an elder sister, Mrs. Bott, widow of a color merchant, and Mrs. Bott had died suddenly three months ago, the night after a journey to Manchester. (Even at the funeral the brothers had scandalized the town by not speaking to each other.) Mrs. Bott had wealth, wit, and wisdom, together with certain peculiarities, of which one was an excessive secrecy. It was known that she had made

a will, because she had more than once notified the fact, in a tone suggestive of highly important issues, but the will had refused to be found. So Mr. Liversage had been instructed to take out letters of administration of the estate, which, in the continued absence of the will, would be divided equally between the brothers. And twelve or thirteen thousand pounds may be compared to a financial beefsteak that cuts up very handsomely for two persons. The carving knife was about to descend on its succulence, when, lo! the will!

"How came the will to be in the post?" asked Robert.

"The handwriting on the envelope was your sister's," said Liversage. "And the package was posted in Manchester.³ Very probably she had taken the will to Manchester to show it to a lawyer or something of that sort, and then she was afraid of losing it on the journey back, and so she sent it to herself by registered post. But before it arrived, of course, she was dead."

"That wasn't a bad scheme of poor Mary Ann's!" John commented.

"It was just like her!" said Robert, speaking pointedly to Liversage. "But what an odd thing!"

Now, both these men were, no doubt excusably, agonized by curiosity to learn the contents of the will. But would either of them be the first to express that curiosity? Never in this world! Not for the fortune itself! To do so would scarcely have been Bursleyish. It would certainly not have been Hessianlike. So Liversage was obliged at length to say:

"I reckon I'd better read you the will, eh?"

The brothers nodded.

"Mind you," said Liversage, "it's not my will. I've had nothing to do with it; so kindly keep your hair on. As a matter of fact, she must have drawn it up herself. It's not drawn properly at all, but it's witnessed all right, and it'll hold water, just as well as if the blooming Lord Chancellor had fixed it up for her in person."

He produced the document and read, awkwardly and self-consciously:

"This is my will. You are both of you extremely foolish, John and Robert, and I've often told you so. Nobody has ever understood, and nobody ever will understand, why you quarreled like that over Annie Emery. You are punishing yourselves, but you are punishing her as well, and it isn't fair her waiting all those years. So I give all my estate, no matter what it is, to whichever of you marries Annie.

³ **Manchester:** the chief cotton manufacturing city of England.

And I hope this will teach you a lesson. You need it more than you need my money. But you must be married within a year of my death. And if the one that marries cares to give five thousand pounds or so to the other, of course there's nothing to prevent him. This is just a hint. And if you don't either of you marry Annie within a year, then I just leave everything I have to Miss Annie Emery (spinster), stationer and fancy-goods dealer, Duck Bank, Bursley. She deserves something for her disappointment, and she shall have it. Mr. Liversage, solicitor, must kindly be my executor. And I commit my soul to God, hoping for a blessed resurrection. 20th January, 1896. Signed Mary Ann Bott, widow.' As I told you, the witnessing is in order," Liversage finished.

"Give it here," said John shortly, and scanned the sheet of paper.

And Robert actually walked round the table and looked over his brother's shoulder — ample proof that he was terrifically moved.

"And do you mean to tell me that a will like that is good in law?" exclaimed John.

"Of course it's good in law," Liversage replied. "Legal phraseology is a useful thing, and it often saves trouble in the end; but it ain't indispensable, you know."

"Humph!" was Robert's comment as he resumed his seat and relighted his pipe.

All three men were nervous. Each was afraid to speak, afraid even to meet the eyes of the other two. An unmajestic silence followed.

"Well, I'll be off, I think," Liversage remarked at length with difficulty.

He rose.

"I say," Robert stopped him. "Better not say anything about this to Miss — to Annie, eh?"

"I will say nothing," agreed Liversage (infamously and unprofessionally concealing the fact that he had already said something).

And he departed.

The brothers sat in fluttered meditation over the past and the future.

Ten years before, Annie Emery had been an orphan of twenty-three, bravely starting in business for herself amid the plaudits of the admiring town; and John had fallen in love with her courage and her sense and her feminine charm. But alas, as Ovid points out, how difficult it is for a woman to please only one man! Robert also had fallen in love with Annie. Each brother had accused the other of underhand and unbrotherly practices in the pursuit of Annie. Each was profoundly hurt by the accusations, and each, in the immense

fatuity of his pride, had privately sworn to prove his innocence by having nothing more to do with Annie. Such is life! Such is man! Such is the terrible egoism of man! And thus it was that, for the sake of wounded pride, John and Robert not only did not speak to one another for ten years, but they spoiled at least one of their lives; and they behaved ignobly to Annie, who would certainly have married either one or the other of them.

At two o'clock in the morning John pulled a coin out of his pocket and made the gesture of tossing.

"Who shall go first!" he explained.

Robert had a queer sensation in his spine as his elder brother spoke to him for the first time in ten years. He wanted to reply vocally. He had a most imperious desire to reply vocally. But he could not. Something stronger even than the desire prevented his tongue from moving.

John tossed the coin — it was a sovereign — and covered it with his hands.

"Tail!" Robert murmured, somewhat hoarsely.

But it was head.

Then they went to bed.

The side door of Miss Emery's shop was in Brick Passage, and not in the main street, so that a man, even a man of commanding stature and formidable appearance, might be insinuating himself into Brick Street, off King Street, and then taking the passage from the quieter end, arrive at it without attracting too much attention. This course was adopted by John Hessian. From the moment when he quitted his own house that Friday evening in June he had been subject to the delusion that the collective eye of Bursley was upon him. As a matter of fact, the collective eye of Bursley is much too large and important to occupy itself exclusively with a single individual. Bursley is not a village, and let no one think it. Nevertheless, John was subject to the delusion.

The shop was shut, as he knew it would be. But the curtained window of the parlor, between the side door and the small shuttered side window of the shop, gave a strange suggestion of interesting virgin spotless domesticity within. John cast a fearful eye on the main thoroughfare. Nobody seemed to be passing. The chapel keeper of the Wesleyan Chapel on the opposite side of Trafalgar Road was refreshing the massive Corinthian portico of that fane,⁴ and paying no

⁴ fane: temple.

regard whatever to the temple of Eros which Miss Emery's shop had suddenly become.

So John knocked.

"I am a fool!" his thought ran as he knocked.

Because he did not quite know what he was about. He had won the toss, and with it the right to approach Annie Emery before his brother. But what then? Well, he did desire to marry her, quite as much for herself as for his sister's fortune. But what then? How was he going to explain the tepidity, the desertion, the long sin against love of ten years? In short, how was he going to explain the inexplicable? He could decidedly do nothing that evening except make a blundering ass of himself. And how soon would Robert have the right to come along and say *his* say? That point had not been settled. Points so extremely delicate cannot be settled on a slate, and he had not dared to broach it *viva voce*⁵ to his younger brother. He had been too afraid of a rebuff.

He then hoped that Annie's servant would tell him that Annie was out.

Annie, however, took him at a disadvantage by opening the door herself.

"Well, *Mr. Hessian!*" she exclaimed, her face bursting into a swift and welcoming smile.

"I was just passing," the donkey in him blundered forth. "And I thought —"

However, in fifteen seconds he was on the domestic side of the sitting-room window, and seated in the antimacassared⁶ armchair between the fireplace and the piano, and Annie had taken his hat and told him that her servant was out for the evening.

"But I'm disturbing your supper, Miss Emery," he said. Flurried though he was, he could not fail to notice the white embroidered cloth spread diagonally on the table, and the cold meat and the pastry and the glittering cutlery and crystal thereon.

"Not at all," she replied. "You haven't had supper yet, I expect?"

"No," he said, not thinking.

"It will be nice of you to help me eat mine," said she.

"Oh! But really —"

But she got plates and things out of the cupboard below the book-

⁵ *viva voce*: by the living voice; by speech. ⁶ *antimacassared*: with a cover to protect the arms and back (of a chair or sofa).

case — and there he was! She would take no refusal. It was wondrous.

"I'm awfully glad I came now," his thought ran. "I'm managing it rather well."

And —

"Poor Bob!"

His sole discomfort was that he could not invent a sufficiently ingenious explanation of his call. You can't tell a woman you've called to make love to her, and when your previous call happens to have been ten years ago, some kind of an explanation does seem to be demanded. Ultimately, as Annie was so very pleased to see him, so friendly, so feminine, so equal to the occasion, he decided to let his presence in her abode that night stand as one of those central facts in existence that need no explanation. And they went on talking and eating till the dusk deepened and Annie lit the gas and drew the blind.

He watched her on the sly as she moved about the room. He decided that she did not appear a day older. There was the same plump, erect figure, the same neatness, the same fair skin and fair hair, the same little nose, the same twinkle in the eye — only perhaps the twinkle in the eye was a trifle less cruel than it used to be. She was not a day older. (In this he was of course utterly mistaken; she was ten years older, she was thirty-three, with ten years of successful commercial experience behind her; she would never be twenty-three again. Still she was a most desirable woman, and a woman infinitely beyond his deserts.) Her air of general capability impressed him. And with that there was mingled a strange softness, a marvelous hint of a concealed wish to surrender. — Well, she made him feel big and masculine — in brief, a man.

He regretted the lost ten years. His present way of life seemed intolerable to him. The new heaven opened its gate and gave glimpses of paradise. After all, he felt himself well qualified for that paradise. He felt that he had all along been a woman's man, without knowing it.

"By Jove!" his thought ran. "At this rate I might propose to her in a week or two."

And again —

"Poor old Bobbie!"

A quarter of an hour later, in some miraculous manner, they were more intimate than they had ever been, much more intimate. He revised his estimate of the time that must elapse before he might

propose to her. In another five minutes he was fighting hard against a mad impulse to propose to her on the spot. And then the fight was over, and he had lost. He proposed to her under the rose-colored shade of the Welsbach ⁷ light.

She drew away, as though shot.

And with the rapidity of lightning, in the silence which followed, he went back to his original criticism of himself, that he was a fool. Naturally she would request him to leave. She would accuse him of effrontery.

Her lips trembled. He prepared to rise.

"It's so sudden!" she said.

Bliss! Glory! Celestial joy! Her words were at least equivalent to an absolution of his effrontery. She would accept! She would accept! He jumped up and approached her. But she jumped up too and retreated. He was not to win his prize so easily.

"Please sit down," she murmured. "I must think it over," she said, apparently mastering herself. "Shall you be at chapel next Sunday morning?"

"Yes," he answered.

"If I am there, and if I am wearing white roses in my hat, it will mean —" She dropped her eyes.

"Yes?" he queried.

And she nodded.

"And supposing you aren't there?"

"Then the Sunday after," she said.

He thanked her in his Hessian style.

"I prefer that way of telling you," she smiled demurely. "It will avoid the necessity for another — so much — you understand? . . ."

"Quite so, quite so!" he agreed. "I quite understand."

"And if I *do* see those roses," he went on, "I shall take upon myself to drop in for tea, may I?"

She paused.

"In any case you mustn't speak to me coming out of chapel, *please*."

As he walked home down Oldcastle Street he said to himself that the age of miracles was not past; also that, after all, he was not so old as the toll of his years would mathematically indicate.

Her absence from chapel on the next Sunday disagreed with him. However, Robert was away nearly all the week, and he had the house to himself to dream in. It frequently happened to him to pass by

⁷ Welsbach: a form of burner popular when gas was used for house lighting.

Miss Emery's shop, but he caught no glimpse of her, and though he really was in serious need of writing paper and envelopes, he dared not enter. Robert returned on the Friday.

On the morning of the second Sunday John got up early, in order to cope with a new necktie that he had purchased in Hanbridge.⁸ Nevertheless he found Robert afoot before him, and Robert, by some unlucky chance, was wearing not merely a new necktie, but a new suit of clothes. They breakfasted in their usual august silence, and John gathered from a remark of Robert's to Maggie when she brought in the boots that Robert meant to go to chapel. Now, Robert, being a commercial traveler and therefore a bit of a caution, did not attend chapel with any remarkable assiduity. And John, in the privacy of his own mind, blamed him for having been so clumsy as to choose that particular morning for breaking the habits of a lifetime. Still, the presence of Robert in the pew could not prejudicially affect John, and so there was no genuine cause for gloominess.

After a time it became apparent that each was waiting for the other to go. John began to get annoyed. At last he made the plunge and went. Turning his head halfway up Oldcastle Street, opposite the mansion which is still called "Miss Peel's," he perceived Robert fifty yards behind. It was a glorious June day.

He blushed as he entered the chapel. If he was nervous, it may be accorded to him as excuse that the happiness of his life depended on what he could see within the next few minutes. However, he felt pretty sure, though it was exciting all the same.

To reach the Hessian pew he was obliged to pass Miss Emery's! And it was empty! Robert arrived.

The organist finished the voluntary. The leading tenor of the choir put up the number of the first hymn. The minister ascended the staircase of the great mahogany pulpit, and prayed silently, and arranged his papers in the leaves of the hymnbook, and glanced about to see who was there and who was presumably still in bed, and coughed; and then Miss Annie Emery sailed in with that air of false calm which is worn by the experienced traveler who catches a train by the fifth of a second. The service commenced.

John looked.

She was wearing white roses. There could be no mistake as to that. There were about a hundred and fifty-five white roses in the garden of her hat.

⁸ **Hanbridge:** disguised name for Hanley, one of the five towns.

What a thrill ran through John's heart! He had won Annie, and he had won the fortune. Yes, he would give Robert the odd five thousand pounds. His state of mind might even lead him to make it guineas. He heard not a word of the sermon, and throughout the service he rose up and sat down several instants after the rest of the congregation, because he was so absent-minded.

After service he waited for everybody else to leave, in order not to break his promise to the divine Annie. So did Robert. This ill-timed rudeness on Robert's part somewhat retarded the growth of a young desire in John's heart to make friends with poor Bob. Then he got up and left, and Robert followed.

They dined in silence, John deciding that he would begin his overtures of friendship after he had seen Annie, and could tell Robert that he was formally engaged. The brothers ate little. They both improved their minds during their repast — John with the *Christian Commonwealth*, and Robert with the Saturday cricket edition of the *Signal* (I regret it).

Then, after pipes, they both went out for a walk, naturally not in the same direction. The magnificence of the weather filled them both with the joy of life. As for John, he went out for a walk simply because he could not contain himself within the house. He could not wait immovable till four-thirty, the hour at which he meant to call on Annie for tea and the betrothal kiss. Therefore he ascended to Hillport and wandered as far as Oldcastle, all in a silk hat and frock coat.

It was precisely half-past four as he turned, unassumingly, from Brick Street into Brick Passage, and so approached the side door of Annie Emery's. And his astonishment and anger were immense when he saw Robert, likewise in silk hat and frock coat, penetrating into Brick Passage from the other end.

They met, and their inflamed spirits collided.

"What's the meaning of this?" John demanded, furious; and, simultaneously, Robert demanded: "What in Hades are *you* doing here?"

Only Sunday and the fine clothes and the proximity to Annie prevented actual warfare.

"I'm calling on Annie," said John.

"So am I," said Robert.

"Well, you're too late," said John.

"Oh, I'm late, am I?" said Robert, with a disdainful laugh. "Thanks!"

"I tell you you're too late," said John. "You may as well know at once that I've proposed to Annie and she's accepted me."

"I like that! I like that!" said Robert.

"Don't shout!" said John.

"I'm not shouting," said Robert. "But you may as well know that you're mistaken, my boy. It's me that proposed to Annie and been accepted."

"When did you propose to her?" said John.

"On Friday, if you must know," said Robert.

"And she accepted you at once?" said John.

"No. She said that if she was wearing white roses in her hat this morning at chapel, that would mean she accepted," said Robert.

"Liar!" said John.

"I suppose you'll admit she *was* wearing white roses in her hat?" said Robert, controlling himself.

"Liar!" said John, and continued breathless: "That was what she said to *me*. She must have told you that white roses meant a refusal."

"Oh, no, she didn't!" said Robert, quailing secretly, but keeping up a formidable show of courage. "You're an old fool!" he added vindictively.

They were both breathing hard, and staring hard at each other.

"Come away," said John. "Come away! We can't talk here. She may look out of the window."

So they went away. They walked very quickly home, and, once in the parlor, they began to have it out. And, before they had done, the reading of cricket news on Sunday was as nothing compared to the desecrating iniquity which they committed. The scene was not such as can be decently recounted. But about six o'clock Maggie entered, and, at considerable personal risk, brought them back to a sense of what was due to their name, the town, and the day. She then stated that she would not remain in such a house, and she departed.

"But whatever made you do it, dearest?"

These words were addressed to Annie Emery on the glorious summer evening which closed that glorious summer day, and they were addressed to her by no other person than Powell Liversage. The pair were in the garden of the house in Trafalgar Road occupied by Mr. Liversage and his mother, and they looked westward over the distant ridge of Hillport, where the moon was setting.

"Whatever made me do it!" repeated Annie, and the twinkle in her eye had that charming cruelty which John had missed. "Did they not deserve it? Of course, I can talk to you now with perfect freedom, can't I? Well, what do you *think* of it? Here for ten years neither one nor the other does more than recognize me in the street, and then all of a sudden they come down on me like that — simply because there's a question of money. I couldn't have believed men could be so stupid — no, I really couldn't! They're friends of yours, Powell, I know, but — remember, that's no matter. But it was too ridiculously easy to lead them on! They'd swallow any flattery. I just did it to see what they'd do, and I think I arranged it pretty well. I quite expected they would call about the same time, and then shouldn't I have given them my mind! Unfortunately they met outside, and got very hot — I saw them from the bedroom window — and went away."

"You mustn't forget, my dear girl," said Liversage, "that it was you they quarreled about. I don't want to defend 'em for a minute, but it wasn't altogether the money that sent them to you; it was more that the money gave them an excuse for coming!"

"It was a very bad excuse, then!" said Annie.

"Agreed!" Liversage murmured.

The moon was extremely lovely and romantic against the distant spire of Hillport Church, and its effect on the couple was just what might have been anticipated.

"Perhaps I'm sorry," Annie admitted at length, with a charming grimace.

"Oh! I don't think there's anything to be *sorry* about," said Liversage. "But of course they'll think I've had a hand in it. You see, I've never breathed a word to them about — about my feelings toward you."

"No?"

"No. It would have been rather a delicate subject, you see, with them. And I'm sure they'll be staggered when they know that we got engaged last night. They'll certainly say I've — er — been after you for the — No, they won't. They're decent chaps, really; very decent."

"Anyhow, you may be sure, dear," said Annie stiffly, "that I shan't rob them of their vile money! Nothing would induce me to touch it!"

"Of course not, dearest!" said Liversage — or, rather the finer part of him said it; the baser part somewhat regretted that vile twelve thousand or so. (I must be truthful.)

He took her hand again.

At the same moment old Mrs. Liversage came hastening down the garden, and Liversage dropped the hand.

"Powell," she said. "Here's John Hessian, and he wants to see you!"

"The dickens!" exclaimed Liversage, glancing at Annie.

"I must go," said Annie. "I shall go by the fields. Good night, dear Mrs. Liversage."

"Wait ten seconds," Liversage pleaded, "and I'll be with you." And he ran off.

John, haggard and undone, was awaiting him in the drawing room.

"Pow," said he, "I've had a fearful row with Bob, and I can't possibly sleep in our house tonight. Don't talk to me. But let me have one of the beds in your spare room, will you? There's a good chap."

"Why, of course, Johnnie," said Liversage. "Of course."

"And I'll go right to bed now," said John.

An hour later, after Powell Liversage had seen his affianced to her abode and returned home, and after his mother had gone to bed, there was a knock at the front door, and Liversage opened to Robert Hessian.

"Look here, Pow," said Robert, whose condition was deplorable, "I want to sleep here tonight. Do you mind? Fact is, I've had a devil of a shindy with Jack, and Maggie's run off, and, anyhow, I couldn't possibly stop in the same house with Jack tonight."

"But what — ?"

"See here," said Robert. "I can't talk. Just let me have a bed in your spare room. I'm sure your mother won't mind."

"Why, certainly," said Liversage.

He lit a candle, escorted Robert upstairs, opened the door of the spare room, gave the candle to Robert, pushed him in, said "Good night," and shut the door.

What a night!

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF BENNETT

1. What examples are given in this story to show how the characters cling to old manners and customs?

2. Bennett has said that his aim is "to make you see." Select good details to show how he has carried out his aim in this story.

3. Point out how the plot is especially well constructed with such devices as contrast, balance, suspense, and surprise. Does the conduct of the brothers seem plausible enough for an author who is an avowed realist?

4. Where do your sympathies lie in this story? Why?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Look on the literary map, page 809, for locations of contemporary writers or literary group, and find which writings are associated with each area.
2. Compare the types of characters who interest Bennett with those who appeal to his fellow writers.
3. What American authors have written groups of short stories centering about small-town life?
4. Read and report Priestley's account of the Pottery Towns in his *English Journey*, Chap. 7.

PELHAM GRENVILLE WODEHOUSE (1881-)

P. G. Wodehouse, known widely in both Britain and America as a humorist and short-story writer, was born at Guildford in Surrey in 1881. Even as a schoolboy his humor was uppermost when he spent his time in writing Greek farces about his classmates instead of studying. During two years of unsuccessful work in a London bank, he was busy with his pen, and soon devoted his whole time to writing. His success as a columnist for the *London Globe* brought him many offers at home and in the United States, which he first visited in 1904. Returning five years later for a year, he wrote short stories for magazines; and since then he has visited America some twenty times, generally living in New York a half of each year.

His first books in 1902 introduced Psmith, who was one of several amusing characters created in a long list of best sellers. A most prolific writer, Wodehouse has collaborated with several authors to produce some thirty musical comedies and plays. He also has to his credit some hundred and fifty published stories, nine tales for boys, and nearly thirty novels. Among his best are *Leave It to Psmith*, *Meet Mr. Mulliner*, *Very Good, Jeeves*, and *Big Money*. He also spent a year in Hollywood, California, writing dialogue for moving pictures.

UNCLE FRED FLITS BY

One of the stock characters of literature — the gay old uncle — is here portrayed by clever incidents and happy comedy. Here is a rapid-moving, natural, and delightfully human tale of Pongo and his "loopy uncle."

In order that they might enjoy their after-luncheon coffee in peace, the Crumpet had taken the guest whom he was entertaining at the Drones Club to the smaller and less frequented of the two smoking rooms. In the other, he explained, though the conversation always touched an exceptionally high level of brilliance, there was apt to be a good deal of sugar thrown about.

The guest said he understood.

"Young blood, eh?"

"That's right. Young blood."

"And animal spirits."

"And animal, as you say, spirits," agreed the Crumpet. "We get a fairish amount of those here."

"The complaint, however, is not, I observe, universal."

"Eh?"

The other drew his host's attention to the doorway, where a young man in form-fitting tweeds had just appeared. The aspect of this young man was haggard. His eyes glared wildly and he sucked at an empty cigarette holder. If he had a mind, there was something on it. When the Crumpet called to him to come and join the party, he merely shook his head in a distraught sort of way and disappeared, looking like a character out of a Greek tragedy pursued by the Fates.

The Crumpet sighed.

"Poor old Pongo!"

"Pongo?"

"That was Pongo Twistleton. He's all broken up about his Uncle Fred."

"Dead?"

"No such luck. Coming up to London again tomorrow. Pongo had a wire this morning."

"And that upsets him?"

"Naturally. After what happened last time."

"What was that?"

"Ah!" said the Crumpet.

"What happened last time?"

"You may well ask."

"I do ask."

"Ah!" said the Crumpet.

Poor old Pongo (said the Crumpet) has often discussed his Uncle Fred with me, and if there weren't tears in his eyes when he did so, I don't know a tear in the eye when I see one. In round numbers the Earl of Ickenham, of Ickenham Hall, Ickenham, Hants, he lives in the country most of the year, but from time to time has a nasty way of slipping his collar and getting loose and descending upon Pongo at his flat in the Albany. And every time he does so, the unhappy young blighter is subjected to some soul-testing experience. Because the trouble with this uncle is that, though sixty if a day, he

becomes on arriving in the metropolis as young as he feels — which is, apparently, a youngish twenty-two. I don't know if you happen to know what the word "excesses" means, but those are what Pongo's Uncle Fred from the country, when in London, invariably commits.

It wouldn't so much matter, mind you, if he would confine his activities to the club premises. We're pretty broad-minded here, and if you stop short of smashing the piano, there isn't much that you can do at the Drones that will cause the raised eyebrow and the sharp intake of breath. The snag is that he will insist on lugging Pongo out in the open and there, right in the public eye, proceeding to step high, wide, and plentiful.

So when, on the occasion to which I allude, he stood pink and genial on Pongo's hearthrug, bulging with Pongo's lunch and wreathed in the smoke of one of Pongo's cigars, and said: "And now, my boy, for a pleasant and instructive afternoon," you will readily understand why the unfortunate young clam gazed at him as he would have gazed at two-penn'orth of dynamite, had he discovered it lighting up in his presence.

"A what?" he said, giving at the knees and paling beneath the tan a bit.

"A pleasant and instructive afternoon," repeated Lord Ickenham, rolling the words round his tongue. "I propose that you place yourself in my hands and leave the program entirely to me."

Now, owing to Pongo's circumstances being such as to necessitate his getting into the aged relative's ribs at intervals and shaking him down for an occasional much-needed tenner or what not, he isn't in a position to use the iron hand with the old buster. But at these words he displayed a manly firmness.

"You aren't going to get me to the Dog Races again."

"No, no."

"You remember what happened last June?"

"Quite," said Lord Ickenham, "quite. Though I still think that a wiser magistrate would have been content with a mere reprimand."

"And I won't —"

"Certainly not. Nothing of that kind at all. What I propose to do this afternoon is to take you to visit the home of your ancestors."

Pongo did not get this.

"I thought Ickenham was the home of my ancestors."

"It is one of the homes of your ancestors. They also resided rather nearer the heart of things, at a place called Mitching Hill."

"Down in the suburbs, do you mean?"

"The neighborhood is now suburban, true. It is many years since the meadows where I sported as a child were sold and cut up into building lots. But when I was a boy Mitching Hill was open country. It was a vast, rolling estate belonging to your great-uncle, Marmaduke, a man with whiskers of a nature which you with your pure mind would scarcely credit, and I have long felt a sentimental urge to see what the hell the old place looks like now. Perfectly foul, I expect. Still, I think we should make the pious pilgrimage."

Pongo absolutely-ed heartily. He was all for the scheme. A great weight seemed to have rolled off his mind. The way he looked at it was that even an uncle within a short jump of the loony bin¹ couldn't very well get into much trouble in a suburb. I mean, you know what suburbs are. They don't, as it were, offer the scope. One follows his reasoning, of course.

"Fine!" he said. "Splendid! Topping!"

"Then put on your hat and rompers, my boy," said Lord Ickenham, "and let us be off. I fancy one gets there by omnibuses and things."

Well, Pongo hadn't expected much in the way of mental uplift from the sight of Mitching Hill, and he didn't get it. Alighting from the bus, he tells me, you found yourself in the middle of rows and rows of semidetached villas, all looking exactly alike, and you went on and you came to more semidetached villas, and those all looked exactly alike, too. Nevertheless, he did not repine. It was one of those early spring days which suddenly change to midwinter and he had come out without his overcoat, and it looked like rain and he hadn't an umbrella, but despite this his mood was one of sober ecstasy. The hours were passing and his uncle had not yet made a goat of himself. At the Dog Races the other time he had been in the hands of the constabulary in the first ten minutes.

It began to seem to Pongo that with any luck he might be able to keep the old blister pottering harmlessly about here till nightfall, when he could shoot a bit of dinner into him and put him to bed. And as Lord Ickenham had specifically stated that his wife, Pongo's Aunt Jane, had expressed her intention of scalping him with a blunt knife if he wasn't back at the Hall by lunchtime on the morrow, it really looked as if he might get through this visit without perpetrating a single major outrage on the public weal. It is rather interesting to

¹ loony bin: insane asylum.

note that as he thought this Pongo smiled, because it was the last time he smiled that day.

All this while, I should mention, Lord Ickenham had been stopping at intervals like a pointing dog and saying that it must have been just about here that he plugged the gardener in the trousers seat with his bow and arrow and that over there he had been sick after his first cigar, and he now paused in front of a villa which for some unknown reason called itself *The Cedars*. His face was tender and wistful.

"On this very spot, if I am not mistaken," he said, heaving a bit of a sigh, "on this very spot, fifty years ago come Lammas Eve, I . . . Oh, blast it!"

The concluding remark had been caused by the fact that the rain, which had held off until now, suddenly began to buzz down like a shower bath. With no further words, they leaped into the porch of the villa and there took shelter, exchanging glances with a gray parrot which hung in a cage in the window.

Not that you could really call it shelter. They were protected from above all right, but the moisture was now falling with a sort of swivel action, whipping in through the sides of the porch and tickling them up properly. And it was just after Pongo had turned up his collar and was huddling against the door that the door gave way. From the fact that a female of general-servant aspect was standing there he gathered that his uncle must have rung the bell.

This female wore a long mackintosh, and Lord Ickenham beamed upon her with a fairish spot of suavity.

"Good afternoon," he said.

The female said good afternoon.

"The Cedars?"

The female said yes, it was *The Cedars*.

"Are the old folks at home?"

The female said there was nobody at home.

"Ah? Well, never mind. I have come," said Lord Ickenham, edging in, "to clip the parrot's claws. My assistant, Mr. Walkinshaw, who applies the anesthetic," he added, indicating Pongo with a gesture.

"Are you from the bird shop?"

"A very happy guess."

"Nobody told me you were coming."

"They keep things from you, do they?" said Lord Ickenham, sympathetically. "Too bad."

Continuing to edge, he had got into the parlor by now, Pongo following in a sort of dream and the female following Pongo.

"Well, I suppose it's all right," she said. "I was just going out. It's my afternoon."

"Go out," said Lord Ickenham cordially. "By all means go out. We will leave everything in order."

And presently the female, though still a bit on the dubious side, pushed off, and Lord Ickenham lit the gas fire and drew a chair up.

"So here we are, my boy," he said. "A little tact, a little address, and here we are, snug and cozy and not catching our deaths of cold. You'll never go far wrong if you leave things to me."

"But, dash it, we can't stop here," said Pongo.

Lord Ickenham raised his eyebrows.

"Not stop here? Are you suggesting that we go out into that rain? My dear lad, you are not aware of the grave issues involved. This morning, as I was leaving home, I had a rather painful disagreement with your aunt. She said the weather was treacherous and wished me to take my woolly muffler. I replied that the weather was not treacherous and that I would be dashed if I took my woolly muffler. Eventually, by the exercise of an iron will, I had my way, and I ask you, my dear boy, to envisage what will happen if I return with a cold in the head. I shall sink to the level of a fifth-class power. Next time I came to London, it would be with a liver pad and a respirator. No! I shall remain here, toasting my toes at this really excellent fire. I had no idea that a gas fire radiated such warmth. I feel all in a glow."

So did Pongo. His brow was wet with honest sweat. He is reading for the Bar, and while he would be the first to admit that he hasn't yet got a complete toehold on the Law of Great Britain he had a sort of notion that oiling into a perfect stranger's semidetached villa on the pretext of pruning the parrot was a tort or misdemeanor, if not actual barratry or soccage in fief, or something like that. And apart from the legal aspect of the matter there was the embarrassment of the thing. Nobody is more of a whale on correctness and not doing what's not done than Pongo, and the situation in which he now found himself caused him to chew the lower lip and, as I say, perspire a goodish deal.

"But suppose the blighter who owns this ghastly house comes back?" he asked. "Talking of envisaging things, try that one over on your pianola."

And, sure enough, as he spoke, the front doorbell rang.

"There!" said Pongo.

"Don't say 'There!' my boy," said Lord Ickenham reprovingly. "It's the sort of thing your aunt says. I see no reason for alarm. Obviously this is some casual caller. A ratepayer would have used his latchkey. Glance cautiously out of the window and see if you can see anybody."

"It's a pink chap," said Pongo, having done so.

"How pink?"

"Pretty pink."

"Well, there you are, then. I told you so. It can't be the big chief. The sort of fellows who own houses like this are pale and sallow, owing to working in offices all day. Go and see what he wants."

"You go and see what he wants."

"We'll both go and see what he wants," said Lord Ickenham.

So they went and opened the front door, and there, as Pongo had said, was a pink chap. A small young pink chap, a bit moist about the shoulder blades.

"Pardon me," said this pink chap, "is Mr. Roddis in?"

"No," said Pongo.

"Yes," said Lord Ickenham. "Don't be silly. Douglas — of course I'm in. I am Mr. Roddis," he said to the pink chap. "This, such as he is, is my son Douglas. And you?"

"Name of Robinson."

"What about it?"

"My name's Robinson."

"Oh, *your* name's Robinson? Now we've got it straight. Delighted to see you, Mr. Robinson. Come right in and take your boots off."

They all trickled back to the parlor, Lord Ickenham pointing out objects of interest by the wayside to the chap, Pongo gulping for air a bit and trying to get himself abreast of this new twist in the scenario. His heart was becoming more and more bowed down with weight of woe. He hadn't liked being Mr. Walkinshaw, the anæsthetist, and he didn't like it any better being Roddis Junior. In brief, he feared the worst. It was only too plain to him by now that his uncle had got it thoroughly up his nose and had settled down to one of his big afternoons, and he was asking himself, as he had so often asked himself before, what would the harvest be?

Arrived in the parlor, the pink chap proceeded to stand on one leg and look coy.

"Is Julia here?" he asked, simpering a bit, Pongo says.

"Is she?" said Lord Ickenham to Pongo.

"No," said Pongo.

"No," said Lord Ickenham.

"She wired me she was coming here today."

"Ah, then we shall have a bridge four."

The pink chap stood on the other leg.

"I don't suppose you've ever met Julia. Bit of trouble in the family, she gave me to understand."

"It is often the way."

"The Julia I mean is your niece Julia Parker. Or, rather, your wife's niece Julia Parker."

"Any niece of my wife's is a niece of mine," said Lord Ickenham heartily. "We share and share alike."

"Julia and I want to get married."

"Well, go ahead."

"But they won't let us."

"Who won't?"

"Her mother and father. And Uncle Charlie Parker and Uncle Henry Parker and the rest of them. They don't think I'm good enough."

"The morality of the modern young man is notoriously lax."

"Class enough, I mean. They're a haughty lot."

"What makes them haughty? Are they earls?"

"No, they aren't earls."

"Then why the devil," said Lord Ickenham warmly, "are they haughty? Only earls have a right to be haughty. Earls are hot stuff. When you get an earl, you've got something."

"Besides, we've had words. Me and her father. One thing led to another, and in the end I called him a perishing old — Coo!" said the pink chap, breaking off suddenly.

He had been standing by the window, and he now leaped lissomely into the middle of the room, causing Pongo, whose nervous system was by this time definitely down among the wines and spirits and who hadn't been expecting this *adagio* stuff, to bite his tongue with some severity.

"They're on the doorstep! Julia and her mother and father. I didn't know they were all coming."

"You do not wish to meet them?"

"No, I don't!"

"Then duck behind the settee, Mr. Robinson," said Lord Icken-

ham, and the pink chap, weighing the advice and finding it good, did so. And as he disappeared the doorbell rang.

Once more, Lord Ickenham led Pongo out into the hall.

"I say!" said Pongo, and a close observer might have noted that he was quivering like an aspen.

"Say on, my dear boy."

"I mean to say, what?"

"What?"

"You aren't going to let these bounders in, are you?"

"Certainly," said Lord Ickenham. "We Roddises keep open house. And as they are presumably aware that Mr. Roddis has no son, I think we had better return to the old layout. You are the local vet, my boy, come to minister to my parrot. When I return, I should like to find you by the cage, staring at the bird in a scientific manner. Tap your teeth from time to time with a pencil and try to smell of iodoform. It will help to add conviction."

So Pongo shifted back to the parrot's cage and stared so earnestly that it was only when a voice said "Well!" that he became aware that there was anybody in the room. Turning, he perceived that Hampshire's leading curse had come back, bringing the gang.

It consisted of a stern, thin, middle-aged woman, a middle-aged man, and a girl.

You can generally accept Pongo's estimate of girls, and when he says that this one was a pippin one knows that he uses the term in its most exact sense. She was about nineteen, he thinks, and she wore a black beret, a dark-green leather coat, a shortish tweed skirt, silk stockings, and high-heeled shoes. Her eyes were large and lustrous and her face like a dewy rosebud at daybreak on a June morning. So Pongo tells me. Not that I suppose he has ever seen a rosebud at daybreak on a June morning, because it's generally as much as you can do to lug him out of bed in time for nine-thirty breakfast. Still, one gets the idea.

"Well," said the woman, "you don't know who I am, I'll be bound. I'm Laura's sister Connie. This is Claude, my husband. And this is my daughter Julia. Is Laura in?"

"I regret to say, no," said Lord Ickenham.

The woman was looking at him as if he didn't come up to her specifications.

"I thought you were younger," she said.

"Younger than what?" said Lord Ickenham.

"Younger than you are."

"You can't be younger than you are, worse luck," said Lord Ickenham. "Still, one does one's best, and I am bound to say that of recent years I have made a pretty good go of it."

The woman caught sight of Pongo, and he didn't seem to please her, either.

"Who's that?"

"The local vet, clustering round my parrot."

"I can't talk in front of him."

"It is quite all right," Lord Ickenham assured her. "The poor fellow is stone deaf."

And with an imperious gesture at Pongo, as much as to bid him stare less at girls and more at parrots, he got the company seated.

"Now, then," he said.

There was silence for a moment, then a sort of muffled sob, which Pongo thinks proceeded from the girl. He couldn't see, of course, because his back was turned and he was looking at the parrot, which looked back at him — most offensively, he says, as parrots will, using one eye only for the purpose. It also asked him to have a nut.

The woman came into action again.

"Although," she said, "Laura never did me the honor to invite me to her wedding, for which reason I have not communicated with her for five years, necessity compels me to cross her threshold today. There comes a time when differences must be forgotten and relatives must stand shoulder to shoulder."

"I see what you mean," said Lord Ickenham. "Like the boys of the old brigade."

"What I say is, let bygones be bygones. I would not have intruded on you, but needs must. I disregard the past and appeal to your sense of pity."

The thing began to look to Pongo like a touch, and he is convinced that the parrot thought so, too, for it winked and cleared its throat. But they were both wrong. The woman went on.

"I want you and Laura to take Julia into your home for a week or so, until I can make other arrangements for her. Julia is studying the piano, and she sits for her examination in two weeks' time, so until then she must remain in London. The trouble is, she has fallen in love. Or thinks she has."

"I know I have," said Julia.

Her voice was so attractive that Pongo was compelled to slew round and take another look at her. Her eyes, he says, were shining like twin stars and there was a sort of Soul's Awakening expression on her

face, and what the dickens there was in a pink chap like the pink chap, who even as pink chaps go wasn't much of a pink chap, to make her look like that, was frankly, Pongo says, more than he could understand. The thing baffled him. He sought in vain for a solution.

"Yesterday, Claude and I arrived in London from our Bexhill home to give Julia a pleasant surprise. We stayed, naturally, in the boardinghouse where she has been living for the past six weeks. And what do you think we discovered?"

"Insects."

"Not insects. A letter. From a young man. I found to my horror that a young man of whom I knew nothing was arranging to marry my daughter. I sent for him immediately, and found him to be quite impossible. He jellies eels!"

"Does what?"

"He is an assistant at a jellied-eel shop."

"But surely," said Lord Ickenham, "that speaks well for him. The capacity to jelly an eel seems to me to argue intelligence of a high order. It isn't everybody who can do it, by any means. I know if someone came to me and said 'Jelly this eel!' I should be non-plused. And so, or I am very much mistaken, would Ramsay MacDonald² and Winston Churchill."³

The woman did not seem to see eye to eye.

"Tchah!" she said. "What do you suppose my husband's brother Charlie Parker would say if I allowed his niece to marry a man who jellies eels?"

"Ah!" said Claude, who, before we go any further, was a tall, drooping bird with a red soup-strainer mustache.

"Or my husband's brother, Henry Parker."

"Ah!" said Claude. "Or Cousin Ali Robbins, for that matter."

"Exactly. Cousin Alfred would die of shame."

The girl Julia hiccupped passionately, so much so that Pongo says it was all he could do to stop himself nipping across and taking her hand in his and patting it.

"I've told you a hundred times, Mother, that Wilberforce is only jellifying eels till he finds something better."

"What is better than an eel?" asked Lord Ickenham, who had been following this discussion with the close attention it deserved. "For jellifying purposes, I mean."

² Ramsay MacDonald: (1866-1937) former British premier. ³ Winston Churchill: (1874-) British writer and statesman.

"He is ambitious. It won't be long," said the girl, "before Wilberforce suddenly rises in the world."

She never spoke a truer word. At this very moment, up he came from behind the settee like a leaping salmon.

"Julia!" he cried.

"Wilby!" yipped the girl.

And Pongo says he never saw anything more sickening in his life than the way she flung herself into the blighter's arms and clung there like the ivy on the old garden wall. It wasn't that he had anything specific against the pink chap, but this girl had made a deep impression on him and he resented her glueing herself to another in this manner.

Julia's mother, after just that brief moment which a woman needs in which to recover from her natural surprise at seeing eel jelliers pop up from behind sofas, got moving and plucked her away like a referee breaking a couple of welter weights.

"Julia Parker," she said, "I'm ashamed of you!"

"So am I," said Claude.

"I blush for you."

"Me, too," said Claude. "Hugging and kissing a man who called your father a perishing old bottle-nosed Gawd-help-us."

"I think," said Lord Ickenham, shoving his oar in, "that before proceeding any further we ought to go into that point. If he called you a perishing old bottle-nosed Gawd-help-us, it seems to me that the first thing to do is to decide whether he was right, and frankly, in my opinion . . ."

"Wilberforce will apologize."

"Certainly I'll apologize. It isn't fair to hold a remark passed in the heat of the moment against a chap . . ."

"Mr. Robinson," said the woman, "you know perfectly well that whatever remarks you may have seen fit to pass don't matter one way or the other. If you were listening to what I was saying you will understand . . ."

"Oh, I know, I know. Uncle Charlie Parker and Uncle Henry Parker and Cousin Alf Robbins and all that. Pack of snobs!"

"What!"

"Haughty, stuck-up snobs. Them and their class distinctions. Think themselves everybody just because they've got money. I'd like to know how they got it."

"What do you mean by that?"

"Never mind what I mean."

"If you are insinuating —"

"Well, of course, you know, Connie," said Lord Ickenham mildly, "he's quite right. You can't get away from that."

I don't know if you have ever seen a bull terrier embarking on a scrap with an Airedale and just as it was getting down nicely to its work suddenly having an unexpected Kerry Blue sneak up behind it and bite it in the rear quarters. When this happens, it lets go of the Airedale and swivels round and fixes the butting-in animal with a pretty nasty eye. It was exactly the same with the woman Connie when Lord Ickenham spoke these words.

"What! "

"I was only wondering if you had forgotten how Charlie Parker made his pile."

"What are you talking about? "

"I know it is painful," said Lord Ickenham, "and one doesn't mention it as a rule, but, as we are on the subject, you must admit that lending money at two hundred and fifty per cent interest is not done in the best circles. The judge, if you remember, said so at the trial."

"I never knew that! " cried the girl Julia.

"Ah," said Lord Ickenham. "You kept it from the child? Quite right, quite right."

"It's a lie! "

"And when Henry Parker had all that fuss with the bank it was touch and go they didn't send him to prison. Between ourselves, Connie, has a bank official, even a brother of your husband, any right to sneak fifty pounds from the till in order to put it on a hundred to one shot for the Grand National? Not quite playing the game, Connie. Not the straight bat. Henry, I grant you, won five thousand of the best and never looked back afterward, but, though we applaud his judgment of form, we must surely look askance at his financial methods. As for Cousin Alf Robbins . . ."

The woman was making rummy stuttering sounds. Pongo tells me he once had a Pommery Seven⁴ which used to express itself in much the same way if you tried to get it to take a hill on high. A sort of mixture of gurgles and explosions.

"There is not a word of truth in this," she gasped at length, having managed to get the vocal cords disentangled. "Not a single word. I think you must have gone mad."

Lord Ickenham shrugged his shoulders.

⁴ **Pommery Seven:** a British make of motor car.

"Have it your own way, Connie. I was only going to say that, while the jury were probably compelled on the evidence submitted to them to give Cousin Alf Robbins the benefit of the doubt when charged with smuggling dope, everybody knew that he had been doing it for years. I am not blaming him, mind you. If a man can smuggle cocaine and get away with it, good luck to him, say I. The only point I am trying to make is that we are hardly a family that can afford to put on dog and sneer at honest suitors for our daughters' hands. Speaking for myself, I consider that we are very lucky to have the chance of marrying even into eel-jellying circles."

"So do I," said Julia firmly.

"You don't believe what this man is saying?"

"I believe every word."

"So do I," said the pink chap.

The woman snorted. She seemed overwrought.

"Well," she said, "goodness knows I have never liked Laura, but I would never have wished her a husband like you!"

"Husband?" said Lord Ickenham, puzzled. "What gives you the impression that Laura and I are married?"

There was a weighty silence, during which the parrot threw out a general invitation to the company to join it in a nut. Then the girl Julia spoke.

"You'll have to let me marry Wilberforce now," she said. "He knows too much about us."

"I was rather thinking that myself," said Lord Ickenham. "Seal his lips, I say."

"You wouldn't mind marrying into a low family, would you, darling?" asked the girl, with a touch of anxiety.

"No family could be too low for me, dearest, if it was yours," said the pink chap.

"After all, we needn't see them."

"That's right."

"It isn't one's relations that matter: it's oneself."

"That's right, too."

"Wilby!"

"Julia!"

They repeated the old ivy on the garden wall act. Pongo says he didn't like it any better than the first time, but his distaste wasn't in it with the woman Connie's.

"And what, may I ask," she said, "do you propose to marry on?"

This seemed to cast a damper. They came apart. They looked at

each other. The girl looked at the pink chap, and the pink chap looked at the girl. You could see that a jarring note had been struck.

"Wilberforce is going to be a very rich man someday."

"Someday! "

"If I had a hundred pounds," said the pink chap, "I could buy a half-share in one of the best milk walks in South London tomorrow."

"If! " said the woman.

"Ah! " said Claude.

"Where are you going to get it? "

"Ah! " said Claude.

"Where," repeated the woman, plainly pleased with the snappy crack and loath to let it ride without an encore, "are you going to get it? "

"That," said Claude, "is the point. Where are you going to get a hundred pounds? "

"Why, bless my soul," said Lord Ickenham jovially, "from me, of course. Where else? "

And before Pongo's bulging eyes he fished out from the recesses of his costume a crackling bundle of notes and handed it over. And the agony of realizing that the old bounder had had all that stuff on him all this time and that he hadn't touched him for so much as a tithe of it was so keen, Pongo says, that before he knew what he was doing he had let out a sharp, whinnying cry which rang through the room like the yowl of a stepped-on puppy.

"Ah," said Lord Ickenham. "The vet wishes to speak to me. Yes, vet? "

This seemed to puzzle the cerise bloke a bit.

"I thought you said this chap was your son."

"If I had a son," said Lord Ickenham, a little hurt, "he would be a good deal better-looking than that. No, this is the local veterinary surgeon. I may have said I *looked* on him as a son. Perhaps that was what confused you."

He shifted across to Pongo and twiddled his hands inquiringly. Pongo gaped at him, and it was not until one of the hands caught him smartly in the lower ribs that he remembered he was deaf and started to twiddle back. Considering that he wasn't supposed to be dumb, I can't see why he should have twiddled, but no doubt there are moments when twiddling is about all a fellow feels himself equal to. For what seemed to him at least ten hours Pongo had been undergoing great mental stress, and one can't blame him for not being chatty. Anyway, be that as it may, he twiddled.

"I cannot quite understand what he says," announced Lord Ickenham at length, "because he sprained a finger this morning and that makes him stammer. But I gather that he wishes to have a word with me in private. Possibly my parrot has got something the matter with it which he is reluctant to mention even in sign language in front of a young unmarried girl. You know what parrots are. We will step outside."

"We will step outside," said Wilberforce.

"Yes," said the girl Julia. "I feel like a walk."

"And you?" said Lord Ickenham to the woman Connie, who was looking like a female Napoleon at Moscow. "Do you join the hikers?"

"I shall remain and make myself a cup of tea. You will not grudge us a cup of tea, I hope?"

"Far from it," said Lord Ickenham cordially. "This is Liberty Hall. Stick around and mop it up till your eyes bubble."

Outside, the girl, looking more like a dewy rosebud than ever, fawned on the old buster pretty considerably.

"I don't know how to thank you!" she said. And the pink chap said he didn't, either.

"Not at all, my dear, not at all," said Lord Ickenham.

"I think you're simply wonderful."

"No, no."

"You are. Perfectly marvelous."

"Tut, tut," said Lord Ickenham. "Don't give the matter another thought."

He kissed her on both cheeks, the chin, the forehead, the right eyebrow, and the tip of the nose, Pongo looking on the while in a baffled and discontented manner. Everybody seemed to be kissing this girl except him.

Eventually the degrading spectacle ceased and the girl and the pink chap shoved off, and Pongo was enabled to take up the matter of that hundred quid.

"Where," he asked, "did you get all that money?"

"Now, where did I?" mused Lord Ickenham. "I know your aunt gave it to me for some purpose. But what? To pay some bill or other, I rather fancy."

This cheered Pongo up slightly.

"She'll give you the devil when you get back," he said, with not a little relish. "I wouldn't be in your shoes for something. When you tell Aunt Jane," he said, with confidence, for he knew his Aunt

Jane's emotional nature, "that you slipped her entire roll to a girl, and explain, as you will have to explain, that she was an extraordinarily pretty girl — a girl, in fine, who looked like something out of a beauty chorus of the better sort, I should think she would pluck down one of the ancestral battle-axes from the wall and jolly well strike you on the mazard."

"Have no anxiety, my dear boy," said Lord Ickenham. "It is like your kind heart to be so concerned, but have no anxiety. I shall tell her that I was compelled to give the money to you to enable you to buy back some compromising letters from a Spanish *demimondaine*.⁵ She will scarcely be able to blame me for rescuing a fondly loved nephew from the clutches of an adventuress. It may be that she will feel a little vexed with you for a while, and that you may have to allow a certain time to elapse before you visit Ickenham again, but then I shan't be wanting you at Ickenham till the ratting season starts, so all is well."

At this moment, there came toddling up to the gate of The Cedars a large red-faced man. He was just going in when Lord Ickenham hailed him.

"Mr. Roddis?"

"Hey?"

"Am I addressing Mr. Roddis?"

"That's me."

"I am Mr. J. G. Bulstrode from down the road," said Lord Ickenham. "This is my sister's husband's brother, Percy Frensham, in the lard and imported-butter business."

The red-faced bird said he was pleased to meet them. He asked Pongo if things were brisk in the lard and imported-butter business, and Pongo said they were all right, and the red-faced bird said he was glad to hear it.

"We have never met, Mr. Roddis," said Lord Ickenham, "but I think it would be only neighborly to inform you that a short while ago I observed two suspicious-looking persons in your house."

"In my house? How on earth did they get there?"

"No doubt through a window at the back. They looked to me like cat burglars. If you creep up, you may be able to see them."

The red-faced bird crept, and came back not exactly foaming at the mouth but with the air of a man who for two pins would so foam.

"You're perfectly right. They're sitting in my parlor as cool as dammit, swigging my tea and buttered toast."

⁵ *demimondaine*: a woman of doubtful reputation.

"I thought as much."

"And they've opened a pot of my raspberry jam."

"Ah, then you will be able to catch them red-handed. I should fetch a policeman."

"I will. Thank you, Mr. Bulstrode."

"Only too glad to have been able to render you this little service, Mr. Roddis," said Lord Ickenham. "Well, I must be moving along. I have an appointment. Pleasant after the rain, is it not? Come, Percy."

He lugged Pongo off.

"So that," he said, with satisfaction, "is that. On these visits of mine to the metropolis, my boy, I always make it my aim, if possible, to spread sweetness and light. I look about me, even in a foul hole like Mitching Hill, and I ask myself — How can I leave this foul hole a better and happier foul hole than I found it? And if I see a chance, I grab it. Here is our omnibus. Spring aboard, my boy, and on our way home we will be sketching out rough plans for the evening. If the old Leicester Grill is still in existence, we might look in there. It must be fully thirty-five years since I was last thrown out of the Leicester Grill. I wonder who is the bouncer there now."

Such (concluded the Crumpet) is Pongo Twistleton's Uncle Fred from the country, and you will have gathered by now a rough notion of why it is that when a telegram comes announcing his impending arrival in the great city Pongo blanches to the core and calls for a couple of quick ones.

The whole situation, Pongo says, is very complex. Looking at it from one angle, it is fine that the man lives in the country most of the year. If he didn't, he would have him in his midst all the time. On the other hand, by living in the country he generates, as it were, a store of loopiness which expends itself with frightful violence on his rare visits to the center of things.

What it boils down to is this — Is it better to have a loopy uncle whose loopiness is perpetually on tap but spread out thin, so to speak, or one who lies low in distant Hants for three hundred and sixty days in the year and does himself proud in London for the other five? Dashed moot, of course, and Pongo has never been able to make up his mind on the point.

Naturally, the ideal thing would be if someone would chain the old hound up permanently and keep him from Jan. One to Dec. Thirty-one where he wouldn't do any harm; viz., among the spuds and

tenantry. But this, Pongo admits, is a Utopian dream. Nobody could work harder to that end than his Aunt Jane, and she has never been able to manage it.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF WODEHOUSE

1. Which of Uncle Fred's movements surprised you? Which incident is most amusing to you? Did the story end as you expected?
2. How does this story demonstrate the uncle's desire "to spread sweetness and light"?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Using the idea of a person extricating himself from a difficulty by pretending to be someone else, write an original humorous story.
2. Review the pieces of humor which have appeared previously in this volume. How does the Wodehouse story compare with them as a laugh-provoker? What American humorists do you especially enjoy? Compare Wodehouse with any of them.

leaves ending to reader

KATHERINE MANSFIELD (KATHLEEN BEAUCHAMP)
(1890-1923)

*literature is
fiction of life*

Two English writers of note have followed Kipling's lead in short stories. W. W. Jacobs has proved his skill in creating comical, yet human, characters; Katherine Mansfield (the pen name of Kathleen Beauchamp) in her short lifetime developed amazing skill in writing psychological stories in which the emphasis is on character rather than plot.

*psychological
fiction of life is
referred to*

Born in Wellington, New Zealand, Kathleen Beauchamp took every advantage of a cultured home, and continued her training at Queen's College, London. There she wrote her *Child Verses*, which were saved from destruction by a friend who knew her shy, modest, reserved disposition. Very little of her poetry was published during her lifetime. In her *Journal* we learn that she wrote because it was her only way to pay what she regarded as "a sacred debt" to her native land. She wrote poetry because she was "always trembling on the brink of poetry. . . . The almond trees, the birds, the little woods and the flowers" all spoke to her of her brother who was killed in the World War. Prose came because she wanted "to write a kind of long elegy" for him. The editor to whom she sent most of her work rejected her verse because it was unrhymed, but her prose stories met with a more fortunate reception. After her marriage to J. Middleton Murry, editor and critic, she was a critic and reviewer for the *Athenaeum*. Ill health sent her to Switzerland and then to France, where death closed a promising career.

Her talent is best seen in her *Journal* and in stories such as "Bliss," "The Garden Party," and "The Dove's Nest," in which, with keen insight

into human nature, she condenses the meaning of life into strong episodes suited to a short story. Her vivid presentation, her intermingling of pathos and irony, and her sharp contrasting of characters make her work unique, and place her among the most original writers of this century.

MARY

In this simple tale we find the human touch and the character analysis so native to its author. While the story is not autobiographical, personal experience lies behind it. Like Kass in this story, Miss Mansfield was from childhood a lover of poetry.

On poetry afternoons Grandmother let Mary and me wear Mrs. Gardner's white hemstitched pinafores because we had nothing to do with ink or pencil.

Triumphant and feeling unspeakably beautiful, we would fly along the road, swinging our kits and half chanting, half singing our new piece. I always knew my poetry, but Mary, who was a year and a half older, never knew hers. In fact, lessons of any sort worried her soul and body. She could never distinguish between "m" and "n."

"Now, Kass — turmip," she would say, wrinkling her nose, "t-o-u-r-*m*-i-p, isn't it?"

Also in words like "celery" or "gallery" she invariably said "cerely" and "garrely."

I was a strong, fat little child who burst my buttons and shot out of my skirts to Grandmother's entire satisfaction, but Mary was a "weed." She had a continuous little cough. "Poor old Mary's bark," as Father called it.

Every spare moment of her time seemed to be occupied in journeying with Mother to the pantry and being forced to take something out of a spoon — cod-liver oil, Easton's syrup, malt extract. And though she had her nose held and a piece of barley sugar after, these sortics, I am sure, told on her spirits.

"I can't bear lessons," she would say woefully. "I'm all tired in my elbows and my feet."

And yet, when she was well she was elfishly gay and bright — danced like a fairy and sang like a bird. And heroic! She would hold a rooster by the legs while Pat chopped his head off. She loved boys, and played with a fine sense of honor and purity. In fact, I think she loved everybody; and I, who did not, worshiped her. I suffered untold agonies when the girls laughed at her in class, and when

she answered wrongly I put up my hand and cried, " Please, Teacher, she means something quite different." Then I would turn to Mary and say, " You meant ' island ' and not ' peninsula,' didn't you, dear? "

" Of course," she would say — " how very silly! "

But on poetry afternoons I could be no help at all. The class was divided into two and ranged on both sides of the room. Two of us drew lots as to which side must begin, and when the first half had each in turn said their piece, they left the room while Teacher and the remaining ones voted for the best reciter. Time and again I was top of my side, and time and again Mary was bottom. To stand before all those girls and Teacher, knowing my piece, loving it so much that I *went* in the knees and shivered all over, was joy; but she would stand twisting " Mrs. Gardner's white linen stitched," blundering and finally breaking down ignominiously. There came a day when we had learned the whole of Thomas Hood's " I remember, I remember," and Teacher offered a prize for the best girl on each side. The prize for our side was a green-plush bracket with a yellow china frog stuck on it. All the morning these treasures had stood on Teacher's table; all through playtime and the dinner hour we had talked of nothing else. It was agreed that it was bound to fall to me. I saw pictures of myself carrying it home to Grandmother — I saw it hanging on her wall — never doubting for one moment that she would think it the most desirable ornament in life. But as we ran to afternoon school Mary's memory seemed weaker than ever before, and suddenly she stopped on the road.

" Kass," she said, " think what a s'prise if I got it after all; I believe Mother would go mad with joy. I know I should. But then — I'm so stupid, I know."

She sighed, and we ran on. Oh, from that moment I longed that the prize might fall to Mary. I said the " piece " to her three times over as we ran up the last hill and across the playground. Sides were chosen. She and I, as our names began with " B.," were the first to begin. And alas! that she was older, her turn was before mine.

The first verse went splendidly. I prayed viciously for another miracle.

" Oh, please, God, dear, do be nice! — If you won't — "

The Almighty slumbered. Mary broke down. I saw her standing there all alone, her pale little freckled face flushed, her mouth quivering, and the thin fingers twisting and twisting at the unfortunate pinafore frill. She was helped, in a critical condition, to the very end. I saw Teacher's face smiling at me suddenly — the cold,

shivering feeling came over me — and then I saw the house and “the little window where the sun came peeping in at morn.”

When it was over the girls clapped, and the look of pride and love on Mary's face decided me.

“Kass has got it; there's no good trying now,” was the spirit in the rest of my side. Finally they left the room. I waited the moment until the door was shut. Then I went over to Teacher and whispered:

“If I've got it, put Mary's name. Don't tell anybody, and don't let the others tell her — oh, *please*.”

I shot out the last word at her, and Teacher looked astounded.

She shook her head at me in a way I could not understand. I ran out and joined the others. They were gathered in the passage, twittering like birds. Only Mary stood apart, clearing her throat and trying to hum a little tune. I knew she would cry if I talked to her, so I paid no attention. I felt I would like to run out of school and never come back again. Trying not to be sorry for what I had done — trying not to think of that heavenly green bracket, which seemed big and beautiful enough now to give Queen Victoria — and longing for the voting to be over kept me busy. At last the door was opened, and we trooped in. Teacher stood by the table. The girls were radiant. I shut my mouth hard and looked down at my slippers.

“The First Prize,” said Teacher, “is awarded to Mary Beetham.” A great burst of clapping; but above it all I heard Mary's little cry of joy. For a moment I could not look up; but when I did, and saw her walking to the desk, so happy, so confident, so utterly unsuspecting, when I saw her going back to her place with that green-plush bracket in her hands, it needed all my wildest expostulations with the Deity to keep back my tears. The rest of the afternoon passed like a dream; but when school broke up Mary was the heroine of the hour. Boys and girls followed her — held the prize in their “own hands” — and all looked at me with pitying contempt, especially those who were in the secret and knew what I had done.

On the way home we passed the Karori bus going home from town full of businessmen. The driver gave us a lift, and we bundled in. We knew all the people.

“I've won a prize for po'try!” cried Mary, in a high, excited voice.

“Good old Mary!” they chorused.

Again she was the center of admiring popularity.

"Well, Kass, you needn't look so doleful," said Mr. England, laughing at me; "you aren't clever enough to win everything."

"I know," I answered, wishing I were dead and buried.

I did not go into the house when we reached home, but wandered down to the loft and watched Pat mixing the chicken food.

But the bell rang at last, and with slow steps I crept up to the nursery.

Mother and Grandmother were there with two callers. Alice had come up from the kitchen; Vera was sitting with her arm round Mary's neck.

"Well, that's wonderful, Mary," Mother was saying. "Such a lovely prize, too. Now, you see what you really can do, darling."

"That will be nice for you to show your little girls when you grow up," said Grandmother.

Slowly I slipped into my chair.

"Well, Kass, you don't look very pleased," cried one of the tactful callers.

Mother looked at me severely.

"Don't say you are going to be a sulky child about your sister," she said.

Even Mary's bright little face clouded.

"You are glad, aren't you, dear?" she questioned.

"I'm frightfully glad," I said, holding on to the handle of my mug, and seeing all too plainly the glance of understanding that passed between the grown-ups.

We had the yellow frog for tea, we had the green-plush bracket for the entire evening when Father came home, and even when Mary and I had been sent to bed she sang a little song made out of her own head:

"I got a yellow frog for a prize,
An' it had China eyes."

But she tried to fit this to the tune of "Sun of My Soul," which Grandmother thought a little irreverent, and stopped her.

Mary's bed was in the opposite corner of the room. I lay with my head pressed into the pillow. Then the tears came. I pulled the clothes over my head. The sacrifice was too great. I stuffed a corner of the sheet into my mouth to stop me from shouting out the truth. Nobody loved me, nobody understood me, and they loved Mary without the frog, and now that she had it I decided they loved me less.

A long time seemed to pass. I got hot and stuffy, and came up to

breathe. And the Devil entered into my soul. I decided to tell Mary the truth. From that moment I was happy and light again, but I felt savage. I sat up — then got out of bed. The linoleum was very cold. I crossed over to the other corner.

The moon shone through the window straight on to Mary's bed. She lay on her side, one hand against her cheek, soundly sleeping. Her little plait of hair stood straight up from her head; it was tied with a piece of pink wool. Very white her small face, and the funny freckles I could see even in this light; she had thrown off half the bedclothes; one button of her nightdress was undone, showing her flannel chest protector.

I stood there for one moment, on one leg, watching her asleep. I looked at the green-plush bracket already hung on the wall above her head, at that perfect yellow frog with china eyes, and then again at Mary, who stirred and flung out one arm across the bed.

Suddenly I stooped and kissed her.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF MANSFIELD

1. Why is the use of the first person especially suitable for this story? Why is the plot so simple — almost a mere incident?
2. Trace the workings of Kass's mind. Where does your interest center, in Kass or in Mary? Where does the author show understanding of child psychology?
3. What touches of local New Zealand color are introduced here? What other details give reality to the story?
4. What constitutes the chief appeal in this story? What shows that though this story is about children, it is intended for adults rather than children to read?
5. Miss Mansfield excels in her portrayal of the *intensity* of one emotion. Is this evidenced here? If so, what is the emotion?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Compare Miss Mansfield's *Journal* with that of Dorothy Wordsworth.
2. Write a short account of some incident of your own childhood. Emphasize some emotional state.
3. Read Miss Mansfield's story "The Garden-Party" in the volume by the same name. Compare the emotional confusion of Laura with that of Kass in "Mary."

Twentieth-Century Drama

JOHN MILLINGTON SYNGE (1871-1909)

The Poetry section has already presented Yeats, the prime mover in the Celtic Revival and one of the founders of the Irish National Theater Society with its own playhouse, the Abbey Theater of Dublin. Since 1904 this theater has given first production to the plays of many writers now internationally known, such as Yeats, Lady Augusta Gregory, Padraic Colum, St. John Ervine, and others.

The most powerful playwright of this group was John Millington Synge. Born at Rathfarmham, a small village near Dublin, he knew from childhood the rhythmic speech and the folklore of the Irish peasantry. After completing his course at Trinity College, Dublin, he traveled on foot through France, Bavaria, and Italy, and studied music in Germany and ancient Irish and other languages in Paris, where he also wrote book reviews and literary criticisms. He returned home at the suggestion of William Butler Yeats: "Go to the Aran Islands. Live there as if you were one of the people themselves; express a life that has never found expression." In that practically unknown region off the west coast of Ireland Synge found the peasants and fisherfolk living in a primitive condition, and still using the original tongue of Erin. The vivid result of this experience is ably recorded in *The Aran Islands*. The experiment was then repeated in Wicklow, West Kerry, Galway, and Mayo. From these contacts came four of the finest poetic dramas in Irish literature.

In the Shadow of the Glen, a one-act play published in 1903, is built on a story he heard while living in Aran, but the scene is laid in "the last cottage at the head of a long glen in County Wicklow." In the following year came *Riders to the Sea*, a one-act tragedy, also based on his observations in the Aran Islands; and three years later a full-length comedy, *The Playboy of the Western World*, won wide recognition on account of its rich imagery, intensity of feeling, and skillful characterization. In *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, his last play, he returned to the world of Irish legend; in *Deirdre*, the Helen of Ireland, he pictured a living woman possessed of deathless love and of power over death.

His own death came suddenly in Dublin just as he reached the zenith of his fame, but before his last great tragedy was published. His work is remarkable for its tragic intensity as well as its emotion, imagery, and music. Although prose, in many places almost a translation of Gaelic into English, it is often as rhythmic and imaginative as poetry.

RIDERS TO THE SEA

CHARACTERS

MAURYA, an old woman

BARTLEY, her son

CATHLEEN, her daughter

NORA, a younger daughter

MEN AND WOMEN

SCENE. *An island off the west of Ireland. Cottage kitchen, with nets, oilskins, spinning wheel, some new boards standing by the wall, etc. CATHLEEN, a girl of about twenty, finishes kneading cake, and puts it down in the pot oven by the fire; then wipes her hands, and begins to spin at the wheel. NORA, a young girl, puts her head in at the door.*

Nora (in a low voice). Where is she?

Cathleen. She's lying down, God help her, and maybe sleeping, if she's able.

[*NORA comes in softly, and takes a bundle from under her shawl.*]

Cathleen (spinning the wheel rapidly). What is it you have?

Nora. The young priest is after bringing them. It's a shirt and a plain stocking were got off a drowned man in Donegal.

[*CATHLEEN stops her wheel with a sudden movement, and leans out to listen.*]

Nora. We're to find out if it's Michael's they are; sometime herself will be down looking by the sea.

Cathleen. How would they be Michael's, Nora? How would he go the length of that way to the far north?

Nora. The young priest says he's known the like of it. "If it's Michael's they are," says he, "you can tell herself he's got a clean burial by the grace of God, and if they're not his, let no one say a word about them, for she'll be getting her death," says he, "with crying and lamenting."

[*The door which NORA half closed is blown open by a gust of wind.*]

Cathleen (looking out anxiously). Did you ask him would he stop Bartley going this day with the horses to the Galway fair?

Nora. "I won't stop him," says he, "but let you not be afraid.

Herself does be saying prayers half through the night, and the Almighty God won't leave her destitute," says he, "with no son living."

Cathleen. Is the sea bad by the white rocks, Nora?

Nora. Middling bad, God help us. There's a great roaring in the west, and it's worse it'll be getting when the tide's turned to the wind.

[*She goes over to the table with the bundle.*]

Shall I open it now?

Cathleen. Maybe she'd wake up on us, and come in before we'd done. (*Coming to the table*) It's a long time we'll be, and the two of us crying.

Nora (*goes to the inner door and listens*). She's moving about on the bed. She'll be coming in a minute.

Cathleen. Give me the ladder, and I'll put them up in the turf loft, the way she won't know of them at all, and maybe when the tide turns she'll be going down to see would he be floating from the east.

[*They put the ladder against the gable of the chimney; CATHLEEN goes up a few steps and hides the bundle in the turf loft. MAURYA comes from the inner room.*]

Maurya (*looking up at CATHLEEN and speaking querulously*). Isn't it turf enough you have for this day and evening?

Cathleen. There's a cake baking at the fire for a short space (*throwing down the turf*) and Bartley will want it when the tide turns if he goes to Connemara.

[*NORA picks up the turf and puts it round the pot oven.*]

Maurya (*sitting down on a stool at the fire*). He won't go this day with the wind rising from the south and west. He won't go this day, for the young priest will stop him surely.

Nora. He'll not stop him, Mother, and I heard Eamon Simon and Stephen Pheety and Colum Shawn saying he would go.

Maurya. Where is he itself?

Nora. He went down to see would there be another boat sailing in the week, and I'm thinking it won't be long till he's here now, for the tide's turning at the green head, and the hooker's tacking from the east.

Cathleen. I hear someone passing the big stones.

Nora (*looking out*). He's coming now, and he in a hurry.

Bartley (*comes in and looks round the room; speaking sadly and*

quietly). Where is the bit of new rope, Cathleen, was bought in Connemara?

Cathleen (coming down). Give it to him, Nora; it's on a nail by the white boards. I hung it up this morning, for the pig with the black feet was eating it.

Nora (giving him a rope). Is that it, Bartley?

Maurya. You'd do right to leave that rope, Bartley, hanging by the boards. (*BARTLEY takes the rope.*) It will be wanting in this place, I'm telling you, if Michael is washed up tomorrow morning, or the next morning, or any morning in the week, for it's a deep grave we'll make him by the grace of God.

Bartley (beginning to work with the rope). I've no halter the way I can ride down on the mare, and I must go now quickly. This is the one boat going for two weeks or beyond it, and the fair will be a good fair for horses, I heard them saying below.

Maurya. It's a hard thing they'll be saying below if the body is washed up and there's no man in it to make the coffin, and I after giving a big price for the finest white boards you'd find in Connemara.

[*She looks round at the boards.*]

Bartley. How would it be washed up, and we after looking each day for nine days, and a strong wind blowing a while back from the west and south?

Maurya. If it wasn't found itself, that wind is raising the sea, and there was a star up against the moon, and it rising in the night. If it was a hundred horses, or a thousand horses you had itself, what is the price of a thousand horses against a son where there is one son only?

Bartley (working at the halter, to CATHLEEN). Let you go down each day, and see the sheep aren't jumping in on the rye, and if the jobber comes you can sell the pig with the black feet if there is a good price going.

Maurya. How would the like of her get a good price for a pig?

Bartley (to CATHLEEN). If the west wind holds with the last bit of the moon let you and Nora get up weed enough for another cock for the kelp.¹ It's hard set we'll be from this day with no one in it but one man to work.

Maurya. It's hard set we'll be surely the day you're drownd'd

¹ another . . . kelp: another pile of seaweed. The sale of seaweed for chemical purposes was one of their sources of income.

with the rest. What way will I live and the girls with me, and I an old woman looking for the grave?

[BARTLEY *lays down the halter, takes off his old coat, and puts on a newer one of the same flannel.*]

Bartley (to NORA). Is she coming to the pier?

Nora (looking out). She's passing the green head and letting fall her sails.

Bartley (getting his purse and tobacco). I'll have half an hour to go down, and you'll see me coming again in two days, or in three days, or maybe in four days if the wind is bad.

Maurya (turning round to the fire, and putting her shawl over her head). Isn't it a hard and cruel man won't hear a word from an old woman, and she holding him from the sea?

Cathleen. It's the life of a young man to be going on the sea, and who would listen to an old woman with one thing and she saying it over?

Bartley (taking the halter). I must go now quickly. I'll ride down on the red mare, and the gray pony'll run behind me. The blessing of God on you.

[*He goes out.*]

Maurya (crying out as he is in the door). He's gone now, God spare us and we'll not see him again. He's gone now, and when the black night is falling I'll have no son left me in the world.

Cathleen. Why wouldn't you give him your blessing and he looking round in the door? Isn't it sorrow enough is on everyone in this house without your sending him out with an unlucky word behind him, and a hard word in his ear?

[MAURYA *takes up the tongs and begins raking the fire aimlessly without looking round.*]

Nora (turning toward her). You're taking away the turf from the cake.

Cathleen (crying out). The Son of God forgive us, Nora, we're after forgetting his bit of bread.

[*She comes over to the fire.*]

Nora. And it's destroyed he'll be going till dark night, and he after eating nothing since the sun went up.

Cathleen (turning the cake out of the oven). It's destroyed he'll

be, surely. There's no sense left on any person in a house where an old woman will be talking forever.

[MAURYA sways herself on her stool.]

Cathleen (cutting off some of the bread and rolling it in a cloth, to MAURYA). Let you go down now to the spring-well and give him this and he passing. You'll see him then and the dark word will be broken, and you can say, "God speed you," the way he'll be easy in his mind.

Maurya (taking the bread). Will I be in it as soon as himself?

Cathleen. If you go now quickly.

Maurya (standing up unsteadily). It's hard set I am to walk.

Cathleen (looking at her anxiously). Give her the stick, Nora, or maybe she'll slip on the big stones.

Nora. What stick?

Cathleen. The stick Michael brought from Connemara.

Maurya (taking a stick NORA gives her). In the big world the old people do be leaving things after them for their sons and children, but in this place it is the young men do be leaving things behind for them that do be old.

[She goes out slowly. NORA goes over to the ladder.]

Cathleen. Wait, Nora, maybe she'd turn back quickly. She's that sorry, God help her, you wouldn't know the thing she'd do.

Nora. Is she gone round by the bush?

Cathleen (looking out). She's gone now. Throw it down quickly, for the Lord knows when she'll be out of it again.

Nora (getting the bundle from the loft). The young priest said he'd be passing tomorrow, and we might go down and speak to him below if it's Michael's they are surely.

Cathleen (taking the bundle). Did he say what way they were found?

Nora (coming down). "There were two men," says he, "and they rowing round with poteen² before the cocks crowed, and the oar of one of them caught the body, and they passing the black cliffs of the north."

Cathleen (trying to open the bundle). Give me a knife, Nora; the string's perished with the salt water, and there's a black knot on it you wouldn't loosen in a week.

² poteen: whisky manufactured illegally.

Nora (giving her a knife). I've heard tell it was a long way to Donegal.

Cathleen (cutting the string). It is surely. There was a man in here a while ago — the man sold us that knife — and he said if you set off walking from the rocks beyond it, it would be seven days you'd be in Donegal.

Nora. And what time would a man take, and he floating?

[*CATHLEEN opens the bundle and takes out a bit of a stocking. They look at them eagerly.*]

Cathleen (in a low voice). The Lord spare us, Nora! isn't it a queer hard thing to say if it's his they are surely?

Nora. I'll get his shirt off the hook the way we can put the one flannel on the other. (*She looks through some clothes hanging in the corner.*) It's not with them, Cathleen, and where will it be?

Cathleen. I'm thinking Bartley put it on him in the morning, for his own shirt was heavy with the salt in it. (*Pointing to the corner*) There's a bit of a sleeve was of the same stuff. Give me that and it will do.

[*NORA brings it to her and they compare the flannel.*]

Cathleen. It's the same stuff, Nora; but if it is itself, aren't there great rolls of it in the shops of Galway, and isn't it many another man may have a shirt of it as well as Michael himself?

Nora (who has taken up the stocking and counted the stitches, crying out). It's Michael, Cathleen, it's Michael; God spare his soul, and what will herself say when she hears this story, and Bartley on the sea?

Cathleen (taking the stocking). It's a plain stocking.

Nora. It's the second one of the third pair I knitted, and I put up three score stitches, and I dropped four of them.

Cathleen (counts the stitches). It's that number is in it. (*Crying out*) Ah, Nora, isn't it a bitter thing to think of him floating that way to the far north, and no one to keen³ him but the black hags that do be flying on the sea?

Nora (swinging herself round, and throwing out her arms on the clothes). And isn't it a pitiful thing when there is nothing left of a man who was a great rower and fisher, but a bit of an old shirt and a plain stocking?

Cathleen (after an instant). Tell me is herself coming, Nora? I hear a little sound on the path.

³ keen: mourn; wail.

Nora (looking out). She is, Cathleen. She's coming up to the door.

Cathleen. Put these things away before she'll come in. Maybe it's easier she'll be after giving her blessing to Bartley, and we won't let on we've heard anything the time he's on the sea.

Nora (helping CATHLEEN to close the bundle). We'll put them here in the corner.

[*They put them into a hole in the chimney corner. CATHLEEN goes back to the spinning wheel.*]

Nora. Will she see it was crying I was?

Cathleen. Keep your back to the door the way the light'll not be on you.

[*NORA sits down at the chimney corner, with her back to the door. MAURYA comes in very slowly, without looking at the girls, and goes over to the stool at the other side of the fire. The cloth with the bread is still in her hand. The girls look at each other, and NORA points to the bundle of bread.*]

Cathleen (after spinning for a moment). You didn't give him his bit of bread?

[*MAURYA begins to keen softly, without turning round.*]

Cathleen. Did you see him riding down?

[*MAURYA goes on keening.*]

Cathleen (a little impatiently). God forgive you; isn't it a better thing to raise your voice and tell what you seen, than to be making lamentation for a thing that's done? Did you see Bartley, I'm saying to you.

Maurya (with a weak voice). My heart's broken from this day.

Cathleen (as before). Did you see Bartley?

Maurya. I seen the fearfulest thing.

Cathleen (leaves her wheel and looks out). God forgive you; he's riding the mare now over the green head, and the gray pony behind him.

Maurya (starts, so that her shawl falls back from her head and shows her white tossed hair; with a frightened voice). The gray pony behind him.

Cathleen (coming to the fire). What is it ails you, at all?

Maurya (speaking very slowly). I've seen the fearfulest thing any

person has seen, since the day Bride Dara seen the dead man with the child in his arms.

Cathleen and Nora. Uah.

[*They crouch down in front of the old woman at the fire.*]

Nora. Tell us what it is you seen.

Maurya. I went down to the spring-well, and I stood there saying a prayer to myself. Then Bartley came along, and he riding on the red mare with the gray pony behind him. (*She puts up her hands, as if to hide something from her eyes.*) The Son of God spare us, Nora!

Cathleen. What is it you seen?

Maurya. I seen Michael himself.

Cathleen (speaking softly). You did not, Mother; it wasn't Michael you seen, for his body is after being found in the far north, and he's got a clean burial by the grace of God.

Maurya (a little defiantly). I'm after seeing him this day, and he riding and galloping. Bartley came first on the red mare; and I tried to say "God speed you," but something choked the words in my throat. He went by quickly; and, "The blessing of God on you," says he, and I could say nothing. I looked up then, and I crying, at the gray pony, and there was Michael upon it — with fine clothes on him, and new shoes on his feet.

Cathleen (begins to keen). It's destroyed we are from this day. It's destroyed, surely.

Nora. Didn't the young priest say the Almighty God wouldn't leave her destitute with no son living?

Maurya (in a low voice, but clearly). It's little the like of him knows of the sea. . . . Bartley will be lost now, and let you call in Eamon and make me a good coffin out of the white boards, for I won't live after them. I've had a husband, and a husband's father, and six sons in this house — six fine men, though it was a hard birth I had with every one of them and they coming to the world — and some of them were found and some of them were not found, but they're gone now, the lot of them. . . . There were Stephen, and Shawn, were lost in the great wind, and found after in the Bay of Gregory of the Golden Mouth, and carried up the two of them on the one plank, and in by that door.

[*She pauses for a moment, the girls start as if they heard something through the door that is half open behind them.*]

Nora (in a whisper). Did you hear that, Cathleen? Did you hear a noise in the northeast?

Cathleen (in a whisper). There's someone after crying out by the seashore.

Maurya (continues without hearing anything). There was Sheamus and his father, and his own father again, were lost in a dark night, and not a stick or sign was seen of them when the sun went up. There was Patch after was drowned out of a curagh⁴ that turned over. I was sitting here with Bartley, and he a baby, lying on my two knees, and I seen two women, and three women, and four women coming in, and they crossing themselves, and not saying a word. I looked out then, and there were men coming after them, and they holding a thing in the half of a red sail, and water dripping out of it — it was a dry day, Nora — and leaving a track to the door.

[*She pauses again with her hand stretched out toward the door. It opens softly and old women begin to come in, crossing themselves on the threshold, and kneeling down in front of the stage with red petticoats over their heads.*]

Maurya (half in a dream, to CATHLEEN). Is it Patch, or Michael, or what is it at all?

Cathleen. Michael is after being found in the far north, and when he is found there how could he be here in this place?

Maurya. There does be a power of young men floating round in the sea, and what way would they know if it was Michael they had, or another man like him, for when a man is nine days in the sea, and the wind blowing, it's hard set his own mother would be to say what man was it.

Cathleen. It's Michael, God spare him, for they're after sending us a bit of his clothes from the far north.

[*She reaches out and hands MAURYA the clothes that belonged to MICHAEL. MAURYA stands up slowly, and takes them in her hands. NORA looks out.*]

Nora. They're carrying a thing among them and there's water dripping out of it and leaving a track by the big stones.

Cathleen (in a whisper to the women who have come in). Is it Bartley it is?

One of the Women. It is surely, God rest his soul.

⁴ **curagh:** a small boat.

[Two younger women come in and pull out the table. Then men carry in the body of BARTLEY, laid on a plank, with a bit of a sail over it, and lay it on the table.]

Cathleen (to the women, as they are doing so). What way was he drowned?

One of the Women. The gray pony knocked him into the sea, and he was washed out where there is a great surf on the white rocks.

[MAURYA has gone over and knelt down at the head of the table. The women are keening softly and swaying themselves with a slow movement. CATHLEEN and NORA kneel at the other end of the table. The men kneel near the door.]

Maurya (raising her head and speaking as if she did not see the people around her). They're all gone now, and there isn't anything more the sea can do to me. . . . I'll have no call now to be up crying and praying when the wind breaks from the south, and you can hear the surf is in the east, and the surf is in the west, making a great stir with the two noises, and they hitting one on the other. I'll have no call now to be going down and getting holy water in the dark nights after Samhain,⁵ and I won't care what way the sea is when the other women will be keening. (to NORA) Give me the holy water, Nora; there's a small sup still on the dresser.

[NORA gives it to her.]

Maurya (drops MICHAEL's clothes across BARTLEY's feet, and sprinkles the holy water over him). It isn't that I haven't prayed for you, Bartley, to the Almighty God. It isn't that I haven't said prayers in the dark night till you wouldn't know what I'd be saying; but it's a great rest I'll have now, and it's time surely. It's a great rest I'll have now, and great sleeping in the long nights after Samhain, if it's only a bit of wet flour we do have to eat, and maybe a fish that would be stinking.

[She kneels down again, crossing herself, and saying prayers under her breath.]

Cathleen (to an old man). Maybe yourself and Eamon would make a coffin when the sun rises. We have fine white boards herself bought, God help her, thinking Michael would be found, and I have a new cake you can eat while you'll be working.

The Old Man (looking at the boards). Are there nails with them?

⁵ Samhain: a Celtic feast.

Cathleen. There are not, Colum; we didn't think of the nails.

Another Man. It's a great wonder she wouldn't think of the nails, and all the coffins she's seen made already.

Cathleen. It's getting old she is, and broken.

[MAURYA stands up again very slowly and spreads out the pieces of MICHAEL'S clothes beside the body, sprinkling them with the last of the holy water.]

Nora (in a whisper to CATHLEEN). She's quiet now and easy; but the day Michael was drowned you could hear her crying out from this to the spring-well. It's fonder she was of Michael, and would anyone have thought that?

Cathleen (slowly and clearly). An old woman will be soon tired with anything she will do, and isn't it nine days herself is after crying and keening, and making great sorrow in the house?

Maurya (puts the empty cup mouth downward on the table, and lays her hands together on BARTLEY'S feet). They're all together this time, and the end is come. May the Almighty God have mercy on Bartley's soul, and on Michael's soul, and on the souls of Sheamus and Patch, and Stephen and Shawn (*bending her head*); and may He have mercy on my soul, Nora, and on the soul of everyone is left living in the world.

[*She pauses, and the keen rises a little more loudly from the women, then sinks away.*]

Maurya (continuing). Michael has a clean burial in the far north, by the grace of the Almighty God. Bartley will have a fine coffin out of the white boards, and a deep grave surely. What more can we want than that? No man at all can be living forever, and we must be satisfied.

[*She kneels down again, and the curtain falls slowly.*]

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF SYNGE

1. What is the significance of the title?
2. What elements in the play do you think justify the name that has been given it of "the high watermark of Irish tragedy"? For which character is the tragedy the greatest? Why? At what point in the play do you think the tragedy the most intense? Why?
3. How does Maurya attempt to keep Bartley at home? Why does she fail to give him her blessing? Is there any explanation of her strange composure at the end besides that given by her two daughters?

4. Point out examples of foreshadowing, suspense, the use of the supernatural. How do they add to the effect on the audience? What is the effect of having the peasants gather at the end of the scene?
5. Select good examples of Irish local color. Study the dialect and pick out phrases and odd constructions that seem characteristic. Where does the dialect create a poetic effect?

For the Ambitious Student

1. This play may be dramatized if there are actors in the class who can preserve its tragic intensity. If there is danger of its becoming a burlesque, it is better not to attempt dramatization.
2. Read Eugene O'Neill's one-act tragedy *Ile* and compare it with this as to the effect of the sea on a woman's life. Which is the more tragic? the more appealing to you as an effective play?
3. Read Synge's *The Tinker's Wedding* and *In the Shadow of the Glen* for contrasts to *Riders to the Sea*. In which type of play do you think Synge gives you the greatest feeling of Irish characteristics?
4. Read widely in the Irish drama. (See the list on page 1141.) Do you think that Synge is justly called the most powerful dramatist of the Celtic Revival?

JOHN GALSWORTHY (1867-1933)

John Galsworthy, one of the most versatile of modern English writers, was famous for his passionate love of justice and peace. Born of a cultured and distinguished family of Surrey, he had every advantage that position and wealth can bring to a talented son. He was educated at Harrow and later at Oxford University and in 1890 was called to the bar. He did not, however, follow his profession, but decided to become a writer. As a preparation he traveled for two years through Russia, the Orient, Australia, and North and South America.

His first volume appeared in 1898, and his works now include novels, short stories, poems, plays, essays, and sketches. Most of these show their author's interest in law; instead of practising it, he wrote about it. Always judicial, sane, and dignified, examining each problem calmly, without denouncing, and ever eager to hear and to understand the point of view of the other person, he is all that a good lawyer should be.

While he wrote excellent essays and sketches, his place in literature will probably be determined by his novels and dramas. *The Forsyte Saga*, the chronicles of a well-to-do family through several generations, and *Fraternity* are his ablest contributions to prose fiction, while *Justice*, *Strife*, *Loyalties*, and *Escape* show his great skill as a playwright. His power in telling a story and in presenting artistically the social problems that result from present industrial conditions, added to his understanding of life and its problems, has won for him a permanent place in English literature.

STRIFE

A Drama in Three Acts

The crosscurrents of opinion, the inequalities, the injustices, and the human tragedies in our modern society are the recurrent themes of Galsworthy's many dramas. His legal training gave him remarkable clarity of vision and impartiality of judgment. Never do we feel him to be a mere propagandist rushing us into an emotional excess to prove this or that theory, but always the student of human nature who points out, with evidence added to evidence, the disastrous results of prejudice, greed, obstinacy, or purely conventional thinking.

Strife, one of his early plays, was written in 1909, but its theme, a labor strike, is as pertinent to our present life as if it came from today's newspaper. Galsworthy takes no sides between Labor and Capital. He makes you see exactly *why* each character feels and acts as he does. The outcome of the struggle, however, leaves a powerful impression on the mind as to the final significance of all such unyielding strife.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

JOHN ANTHONY, Chairman of the Trenartha Tin-Plate Works

EDGAR ANTHONY, his son

FREDERICK H. WILDER

WILLIAM SCANTLEBURY

OLIVER WANKLIN

} Directors of the same

HENRY TENCH, Secretary of the same

FRANCIS UNDERWOOD, C. E., Manager of the same

SIMON HARNESS, a Trades Union official

DAVID ROBERTS

JAMES GREEN

JOHN BULGIN

HENRY THOMAS

GEORGE ROUS

} the workmen's committee

HENRY ROUS

LEWIS

JAGO

EVANS

A BLACKSMITH

DAVIES

A RED-HAIRED YOUTH

BROWN

} workmen at the Trenartha Tin-Plate Works

FROST, valet to John Anthony

ENID UNDERWOOD, wife of Francis Underwood, daughter of John Anthony

ANNIE ROBERTS, wife of David Roberts

MADGE THOMAS, daughter of Henry Thomas

MRS. ROUS, mother of George and Henry Rous

MRS. BULGIN, wife of John Bulgin

MRS. YEO, wife of a workman

A PARLORMAID to the Underwoods

JAN, Madge's brother, a boy of ten

A CROWD OF MEN ON STRIKE

SCENE: *The action takes place on February 7 between the hours of noon and six in the afternoon, close to the Trenartha Tin-Plate Works, on the borders of England and Wales, where a strike has been in progress throughout the winter.*

ACT I

SCENE: *It is noon. In the Underwood's dining room a bright fire is burning. On one side of the fireplace are double doors leading to the drawing room, on the other side a door leading to the hall. In the center of the room a long dining table without a cloth is set out as a Board table. At the head of it, in the Chairman's seat, sits JOHN ANTHONY, an old man, big, clean-shaven, and high-colored, with thick white hair and thick dark eyebrows. His movements are rather slow and feeble, but his eyes are very much alive. There is a glass of water by his side. On his right sits his son EDGAR, an earnest-looking man of thirty, reading a newspaper. Next him WANKLIN, a man with jutting eyebrows, and silver-streaked light hair, is bending over transfer papers. TENCH, the Secretary, a short and rather humble, nervous man, with side whiskers, stands helping him. On WANKLIN's right sits UNDERWOOD, the Manager, a quiet man, with a long, stiff jaw and steady eyes. Back to the fire is SCANTLEBURY, a very large, pale, sleepy man, with gray hair, rather bald. Between him and the Chairman are two empty chairs.*

Wilder (who is lean, cadaverous, and complaining, with drooping gray mustaches, stands before the fire). I say, this fire's the devil! Can I have a screen, Tench?

Scantlebury. A screen, ah!

Tench. Certainly, Mr. Wilder. (*He looks at UNDERWOOD.*) That is — perhaps the Manager — perhaps Mr. Underwood —

Scantlebury. These fireplaces of yours, Underwood —

Underwood (*roused from studying some papers*). A screen? Rather! I'm sorry. (*He goes to the door with a little smile.*) We're not accustomed to complaints of too much fire down here just now.

[*He speaks as though he holds a pipe between his teeth, slowly, ironically.*]

Wilder (*in an injured voice*). You mean the men. H'm!

[*UNDERWOOD goes out.*]

Scantlebury. Poor devils!

Wilder. It's their own fault, Scantlebury.

Edgar (*holding out his paper*). There's great distress among them, according to the *Trenartha News*.

Wilder. Oh, that rag! Give it to Wanklin. Suit his radical views. They call us monsters, I suppose. The editor of that rubbish ought to be shot.

Edgar (*reading*). "If the Board of worthy gentlemen who control the Trenartha Tin-Plate Works from their armchairs in London would condescend to come and see for themselves the conditions prevailing among their workpeople during this strike —"

Wilder. Well, we *have* come.

Edgar (*continuing*). "We cannot believe that even their leg-of-mutton hearts would remain untouched."

[*WANKLIN takes the paper from him.*]

Wilder. Ruffian! I remember that fellow when he hadn't a penny to his name; little snivel of a chap that's made his way by black-guarding everybody who takes a different view to himself.

[*ANTHONY says something that is not heard.*]

What does your father say?

Edgar. He says, "The kettle and the pot."

Wilder. H'm!

[*He sits down next to SCANTLEBURY.*]

Scantlebury (*blowing out his cheeks*). I shall boil if I don't get that screen.

[UNDERWOOD and ENID enter with a screen, which they place before the fire. ENID is tall; she has a small, decided face, and is twenty-eight years old.]

Enid. Put it closer, Frank. Will that do, Mr. Wilder? It's the highest we've got.

Wilder. Thanks, capitally.

Scantlebury (turning, with a sigh of pleasure). Ah! Merci,¹ Madame!

Enid. Is there anything else you want, Father? (ANTHONY shakes his head.) Edgar — anything?

Edgar. You might give me a "J" nib, old girl.

Enid. There are some down there by Mr. Scantlebury.

Scantlebury (handing a little box of nibs). Ah! your brother uses "J's." What does the manager use? (With expansive politeness) What does your husband use, Mrs. Underwood?

Underwood. A quill!

Scantlebury. The homely product of the goose.

[He holds out quills.]

Underwood (dryly). Thanks, if you can spare me one. (He takes a quill.) What about lunch, Enid?

Enid (stopping at the double doors and looking back). We're going to have lunch here, in the drawing room, so you needn't hurry with your meeting.

[WANKLIN and WILDER bow, and she goes out.]

Scantlebury (rousing himself, suddenly). Ah! Lunch! That hotel — Dreadful! Did you try the whitebait last night? Fried fat!

Wilder. Past twelve! Aren't you going to read the minutes, Tench?

Tench (looking for the Chairman's assent, reads in a rapid and monotonous voice). "At a Board meeting held the thirty-first of January at the company's offices, 512 Cannon Street, E. C. Present — Mr. Anthony in the chair, Messrs. F. H. Wilder, William Scantlebury, Oliver Wanklin, and Edgar Anthony. Read letters from the Manager dated January 20, 23, 25, 28, relative to the strike at the company's works. Read letters to the Manager of January 21, 24, 26, 29. Read letter from Mr. Simon Harness, of the central union,

¹ **Merci:** French for "Thank you."

asking for an interview with the Board. Read letters from the Men's Committee, signed David Roberts, James Green, John Bulgin, Henry Thomas, George Rous, desiring conference with the Board; and it was resolved that a special Board meeting be called for February 7 at the house of the Manager, for the purpose of discussing the situation with Mr. Simon Harness and the Men's Committee on the spot. Passed twelve transfers, signed and sealed nine certificates and one balance certificate."

[*He pushes the book over to the Chairman.*]

Anthony (with a heavy sigh). If it's your pleasure, sign the same.

[*He signs, moving the pen with difficulty.*]

Wanklin. What's the union's game, Tench? They haven't made up their split with the men. What does Harness want this interview for?

Tench. Hoping we shall come to a compromise, I think, sir; he's having a meeting with the men this afternoon.

Wilder. Harness! Ah! He's one of those cold-blooded, cool-headed chaps. I distrust them. I don't know that we didn't make a mistake to come down. What time'll the men be here?

Underwood. Anytime now.

Wilder. Well, if we're not ready, they'll have to wait — won't do them any harm to cool their heels a bit.

Scantlebury (slowly). Poor devils! It's snowing. *What* weather!

Underwood (with meaning slowness). This house'll be the warmest place they've been in this winter.

Wilder. Well, I hope we're going to settle this business in time for me to catch the six-thirty. I've got to take my wife to Spain tomorrow. (*Chattily*) My old father had a strike at his works in '69; just such a February as this. They wanted to shoot him.

Wanklin. What! In the close season?

Wilder. By George, there was no close season for employers then! He used to go down to his office with a pistol in his pocket.

Scantlebury (faintly alarmed). Not seriously?

Wilder (with finality). Ended in his shootin' one of 'em in the legs.

Scantlebury (unavoidably feeling his thigh). No? Which?

Anthony (lifting the agenda paper). To consider the policy of the Board in relation to the strike.

[*There is a silence.*]

Wilder. It's this infernal three-cornered duel — the union, the men, and ourselves.

Wanklin. We needn't consider the union.

Wilder. It's my experience that you've always got to consider the union, confound them! If the union were going to withdraw their support from the men, as they've done, why did they ever allow them to strike at all?

Edgar. We've had that over a dozen times.

Wilder. Well, I've never understood it! It's beyond me. They talk of the engineers' and furnacemen's demands being excessive — so they are — but that's not enough to make the union withdraw their support. What's behind it?

Underwood. Fear of strikes at Harper's and Tinewell's.

Wilder (with triumph). Afraid of other strikes — now, that's a reason! Why couldn't we have been told that before?

Underwood. You were.

Tench. You were absent from the Board that day, sir.

Scantlebury. The men must have seen they had no chance when the union gave them up. It's madness.

Underwood. It's Roberts!

Wilder. Just our luck, the men finding a fanatical firebrand like Roberts for leader.

[*A pause.*]

Wanklin (looking at ANTHONY). Well?

Wilder (breaking in fussily). It's a regular mess. I don't like the position we're in; I don't like it; I've said so for a long time. (*Looking at WANKLIN*) When Wanklin and I came down here before Christmas it looked as if the men must collapse. You thought so too, Underwood.

Underwood. Yes.

Wilder. Well, they haven't! Here we are, going from bad to worse — losing our customers — shares going down!

Scantlebury (shaking his head). M'm! M'm!

Wanklin. What loss have we made by this strike, Tench?

Tench. Over fifty thousand, sir!

Scantlebury (pained). You don't say!

Wilder. We shall never get it back.

Tench. No, sir.

Wilder. Who'd have supposed the men were going to stick out like this — nobody suggested that.

[*Looking angrily at TENCH.*]

Scantlebury (shaking his head). I've never liked a fight — never shall.

Anthony. No surrender!

[*All look at him.*]

Wilder. Who wants to surrender? (*ANTHONY looks at him.*) I — I want to act reasonably. When the men sent Roberts up to the Board in December — then was the time. We ought to have humored him; instead of that the Chairman (*dropping his eyes before ANTHONY's*) — er — we snapped his head off. We could have got them in then by a little tact.

Anthony. No compromise!

Wilder. There we are! This strike's been going on now since October, and as far as I can see it may last another six months. Pretty mess we shall be in by then. The only comfort is, the men'll be in a worse!

Edgar (to UNDERWOOD). What sort of state are they really in, Frank?

Underwood (without expression). Damnable!

Wilder. Well, who on earth would have thought they'd have held on like this without support!

Underwood. Those who know them.

Wilder. I defy anyone to know them! And what about tin? Price going up daily. When we do get started we shall have to work off our contracts at the top of the market.

Wanklin. What do you say to that, Chairman?

Anthony. Can't be helped!

Wilder. Shan't pay a dividend till goodness knows when!

Scantlebury (with emphasis). We ought to think of the shareholders. (*Turning heavily*) Chairman, I say we ought to think of the shareholders.

[*ANTHONY mutters.*]

What's that?

Tench. The Chairman says he is thinking of you, sir.

Scantlebury (sinking back into torpor). Cynic!

Wilder. It's past a joke. I don't want to go without a dividend for years if the Chairman does. We can't go on playing ducks and drakes with the company's prosperity.

Edgar (rather ashamedly). I think we ought to consider the men.

[*All but ANTHONY fidget in their seats.*]

Scantlebury (with a sigh). We mustn't think of our private feelings, young man. That'll never do.

Edgar (ironically). I'm not thinking of our feelings. I'm thinking of the men's.

Wilder. As to that — we're men of business.

Wanklin. That is the little trouble.

Edgar. There's no necessity for pushing things so far in the face of all this suffering — it's — it's cruel.

[*No one speaks, as though EDGAR had uncovered something whose existence no man prizing his self-respect could afford to recognize.*]

Wanklin (with an ironical smile). I'm afraid we mustn't base our policy on luxuries like sentiment.

Edgar. I detest this state of things.

Anthony. We didn't seek the quarrel.

Edgar. I know that sir, but surely we've gone far enough.

Anthony. No.

[*All look at one another.*]

Wanklin. Luxuries apart, Chairman, we must look out what we're doing.

Anthony. Give way to the men once and there'll be no end to it.

Wanklin. I quite agree, but —

[*ANTHONY shakes his head.*]

You make it a question of bedrock principle?

[*ANTHONY nods.*]

Luxuries again, Chairman! The shares are below par.

Wilder. Yes, and they'll drop to a half when we pass the next dividend.

Scantlebury (with alarm). Come, come! Not so bad as that.

Wilder (grimly). You'll see! (*Craning forward to catch ANTHONY'S speech*) I didn't catch —

Tench (hesitating). The Chairman says, sir, "Fais que — que — devra —"

Edgar (sharply). My father says: "Do what we ought — and let things rip."

Wilder. Tcha!

Scantlebury (throwing up his hands). The Chairman's a Stoic² — I always said the Chairman was a Stoic.

Wilder. Much good that'll do us.

² Stoic: a follower of an ancient Greek philosophy of repression of emotion and indifference to pain.

Wanklin (suavely). Seriously, Chairman, are you going to let the ship sink under you, for the sake of — a principle?

Anthony. She won't sink.

Scantlebury (with alarm). Not while I'm on the Board I hope.

Anthony (with a twinkle). Better rat, Scantlebury.

Scantlebury. What a man!

Anthony. I've always fought them; I've never been beaten yet.

Wanklin. We're with you in theory, Chairman. But we're not all made of cast iron.

Anthony. We're only to hold on.

Wilder (rising and going to the fire). And go to the devil as fast as we can!

Anthony. Better go to the devil than give in!

Wilder (fretfully). That may suit you, sir, but it doesn't suit me, or anyone else I should think.

[ANTHONY looks him in the face — a silence.]

Edgar. I don't see how we can get over it that to go on like this means starvation to the men's wives and families.

[WILDER turns abruptly to the fire, and SCANTLEBURY puts out a hand to push the idea away.]

Wanklin. I'm afraid again that sounds a little sentimental.

Edgar. Men of business are excused from decency, you think?

Wilder. Nobody's more sorry for the men than I am, but if they (*lashing himself*) choose to be such a pig-headed lot, it's nothing to do with us; we've quite enough on *our* hands to think of ourselves and the shareholders.

Edgar (irritably). It won't kill the shareholders to miss a dividend or two; I don't see that *that's* reason enough for knuckling under.

Scantlebury (with grave discomfort). You talk very lightly of your dividends, young man; I don't know where we are.

Wilder. There's only one sound way of looking at it. We can't go on ruining *ourselves* with this strike.

Anthony. No caving in!

Scantlebury (with a gesture of despair). Look at him!

[ANTHONY is leaning back in his chair. They do look at him.]

Wilder (returning to his seat). Well, all I can say is, if that's the Chairman's view, I don't know what we've come down here for.

Anthony. To tell the men that we've got nothing for them —

(*Grimly*) They won't believe it till they hear it spoken in plain English.

Wilder. H'm! Shouldn't be a bit surprised if that brute Roberts hadn't got us down here with the very same idea. I hate a man with a grievance.

Edgar (resentfully). We didn't pay him enough for his discovery. I always said that at the time.

Wilder. We paid him five hundred and a bonus of two hundred three years later. If that's not enough! What does he want, for goodness' sake?

Tench (complainingly). Company made a hundred thousand out of his brains, and paid him seven hundred — that's the way he goes on, sir.

Wilder. The man's a rank agitator! Look here, I hate the unions. But now we've got Harness here let's get him to settle the whole thing.

Anthony. No!

[*Again they look at him.*]

Underwood. Roberts won't let the men assent to that.

Scantlebury. Fanatic! Fanatic!

Wilder (looking at ANTHONY). And not the only one!

[*FROST enters from the hall.*]

Frost (to ANTHONY). Mr. Harness from the union, waiting, sir. The men are here too, sir.

[*ANTHONY nods. UNDERWOOD goes to the door, returning with HARNESS, a pale, clean-shaven man with hollow cheeks, quick eyes, and lantern jaw — FROST has retired.*]

Underwood (pointing to TENCH's chair). Sit there next to the Chairman, Harness, won't you?

[*At HARNESS's appearance, the Board have drawn together, as it were, and turned a little to him, like cattle at a dog.*]

Harness (with a sharp look around, and a bow). Thanks! (*He sits — his accent is slightly nasal.*) Well, gentlemen, we're going to do business at last, I hope.

Wilder. Depends on what you call business, Harness. Why don't you make the men come in?

Harness (sardonically). The men are far more in the right than

you are. The question with us is whether we shan't begin to support them again.

[*He ignores them all, except ANTHONY, to whom he turns in speaking.*]

Anthony. Support them if you like; we'll put in free labor and have done with it.

Harness. That won't do, Mr. Anthony. You can't get free labor, and you know it.

Anthony. We shall see that.

Harness. I'm quite frank with you. We were forced to withhold our support from your men because some of their demands are in excess of current rates. I expect to make them withdraw those demands today; if they do, take it straight from me, gentlemen, we shall back them again at once. Now, I want to see something fixed upon before I go back tonight. Can't we have done with this old-fashioned tug-of-war business? What good's it doing you? Why don't you recognize once for all that these people are men like yourselves, and want what's good for them just as you want what's good for you — (*bitterly*) Your motorcars, and champagne, and eight-course dinners.

Anthony. If the men will come in, we'll do something for them.

Harness (ironically). Is that your opinion too, sir — and yours — and yours? (*The directors do not answer.*) Well, all I can say is: It's a kind of high and mighty aristocratic tone I thought we'd grown out of — seems I was mistaken.

Anthony. It's the tone the men use. Remains to be seen which can hold out longest — they without us, or we without them.

Harness. As businessmen, I wonder you're not ashamed of this waste of force, gentlemen. You know what it'll all end in.

Anthony. What?

Harness. Compromise — it always does.

Scantlebury. Can't you persuade the men that their interests are the same as ours?

Harness (turning, ironically). I could persuade them of that, sir, if they were.

Wilder. Come, Harness, you're a clever man, you don't believe all the socialistic claptrap that's talked nowadays. There's no real difference between their interests and ours.

Harness. There's just one very simple question I'd like to put to you. Will you pay your men one penny more than they force you to pay them?

[WILDER *is silent.*]

Wanklin (chiming in). I humbly thought that not to pay more than was necessary was the A B C of commerce.

Harness (with irony). Yes, that seems to be the A B C of commerce, sir; and the A B C of commerce is between your interests and the men's.

Scantlebury (whispering). We ought to arrange something.

Harness (dryly). Am I to understand then, gentlemen, that your Board is going to make no concessions?

[WANKLIN and WILDER *bend forward as if to speak, but stop.*]

Anthony (nodding). None.

[WANKLIN and WILDER *again bend forward, and SCANTLEBURY gives an unexpected grunt.*]

Harness. You were about to say something, I believe?

[*But SCANTLEBURY says nothing.*]

Edgar (looking up suddenly). We're sorry for the state of the men.

Harness (icily). The men have no use for your pity, sir. What they want is justice.

Anthony. Then let *them* be just.

Harness. For that word "just" read "humble," Mr. Anthony. Why should they be humble? Barring the accident of money, aren't they as good men as you?

Anthony. Cant!

Harness. Well, I've been five years in America. It colors a man's notions.

Scantlebury (suddenly, as though avenging his uncompleted grunt). Let's have the men in and hear what they've got to say!

[ANTHONY *nods, and UNDERWOOD goes out by the single door.*]

Harness (dryly). As I'm to have an interview with them this afternoon, gentlemen, I'll ask you to postpone your final decision till that's over.

[*Again ANTHONY nods, and taking up his glass drinks. UNDERWOOD comes in again, followed by ROBERTS, GREEN, BULGIN, THOMAS, ROUS. They file in, hat in hand, and stand silent in a row. ROBERTS is lean, of middle height, with a slight stoop. He has a little rat-gnawed, brown-gray beard, mustaches, high cheekbones, hollow cheeks, small fiery eyes. He wears an old and grease-*

stained blue serge suit, and carries an old bowler hat. He stands nearest the Chairman. GREEN, next to him, has a clean, worn face, with a small gray goatee beard and drooping mustaches, iron spectacles, and mild, straightforward eyes. He wears an overcoat, green with age, and a linen collar. Next to him is BULGIN, a tall, strong man, with a dark mustache and fighting jaw, wearing a red muffler, who keeps changing his cap from one hand to the other. Next to him is THOMAS, an old man with a gray mustache, full beard, and weatherbeaten, bony face, whose overcoat discloses a lean, plucky-looking neck. On his right, ROUS, the youngest of the five, looks like a soldier; he has a glitter in his eyes.]

Underwood (pointing). There are some chairs there against the wall, Roberts; won't you draw them up and sit down?

Roberts. Thank you, Mr. Underwood — we'll stand — in the presence of the Board. (*He speaks in a biting and staccato voice, rolling his r's, pronouncing his a's like an Italian a, and his consonants short and crisp.*) How are you, Mr. Harness? Didn't expect t' have the pleasure of seeing you till this afternoon.

Harness (steadily). We shall meet again then, Roberts.

Roberts. Glad to hear that; we shall have some news for you to take to your people.

Anthony. What do the men want?

Roberts (acidly). Beg pardon, I don't quite catch the Chairman's remark.

Tench (from behind the Chairman's chair). The Chairman wishes to know what the men have to say.

Roberts. It's what the Board has to say we've come to hear. It's for the Board to speak first.

Anthony. The Board has nothing to say.

Roberts (looking along the line of men). In that case we're wasting the directors' time. We'll be taking our feet off this pretty carpet.

[*He turns, the men move slowly, as though hypnotically influenced.*]

Wanklin (suavely). Come, Roberts, you didn't give us this long cold journey for the pleasure of saying that.

Thomas (a pure Welshman). No, sir, an' what I say iss —

Roberts (bitingly). Go on, Henry Thomas, go on. You're better able to speak to the — directors than me.

[*THOMAS is silent.*]

Tench. The Chairman means, Roberts, that it was the men who asked for the conference, the Board wish to hear what they have to say.

Roberts. Gad! If I was to begin to tell ye all they have to say. I wouldn't be finished today. And there'd be some that'd wish they'd never left their London palaces.

Harness. What's your proposition, man? Be reasonable.

Roberts. You want reason, Mr. Harness? Take a look round this afternoon before the meeting. (*He looks at the men; no sound escapes them.*) You'll see some very pretty scenery.

Harness. All right, my friend; you won't put me off.

Roberts (to the men). We shan't put Mr. Harness off. Have some champagne with your lunch, Mr. Harness; you'll want it, sir.

Harness. Come, get to business, man!

Thomas. What we're asking, look you, is just simple justice.

Roberts (venomously). Justice from London? What are you talking about, Henry Thomas? Have you gone silly? (*THOMAS is silent.*) We know very well what we are — discontented dogs — never satisfied. What did the Chairman tell me up in London? That I didn't know what I was talking about. I was a foolish, uneducated man, that knew nothing of the wants of the men I spoke for.

Edgar. Do please keep to the point.

Anthony (holding up his hand). There can only be one master. Roberts.

Roberts. Then, be Gad, it'll be us.

[*There is a silence; ANTHONY and ROBERTS stare at one another.*]

Underwood. If you've nothing to say to the directors, Roberts, perhaps you'll let Green or Thomas speak for the men.

[*GREEN and THOMAS look anxiously at ROBERTS, at each other, and the other men.*]

Green (an Englishman). If I'd been listened to, gentlemen —

Thomas. What I've got to say iss what we've all got to say —

Roberts. Speak for yourself, Henry Thomas.

Scantlebury (with a gesture of deep spiritual discomfort). Let the poor men call their souls their own!

Roberts. Aye, they shall keep their souls, for it's not much body that you've left them, Mr. (*with biting emphasis, as though the word were an offense*) Scantlebury! (*To the men*) Well, will you speak, or shall I speak for you?

Rous (suddenly). Speak out, Roberts, or leave it to others.

Roberts (ironically). Thank you, George Rous. (*Addressing himself to ANTHONY*) The Chairman and Board of Directors have honored us by leaving London and coming all this way to hear what we've got to say; it would not be polite to keep them any longer waiting.

Wilder. Well, thank God for that!

Roberts. Ye will not dare to thank Him when I have done, Mr. Wilder, for all your piety. May be your God up in London has no time to listen to the workingman. I'm told He is a wealthy God; but if He listens to what I tell Him, He will know more than ever He learned in Kensington.

Harness. Come, Roberts, you have your own God. Respect the God of other men.

Roberts. That's right, sir. We have another God down here; I doubt He is rather different to Mr. Wilder's. Ask Henry Thomas; he will tell you whether his God and Mr. Wilder's are the same.

[THOMAS lifts his hand, and cranes his head as though to prophesy.]

Wanklin. For goodness' sake, let's keep to the point, Roberts.

Roberts. I rather think it is the point, Mr. Wanklin. If you can get the God of Capital to walk through the streets of Labor, and pay attention to what He sees, you're a brighter man than I take you for, for all that you're a radical.

Anthony. Attend to me, Roberts! (*ROBERTS is silent.*) You are here to speak for the men, as I am here to speak for the Board. (*He looks slowly round.*)

[WILDER, WANKLIN, and SCANTLEBURY make movements of uneasiness, and EDGAR gazes at the floor. A faint smile comes on HARNESS' face.]

Now then, what is it?

Roberts. Right, sir!

[Throughout all that follows, he and ANTHONY look fixedly upon each other. Men and directors show in their various ways suppressed uneasiness, as though listening to words that they themselves would not have spoken.]

The men can't afford to travel up to London; and they don't trust you to believe what they say in black and white. They know what the post is (*he darts a look at UNDERWOOD and TENCH*), and what directors'

meetings are: "Refer it to the manager — let the manager advise us on the men's condition. Can we squeeze them a little more?"

Underwood (in a low voice). Don't hit below the belt, Roberts!

Roberts. Is it below the belt, Mr. Underwood? The men know. When I came up to London, I told you the position straight. An' what came of it? I was told I didn't know what I was talkin' about. I can't afford to travel up to London to be told that again.

Anthony. What have you to say for the men?

Roberts. I have this to say — and first as to their condition. Ye shall 'ave no need to go and ask your manager. Ye can't squeeze them any more. Every man of us is well-nigh starving. (*A surprised murmur rises from the men. ROBERTS looks round.*) Ye wonder why I tell ye that? Every man of us is going short. We can't be no worse off than we've been these weeks past. Ye needn't think that by waiting ye'll drive us to come in. We'll die first, the whole lot of us. The men have sent for ye to know, once and for all, whether ye are going to grant them their demands. I see the sheet of paper in the Secretary's hand. (*TENCH moves nervously.*) That's it, I think, Mr. Tench. It's not very large.

Tench (nodding). Yes.

Roberts. There's not one sentence of writing on that paper that we can do without.

[*A movement among the men. ROBERT turns on them sharply.*]

Isn't that so?

[*The men assent reluctantly. ANTHONY takes from TENCH the paper and peruses it.*]

Not one single sentence. All those demands are fair. We have not asked anything that we are not entitled to ask. What I said up in London, I say again now: there is not anything on that piece of paper that a just man should not ask, and a just man give.

[*A pause.*]

Anthony. There is not one single demand on this paper that we will grant.

[*In the stir that follows on these words, ROBERTS watches the directors and ANTHONY the men. WILDER gets up abruptly and goes over to the fire.*]

Roberts. D' ye mean that?

Anthony. I do.

[WILDER at the fire makes an emphatic movement of disgust.]

Roberts (noting it, with dry intensity). Ye best know whether the condition of the company is any better than the condition of the men. (*Scanning the directors' faces*) Ye best know whether you can afford your tyranny — but this I tell ye: If ye think the men will give way the least part of an inch, ye're making the worst mistake ye ever made. (*He fixes his eyes on SCANTLEBURY.*) Ye think because the union is not supporting us — more shame to it! — that we'll be coming on our knees to you one fine morning. Ye think because the men have got their wives an' families to think of — that it's just a question of a week or two —

Anthony. It would be better if you did not speculate so much on what we think.

Roberts. Aye! It's not much profit to us! I will say this for you, Mr. Anthony — ye know your own mind! (*Staring at ANTHONY*) I can reckon on ye!

Anthony (ironically). I am obliged to you!

Roberts. And I know mine. I tell ye this: The men will send their wives and families where the country will have to keep them; an' they will starve sooner than give way. I advise ye, Mr. Anthony, to prepare yourself for the worst that can happen to your company. We are not so ignorant as you might suppose. We know the way the cat is jumping. Your position is not all that it might be — not exactly!

Anthony. Be good enough to allow us to judge of our position for ourselves. Go back, and reconsider your own.

Roberts (stepping forward). Mr. Anthony, you are not a young man now; from the time I remember anything ye have been an enemy to every man that has come into your works. I don't say that ye're a mean man, or a cruel man, but ye've grudged them the say of any word in their own fate. Ye've fought them down four times. I've heard ye say ye love a fight — mark my words — ye're fighting the last fight ye'll ever fight —

[TENCH touches ROBERTS' sleeve.]

Underwood. Roberts! Roberts!

Roberts. "Roberts! Roberts!" I mustn't speak my mind to the Chairman, but the Chairman may speak his mind to me!

Wilder. What are things coming to?

Anthony (with a grim smile at WILDER). Go on, Roberts; say what you like!

Roberts (after a pause). I have no more to say.

Anthony. The meeting stands adjourned to five o'clock.

Wanklin (in a low voice to UNDERWOOD). We shall never settle anything like this.

Roberts (bitingly). We thank the Chairman and Board of Directors for their gracious hearing.

[*He moves toward the door; the men cluster together stupefied; then ROUS, throwing up his head, passes ROBERTS and goes out. The others follow.*]

(*With his hand on the door — maliciously*) Good day, gentlemen!

[*He goes out.*]

Harness (ironically). I congratulate you on the conciliatory spirit that's been displayed. With your permission, gentlemen, I'll be with you again at half-past five. Good morning!

[*He bows slightly, rests his eyes on ANTHONY, who returns his stare unmoved, and, followed by UNDERWOOD, goes out. There is a moment of uneasy silence. UNDERWOOD reappears in the doorway.*]

Wilder (with emphatic disgust). Well!

[*The double doors are opened.*]

Enid (standing in the doorway). Lunch is ready.

[*EDGAR, getting up abruptly, walks out past his sister.*]

Wilder. Coming to lunch, Scantlebury?

Scantlebury (rising heavily). I suppose so, I suppose so. It's the only thing we can do.

[*They go out through the double doors.*]

Wanklin (in a low voice). Do you really mean to fight to a finish, Chairman?

[*ANTHONY nods.*]

Take care! The essence of things is to know when to stop.

[*ANTHONY does not answer.*]

(*Very gravely*) This way disaster lies. The ancient Trojans were fools to your father, Mrs. Underwood.

[*He goes out through the double doors.*]

Enid. I want to speak to Father, Frank.

[UNDERWOOD follows WANKLIN out. TENCH, *passing round the table, is restoring order to the scattered pens and papers.*]

Aren't you coming, Dad?

[ANTHONY *shakes his head*. ENID *looks meaningly at* TENCH.]

Won't you go and have some lunch, Mr. Tench?

Tench (with papers in his hand). Thank you, ma'am, thank you!

[*He goes slowly, looking back.*]

Enid (shutting the doors). I do hope it's settled, Father!

Anthony. No!

Enid (very disappointed). Oh! Haven't you done anything?

[ANTHONY *shakes his head*.]

Frank says they all want to come to a compromise, really, except that man Roberts.

Anthony. I don't.

Enid. It's such a horrid position for us. If you were the wife of the manager, and lived down here, and saw it all. You can't realize, Dad!

Anthony. Indeed?

Enid. We see *all* the distress. You remember my maid Annie, who married Roberts? (ANTHONY *nods*.) It's so wretched, her heart's weak; since the strike began, she hasn't even been getting proper food. I know it for a fact, Father.

Anthony. Give her what she wants, poor woman!

Enid. Roberts won't let her take anything from us.

Anthony (staring before him). I can't be answerable for the men's obstinacy.

Enid. They're all suffering. Father! Do stop it, for my sake!

Anthony (with a keen look at her). You don't understand, my dear.

Enid. If I were on the Board, I'd do something.

Anthony. What would you do?

Enid. It's because you can't bear to give way. It's so —

Anthony. Well?

Enid. So unnecessary.

Anthony. What do you know about necessity? Read your novels, play your music, talk your talk, but don't try and tell *me* what's at the bottom of a struggle like this.

Enid. I live down here, and see it.

Anthony. What d' you imagine stands between you and your class and these men that you're so sorry for?

Enid (coldly). I don't know what you mean, Father.

Anthony. In a few years you and your children would be down in the condition they're in, but for those who have the eyes to see things as they are and the backbone to stand up for themselves.

Enid. You don't know the state the men are in.

Anthony. I know it well enough.

Enid. You don't, Father: if you did, you wouldn't —

Anthony. It's you who don't know the simple facts of the position. What sort of mercy do you suppose you'd get if no one stood between you and the continual demands of labor? This sort of mercy — (*He puts his hand up to his throat and squeezes it.*) First would go your sentiments, my dear; then your culture, and your comforts would be going all the time!

Enid. I don't believe in barriers between classes.

Anthony. You — don't — believe — in — barriers — between the classes?

Enid (coldly). And I don't know what that has to do with this question.

Anthony. It will take a generation or two for you to understand.

Enid. It's only you and Roberts, Father, and you know it! (*ANTHONY thrusts out his lower lip.*) It'll ruin the company.

Anthony. Allow me to judge of that.

Enid (resentfully). I won't stand by and let poor Annie Roberts suffer like this! And think of the children, Father! I warn you.

Anthony (with a grim smile). What do you propose to do?

Enid. That's my affair.

[ANTHONY only looks at her.]

(*In a changed voice, stroking his sleeve*) Father, you know you oughtn't to have this strain on you — you know what Dr. Fisher said!

Anthony. No old man can afford to listen to old women.

Enid. But you *have* done enough, even if it really is such a matter of principle with you.

Anthony. You think so?

Enid. Don't, Dad! (*Her face works.*) You — you might think of us!

Anthony. I am.

Enid. It'll break you down.

Anthony (slowly). My dear, I am not going to funk; on that you may rely.

[*Re-enter TENCH with papers; he glances at them, then plucking up courage.*]

Tench. Beg pardon, Madam, I think I'd rather see these papers were disposed of before I get my lunch.

[*Enid, after an impatient glance at him, looks at her father, turns suddenly, and goes into the drawing room.*]

Tench (holding the papers and a pen to ANTHONY, very nervously). Would you sign these for me, please, sir?

[*ANTHONY takes the pen and signs.*]

Tench (standing with a sheet of blotting paper behind EDGAR's chair, begins speaking nervously). I owe my position to you, sir.

Anthony. Well?

Tench. I'm obliged to see everything that's going on, sir; I — I depend upon the company entirely. If anything were to happen to it, it'd be disastrous for me. (*ANTHONY nods.*) And, of course, my wife's just had another; and so it makes me doubly anxious just now. And the rates are really terrible down our way.

Anthony (with grim amusement). Not more terrible than they are up mine.

Tench. No, sir? (*Very nervously*) I know the company means a great deal to you, sir.

Anthony. It does; I founded it.

Tench. Yes, sir. If the strike goes on it'll be very serious. I think the directors are beginning to realize that, sir.

Anthony (ironically). Indeed?

Tench. I know you hold very strong views, sir, and it's always your habit to look things in the face; but I don't think the directors — like it, sir, now they — they see it.

Anthony (grimly). Nor you, it seems.

Tench (with a ghost of a smile). No, sir; of course I've got my children, and my wife's delicate; in my position I *have* to think of these things. (*ANTHONY nods.*) It wasn't *that* I was going to say, sir, if you'll excuse me (*hesitates*) —

Anthony. Out with it, then!

Tench. I know — from my own father, sir, that when you get on in life you do feel things dreadfully —

Anthony (almost paternally). Come, out with it, Tench!

Tench. I don't like to say it, sir.

Anthony (stonily). You must.

Tench (after a pause, desperately bolting it out). I think the directors are going to throw you over, sir.

Anthony (sits in silence). Ring the bell!

[TENCH nervously rings the bell and stands by the fire.]

Tench. Excuse me for saying such a thing. I was *only* thinking of you, sir.

[FROST enters from the hall, he comes to the foot of the table, and looks at ANTHONY; TENCH covers his nervousness by arranging papers.]

Anthony. Bring me a whisky and soda.

Frost. Anything to eat, sir?

[ANTHONY shakes his head. FROST goes to the sideboard, and prepares the drink.]

Tench (in a low voice, almost supplicating). If you *could* see your way, sir, it would be a great relief to my mind, it would indeed. (*He looks up at ANTHONY, who has not moved.*) It does make me so very anxious. I haven't slept properly for weeks, sir, and that's a fact.

[ANTHONY looks in his face, then slowly shakes his head.]

(*Disheartened*) No, sir? (*He goes on arranging papers. FROST places the whisky and soda on a salver and puts it down by ANTHONY's right hand. He stands away, looking gravely at ANTHONY.*)

Frost. Nothing I can get you, sir?

[ANTHONY shakes his head.]

You're aware, sir, of what the doctor said, sir?

Anthony. I am.

[A pause. FROST suddenly moves closer to him, and speaks in a low voice.]

Frost. This strike, sir; puttin' all this strain on you. Excuse me, sir, is it — is it worth it, sir?

[ANTHONY mutters some words that are inaudible.]

Very good, sir!

[*He turns and goes out into the hall. TENCH makes two attempts to speak; but meeting his Chairman's gaze he drops his eyes, and, turning dismally, he too goes out. ANTHONY is left alone. He grips the glass, tilts it, and drinks deeply; then sets it down with a deep and rumbling sigh, and leans back in his chair.*]

[*The curtain falls.*]

ACT II

SCENE I

SCENE: *It is half-past three. In the kitchen of ROBERTS'S cottage a meager little fire is burning. The room is clean and tidy, very barely furnished, with a brick floor and whitewashed walls, much stained with smoke. There is a kettle on the fire. A door opposite the fireplace opens inward from a snowy street. On the wooden table are a cup and saucer, a teapot, knife, and plate of bread and cheese. Close to the fireplace in an old armchair, wrapped in a rug, sits MRS. ROBERTS, a thin and dark-haired woman about thirty-five, with patient eyes. Her hair is not done up, but tied back with a piece of ribbon. By the fire, too, is MRS. YEO, a red-haired, broad-faced person. Sitting near the table is MRS. ROUS, an old lady, ashen-white, with silver hair; by the door, standing, as if about to go, is MRS. BULGIN, a little pale, pinched-up woman. In a chair, with her elbows resting on the table, and her face resting in her hands, sits MADGE THOMAS, a good-looking girl, of twenty-two, with high cheekbones, deep-set eyes, and dark untidy hair. She is listening to the talk, but she neither speaks nor moves.*

Mrs. Yeo. So he give me a sixpence, and that's the first bit o' money I seen this week. There an't much 'eat to this fire. Come and warm yerself, Mrs. Rous, you're lookin' as white as the snow, you are.

Mrs. Rous (*shivering — placidly*). Ah! but the winter my old man was took was the proper winter. Seventy-nine that was, when none of you was hardly born — not Madge Thomas, nor Sue Bulgin. (*Looking at them in turn*) Annie Roberts, 'ow old were you, dear?

Mrs. Roberts. Seven, Mrs. Rous.

Mrs. Rous. Seven — well, ther'! A tiny little thing!

Mrs. Yeo (*aggressively*). Well, I was ten myself, I remembers it.

Mrs. Rous (*placidly*). The company hadn't been started three

years. Father was workin' on the acid, that's 'ow he got 'is pisoned leg. I kep' sayin' to 'im, "Father, you've got a pisoned leg." "Well," 'e says, "Mother, pison or no pison, I can't afford to go ayalin' up." An' two days after, he was on 'is back, and never got up again. It was Providence! There wasn't none o' these compensation acts then.

Mrs. Yeo. Ye hadn't no strike that winter. (*With grim humor*) This winter's 'ard enough for me. Mrs. Roberts, you don't want no 'arder winter, do you? Wouldn't seem natural to 'ave a dinner, would it, Mrs. Bulgin?

Mrs. Bulgin. We've had no bread and tea last four days.

Mrs. Yeo. You got that Friday's laundry job?

Mrs. Bulgin (dispiritedly). They said they'd give it me, but when I went last Friday, they were full up. I got to go again next week.

Mrs. Yeo. Ah! There's too many after that. I send Yeo out on the ice to put on the gentry's skates an' pick up what 'e can. Stops 'im from broodin' about the 'ouse.

Mrs. Bulgin (in a desolate, matter-of-fact voice). Leavin' out the men—it's bad enough with the children. I keep 'em in bed, they don't get so hungry when they're not running about; but they're that restless in bed they worry your life out.

Mrs. Yeo. You're lucky they're all so small. It's the goin' to school that makes 'em 'ungry. Don't Bulgin give you anythin'?

Mrs. Bulgin (shakes her head, then, as though by afterthought). Would if he could, I s'pose.

Mrs. Yeo (sardonically). What! 'Aven't 'e got no shares in the company?

Mrs. Rous (rising with tremulous cheerfulness). Well, good-by. Annie Roberts, I'm going along home.

Mrs. Roberts. Stay an' have a cup of tea, Mrs. Rous?

Mrs. Rous (with the faintest smile). Roberts'll want 'is tea when he comes in. I'll just go an' get to bed; it's warmer there than anywhere.

[*She moves very shakily toward the door.*]

Mrs. Yeo (rising and giving her an arm). Come on, Mother, take my arm; we're all goin' the same way.

Mrs. Rous (taking the arm). Thank you, my dearies!

[*They go out, followed by MRS. BULGIN.*]

Madge (moving for the first time). There, Annie, you see that! I told George Rous, "Don't think to have my company till you've

made an end of all this trouble. You ought to be ashamed," I said, "with your own mother looking like a ghost, and not a stick to put on the fire. So long as you're able to fill your pipes, you'll let us starve." "I'll take my oath, Madge," he said, "I've not had smoke nor drink these three weeks!" "Well, then, why do you go on with it?" "I can't go back on Roberts!" . . . That's it! Roberts, always Roberts! They'd all drop it but for him. When *he* talks it's the devil that comes into them.

[*A silence. MRS. ROBERTS makes a movement of pain.*]

Ah! You don't want him beaten! He's your man. With everybody like their own shadows! (*She makes a gesture toward MRS. ROBERTS.*) If Rous wants me he must give up Roberts. If *he* gave him up—they all would. They're only waiting for a lead. Father's against him—they're all against him in their hearts.

Mrs. Roberts. You won't beat Roberts!

[*They look silently at each other.*]

Madge. Won't I? The cowards—when their own mothers and their own children don't know where to turn.

Mrs. Roberts. Madge!

Madge (*looking searchingly at MRS. ROBERTS*). I wonder he can look you in the face. (*She squats before the fire, with her hands out to the flame.*) Harness is here again. They'll have to make up their minds today.

Mrs. Roberts (*in a soft, slow voice, with a slight West-country burr*). Roberts will never give up the furnacemen and engineers. 'Twouldn't be right.

Madge. You can't deceive me. It's just his pride.

[*A tapping at the door is heard, the women turn as ENID enters. She wears a round fur cap, and a jacket of squirrel's fur. She closes the door behind her.*]

Enid. Can I come in, Annie?

Mrs. Roberts (*flinching*). Miss Enid! Give Mrs. Underwood a chair, Madge!

[*MADGE gives ENID the chair she has been sitting on.*]

Enid. Thank you! Are you any better?

Mrs. Roberts. Yes, M'm; thank you, M'm.

Enid (*looking at the sullen MADGE as though requesting her de-*

parture). Why did you send back the jelly? I call that really wicked of you!

Mrs. Roberts. Thank you, M'm, I'd no need for it.

Enid. Of course! It was Roberts's doing, wasn't it? How can he let all this suffering go on among you?

Madge (suddenly). What suffering?

Enid (surprised). I beg your pardon!

Madge. Who said there was suffering?

Mrs. Roberts. Madge!

Madge (throwing her shawl over her head). Please to let us keep ourselves to ourselves. We don't want you coming here and spying on us.

Enid (confronting her, but without rising). I didn't speak to you.

Madge (in a low, fierce voice). Keep your kind feelings to yourself. You think you can come among us, but you're mistaken. Go back and tell the Manager that.

Enid (stomily). This is not your house.

Madge (turning to the door). No, it is not my house; keep clear of my house, Mrs. Underwood.

[*She goes out. ENID taps her fingers on the table.*]

Mrs. Roberts. Please to forgive Madge Thomas, M'm; she's a bit upset today.

[*A pause*]

Enid (looking at her). Oh, I think they're so *stupid*, all of them.

Mrs. Roberts (with a faint smile). Yes, M'm.

Enid. Is Roberts out?

Mrs. Roberts. Yes, M'm.

Enid. It is *his doing*, that they don't come to an agreement. Now isn't it, Annie?

Mrs. Roberts (softly, with her eyes on ENID, and moving the fingers of one hand continually on her breast). They do say that your father, M'm —

Enid. My father's getting an old man, and you know what old men are.

Mrs. Roberts. I am sorry, M'm.

Enid (more softly). I don't expect *you* to feel sorry, Annie. I know it's his fault as well as Roberts's.

Mrs. Roberts. I'm sorry for anyone that gets old, M'm; it's dreadful to get old, and Mr. Anthony was such a fine old man I always used to think.

Enid (impulsively). He always liked you, don't you remember? Look here, Annie, what can I do? I do so want to know. You don't get what you ought to have. (*Going to the fire, she takes the kettle off, and looks for coals.*) And you're so naughty sending back the soup and things!

Mrs. Roberts (with a faint smile). Yes, M'm?

Enid (resentfully). Why, you haven't even got coals?

Mrs. Roberts. If you please, M'm, to put the kettle on again; Roberts won't have long for his tea when he comes in. He's got to meet the men at four.

Enid (putting the kettle on). That means he'll lash them into a fury again. Can't you stop his going, Annie? (*MRS. ROBERTS smiles ironically.*) Have you tried? (*A silence*) Does he know how ill you are?

Mrs. Roberts. It's only my weak 'eart, M'm.

Enid. You used to be so well when you were with us.

Mrs. Roberts (stiffening). Roberts is always good to me.

Enid. But you ought to have everything you want, and you have nothing!

Mrs. Roberts (appealingly). They tell me I don't look like a dyin' woman?

Enid. Of course you don't; if you could only have proper — Will you see my doctor if I send him to you? I'm sure he'd do you good.

Mrs. Roberts (with faint questioning). Yes, M'm.

Enid. Madge Thomas oughtn't to come here; she only excites you. As if I didn't know what suffering there is among the men! I do feel for them dreadfully, but you know they *have* gone too far.

Mrs. Roberts (continually moving her fingers). They say there's no other way to get better wages, M'm.

Enid (earnestly). But, Annie, that's why the union won't help them. My husband's very sympathetic with the men, but he says they're not underpaid.

Mrs. Roberts. No, M'm?

Enid. They never think how the company could go on if we paid the wages they want.

Mrs. Roberts (with an effort). But the dividends having been so big, M'm.

Enid (taken aback). You all seem to think the shareholders are rich men, but they're not — most of them are really no better off than workingmen. (*MRS. ROBERTS smiles.*) They have to keep up appearances.

Mrs. Roberts. Yes, M'm?

Enid. You don't have to pay rates and taxes, and a hundred other things that they do. If the men didn't spend such a lot in drink and betting they'd be quite well off!

Mrs. Roberts. They say, workin' so hard, they must have some pleasure.

Enid. But surely not low pleasure like that.

Mrs. Roberts (a little resentfully). Roberts never touches a drop; and he's never had a bet in his life.

Enid. Oh! but he's not a com — I mean he's an engineer — a superior man.

Mrs. Roberts. Yes, M'm. Roberts says they've no chance of other pleasures.

Enid (musing). Of course, I know it's hard.

Mrs. Roberts (with a spice of malice). And they say gentlefolk's just as bad.

Enid (with a smile). I go as far as most people, Annie, but you know, yourself, that's nonsense.

Mrs. Roberts (with painful effort). A lot o' the men never go near the Public; ³ but even they don't save but very little, and that goes if there's illness.

Enid. But they've got their clubs, haven't they?

Mrs. Roberts. The clubs only give up to eighteen shillin's a week, M'm, and it's not much amongst a family. Roberts says workin' folk have always lived from hand to mouth. Sixpence today is worth more than a shillin' tomorrow, that's what they say.

Enid. But that's the spirit of gambling.

Mrs. Roberts (with a sort of excitement). Roberts says a workin'-man's life is all a gamble, from the time 'e's born to the time 'e dies.

[ENID leans forward, interested. MRS. ROBERTS goes on with a growing excitement that culminates in the personal feeling of the last words.]

He says, M'm, that when a workin'-man's baby is born, it's a toss-up from breath to breath whether it ever draws another, and so on all 'is life; and when he comes to be old, it's the workhouse or the grave. He says that without a man is very near, and pinches and stints 'imself and 'is children to save, there can't be neither surplus nor

³ **Public:** British term for saloon or drinking place.

security. That's why he wouldn't have no children (*she sinks back*), not though I *wanted* them.

Enid. Yes, yes, I know!

Mrs. Roberts. No, you don't, M'm. You've got your children, and you'll never need to trouble for them.

Enid (gently). You oughtn't to be talking so much, Annie. (*Then, in spite of herself*) But Roberts was paid a lot of money, wasn't he, for discovering that process?

Mrs. Roberts (on the defensive). All Roberts' savin's have gone. He's always looked forward to this strike. He says he's no right to a farthing when the others are suffering. 'Tisn't so with all o' them! Some don't seem to care no more than that—so long as they get their own.

Enid. I don't see how they can be expected to when they're suffering like this. (*In a changed voice*) But Roberts ought to think of you! It's all terrible! The kettle's boiling. Shall I make the tea? (*She takes the teapot and, seeing tea there, pours water into it.*) Won't you have a cup?

Mrs. Roberts. No, thank you, M'm. (*She is listening, as though for footsteps.*) I'd sooner you didn't see Roberts, M'm. He gets so wild.

Enid. Oh! but I must, Annie; I'll be quite calm, I promise.

Mrs. Roberts. It's life an' death to him, M'm.

Enid (very gently). I'll get him to talk to me outside; we won't excite you.

Mrs. Roberts (faintly). No, M'm.

[*She gives a violent start. ROBERTS has come in, unseen.*]

Roberts (removing his hat — with subtle mockery). Beg pardon for coming in; you're engaged with a lady, I see.

Enid. Can I speak to you, Mr. Roberts?

Roberts. Whom have I the pleasure of addressing, Ma'am?

Enid. But surely you know me! I'm Mrs. Underwood.

Roberts (with a bow of malice). The daughter of our Chairman.

Enid (earnestly). I've come on purpose to speak to you; will you come outside a minute?

[*She looks at MRS. ROBERTS.*]

Roberts (hanging up his hat). I have nothing to say, Ma'am.

Enid. But I *must* speak to you, please.

[*She moves toward the door.*]

Roberts (with sudden venom). I have not the time to listen!

Mrs. Roberts. David!

Enid. Mr. Roberts, please!

Roberts (taking off his overcoat). I am sorry to disoblige a lady — Mr. Anthony's daughter.

Enid (wavering, then with sudden decision). Mr. Roberts, I know you've another meeting of the men.

[ROBERTS bows.]

I came to appeal to you. Please, please, try to come to some compromise; give way a little, if it's only for your own sakes!

Roberts (speaking to himself). The daughter of Mr. Anthony begs me to give way a little, if it's only for our own sakes!

Enid. For everybody's sake; for your wife's sake.

Roberts. For my wife's sake, for everybody's sake — for the sake of Mr. Anthony.

Enid. Why are you so bitter against my father? He has never done anything to you.

Roberts. Has he not?

Enid. He can't help his views, any more than you can help yours.

Roberts. I really didn't know that I had a right to views!

Enid. He's an old man, and you —

[*Seeing his eyes fixed on her, she stops.*]

Roberts (without raising his voice). If I saw Mr. Anthony going to die, and I could save him by lifting my hand, I would not lift the little finger of it.

Enid. You — you —

[*She stops again, biting her lips.*]

Roberts. I would not, and that's flat!

Enid (coldly). You don't mean what you say, and you know it!

Roberts. I mean every word of it.

Enid. But why?

Roberts (with a flash). Mr. Anthony stands for tyranny! That's why!

Enid. Nonsense!

[MRS. ROBERTS makes a movement as if to rise, but sinks back in her chair.]

(*With an impetuous movement*) Annie!

Roberts. Please not to touch my wife!

Enid (recoiling with a sort of horror). I believe — you are mad.

Roberts. The house of a madman then is not the fit place for a lady.

Enid. I'm not afraid of you.

Roberts (bowing). I would not expect the daughter of Mr. Anthony to be afraid. Mr. Anthony is not a coward like the rest of them.

Enid (suddenly). I suppose you think it brave, then, to go on with the struggle.

Roberts. Does Mr. Anthony think it brave to fight against women and children? Mr. Anthony is a rich man, I believe; does he think it brave to fight against those who haven't a penny? Does he think it brave to set children crying with hunger, an' women shivering with cold?

Enid (putting up her hand, as though warding off a blow). My father is acting on his principles, and you know it!

Roberts. And so am I!

Enid. You hate us; and you can't bear to be beaten!

Roberts. Neither can Mr. Anthony, for all that he may say.

Enid. At any rate you might have pity on your wife.

[*MRS. ROBERTS who has her hand pressed to her breast, takes it away, and tries to calm her breathing.*]

Roberts. Madam, I have no more to say.

[*He takes up the loaf. There is a knock at the door, and UNDERWOOD comes in. He stands looking at them, ENID turns to him, then seems undecided.*]

Underwood. Enid!

Roberts (ironically). Ye were not needing to come for your wife, Mr. Underwood. We are not rowdies.

Underwood. I know that, Roberts. I hope Mrs. Roberts is better.

[*ROBERTS turns away without answering.*]

Come, Enid!

Enid. I make one more appeal to you, Mr. Roberts, for the sake of your wife.

Roberts (with polite malice). If I might advise ye, Ma'am — make it for the sake of your husband and your father.

[*ENID, suppressing a retort, goes out. UNDERWOOD opens the door for her and follows. ROBERTS, going to the fire, holds out his hands to the dying glow.*]

How goes it, my girl? Feeling better, are you?

[MRS. ROBERTS *smiles faintly*. *He brings his overcoat and wraps it round her.*]

(*Looking at his watch*) Ten minutes to four! (*As though inspired*) I've seen their faces, there's no fight in them, except for that one old robber.

Mrs. Roberts. Won't you stop and eat, David? You've 'ad nothing all day!

Roberts (*putting his hand to his throat*). Can't swallow till those old sharks are out o' the town. (*He walks up and down.*) I shall have a bother with the men — there's no heart in them, the cowards. Blind as bats, they are — can't see a day before their noses.

Mrs. Roberts. It's the women, David.

Roberts. Ah! So they say! They can remember the women when their own bellies speak! The women never stop them from the drink; but from a little suffering to themselves in a sacred cause, the women stop them fast enough.

Mrs. Roberts. But think o' the children, David.

Roberts. Ah! If they will go breeding themselves for slaves, without a thought o' the future o' them they breed —

Mrs. Roberts (*gasping*). That's enough, David; don't begin to talk of that — I won't — I can't —

Roberts (*staring at her*). Now, now, my girl!

Mrs. Roberts (*breathlessly*). No, no, David — I won't!

Roberts. There, there! Come, come! That's right! (*Bitterly*) Not one penny will they put by for a day like this. Not they! Hand to mouth — Gad! — I know them! They've broke my heart. There was no holdin' them at the start, but now the pinch 'as come.

Mrs. Roberts. How can you expect it, David? They're not made of iron.

Roberts. Expect it? Wouldn't I expect what I would do meself? Wouldn't I starve an' rot rather than give in? What one man can do, another can.

Mrs. Roberts. And the women?

Roberts. This is not women's work.

Mrs. Roberts (*with a flash of malice*). No, the women may die for all you care. That's their work.

Roberts (*averting his eyes*). Who talks of dying? No one will die till we have eaten these —

[*He meets her eyes again, and again turns his away.*]

(*Excitedly*) This is what I've been waiting for all these months. To get the old robbers down, and send them home again without a farthin's worth o' change. I've seen their faces, I tell you, in the valley of the shadow of defeat.

[*He goes to the peg and takes down his hat.*]

Mrs. Roberts (*following with her eyes — softly*). Take your overcoat, David; it must be bitter cold.

Roberts (*coming up to her — his eyes are furtive*). No, no! There, there, stay quiet and warm. I won't be long, my girl.

Mrs. Roberts (*with soft bitterness*). You'd better take it.

[*She lifts the coat. But ROBERTS puts it back, and wraps it round her.*

He tries to meet her eyes, but cannot. MRS. ROBERTS stays huddled in the coat, her eyes, that follow him about, are half malicious, half yearning. He looks at his watch again, and turns to go. In the doorway he meets JAN THOMAS, a boy of ten in clothes too big for him, carrying a penny whistle.]

Roberts. Hallo, boy!

[*He goes. JAN stops within a yard of MRS. ROBERTS, and stares at her without a word.*]

Mrs. Roberts. Well, Jan!

Jan. Father's coming; sister Madge is coming.

[*He sits at the table, and fidgets with his whistle; he blows three vague notes; then imitates a cuckoo. There is a tap on the door. Old THOMAS comes in.*]

Thomas. A very coot tay to you, Ma'am. It is petter that you are.

Mrs. Roberts. Thank you, Mr. Thomas.

Thomas (*nervously*). Roberts in?

Mrs. Roberts. Just gone on to the meeting, Mr. Thomas.

Thomas (*with relief, becoming talkative*). This is fery unfortunate, look you! I came to tell him that we must make terms with London. It is a fery great pity he is gone to the meeting. He will be kicking against the pricks, I am thinking.

Mrs. Roberts (*half rising*). He'll never give in, Mr. Thomas.

Thomas. You must not be fretting, that is very pat for you. Look you, there iss hartly any mans for supporting him now, but the engineers and George Rous. (*Solemnly*) This strike is no longer coing

with Chapel,⁴ look you! I have listened carefully, an' I have talked with her. (JAN *blows*.) Sst! I don't care what th' others say, I say that *Chapel means us* to be stopping the trouple, that is what I make of her; and it is my opinion that this is the fery best thing for all of us. If it wasn't my opinion, I ton't say — but it is my opinion, look you.

Mrs. Roberts (*trying to suppress her excitement*). I don't know what'll come to Roberts, if you give in.

Thomas. It is no disgrace whateffer! All that a mortal man coult do he hass tone. It iss against human nature he hass gone: fery natural — any man may do that: but Chapel has spoken and he must not go against her. (JAN *imitates the cuckoo*.) Ton't make that squeaking! (*Going to the door*) Here iss my daughter come to sit with you. A fery goot day, Ma'am — no fretting — rememper!

[MADGE *comes in and stands at the open door, watching the street*.]

Madge. You'll be late, Father; they're beginning. (*She catches him by the sleeve*.) For the love of God, stand up to him, Father — this time!

Thomas (*detaching his sleeve with dignity*). Leave me to do what's proper, girl!

[*He goes out. MADGE, in the center of the open doorway, slowly moves in, as though before the approach of someone*.]

Rous (*appearing in the doorway*). Madge!

[MADGE *stands with her back to MRS. ROBERTS, staring at him with her head up and her hands behind her*.]

(ROUS *has a fierce distracted look*.) Madge! I'm going to the meeting.

[MADGE, *without moving, smiles contemptuously*.]

D'ye hear me?

[*They speak in quick low voices*.]

Madge. I hear! Go, and kill your own mother, if you must.

[ROUS *seizes her by both her arms. She stands rigid, with her head bent back. He releases her, and he too stands motionless*.]

⁴ Chapel: the particular religious sect to which he belonged. In England church applies to the Church of England and chapel to the dissenting denominations.

Rous. I swore to stand by Roberts. I swore that! Ye want me to go back on what I've sworn.

Madge (with slow soft mockery). You are a pretty lover!

Rous. Madge!

Madge (smiling). I've heard that lovers do what their girls ask them — (*JAN sounds the cuckoo's notes.*) — but that's not true, it seems!

Rous. You'd make a blackleg of me!

Madge (with her eyes half closed). Do it for me!

Rous (dashing his hand across his brow). Damn! I can't!

Madge (swiftly). Do it for me!

Rous (through his teeth). Don't play the wanton with me!

Madge (with a movement of her hand toward JAN — quick and low). I would be *that* for the children's sake!

Rous (in a fierce whisper). Madge! Oh, Madge!

Madge (with soft mockery). But you can't break your word for me!

Rous (with a choke). Then, Begod, I can!

[*He turns and rushes off. MADGE stands, with a faint smile on her face, looking after him. She turns to MRS. ROBERTS.*]

Madge. I have done for Roberts!

Mrs. Roberts (scornfully). Done for my man, with that —

[*She sinks back.*]

Madge (running to her, and feeling her hands). You're as cold as a stone! You want a drop of brandy. Jan, run to the Lion: say, I sent you for Mrs. Roberts.

Mrs. Roberts (with a feeble movement). I'll just sit quiet, Madge. Give Jan — his — tea.

Madge (giving JAN a slice of bread). There, ye little rascal. Hold your piping. (*Going to the fire, she kneels.*) It's going out.

Mrs. Roberts (with a faint smile). 'Tis all the same!

[*JAN begins to blow his whistle.*]

Madge. Tsht! Tsht! — you —

[*JAN stops.*]

Mrs. Roberts (smiling). Let 'im play, Madge.

Madge (on her knees at the fire, listening). Waiting an' waiting. I've no patience with it; waiting an' waiting — that's what a woman has to do! Can you hear them at it — I can!

[JAN begins again to play his whistle; MADGE gets up; half tenderly she ruffles his hair; then, sitting, leans her elbows on the table, and her chin on her hands. Behind her, on MRS. ROBERTS' face the smile has changed to horrified surprise. She makes a sudden movement, sitting forward, pressing her hands against her breast. Then slowly she sinks back; slowly her face loses the look of pain, the smile returns. She fixes her eyes again on JAN, and moves her lips and finger to the tune.]

[*The curtain falls.*]

SCENE II

SCENE: *It is past four. In a grey, failing light, an open muddy space is crowded with workmen. Beyond, divided from it by a barbed-wire fence, is the raised towing path of a canal, on which is moored a barge. In the distance are marshes and snow-covered hills. The "Works" high wall runs from the canal across the open space, and in the angle of this wall is a rude platform of barrels and boards. On it, HARNESS is standing. ROBERTS, a little apart from the crowd, leans his back against the wall. On the raised towing path two bargemen lounge and smoke indifferently.*

Harness (holding out his hand). Well, I've spoken to you straight. If I speak till tomorrow I can't say more.

Jago (a dark, sallow, Spanish-looking man with a short, thin beard). Mister, want to ask you! Can they get blacklegs?

Bulgin (menacing). Let 'em try.

[*There are savage murmurs from the crowd.*]

Brown (a round-faced man). Where could they get 'em then?

Evans (a small, restless, harassed man, with a fighting face). There's always blacklegs; it's the nature of 'em. There's always men that'll save their own skins.

[*Another savage murmur. There is a movement, and old THOMAS, joining the crowd, takes his stand in front.*]

Harness (holding up his hand). They can't get them. But that won't help you. Now men, be reasonable. Your demands would have brought on us the burden of a dozen strikes at a time when we were not prepared for them. The unions live by justice, not to one, but all. Any fair man will tell you — you were ill advised! I don't

say you go too far for that which you're entitled to, but you're going too far for the moment; you've dug a pit for yourselves. Are you to stay there, or are you to climb out? Come!

Lewis (a clean-cut Welshman with a dark mustache). You've hit it, Mister! Which is it to be?

[*Another movement in the crowd, and ROUS, coming quickly, takes his stand next THOMAS.*]

Harness. Cut your demands to the right pattern, and we'll see you through; refuse, and don't expect me to waste my time coming down here again. I'm not the sort that speaks at random, as you ought to know by this time. If you're the sound men I take you for — no matter who advises you against it (*He fixes his eyes on ROBERTS*) you'll make up your minds to come in, and trust to us to get your terms. Which is it to be? Hands together, and victory — or — the starvation you've got now?

[*A prolonged murmur from the crowd.*]

Jago (sullenly). Talk about what you know.

Harness (lifting his voice above the murmur). Know? (*With cold passion*) All that you've been through, my friend, I've been through — I was through it when I was no bigger than (*pointing to a youth*) that shaver there; the unions then weren't what they are now. What's made them strong? It's hands together that's made them strong. I've been through it all, I tell you; the brand's on my soul yet. I know what you've suffered — there's nothing you can tell me that I don't know; but the whole is greater than the part, and you are only the part. Stand by us, and we will stand by you.

[*Quartering them with his eyes, he waits. The murmuring swells; the men form little groups. GREEN, BULGIN, and LEWIS talk together.*]

Lewis. Speaks very sensible, the union chap.

Green (quietly). Ah! if I'd been listened to, you'd 'ave 'eard sense these two months past.

[*The bargemen are seen laughing.*]

Lewis (pointing). Look at those two blanks over the fence there!

Bulgin (with gloomy violence). They'd best stop their cackle, or I'll break their jaws.

Jago (suddenly). You say the furnacemen's paid enough?

Harness. I did not say they were paid enough; I said they were paid as much as the furnacemen in similar works elsewhere.

Evans. That's a lie! (*Hubbub*) What about Harper's?

Harness (with cold irony). You may look at home for lies, my man. Harper's shifts are longer, the pay works out the same.

Henry Rous (a dark edition of his brother George). Will ye support us in double pay overtime Saturdays?

Harness. Yes, we will.

Jago. What have ye done with our subscriptions?

Harness (coldly). I have told you what we *will* do with them.

Evans. Ah, *will*! It's always will! Ye'd have our mates desert us.

[*Hubbub*]

Bulgin (shouting). Hold your row!

[EVANS looks round angrily.]

Harness (lifting his voice). Those who know their right hands from their lefts know that the unions are neither thieves nor traitors. I've said my say. Figure it out, my lads; when you want me you know where I shall be.

[*He jumps down, the crowd gives way, he passes through them, and goes away. A bargeman looks after him, jerking his pipe with a derisive gesture. The men close up in groups, and many looks are cast at ROBERTS, who stands alone against the wall.*]

Evans. He wants you to turn blacklegs, that's what he wants. He wants ye to go back on us. Sooner than turn blackleg — I'd starve, I would.

Bulgin. Who's talkin' o' blacklegs — mind what you're saying, will you?

Blacksmith (a youth with yellow hair and huge arms). What about the women?

Evans. They can stand what we can stand, I suppose, can't they?

Blacksmith. Ye've no wife?

Evans. An' don't want one.

Thomas (raising his voice). Aye! Give us the power to come to terms with London, lads.

Davies (a dark, slow-fly, gloomy man). Go up the platform, if you got anything to say, go up an' say it.

[*There are cries of "Thomas!" He is pushed toward the platform; he ascends it with difficulty, and bares his head, waiting for silence. A hush.*]

Red-Haired Youth (suddenly). Coot old Thomas!

[*A hoarse laugh; the bargemen exchange remarks; a hush again, and THOMAS begins speaking.*]

Thomas. We are all in the tepth together, and it iss Nature that has put us there.

Henry Rous. It's London put us there!

Evans. It's the union.

Thomas. It iss not Lonton; nor it iss not the union — it iss Nature. It iss no disgrace whateffer to a potty to give in to Nature. For this Nature iss a fery pig thing; it is pigger than what a man is. There iss more years to my hett than to the hett of anyone here. It is fery pat, look you, this coing against Nature. It is pat to make other potties suffer, when there is nothing to pe cot py it.

[*A laugh. THOMAS angrily goes on.*]

What are ye laughing at? It is pat, I say! We are fighting for principle; there is no potty that shall say I am not a peliever in principle. Putt when Nature says "No further," then it is no coot snapping your fingers in her face.

[*A laugh from ROBERTS, and murmurs of approval.*]

This Nature must pe humort. It is a man's pisiness to be pure, honest, just, and merciful. That's what Chapel tells you. (*To ROBERTS, angrily*) And, look you, David Roberts, Chapel tells you ye can do that without coing against Nature.

Jago. What about the union?

Thomas. I ton't trust the union; they haf treated us like tirt. "Do what we tell you," said they. I haf been captain of the furnacemen twenty years, and I say to the union (*excitedly*), "Can you tell me then, as well as I can tell you, what iss the right wages for the work that these men do?" For fife and twenty years I haf paid my moneys to the union and (*with great excitement*) for nothings! What iss that but roguery, for all that this Mr. Harness says!

[*Murmurs*]

Evans. Hear, hear.

Henry Rous. Get on with you! Cut on with it then!

Thomas. Look you, if a man toes not trust me, am I coing to trust him?

Jago. That's right.

Thomas. Let them alone for rogues, and act for ourselves.

[*Murmurs*]

Blacksmith. That's what we been doin', haven't we?

Thomas (with increased excitement). I wass brought up to do for meself. I wass brought up to go without a thing, if I hat not moneys to pay it. There iss too much, look you, of doing things with other people's moneys. We haf fought fair, and if we haf been beaten, it iss no fault of ours. Gif us the power to make terms with London for ourself; if we ton't succeed, I say it iss petter to take our peating like men, than to tie like togs, or hang on to others' coattails to make them do our pisiness for us!

Evans (muttering). Who wants to?

Thomas (craning). What's that? If I stand up to a potty, and he knocks me town, I am not to go hollering to other potties to help me; I am to stand up again; and if he knocks me town properly, I am to stay there, isn't that right?

[*Laughter*]

Jago. No union!

Henry Rous. Union!

[*Others take up the shout.*]

Evans. Blacklegs!

[*BULGIN and the BLACKSMITH shake their fists at EVANS.*]

Thomas (with a gesture). I am an olt man, look you.

[*A sudden silence, then murmurs again.*]

Lewis. Olt fool, with his "No union!"

Bulgin. Them furnace chaps! For twopence I'd smash the faces o' the lot of them.

Green. If I'd a been listened to at the first —

Thomas (wiping his brow). I'm comin' now to what I was coing to say —

Davies (muttering). An' time too!

Thomas (solemnly). Chapel says: Ton't carry on this strife! Put an end to it!

Jago. That's a lie! Chapel says go on!

Thomas (scornfully). Inteet! I haf ears to my head.

Red-Haired Youth. Ah! long ones!

[*A laugh*]

Jago. Your ears have misbeled you then.

Thomas (excitedly). Ye cannot be right if I am, ye cannot haf it both ways.

Red-Haired Youth. Chapel can though!

[*"The Shaver" laughs; there are murmurs from the crowd.*]

Thomas (fixing his eyes on "The Shaver"). Ah! ye're coing the roat to tamnation. An' so I say to all of you. If ye co against Chapel I will not pe with you, nor will any other Got-fearing man.

[*He steps down from the platform. JAGO makes his way toward it. There are cries of "Don't let 'im go up!"*]

Jago. Don't let him go up? That's free speech, that is. (*He goes up.*) I ain't got much to say to you. Look at the matter plain; ye've come the road this far, and now you want to chuck the journey. We've all been in one boat; and now you want to pull in two. We engineers have stood by you; ye're ready now, are ye, to give us the go-by? If we'd aknownd that before, we'd not astarted out with you so early one bright morning! That's all I've got to say. Old man Thomas a'n't got his Bible lesson right. If you give up to London, or to Harness, now, it's givin' us the chuck — to save your skins — you won't get over that, my boys; it's a dirty thing to do.

[*He gets down; during his little speech, which is ironically spoken, there is a restless discomfort in the crowd. ROUS, stepping forward, jumps on the platform. He has an air of fierce distraction. Sullen murmurs of disapproval from the crowd.*]

Rous (speaking with great excitement). I'm no blanky orator. mates, but wot I say is drove from me. What I say is yuman nature. Can a man set an' see 'is mother starve? Can 'e now?

Roberts (starting forward). Rous!

Rous (staring at him fiercely). Sim 'Arness said fair! I've changed my mind!

Roberts. Ah! Turned your coat, you mean!

[*The crowd manifests a great surprise.*]

Lewis (apostrophizing ROUS). Hallo! What's turned him round?

Rous (speaking with intense excitement). 'E said fair. "Stand by us," 'e said, "and we'll stand by you." That's where we've been makin' our mistake this long time past; and who's to blame for 't? (*He points at ROBERTS.*) That man there! "No," 'e said, "fight the robbers," 'e said, "squeeze the breath out o' them!" But it's not the breath out o' them that's being squeezed; it's the breath out of *us* and *ours*, and that's the book of truth. I'm no orator, mates, it's the flesh and blood in me that's speakin', it's the heart o' me. (*With a menacing, yet half-ashamed movement toward ROBERTS*) He'll speak to you again, mark my words, but don't ye listen. (*The crowd groans.*) It's hell fire that's on the man's tongue. (*ROBERTS is seen laughing.*) Sim 'Arness is right. What are we without the union — handful o' parched leaves — a puff o' smoke. I'm no orator, but I say: Chuck it up! Sooner than go on starving the women and the children.

[*The murmurs of acquiescence almost drown the murmurs of dissent.*]

Evans. What's turned *you* to blacklegging?

Rous (with a furious look). Sim 'Arness knows what he's talking about. Give us power to come to terms with London; I'm no orator, but I say — have done wi' this black misery!

[*He gives his muffler a twist, jerks his head back, and jumps off the platform. The crowd applauds and surges forward. Amid cries of "That's enough!" "Up, union!" "Up, Harness!" ROBERTS quietly ascends the platform. There is a moment of silence.*]

Blacksmith. We don't want to hear you. Shut it!

Henry Rous. Get down!

[*Amid such cries they surge toward the platform.*]

Evans (fiercely). Let 'im speak! Roberts! Roberts!

Bulgin (muttering). He'd better look out that I don't crack his skull.

[*ROBERTS faces the crowd, probing them with his eyes till they gradually become silent. He begins speaking. One of the bargemen rises and stands.*]

Roberts. You don't want to hear me, then? You'll listen to Rous and to that old man, but not to me. You'll listen to Sim Harness of the union that's treated you *so fair*; maybe you'll listen to those men from London? Ah! you groan! What for? You love their feet on your necks, don't you? (*Then as BULGIN elbows his way toward*

the platform, with calm pathos) You'd like to break my jaw, John Bulgin. Let me speak, then do your smashing, if it gives you pleasure. (*BULGIN stands motionless and sullen.*) Am I a liar, a coward, a traitor? If only I were, ye'd listen to me, I'm sure. (*The murmurings cease, and there is now dead silence.*) Is there a man of you here that has less to gain by striking? Is there a man of you that had more to lose? Is there a man of you that has given up *eight hundred* pounds since this trouble here began? Come now, is there? How much has Thomas given up — ten pounds or five, or what? You listened to him, and what had he to say? "None can pretend," he said, "that I'm not a believer in principle (*with biting irony*), but when Nature says 'No further, 'tis going against Nature.' " I tell you if a man cannot say to Nature: "Budge me from this if you can!" (*with a sort of exaltation*) his principles are but his belly. "Oh, but," Thomas says, "a man can be pure and honest, just and merciful, and take off his hat to Nature!" I tell you Nature's neither pure nor honest, just nor merciful. You chaps that live over the hill, an' go home dead beat in the dark on a snowy night — don't ye fight your way every inch of it? Do ye go lyin' down an' trustin' to the tender mercies of this merciful Nature? Try it and you'll soon know with what ye've got to deal. 'Tis only by that (*He strikes a blow with his clenched fist*) in Nature's face that a man can be a man. "Give in," says Thomas, "go down on your knees; throw up your foolish fight, an' perhaps," he said, "perhaps your enemy will chuck you down a crust."

Jago. Never!

Evans. Curse them!

Thomas. I nefer said that.

Roberts (bitingly). If ye did not say it, man, ye meant it. An' what did ye say about Chapel? "Chapel's against it," ye said. "She's against it!" Well, if Chapel and Nature go hand in hand, it's the first I've ever heard of it. That young man there (*pointing to ROUS*) said I 'ad 'ell fire on my tongue. If I had I would use it all to scorch and wither this talking of surrender. Surrendering's the work of cowards and traitors.

Henry Rous (as GEORGE ROUS moves forward). Go for him, George — don't stand his lip!

Roberts (flinging out his finger). Stop there, George Rous, it's no time this to settle personal matters.

[ROUS stops.]

But there was one other spoke to you — Mr. Simon Harness. We have not much to thank Mr. Harness and the union for. They said to us, "Desert your mates, or we'll desert you." An' they did desert us.

Evans. They did.

Roberts. Mr. Simon Harness is a clever man, but he has come too late. (*With intense conviction*) For all that Mr. Simon Harness says, for all that Thomas, Rous, for all that any man present here can say — *we've won the fight!*

[*The crowd sags nearer, looking eagerly up.*]

(*With withering scorn*) You've felt the pinch o't in your bellies. You've forgotten what that fight 'as been; many times I have told you: I will tell you now this once again. The fight o' the country's body and blood against a bloodsucker. The fight of those that spend themselves with every blow they strike and every breath they draw, against a thing that fattens on them, and grows and grows by the law of *merciful* Nature. That thing is Capital! A thing that buys the sweat o' men's brows, and the tortures o' their brains, at its own price. *Don't* I know that? Wasn't the work o' *my* brains bought for seven hundred pounds, and hasn't one hundred thousand pounds been gained them by that seven hundred without the stirring of a finger. It is a thing that will take as much and give you as little as it can. That's *Capital!* A thing that will say — "I'm very sorry for you, poor fellows — you have a cruel time of it, I know," but will not give one sixpence of its dividends to help you have a better time. That's *Capital!* Tell me, for all their talk, is there one of them that will consent to another penny on the income tax to help the poor? That's *Capital!* A white-faced, stony-hearted monster! Ye have got it on its knees; are ye to give up at the last minute to save your miserable bodies pain? When I went this morning to those old men from London, I looked into their very 'earts. One of them was sitting there — Mr. Scantlebury, a mass of flesh nourished on us: sittin' there for all the world like the shareholders in this company, that sit not moving tongue nor finger, takin' dividends — a great dumb ox that can only be roused when its food is threatened. I looked into his eyes and I saw *he was afraid* — afraid for himself and his dividends, afraid for his fees, afraid of the very shareholders he stands for; and all but one of them's afraid — like children that go into a wood at night, and start at every rustle of the leaves. I ask you, men —

[*He pauses, holding out his hand till there is utter silence.*]

give me a free hand to tell them: "Go back to London. The men have nothing for you!"

[*A murmuring*]

Give me that, an' I swear to you, within a week you shall have from London all you want.

Evans, Jago, and Others. A free hand! Give him a free hand! Bravo — bravo!

Roberts. 'Tis not for this little moment of time we're fighting (*the murmuring dies*), not for ourselves, our own little bodies, and their wants, 'tis for all those that come after throughout all time. (*With intense sadness*) Oh! men — for the love o' them, don't roll up another stone upon their heads, don't help to blacken the sky, an' let the bitter sea in over them. They're welcome to the worst that can happen to me, to the worst that can happen to us all, aren't they — aren't they? If we can shake (*passionately*) that white-faced monster with the bloody lips that has sucked the life out of ourselves, our wives, and children, since the world began (*dropping the note of passion, but with utmost weight and intensity*), if we have not the hearts of men to stand up against it breast to breast, and eye to eye, and force it backward till it cry for mercy, it will go on sucking life; and we shall stay forever what we are (*in almost a whisper*), less than the very dogs.

[*An utter stillness, and ROBERTS stands rocking his body slightly, with his eyes burning the faces of the crowd.*]

Evans and Jago (suddenly). Roberts!

[*The shout is taken up. There is a slight movement in the crowd, and MADGE, passing below the towing path, stops by the platform, looking up at ROBERTS. A sudden doubting silence.*]

Roberts. "Nature," says that old man, "give in to Nature." I tell you, strike your blow in Nature's face — an' let it do its worst!

[*He catches sight of MADGE, his brows contract, he looks away.*]

Madge (in a low voice — close to the platform). Your wife's dying!

[*ROBERTS glares at her as if torn from some pinnacle of exaltation.*]

Roberts (trying to stammer on). I say to you — answer them — answer them —

[*He is drowned by the murmur in the crowd.*]

Thomas (stepping forward). Ton't you hear her, then?

Roberts. What is it?

[*A dead silence*]

Thomas. Your wife, man!

[*ROBERTS hesitates, then with a gesture, he leaps down, and goes away below the towing path, the men making way for him. The standing bargeman opens and prepares to light a lantern. Daylight is fast failing.*]

Madge. He needn't have hurried! Annie Roberts is dead. (*Then in the silence, passionately*) You pack of blinded hounds! How many more women are you going to let to die?

[*The crowd shrinks back from her, and breaks up in groups, with a confused, uneasy movement. MADGE goes quickly away below the towing path. There is a hush as they look after her.*]

Lewis. There's a spitfire, for ye!

Bulgin (growling). I'll smash 'er jaw.

Green. If I'd abeen listened to, that poor woman —

Thomas. It's a judgment on him for coing against Chapel. I tolt him how 'twould be!

Evans. All the more reason for sticking by 'im.

[*A cheer*]

Are you goin' to desert him now 'e's down? Are you going to chuck him over, now 'e's lost 'is wife?

[*The crowd is murmuring and cheering all at once.*]

Rous (stepping in front of platform). Lost his wife! Aye! Can't ye see? Look at home, look at your own wives! What's to save them? Ye'll have the same in all your houses before long!

Lewis. Aye, aye!

Henry Rous. Right! George, right!

[*There are murmurs of assent.*]

Rous. It's not us that's blind, it's Roberts. How long will ye put up with 'im!

Henry Rous, Bulgin, Davies. Give 'im the chuck!

[*The cry is taken up.*]

Evans (fiercely). Kick a man that's down? Down?

Henry Rous. Stop his jaw there!

[*EVANS throws up his arm at a threat from BULGIN. The bargeman, who has lighted the lantern, holds it high above his head.*]

Rous (springing on to the platform). What brought him down then, but 'is own black obstinacy? Are ye goin' to follow a man that can't see better than that where he's goin'?

Evans. 'E's lost 'is wife.

Rous. An' who's fault's that but his own. 'Ave done with 'im, I say, before he's killed your own wives and mothers.

Davies. Down 'im!

Henry Rous. He's finished!

Brown. We've had enough of 'im!

Blacksmith. Too much!

[*The crowd takes up these cries, excepting only EVANS, JAGO, and GREEN, who is seen to argue mildly with the BLACKSMITH.*]

Rous (above the hubbub). We'll make terms with the union, lads.

[*Cheers*]

Evans (fiercely). Ye blacklegs!

Bulgin (savagely — squaring up to him). Who are ye callin' black-legs, Rat?

[*EVANS throws up his fists, parries the blow, and returns it. They fight. The bargemen are seen holding up the lantern and enjoying the sight. Old THOMAS steps forward and holds out his hands.*]

Thomas. Shame on your strife!

[*The BLACKSMITH, BROWN, LEWIS, and the RED-HAIRED YOUTH pull EVANS and BULGIN apart. The stage is almost dark.*]

[*The curtain falls.*]

ACT III

SCENE: *It is five o'clock. In the UNDERWOODS' drawing room, which is artistically furnished, ENID is sitting on the sofa working at a baby's frock. EDGAR, by a little spindle-legged table in the center*

of the room, is fingering a china box. His eyes are fixed on the double doors that lead into the dining room.

Edgar (putting down the china box, and glancing at his watch). Just on five, they're all in there waiting, except Frank. Where's he?

Enid. He's had to go down to Gasgoyne's about a contract. Will you want him?

Edgar. He can't help us. This is a director's job. (*Motioning toward a single door half hidden by a curtain*) Father in his room?

Enid. Yes.

Edgar. I wish he'd stay there, Enid.

[ENID looks up at him.]

This is a beastly business, old girl?

[*He takes up the little box again and turns it over and over.*]

Enid. I went to the Roberts's this afternoon, Ted.

Edgar. That wasn't very wise.

Enid. He's simply killing his wife.

Edgar. We are, you mean.

Enid (suddenly). Roberts ought to give way!

Edgar. There's a lot to be said on the men's side.

Enid. I don't feel half so sympathetic with them as I did before I went. They just set up class feeling against you. Poor Annie was looking dreadfully bad — fire going out, and nothing fit for her to eat.

[EDGAR walks to and fro.]

But she would stand up for Roberts. When you see all this wretchedness going on and feel you can do nothing, you have to shut your eyes to the whole thing.

Edgar. If you can.

Enid. When I went I was all on their side, but as soon as I got there I began to feel quite different at once. People talk about sympathy with the working classes; they don't know what it means to try and put it into practice. It seems hopeless.

Edgar. Ah, well!

Enid. It's dreadful going on with the men in this state. I do hope the Dad will make concessions.

Edgar. He won't. (*Gloomily*) It's a sort of religion with him. Curse it! I know what's coming! He'll be voted down.

Enid. They wouldn't dare!

Edgar. They will — they're in a funk.

Enid (indignantly). He'd never stand it!

Edgar (with a shrug). My dear girl, if you're beaten in a vote, you've got to stand it.

Enid. Oh! (*She gets up in alarm.*) But would he resign?

Edgar. Of course! It goes to the roots of his beliefs.

Enid. But he's so *wrapped up in this company*, Ted! There'd be nothing left for him! It'd be dreadful!

[EDGAR shrugs his shoulders.]

Oh, Ted, he's so old now! You mustn't let them!

Edgar (hiding his feelings in an outburst). My sympathies in this strike are all on the side of the men.

Enid. He's been Chairman for more than thirty years! He made the whole thing! And think of the bad times they've had; it's always been he who pulled them through. Oh, Ted, you must —

Edgar. What is it you want? You said just now you hoped he'd make concessions. Now you want me to back him in not making them. This isn't a game, Enid!

Enid (hotly). It isn't a game to *me* that the Dad's in danger of losing all he cares about in life. If he won't give way, and he's beaten, it'll simply break him down!

Edgar. Didn't you say it was dreadful going on with the men in this state?

Enid. But you can't see, Ted. Father'll never get over it! You must stop them somehow. The others are afraid of him. If you back him up —

Edgar (putting his hand to his head). Against my convictions — against yours! The moment it begins to pinch one personally —

Enid. It isn't personal, it's the Dad!

Edgar. Your family or yourself, and over goes the show!

Enid (resentfully). If you don't take it seriously, I do.

Edgar. I am as fond of him as you are; that's nothing to do with it.

Enid. We can't tell about the men; it's all guesswork. But we know the Dad might have a stroke any day. D'you mean to say that he isn't more to you than —

Edgar. Of course he is.

Enid. I don't understand you then.

Edgar. H'm!

Enid. If it were for oneself it would be different, but for our own father! You don't seem to realize.

Edgar. I realize perfectly.

Enid. It's your first duty to save him.

Edgar. I wonder.

Enid (imploring). Oh, Ted! It's the only interest he's got left; it'll be like a deathblow to him!

Edgar (restraining his emotion). I know.

Enid. Promise!

Edgar. I'll do what I can.

[*He turns to the double doors. The curtained door is opened, and ANTHONY appears. EDGAR opens the double doors, and passes through. SCANTLEBURY'S voice is faintly heard: "Past five; we shall never get through — have to eat another dinner at that hotel!" The doors are shut. ANTHONY walks forward.*]

Anthony. You've been seeing Roberts, I hear.

Enid. Yes.

Anthony. Do you know what trying to bridge such a gulf as this is like?

[*ENID puts her work on the little table, and faces him.*]

Filling a sieve with sand!

Enid. Don't!

Anthony. You think with your gloved hands you can cure the trouble of the century.

[*He passes on.*]

Enid. Father!

[*ANTHONY stops at the double doors.*]

I'm only thinking of you!

Anthony (more softly). I can take care of myself, my dear.

Enid. Have you thought what'll happen if you're beaten [*She points.*] in there?

Anthony. I don't mean to be.

Enid. Oh! Father, don't give them a chance. You're not well; need you go to the meeting at all?

Anthony (with a grim smile). Cut and run?

Enid. But they'll outvote you!

Anthony (*putting his hand on the doors*). We shall see!

Enid. I beg you, Dad!

[*ANTHONY looks at her softly.*]

Won't you?

[*ANTHONY shakes his head. He opens the doors. A buzz of voices comes in.*]

Scantlebury. Can one get dinner on that six-thirty train up?

Tench. No, sir, I believe not, sir.

Wilder. Well, I shall speak out; I've had enough of this.

Edgar (*sharply*). What?

[*The talk ceases instantly. ANTHONY passes through, closing the doors behind him. ENID springs to them with a gesture of dismay. She puts her hand on the knob, and begins turning it; then goes to the fireplace, and taps her foot on the fender. Suddenly she rings the bell. FROST comes in by the door that leads into the hall.*]

Frost. Yes, M'm?

Enid. When the men come, Frost, please show them in here; the hall's cold.

Frost. I could put them in the pantry, M'm.

Enid. No. I don't want to — to offend them; they're so touchy.

Frost. Yes, M'm. (*Pause*) Excuse me, Mr. Anthony's 'ad nothing to eat all day.

Enid. I know, Frost.

Frost. Nothin' but two whiskies and sodas, M'm.

Enid. Oh! you oughtn't to have let him have those.

Frost (*gravely*). Mr. Anthony is a little difficult, M'm. It's not as if he were a younger man, an' knew what was good for 'im; he will have his own way.

Enid. I suppose we all want that.

Frost. Yes, M'm. (*Quietly*) Excuse me speakin' about the strike. I'm sure if the other gentlemen were to give up to Mr. Anthony, and quietly let the men 'ave what they want, afterward, that'd be the best way. I find that very useful with him at times, M'm.

[*ENID shakes her head.*]

If he's crossed, it makes him violent (*with an air of discovery*), and I've noticed in my own case, when I'm violent I'm always sorry for it afterward.

Enid (with a smile). Are you ever violent, Frost?

Frost. Yes, M'm; oh! sometimes very violent.

Enid. I've never seen you.

Frost (impersonally). No, M'm; that is so.

[*ENID fidgets toward the back of the door.*]

(*With feeling*) Bein' with Mr. Anthony, as you know, M'm, ever since I was fifteen, it worries me to see him crossed like this at his age. I've taken the liberty to speak to Mr. Wanklin (*dropping his voice*) — seems to be the most sensible of the gentlemen — but 'e said to me: "That's all very well, Frost, but this strike's a very serious thing," 'e said. "Serious for all parties, no doubt," I said. "but yumor 'im, sir," I said, "yumor 'im. It's like this, if a man comes to a stone wall, 'e doesn't drive 'is 'ead against it, 'e gets over it." "Yes," 'e said, "you'd better tell your master that." (*FROST looks at his nails.*) That's where it is, M'm. I said to Mr. Anthony this morning: "Is it worth it, sir?" "Damn it," he said to me. "Frost! Mind your own business, or take a month's notice!" Beg pardon, M'm, for using such a word.

Enid (moving to the double doors, and listening). Do you know that man Roberts, Frost?

Frost. Yes, M'm; that's to say, not to speak to. But to *look* at 'im you can tell what *he's* like.

Enid (stopping). Yes?

Frost. He's not one of these 'ere ordinary 'armless Socialists. 'E's violent; got a fire inside 'im. What I call "personal." A man may 'ave what opinions 'e likes, so long as 'e's not personal; when 'e's that 'e's *not* safe.

Enid. I think that's what my father feels about Roberts.

Frost. No doubt, M'm, Mr. Anthony has a feeling against him.

[*ENID glances at him sharply, but finding him in perfect earnest, stands biting her lips, and looking at the double doors.*]

It's a regular right-down struggle between the two. I've no patience with this Roberts; from what I 'ear, he's just an ordinary workin' man like the rest of 'em. If he did invent a thing he's no worse off than 'undreds of others. My brother invented a new kind o' dumb-

waiter — nobody gave *him* anything for it, an' there it is, bein' used all over the place.

[ENID moves closer to the double doors.]

There's a kind o' man that never forgives the world, because 'e wasn't born a gentleman. What I say is — no man that's a gentleman looks down on another because 'e 'appens to be a class or two above 'im, no more than if 'e 'appens to be a class or two below.

Enid (with slight impatience). Yes, I know, Frost, of course. Will you please go in and ask if they'll have some tea; say I sent you.

Frost. Yes, M'm.

[*He opens the doors gently and goes in. There is a momentary sound of earnest, rather angry talk.*]

Wilder. I don't agree with you.

Wanklin. We've had this over a dozen times.

Edgar (impatiently). Well, what's the proposition?

Scantlebury. Yes, what does your father say? Tea? Not for me, not for me!

Wanklin. What I understand the Chairman to say is this —

[FROST re-enters, closing the door behind him.]

Enid (moving from the door). Won't they have any tea, Frost?

[*She goes to the little table, and remains motionless, looking at the baby's frock. A PARLORMAID enters from the hall.*]

Parlormaid. A Miss Thomas, M'm.

Enid (raising her head). Thomas? What Miss Thomas — d' you mean a —

Parlormaid. Yes, M'm.

Enid (blankly). Oh! Where is she?

Parlormaid. In the porch.

Enid. I don't want — [*She hesitates.*]

Frost. Shall I dispose of her, M'm?

Enid. I'll come out. No, show her in here, Ellen.

[*The PARLORMAID and FROST go out. ENID, pursing her lips, sits at the little table, taking up the baby's frock. The PARLORMAID ushers in MADGE THOMAS and goes out; MADGE stands by the door.*]

Enid. Come in. What is it? What have you come for, please?

Madge. Brought a message from Mrs. Roberts.

Enid. A message? Yes.

Madge. She asks you to look after her mother.

Enid. I don't understand.

Madge (sullenly). That's the message.

Enid. But — what — why?

Madge. Annie Roberts is dead.

[*There is a silence.*]

Enid (horrified). But it's only a little more than an hour since I saw her.

Madge. Of cold and hunger.

Enid (rising). Oh! that's not true! the poor thing's heart — What makes you look at me like that? I tried to help her.

Madge (with suppressed savagery). I thought you'd like to know.

Enid (passionately). It's so unjust! Can't you see that I want to help you all?

Madge. I never harmed anyone that hadn't harmed me first.

Enid (coldly). What harm have I done you? Why do you speak to me like that?

Madge (with the bitterest intensity). You come out of your comfort to spy on us! A week of hunger, that's what *you* want!

Enid (standing her ground). Don't talk nonsense!

Madge. I saw her die; her hands were blue with the cold.

Enid (with a movement of grief). Oh! why wouldn't she let me help her? It's such senseless pride!

Madge. Pride's better than nothing to keep your body warm.

Enid (passionately). I won't talk to you! How can you tell what I feel? It's not my fault that I was born better off than you.

Madge. We don't want your money.

Enid. You don't understand, and you don't want to; please to go away!

Madge (balefully). You've killed her, for all your soft words, you and your father —

Enid (with rage and emotion). That's wicked! My father is suffering himself through this wretched strike.

Madge (with somber triumph). Then tell him Mrs. Roberts is dead! That'll make him better.

Enid. Go away!

Madge. When a person hurts us we get it back on them.

[*She makes a sudden and swift movement toward ENID, fixing her eyes on the child's frock lying across the little table.* ENID

snatches the frock up, as though it were the child itself. They stand a yard apart, crossing glances.]

(Pointing to the frock with a little smile) Ah! You felt that! Lucky it's her mother — not her children — you've to look after, isn't it? *She won't trouble you long!*

Enid. Go away!

Madge. I've given you the message.

[She turns and goes out into the hall. ENID, motionless till she has gone, sinks down at the table, bending her head over the frock, which she is still clutching to her. The double doors are opened, and ANTHONY comes slowly in; he passes his daughter, and lowers himself into an armchair. He is very flushed.]

Enid (hiding her emotion — anxiously). What is it, Dad?

[ANTHONY makes a gesture, but does not speak.]

Who was it?

[ANTHONY does not answer. ENID going to the double doors meets EDGAR coming in. They speak together in low tones.]

What is it, Ted?

Edgar. That fellow Wilder! Taken to personalities! He was downright insulting.

Enid. What did he say?

Edgar. Said Father was too old and feeble to know what he was doing! The Dad's worth six of him!

Enid. Of course he is.

[They look at ANTHONY. The doors open wider. WANKLIN appears with SCANTLEBURY.]

Scantlebury (sotto voce). I don't like the look of this!

Wanklin (going forward). Come, Chairman! Wilder sends you his apologies. A man can't do more.

[WILDER, followed by TENCH, comes in, and goes to ANTHONY.]

Wilder (glumly). I withdraw my words, sir. I'm sorry.

[ANTHONY nods to him.]

Enid. You haven't come to a decision, Mr. Wanklin?

[WANKLIN shakes his head.]

Wanklin. We're all here, Chairman; what do you say? Shall we get on with the business, or shall we go back to the other room?

Scantlebury. Yes, yes; let's get on. We must settle something.

[*He turns from a small chair, and settles himself suddenly in the largest chair with a sigh of comfort. WILDER and WANKLIN also sit; and TENCH, drawing up a straight-backed chair close to his Chairman, sits on the edge of it with the minute book and a stylographic pen.*]

Enid (whispering). I want to speak to you a minute, Ted.

[*They go out through the double doors.*]

Wanklin. Really, Chairman, it's no use soothing ourselves with a sense of false security. If this strike's not brought to an end before the general meeting, the shareholders will certainly haul us over the coals.

Scantlebury (stirring). What — what's that?

Wanklin. I know it for a fact.

Anthony. Let them!

Wilder. And get turned out?

Wanklin (to ANTHONY). I don't mind martyrdom for a policy in which I believe, but I object to being burnt for someone else's principles.

Scantlebury. Very reasonable — you must see that, Chairman.

Anthony. We owe it to other employers to stand firm.

Wanklin. There's a limit to that.

Anthony. You were all full of fight at the start.

Scantlebury (with a sort of groan). We thought the men would give in, but they — haven't!

Anthony. They will!

Wilder (rising and pacing up and down). I can't have my reputation as a man of business destroyed for the satisfaction of starving the men out. (*Almost in tears*) I can't have it! How can we meet the shareholders with things in the state they are?

Scantlebury. Hear, hear — hear, hear!

Wilder (lashing himself). If anyone expects me to say to them I've lost you fifty thousand pounds and sooner than put my pride in my pocket I'll lose you another — (*glancing at ANTHONY*) — It's — it's unnatural! *I don't want to go against you, sir —*

Wanklin (persuasively). Come, Chairman, we're *not* free agents. We're part of a machine. Our only business is to see the company

earns as much profit as it safely can. If you blame me for want of principle, I say that we're trustees. Reason tells us we shall never get back in the saving of wages what we shall lose if we continue this struggle — really, Chairman, we *must* bring it to an end, on the best terms we can make.

Anthony. No.

[*There is a pause of general dismay.*]

Wilder. It's a deadlock then. (*Letting his hands drop with a sort of despair*) Now I shall never get off to Spain!

Wanklin (*retaining a trace of irony*). You hear the consequences of your victory, Chairman?

Wilder (*with a burst of feeling*). My wife's ill!

Scantlebury. Dear, dear! You don't say so.

Wilder. If I don't get her out of this cold, I won't answer for the consequences.

[*Through the double doors EDGAR comes in, looking very grave.*]

Edgar (*to his father*). Have you heard this, sir? Mrs. Roberts is dead!

[*Everyone stares at him, as if trying to gauge the importance of this news.*]

Enid saw her this afternoon; she had no coals, or food, or anything. It's enough!

[*There is a silence, everyone avoiding the other's eyes, except ANTHONY, who stares hard at his son.*]

Scantlebury. You don't suggest that we could have helped the poor thing?

Wilder (*flustered*). The woman was in bad health. Nobody can say there's any responsibility on us. At least — not on me.

Edgar (*hotly*). I say that we *are* responsible.

Anthony. War is war!

Edgar. Not on women!

Wanklin. It not infrequently happens that women are the greatest sufferers.

Edgar. If we knew that, all the more responsibility rests on us.

Anthony. This is no matter for amateurs.

Edgar. Call me what you like, sir. It's sickened me. We had no right to carry things to such a length.

Wilder. I don't like this business a bit — that radical rag will twist

it to their own ends; see if they don't! They'll get up some cock-and-bull story about the poor woman's dying from starvation. I wash my hands of it.

Edgar. You can't. None of us can.

Scantlebury (striking his fist on the arm of his chair). But I protest against this —

Edgar. Protest as you like, Mr. Scantlebury; it won't alter facts.

Anthony. That's enough.

Edgar (facing him angrily). No, sir. I tell you exactly what I think. If we pretend the men are not suffering, it's humbug; and if they're suffering, we know enough of human nature to know the women are suffering more, and as to the children — well — it's damnable!

[SCANTLEBURY *rises from his chair.*]

I don't say that we meant to be cruel, I don't say anything of the sort; but I do say it's criminal to shut our eyes to the facts. We employ these men, and we can't get out of it. I don't care so much about the men, but I'd sooner resign my position on the Board than go on starving women in this way.

[*All except ANTHONY are now upon their feet. ANTHONY sits grasping the arms of his chair and staring at his son.*]

Scantlebury. I don't — I don't like the way you're putting it, young sir.

Wanklin. You're rather overshooting the mark.

Wilder. I should think so indeed!

Edgar (losing control). It's no use blinking things! If *you* want to have the death of women on your hands — *I* don't.

Scantlebury. Now, now, young man!

Wilder. On *our* hands? Not on *mine*, I won't have it!

Edgar. We are five members of this Board; if we were four against it, why did we let it drift till it came to this? You know perfectly well why — because we hoped we should starve the men out. Well, all we've done is to starve one woman out!

Scantlebury (almost hysterically). I protest, I protest! I'm a humane man — we're all humane men!

Edgar (scornfully). There's nothing wrong with our *humanity*. It's our imaginations, Mr. Scantlebury.

Wilder. Nonsense! My imagination's as good as yours.

Edgar. If so, it isn't good enough.

Wilder. I foresaw this!

Edgar. Then why didn't you put your foot down!

Wilder. Much good that would have done.

[*He looks at ANTHONY.*]

Edgar. If you, and I, and each one of us here who say that our imaginations are so good —

Scantlebury (flurried). I never said so.

Edgar (paying no attention). — had put our feet down, the thing would have been ended long ago, and this poor woman's life wouldn't have been crushed out of her like this. For all we can tell there may be a dozen other starving women.

Scantlebury. For God's sake, sir, don't use that word at a — at a Board meeting; it's — it's monstrous.

Edgar. I *will* use it, Mr. Scantlebury.

Scantlebury. Then I shall not listen to you. I shall not listen! It's painful to me.

[*He covers his ears.*]

Wanklin. None of us are opposed to a settlement, except your father.

Edgar. I'm certain that if the shareholders knew —

Wanklin. I don't think you'll find their imaginations are any better than ours. Because a woman happens to have a weak heart —

Edgar. A struggle like this finds out the weak spots in everybody. Any child knows that. If it hadn't been for this cutthroat policy, she needn't have died like this; and there wouldn't be all this misery that anyone who isn't a fool can see is going on.

[*Throughout the foregoing ANTHONY has eyed his son; he now moves as though to rise, but stops as EDGAR speaks again.*]

I don't defend the men, or myself, or anybody.

Wanklin. You may have to! A coroner's jury of disinterested sympathizers may say some very nasty things. We mustn't lose sight of our position.

Scantlebury (without uncovering his ears). Coroner's jury! No, no, it's not a case for that!

Edgar. I've had enough of cowardice.

Wanklin. Cowardice is an unpleasant word, Mr. Edgar Anthony. It will look very like cowardice if we suddenly concede the men's demands when a thing like this happens; we must be careful!

Wilder. Of course we must. We've no knowledge of this matter, except a rumor. The proper course is to put the whole thing into the hands of Harness to settle for us; that's natural, that's what we *should* have come to anyway.

Scantlebury (with dignity). Exactly! (*Turning to EDGAR*) And as to you, young sir, I can't sufficiently express my — my distaste for the way you've treated the whole matter. You ought to withdraw! Talking of starvation, talking of cowardice! Considering what our views are! Except your own father — we're all agreed the only policy is — is one of good will — it's most irregular, it's most improper, and all I can say is it's — it's given me pain —

[*He places his hand over his heart.*]

Edgar (stubbornly). I withdraw nothing.

[*He is about to say more when SCANTLEBURY once more covers up his ears. TENCH suddenly makes a demonstration with the minute book. A sense of having been engaged in the unusual comes over all of them, and one by one they resume their seats. EDGAR alone remains on his feet.*]

Wilder (with an air of trying to wipe something out). I pay no attention to what young Mr. Anthony has said. Coroner's jury! The idea's preposterous. I — I move this amendment to the Chairman's motion: That the dispute be placed at once in the hands of Mr. Simon Harness for settlement, on the lines indicated by him this morning. Anyone second that?

[*TENCH writes in his book.*]

Wanklin. I do.

Wilder. Very well, then; I ask the Chairman to put it to the Board.

Anthony (with a great sigh — slowly). We have been made the subject of an attack. (*Looking round at WILDER and SCANTLEBURY with ironical contempt*) I take it on my shoulders. I am seventy-six years old. I have been Chairman of this company since its inception two-and-thirty years ago. I have seen it pass through good and evil report. My connection with it began in the year that this young man was born.

[*EDGAR bows his head. ANTHONY, gripping his chair, goes on.*]

I have had to do with "men" for fifty years; I've always stood up to them; I have never been beaten yet. I have fought the men of this company four times, and four times I have beaten them. It has

been said that I am not the man I was. (*He looks at WILDER.*) However that may be, I am man enough to stand to my guns.

[*His voice grows stronger. The double doors are opened. ENID slips in, followed by UNDERWOOD, who restrains her.*]

The men have been treated justly, they have had fair wages, we have always been ready to listen to complaints. It has been said that times have changed; if they have, I have not changed with them. Neither will I. It has been said that masters and men are equal! Cant! There can only be one master in a house! Where two men meet the better man will rule. It has been said that Capital and Labor have the same interests. Cant! Their interests are as wide asunder as the poles. It has been said that the Board is only part of a machine. Cant! We *are* the machine; its brains and sinews; it is for us to lead and to determine what is to be done, and to do it without fear or favor. Fear of the men! Fear of the shareholders! Fear of our own shadows! Before I am like that, I hope to die. (*He pauses, and meeting his son's eyes, goes on.*) There is only one way of treating "men" — with *the iron hand*. This half-and-half business, the half-and-half manners of this generation, has brought all this upon us. Sentiment and softness, and what this young man, no doubt, would call his social policy. You can't eat cake and have it! This middle-class sentiment, or socialism, or whatever it may be, is rotten. Masters are masters, men are men! Yield one demand, and they will make it six. They are (*he smiles grimly*) like Oliver Twist, asking for more. If I were in *their* place I should be the same. But I am not in their place. Mark my words: one fine morning, when you have given way here, and given way there, you will find you have parted with the ground beneath your feet, and are deep in the bog of bankruptcy; and with you, floundering in that bog, will be the very men you have given way to. I have been accused of being a domineering tyrant, thinking only of my pride—I am thinking of the future of this country, threatened with the black waters of confusion, threatened with mob government, threatened with what I cannot see. If by any conduct of mine I help to bring this on us, I shall be ashamed to look my fellows in the face.

[ANTHONY *stares before him, at what he cannot see, and there is perfect stillness. FROST comes in from the hall, and all but ANTHONY look round at him uneasily.*]

Frost (to his master). The men are here, sir.

[ANTHONY *makes a gesture of dismissal.*]

Shall I bring them in, sir?

Anthony. Wait!

[FROST *goes out.* ANTHONY *turns to face his son.*]

I come to the attack that has been made upon me.

[EDGAR, *with a gesture of deprecation, remains motionless with his head a little bowed.*]

A woman has died. I am told that her blood is on my hands: I am told that on my hands is the starvation and the suffering of other women and of children.

Edgar. I said "on *our* hands," sir.

Anthony. It is the same. (*His voice grows stronger and stronger, his feeling is more and more manifest.*) I am not aware that if my adversary suffer in a fair fight not sought by me, it is *my* fault. If I fall under *his* feet — as fall I may — I shall not complain. That will be *my* lookout — and this is — his. I cannot separate, as I would, these men from their women and children. A fair fight is a fair fight! Let them learn to think before they pick a quarrel!

Edgar (in a low voice). But is it a fair fight, Father? Look at them, and look at us! They've only this one weapon!

Anthony (grimly). And you're weak-kneed enough to teach them how to use it! It seems the fashion nowadays for men to take their enemy's side. I have not learned that art. Is it my fault that they quarreled with their union too?

Edgar. There is such a thing as mercy.

Anthony. And justice comes before it.

Edgar. What seems just to one man, sir, is injustice to another.

Anthony (with suppressed passion). You accuse me of injustice — of what amounts to inhumanity — of cruelty —

[EDGAR *makes a gesture of horror — a general frightened movement.*]

Wanklin. Come, come, Chairman.

Anthony (in a grim voice). These are the words of my own son. They are the words of a generation that I don't understand; the words of a soft breed.

[A general murmur. With a violent effort ANTHONY *recovers his control.*]

Edgar (quietly). I said it of *myself*, too, Father.

[A long look is exchanged between them, and ANTHONY puts out his hand with a gesture as if to sweep the personalities away; then places it against his brow, swaying as though from giddiness. There is a movement toward him. He moves them back.]

Anthony. Before I put this amendment to the Board, I have one more word to say. (*He looks from face to face.*) If it is carried, it means that we shall fail in what we set ourselves to do. It means that we shall fail in the duty that we owe to all Capital. It means that we shall fail in the duty that we owe ourselves. It means that we shall be open to constant attack to which we as constantly shall have to yield. Be under no misapprehension — run this time, and you will never make a stand again! You will have to fly like curs before the whips of your own men. If that is the lot you wish for, you will vote for this amendment.

[*He looks again, from face to face, finally resting his gaze on EDGAR; all sit with their eyes on the ground. ANTHONY makes a gesture, and TENCH hands him the book. He reads.*]

“Moved by Mr. Wilder, and seconded by Mr. Wanklin: ‘That the men’s demands be placed at once in the hands of Mr. Simon Harness for settlement on the lines indicated by him this morning.’” (*With sudden vigor*) Those in favor signify the same in the usual way!

[*For a minute no one moves; then hastily, just as ANTHONY is about to speak, WILDER’S hand and WANKLIN’S are held up, then SCANTLEBURY’S, and last EDGAR’S who does not lift his head.*]

Contrary?

[*ANTHONY lifts his own hand.*]

(*In a clear voice*) The amendment is carried. I resign my position on this Board.

[*ENID gasps, and there is dead silence. ANTHONY sits motionless, his head slowly drooping; suddenly he heaves as though the whole of his life had risen up within him.*]

Fifty years! You have disgraced me, gentlemen. Bring in the men!

[*He sits motionless, staring before him. The Board draws hurriedly together, and forms a group. TENCH in a frightened manner speaks into the hall. UNDERWOOD almost forces ENID from the room.*]

Wilder (hurriedly). What's to be said to them? Why isn't Harness here? Ought we to see the men before he comes? I don't —

Tench. Will you come in, please?

[*Enter THOMAS, GREEN, BULGIN, and ROUS, who file up in a row past the little table. TENCH sits down and writes. All eyes are fixed on ANTHONY, who makes no sign.*]

Wanklin (stepping up to the little table, with nervous cordiality). Well, Thomas, how's it to be? What's the result of your meeting?

Rous. Sim Harness has our answer. He'll tell you what it is. We're waiting for him. He'll speak for us.

Wanklin. Is that so, Thomas?

Thomas (sullenly). Yes. Roberts will not be coming, his wife is dead.

Scantlebury. Yes, yes! Poor woman! Yes! Yes!

Frost (entering from the hall). Mr. Harness, sir!

[*As HARNESS enters, he retires. HARNESS has a piece of paper in his hand, he bows to the directors, nods toward the men, and takes his stand behind the little table in the very center of the room.*]

Harness. Good evening, gentlemen.

[*TENCH, with the paper he has been writing, joins him. They speak together in low tones.*]

Wilder. We've been waiting for you, Harness. Hope we shall come to some —

Frost (entering from the hall). Roberts!

[*He goes. ROBERTS comes hastily in, and stands staring at ANTHONY. His face is drawn and old.*]

Roberts. Mr. Anthony, I am afraid I am a little late, I would have been here in time but for something that — has happened. (*To the men*) Has anything been said?

Thomas. No! But, man, what made ye come?

Roberts. Ye told us this morning, gentlemen, to go away and consider our position. We have reconsidered it; we are here to bring you the men's answer. (*To ANTHONY*) Go ye back to London. We have nothing for you. By no jot or tittle do we abate our demands, nor will we until the whole of those demands are yielded.

[*ANTHONY looks at him but does not speak. There is a movement among the men as though they were bewildered.*]

Harness. Roberts!

Roberts (*glancing fiercely at him, and back to ANTHONY*). Is that clear enough for ye? Is it short enough and to the point? Ye made a mistake to think that we would come to heel. Ye may break the body, but ye cannot break the spirit. Get back to London; the men have nothing for ye.

[*Pausing uneasily, he takes a step toward the unmoving ANTHONY.*]

Edgar. We're all sorry for you, Roberts, but —

Roberts. Keep your sorrow, young man. Let your father speak!

Harness (*with the sheet of paper in his hand, speaking from behind the little table*). Roberts!

Roberts (*to ANTHONY, with passionate intensity*). Why don't ye answer?

Harness. Roberts!

Roberts (*turning sharply*). What is it?

Harness (*gravely*). You're talking without the book; things have traveled past you.

[*He makes a sign to TENCH, who beckons the directors. They quickly sign his copy of the terms.*]

Look at this, man! (*Holding up his sheet of paper*) "Demands conceded, *with the exception of those relating to the engineers and furnacemen*. Double wages for Saturday's overtime. Night shifts as they are." These terms have been agreed. The men go back to work again tomorrow. The strike is at an end.

Roberts (*reading the paper, and turning on the men. They shrink from him, all but ROUS, who stands his ground. With deadly stillness*). Ye have gone back on me? I stood by ye to the death; ye waited for *that* to throw me over!

[*The men answer, all speaking together.*]

Rous. It's a lie!

Thomas. Ye were past endurance, man.

Green. If ye'd listen to me —

Bulgin (*under his breath*). Hold your jaw!

Roberts. Ye waited for *that*!

Harness (*taking the directors' copy of the terms, and handing his own to TENCH*). That's enough, men. You had better go.

[*The men shuffle slowly, awkwardly away.*]

Wilder (in a low, nervous voice). There's nothing to stay for now, I suppose. (*He follows to the door.*) I shall have a try for that train! Coming, Scantlebury?

Scantlebury (following with WANKLIN). Yes, yes; wait for me.

[*He stops as ROBERTS speaks.*]

Roberts (to ANTHONY). But ye have not signed them terms! They can't make terms without their Chairman! Ye would never sign them terms!

[*ANTHONY looks at him without speaking.*]

Don't tell me ye have! for the love o' God! (*With passionate appeal*) I reckoned on ye!

Harness (holding out the directors' copy of the terms). The Board has signed!

[*ROBERTS looks dully at the signatures — dashes the paper from him, and covers up his eyes.*]

Scantlebury (behind his hand to TENCH). Look after the Chairman! He's not well; he's not well — he had no lunch. If there's any fund started for the women and children put me down for — for twenty pounds.

[*He goes out into the hall, in cumbrous haste; and WANKLIN, who has been staring at ROBERTS and ANTHONY with twitchings on his face, follows. EDGAR remains seated on the sofa, looking at the ground; TENCH, returning to the bureau, writes in his minute book. HARNESS stands by the little table, gravely watching ROBERTS.*]

Roberts. Then you're no longer Chairman of this company! (*Breaking into half-mad laughter*) Ah! ha — ah, ha, ha! They've thrown ye over — thrown over their Chairman: Ah — ha — ha! (*With a sudden dreadful calm*) So — they've done us both down, Mr. Anthony?

[*ENID, hurrying through the double doors, comes quickly to her father.*]

Anthony. Both broken men, my friend Roberts!

Harness (coming down and laying his hands on ROBERTS's sleeve). For shame, Roberts! Go home quietly, man; go home!

Roberts (tearing his arm away). Home? (*Shrinking together — in a whisper*) Home!

Enid (quietly to her father). Come away, dear! Come to your room!

[ANTHONY rises with an effort. He turns to ROBERTS who looks at him. They stand several seconds, gazing at each other fixedly; ANTHONY lifts his hand, as though to salute, but lets it fall. The expression of ROBERTS'S face changes from hostility to wonder. They bend their heads in token of respect. ANTHONY turns, and slowly walks toward the curtained door. Suddenly he sways as though about to fall, recovers himself, and is assisted out by EDGAR and ENID; UNDERWOOD follows, but stops at the door. ROBERTS remains motionless for several seconds, staring intently after ANTHONY, then goes out into the hall.]

Tench (approaching HARNESS). It's a great weight off my mind, Mr. Harness! But what a painful scene, sir!

[He wipes his brow. HARNESS, pale and resolute, regards with a grim half-smile the quavering TENCH.]

It's all been so violent! What did he mean by: "Done us both down?" If he has lost his wife, poor fellow, he oughtn't to have spoken to the Chairman like that!

Harness. A woman dead; and the two best men both broken!

Tench (staring at him — suddenly excited). D'you know, sir — these terms, they're the *very same* we drew up together, you and I, and put to both sides before the fight began? All this — all this — and — and what for?

Harness (in a slow grim voice). That's where the fun comes in!

[UNDERWOOD without turning from the door makes a gesture of assent.]

[THE CURTAIN FALLS]

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF GALSWORTHY

In studying a modern full-length play you will notice several important changes from the classical form of Shakespeare's plays. Today a play has fewer acts and scenes, a smaller number of major characters, shorter, more conversational speeches, a sharper close, and often a theme of deeper social import. In studying any play, it is helpful to reduce its plot to three basic propositions:

- (1) What is the immediate situation?
- (2) What crisis arises because of this situation?
- (3) What is the ultimate outcome?

The following analysis may help you to formulate propositions for *Strife*:

Act I. A manager in a business conducted by a board is in deadlock with his men in a factory strike.

Act II. In spite of misery and financial losses both sides refuse to yield.

Act III. What happens to both sides?

Notice in *Strife* the careful unfolding and interpretation of the opening act, the two facets of the workman's life at home and in the factory and the full-length character portraits of the opposing leaders in the developing of Act II, and the tense closing act. After the plot is clear to you, decide what is the *theme*, or basic framework, upon which it is constructed.

1. Notice that the characters in this play represent three generations. Which persons belong to each group? In the women's parts why is this representation especially significant?

2. Could the cast be cut down? What is the definite purpose of each character? How many distinct points of view on the strike can you count?

3. Find examples of all the methods, such as personal appearance, voice, gestures, action, and effect on others, used here to characterize the two leaders.

4. What does the kitchen scene add to the play?

5. How does the play carry out the dramatist's purpose to *portray life*? Discuss the issues involved in the play in comparison with those of present-day labor disputes.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Many of Galsworthy's plays show evidence of his legal training. Compare *Strife* with *Justice* or *Loyalties* in this respect. Compare conflicting points of view in *Loyalties* with those in *Strife*.

2. Compare the author's use of the same theme in two types of literature, such as "A Stoic," a short story, dramatized in *Old English*.

3. Contrast the themes of Galsworthy as a dramatist with one of the other modern dramatists, like Barrie, Shaw, O'Neill, or Maxwell Anderson.

4. Read some of Galsworthy's short stories in *Caravan* or his great novel *The Forsyte Saga*, and observe the impartiality with which he presents all sides of a person's character.

Twentieth-Century Essays

MAX BEERBOHM (1872-)

This genius of essay writing and of cartooning was born in London and educated at Charterhouse and at Merton College, Oxford, where his critical and satirical talents were much in evidence. In 1894, two years before

his graduation, his first essay, published in *The Yellow Book*, won him fame for its artistry and wit. Shortly after leaving college, he published his first collection of essays, soon followed by three others.

In 1898 when Bernard Shaw resigned as dramatic critic of *The Saturday Review* he announced his successor: "The younger generation is knocking at the door; and as I open it there steps spritely in the incomparable Max." For twelve years he held this post. During this period his writings and drawings displayed a spirit of youthfulness and zest of workmanship, wide culture, and mastery of style and technique in his two arts. Among his writings *The Happy Hypocrite* is a delightful modern parable, *Zuleika Dobson*, a fantastically amusing short novel of Oxford, and *Christmas Garland* full of clever parody. His caricatures alone have run to several volumes, and he has also published short stories in a uniquely satirical vein.

In 1906, while Beerbohm was Italian correspondent for the London *Daily Mail*, he married an American. He still resides in Italy.

SEEING PEOPLE OFF

I am not good at all. To do it well seems to me one of the most difficult things in the world, and probably seems so to you, too.

To see a friend off from Waterloo to Vauxhall¹ were easy enough. But we are never called on to perform that small feat. It is only when a friend is going on a longish journey, and will be absent for a longish time, that we turn up at the railway station. The dearer the friend, and the longer the journey, and the longer the likely absence, the earlier do we turn up, and the more lamentably do we fail. Our failure is in exact ratio to the seriousness of the occasion, and to the depth of our feeling.

In a room, or even on a doorstep, we can make the farewell quite worthily. We can express in our faces the genuine sorrow we feel. Nor do words fail us. There is no awkwardness, no restraint, on either side. The thread of our intimacy has not been snapped. The leave-taking is an ideal one. Why not, then, leave the leave-taking at that? Always, departing friends implore us not to bother to come to the railway station next morning. Always, we are deaf to these entreaties, knowing them to be not quite sincere. The departing friends would think it very odd of us if we took them at their word. Besides, they really do want to see us again. And that wish is heartily reciprocated. We duly turn up. And then, oh,

¹ Waterloo to Vauxhall: two points in London.

then, what a gulf yawns! We stretch our arms vainly across it. We have utterly lost touch. We have nothing at all to say. We gaze at each other as dumb animals gaze at human beings. We "make conversation" — and such conversation! We know that these are the friends from whom we parted overnight. They know that we have not altered. Yet, on the surface, everything is different; and the tension is such that we only long for the guard to blow his whistle and put an end to the farce.

On a cold gray morning of last week I duly turned up at Euston,² to see off an old friend who was starting for America.

Overnight we had given him a farewell dinner, in which sadness was well mingled with festivity. Years probably would elapse before his return. Some of us might never see him again. Not ignoring the shadow of the future, we gaily celebrated the past. We were as thankful to have known our guest as we were grieved to lose him; and both these emotions were made evident. It was a perfect farewell.

And now, here we were, stiff and self-conscious on the platform; and, framed in the window of the railway carriage, was the face of our friend; but it was as the face of a stranger — a stranger anxious to please, an appealing stranger, an awkward stranger. "Have you got everything?" asked one of us, breaking a silence. "Yes, everything," said our friend, with a pleasant nod. "Everything," he repeated, with the emphasis of an empty brain. "You'll be able to lunch on the train," said I, though this prophecy had already been made more than once. "Oh, yes," he said with conviction. He added that the train went straight through to Liverpool. This fact seemed to strike us rather odd. We exchanged glances. "Doesn't it stop at Crewe?" asked one of us. "No," said our friend, briefly. He seemed almost disagreeable. There was a long pause. One of us, with a nod and a forced smile at the traveler, said, "Well!" The nod, the smile, and the unmeaning monosyllable, were returned conscientiously. Another pause was broken by one of us with a fit of coughing. It was an obviously assumed fit, but it served to pass the time. The bustle of the platform was unabated. There was no sign of the train's departure. Release — ours, and our friend's — was not yet.

My wandering eyes alighted on a rather portly middle-aged man who was talking earnestly from the platform to a young lady at the next window but one to ours. His fine profile was vaguely familiar

² **Euston:** one of the large London stations.

to me. The young lady was evidently American, and he was evidently English; otherwise I should have guessed from his impressive air that he was her father. I wished I could hear what he was saying. I was sure he was giving the very best advice; and the strong tenderness of his gaze was really beautiful. He seemed magnetic, as he poured out his final injunctions. I could feel something of his magnetism, even where I stood. And the magnetism, like the profile, was vaguely familiar to me. Where had I experienced it?

In a flash I remembered. The man was Hubert le Ros. But how changed since last I saw him! That was seven or eight years ago, in the Strand. He was then (as usual) out of an engagement, and borrowed half a crown. It seemed a privilege to lend anything to him. He was always magnetic. And why his magnetism had never made him successful on the London stage was always a mystery to me. He was an excellent actor, and a man of sober habit. But like many others of his kind, Hubert le Ros (I do not, of course, give the actual name by which he was known) drifted seedily into the provinces; and I, like everyone else, ceased to remember him.

It was strange to see him, after all these years, here on the platform of Euston, looking so prosperous and solid. It was not only the flesh that he had put on, but also the clothes, that made him hard to recognize. In the old days an imitation fur coat had seemed to be as integral a part of him as were his ill-shorn lantern jaws. But now his costume was a model of rich and somber moderation, drawing, not calling, attention to itself. He looked like a banker. Anyone would have been proud to be seen off by him.

"Stand back, please." The train was about to start, and I waved farewell to my friend. Le Ros did not stand back. He stood clasping in both hands the hands of the young American. "Stand back, sir, please!" He obeyed, but quickly darted forward again to whisper some final word. I think there were tears in her eyes. There certainly were tears in his when at length, having watched the train out of sight, he turned around. He seemed, nevertheless, delighted to see me. He asked me where I had been hiding all these years; and simultaneously repaid me the half crown as though it had been borrowed yesterday. He linked his arm in mine, and walked me slowly along the platform, saying with what pleasure he read my dramatic criticisms every Saturday.

I told him, in return, how much he was missed on the stage. "Ah, yes," he said, "I never act on the stage nowadays." He laid some emphasis on the word "stage," and I asked him where, then, he did

act. "On the platform," he answered. "You mean," said I, "that you recite at concerts?" He smiled. "This," he whispered, striking his stick on the ground, "is the platform I mean." Had his mysterious prosperity unhinged him? He looked quite sane. I begged him to be more explicit.

"I suppose," he said presently, giving me a light for the cigar which he had offered me, "you have been seeing a friend off?" I assented. He asked me what I supposed he had been doing. I said that I had watched him doing the same thing. "No," he said gravely. "That lady was not a friend of mine. I met her for the first time this morning, less than half an hour ago, here," and again he struck the platform with his stick.

I confessed that I was bewildered. He smiled. "You may," he said, "have heard of the Anglo-American Social Bureau?" I had not. He explained to me that of the thousands of Americans who annually pass through England there are many hundreds who have no English friends. In the old days they used to bring letters of introduction. But the English are so inhospitable that these letters are hardly worth the paper they are written on. "Thus," said Le Ros, "the A.A.S.B. supplies a longfelt want. Americans are a sociable people, and most of them have plenty of money to spend. The A.A.S.B. supplies them with English friends. Fifty per cent of the fees is paid over to the friends. The other fifty is retained by the A.A.S.B. I am not, alas, a director. If I were, I should be a very rich man indeed. I am only an employee. But even so I do very well. I am one of the seers-off."

Again I asked for enlightenment. "Many Americans," he said, "cannot afford to keep friends in England. But they can all afford to be seen off. The fee is only five pounds (twenty-five dollars) for a single traveler; and eight pounds (forty dollars) for a party of two or more. They send that in to the bureau, giving the date of their departure, and a description by which the seer-off can identify them on the platform. And then — well, then they are seen off."

"But is it worth it?" I exclaimed. "Of course it is worth it," said Le Ros. "It prevents them from feeling 'out of it.' It earns them the respect of the guard. It saves them from being despised by their fellow passengers — the people who are going to be on the boat. It gives them a footing for the whole voyage. Besides, it is a great pleasure in itself. You saw me seeing that young lady off. Didn't you think that I did it beautifully?" "Beautifully," I admitted; "I envied you. There was I —" "Yes, I can imagine.

There were you, shuffling from foot to foot, staring blankly at your friend, trying to make conversation. I know. That's how I used to be myself, before I studied, and went into the thing professionally. I don't say that I am perfect yet. I'm still a martyr to platform fright. A railway station is the most difficult of all places to act in, as you have discovered for yourself." "But," I said with resentment, "I wasn't trying to act. I really felt." "So did I, my boy," said Le Ros. "You can't act without feeling. What's his name, the Frenchman — Diderot,³ yes — said you could; but what did he know about it? Didn't you see those tears in my eyes when the train started? I hadn't forced them. I tell you I was moved. So were you, I dare say. But you couldn't have pumped up a tear to prove it. You can't express your feelings. In other words you can't act. At any rate," he added kindly, "not in a railway station." "Teach me!" I cried. He looked thoughtfully at me. "Well," he said at length, "the seeing-off season is practically over. Yes, I'll give you a course. I have a good many pupils on hand already; but yes," he said, consulting an ornate notebook, "I could give you an hour on Tuesdays and Fridays."

His terms, I confess, are rather high. But I don't grudge the investment.

³ **Diderot:** Denis Diderot (1713-1784), French philosopher and writer.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF BEERBOHM

1. What ridiculous picture does Beerbohm give of a person's attempt to see his friend off? Have you ever had a similar experience? Do you like to have your friends come to the station to see you off?

2. What do you think of Hubert le Ros's occupation? How does it add to the humor of the essay? What amusing touch appears at the end of the essay?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Write a familiar essay about some strain upon friendship which you have encountered, or some absurd occupation which would enable you to satirize a situation in school life.

2. Obtain, if possible, a volume of Beerbohm's cartoons to show the class. Compare them with Thackeray's satirical illustrations. What other authors can you name who were also artists or cartoonists?

HENRY MAJOR TOMLINSON (1873-)

In the opinion of those who love to read of the brave men who go down to the sea in ships, H. M. Tomlinson is the successor, if not the peer, of Conrad. His prose style, like that of his predecessor, suggests poetry; his descriptions of the sea, jungle scenes, the desert, and life in home ports are a master essayist's vivid recollections of the beauty and romance of out-of-the-way places.

His first long voyage across the Atlantic and up the Amazon River is graphically recorded in his first book, *The Sea and the Jungle*, while his wanderings in the Malay Archipelago are revealed vividly in *Tidemarks*. The detailed observations of an expert reporter, blessed with a rich human spirit, show in *Old Junk*, *London River*, and other books of travel. Outstanding among his tales of the sea are *All Our Yesterdays* and *Gallions Reach*. His unforgettable experiences in Belgium and France while serving as a war correspondent are recorded in *Waiting for Daylight*. Of this phase of his work, Mr. Ratcliffe of the *Manchester Guardian* says: "One who was the friend of all, a sweet and fine spirit moving untouched amid the ruin and terror, expressing itself everywhere with perfect simplicity, and at times with a shattering candor." One of his later books, *Out of Soundings* is illustrated by his son.

THE MASTER

This master of a ship I remember first as a slim lad, with a shy smile, and large hands that were lonely beyond his outgrown reefer jacket. His cap was always too small for him, and the soiled frontal badge of his line became a colored button beyond his forelock. He used to come home occasionally — and it was always when we were on the point of forgetting him altogether. He came with a huge bolster in a cab, as though out of the past and nowhere. There is a tradition, a book tradition, that the boy apprenticed to the sea acquires saucy eyes, and a self-reliance always ready to dare to that bleak extreme the very thought of which horrifies those who are lawful and cautious. They know better who live where the ships are. He used to bring his young shipmates to see us, and they were like himself. Their eyes were downcast. They showed no self-reliance. Their shyness and politeness, when the occasion was quite simple, were absurdly incommensurate even with modesty. Their sisters, not nearly so polite, used to mock them.

As our own shy lad was never with us for long, his departure being

as abrupt and unannounced as his appearance, we could willingly endure him. But he was extraneous to the household. He had the impeding nature of a new and superfluous piece of furniture which is in the way, yet never knows it, and placidly stays where it is, in its wooden manner, till it is placed elsewhere. There was a morning when, as he was leaving the house, during one of his brief visits to his home, I noticed to my astonishment that he had grown taller than myself. How had that happened? And where? I had followed him to the door that morning because, looking down at his cap which he was nervously handling, he had told me he was going then to an examination. About a week later he announced, in a casual way, that he had got his master's ticket. After the first shock of surprise, caused by the fact that this information was an unexpected warning of our advance in years, we were amused, and we congratulated him. Naturally he had got his certificate as master mariner. Why not? Nearly all the mates we knew got it, sooner or later. That was bound to come. But very soon after that he gave us a genuine surprise, and made us anxious. He informed us, as casually, that he had been appointed master to a ship; a very different matter from merely possessing the license to command.

We were even alarmed. This was serious. He could not do it. He was not the man to make a command for anything. A fellow who, not so long ago, used to walk a mile with a telegram because he had not the strength of character to face the lady clerk in the post office round the corner, was hardly the man to overawe a crowd of hard characters gathered by chance from Tower Hill,¹ socialize them, and direct them successfully in subduing the conflicting elements of a difficult enterprise. Not he. But we said nothing to discourage him.

Of course, he was a delightful fellow. He often amused us, and he did not always know why. He was frank, he was gentle, but that large vacancy, the sea, where he had spent most of his young life, had made him — well, slow. You know what I mean. He was curiously innocent of those dangers of great cities which are nothing to us because we know they are there. Yet he was always on the alert for thieves and parasites. I think he enjoyed his belief in their crafty omnipresence ashore. Proud of his alert and knowing intelligence, he would relate a long story of the way he had not only frustrated an artful shark, but had enjoyed the process in perfect safety. That we, who rarely went out of London, never had such adventures,

¹ **Tower Hill:** a poor district of London near the famous Tower, where common sailors often live.

did not strike him as worth a thought or two. He never paused in his merriment to consider the strange fact that to him, alone of our household, such wayside adventures fell. With a shrewd air he would inform us that he was about to put the savings of a voyage into an advertised trap which a country parson would have stepped over without a second contemptuous glance.

He took his ship away. The affair was not discussed at home, though each of us gave it some private despondency. We followed him silently, apprehensively, through the reports in the *Shipping Gazette*. He made point after point safely — St. Vincent, Gibraltar, Suez, Aden — after him we went across to Colombo, Singapore, and at length we learned that he was safe at Batavia. He had got that steamer out all right. He got her home again, too. After his first adventure as master he made voyage after voyage with no more excitement in them than you would find in Sunday walks in a suburb. It was plain luck; or else navigation and seamanship were greatly overrated arts.

A day came when he invited me to go with him part of his voyage. I could leave the ship at Bordeaux. I went. You must remember that we had never seen his ship. And there he was, walking with me to the dock from a Welsh railway station, a man in a cheap mackintosh, with an umbrella I will not describe, and he was carrying a brown-paper parcel. He was appropriately crowned with a bowler² hat several sizes too small for him. Glancing up at his profile, I actually wondered whether the turmoil was now going on in his mind over that confession which now he was bound to make: that he was not the master of a ship, and never had been.

There she was, a bulky modern freighter, full of derricks and time-saving appliances, and her funnel lording it over the neighborhood. The man with the parcel under his arm led me up the gangway. I was not yet convinced. I was, indeed, less sure than ever that he could be the master of this huge community of engines and men. He did not accord with it.

We were no sooner on deck than a man in uniform, gray-haired, with a seamed and resolute face, which anyone would have recognized at once as a sailor's, approached us. He was introduced as the chief officer. He had a tale of woe: trouble with the dockmaster, with the stevedores, with the cargo, with many things. He did not appear to know what to do with them. He was asking this boy of ours.

The skipper began to speak. At that moment I was gazing at the

² **bowler:** called "derby" in the United States.

funnel, trying to decipher a monogram upon it; but I heard a new voice, rapid and incisive, sure of its subject, resolving doubts, and making the crooked straight. It was the man with the brown-paper parcel. It was still under his arm—in fact, the parcel contained pink pajamas, and there was hardly enough paper. The respect of the mate was not lessened by this.

The skipper went to gaze down a hatchway. He walked to the other side of the ship, and inspected something there. Conned her length, called up in a friendly but authoritative way to an engineer standing by an amidship rail above. He came back to the mate, and with an easy precision directed his will on others, through his deputy, up to the time of sailing. He beckoned to me, who also, apparently, was under his august orders, and turned, as though perfectly aware that in this place I should follow him meekly, in full obedience.

Our steamer moved out at midnight, in a drive of wind and rain. There were bewildering and unrelated lights about us. Peremptory challenges were shouted to us from nowhere. Sirens blared out of dark voids. And there was the skipper on the bridge, the lad who caused us amusement at home, with this confusion in the dark about him, and an immense insentient mass moving with him at his will; and he had his hands in his pockets, and turned to tell me what a cold night it was. The pierhead searchlight showed his face, alert, serene, with his brows knitted in a little frown, and his underlip projecting as the sign of the pride of those who look direct into the eyes of an opponent, and care not at all. In my berth that night I searched for a moral for this narrative, but went to sleep before I found it.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF TOMLINSON

1. What do you imagine to be the relationship of the writer to the young master? How does he show throughout that he is writing from the point of view of a landsman?
2. Does the change in the young master sound convincing to you? Have you known people who seemed to have entirely different personalities on their job from what they have at other times? How is the writer's attitude typical of that of the mature toward the rising generation?
3. Do you like the young master? Why or why not?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Compare Tomlinson's writings about the sea with Conrad's or McFee's for atmosphere and emotion.
2. Compare one of his books of travel with the works of other world travelers like Harry Franck.

WILLIAM McFEE (1881—)

In the living room of William McFee's home in Westport, Connecticut, is a model of *Erin's Isle*, the three-masted square rigger on which he was born on June 15, 1881, during one of its return trips from India. His father was designer, builder, owner, and captain of this ship. His grandfather also was a sea captain; so naturally much of this English engineer's life has been closely associated with the sea.

Brought up in a suburb of London, and educated at Bury St. Edmunds in Suffolk, young McFee served three years as an apprentice in an engineering shop before he went into the London office of a firm of Yorkshire engineers. All his free hours, however, were spent in reading in the vast libraries of the British Museum and in visiting his fellow mechanics — an education which is reflected in his later books of travel.

When he was twenty-four, he shipped as a junior marine engineer on one of his uncle's boats, and followed this call of the sea until 1913 when he entered the American Marine as a member of the New Orleans port engineering staff. Wherever he was, he took with him a well-stocked library from which he read avidly. His first book of observations, *Letters of an Ocean Tramp*, published in 1908, was followed six years later by *Aliens*, and by *Casuals of the Sea*, the literary sensation of 1916. On the outbreak of the World War he was appointed engineer on a British transport and later a sublieutenant in the British navy, and served chiefly in Mediterranean waters. *Land and Water*, a series of articles for a London magazine, is a record of some of these experiences.

After the war McFee came to the United States, and while, as chief engineer for the United Fruit Company, he transported bananas from the tropics to New York, he wrote such enjoyable volumes of realism and romance as *Harbors of Memory* and *Command*. Retiring from the sea in 1922, he devoted himself to literature, and notable among the dozen volumes now to his credit are *Swallowing the Anchor*, *Sailors of Fortune*, and *North of Suez*. All the works of this big, blond, enthusiastic, and witty follower of Conrad are lively, artistic, and redolent of his life at sea and his wide reading.

THE CITY OF ENCHANTMENT

The following selection from *Harbors of Memory* is an essay or travel account that just escapes being a short story, and is therefore a good example of how closely the two types are related. Unlike the scenes in other selections in this volume, its scene is in the United States. "The City of Enchantment" is New Orleans.

"It is a mystery to me," I heard the surgeon remark in his refined, querulous voice, "how many men follow the sea all their lives, go all over the world, behold cities and men, and come home with minds to all intents and purposes an absolute blank."

"Apropos of what?" I asked. I had been sitting at the other end of the long wardroom table, and missed the immediate application of this remark. The stewards were setting coffee on the table and several men rose to catch the eight-o'clock liberty launch. I moved up.

"Well," said the surgeon, lighting a cheroot, "it is apropos of nearly every sailor I've met since I joined the navy, and also of the occasional few that came my way in practice ashore as well. But I was speaking of Barrett, the second watchkeeper. Jolly good fellow, as you know, and has knocked about a bit. But when I asked him today at tea if he'd ever been in New Orleans, he said 'Yes, often,' and it was a rotten place. You see, I had been reading a story which referred to the city. Now Barrett's comment was typical, I admit; but it was neither illuminating nor adequate."

"It doesn't follow," I observed, "that his mind is a blank, nevertheless. You misunderstand our mentality if you imagine you will get much local color out of any of us. I don't suppose, if you interviewed a hundred men who had been there or any other place, that you would get any other answer."

"I can tell you why," interjected suddenly a man seated beside the surgeon. I recognized him as the engineer-commander of a special-service ship lying near us at the canal buoys. He was a man of middle age, and his neatly trimmed gray beard and downward-drooping mustache gave him an air of settled maturity and established character. He was one of those men, I had already commented to myself, who embody a generic type rather than an individual character. He might have been anything, save for the distinguishing gold lace on his sleeve—navigator, paymaster, or a competent warrant-instructor of the old school. The surgeon, who was his host on this occasion, looked at him inquiringly.

"I can tell you why," repeated the engineer-commander, taking out a cigarette case. "The fact is," he went on after accepting a match, "young men, when they go to sea, are romantic, but not incurably so. I have rarely found anyone," he mused, smiling, "who was incurably romantic! One can't be, at sea. It is no sense of grievance which leads me to imagine most of us as having had the romance crushed out of us. A young man's progress through life in

our profession, so far from resembling the old-fashioned educational grand tour through Europe, is much more like the movement of a piece of raw material through a factory. He is tortured and tested and twisted, subjected to all sorts of racking strains to find out if he will stand up under the stresses of life, and finally emerges as an article good for one specific purpose and nothing else.

"All our social, professional, and economic forces tend to that consummation. We are not 'educated' at all, in the sense that other professions, the medical for instance, are educated; and the consequence is we lack the habits of agreeable self-expression. The bright romantic young fellow, just out of school, becomes in a few years a taciturn and efficient officer, who sends home monosyllabic letters from Cairo or Bagdad or Yokohama, and dreams of keeping chickens in Buckinghamshire. But don't imagine his reticence is proof that he is a fellow of no sentiment. Each of us cherishes some romantic memory of foreign parts — a girl, a city, a boarding-house, a ship, or even a shipmate — a memory that tinges the fading past with iridescent glamour and of which we cannot be persuaded to talk.

"I have had experiences of that nature in days gone by. Like some of you, I was at sea in tramps, and collected the usual bundle of romantic memories. What I was going to say was, that I knew New Orleans. I knew it in what was to me an entirely novel way. It was the first foreign place I ever lived in ashore. I shall never forget the impressions it made on me.

"I had never been even in the United States. There had been a bad slump in freights that year. I had just got my chief engineer's license, and the expense of living at home had eaten well into my savings. When I got to Liverpool again to get a job, I found myself along with a good many others. I was like a hackney carriage. I had a license and I had to crawl round and round for somebody to hire me. Sounds strange nowadays when they are sending piano tuners and lawyers' clerks and schoolteachers to sea and calling them sailors. I used to call in once a day at a little office where a sort of benevolent association had its headquarters. Most of us were always falling behind in our subscriptions and the secretary would have nothing to do with us. He was a big man with a bushy black beard, and I never found him doing anything else except playing billiards. They had a billiard table in the back room, and he and two or three old chiefs of big Liverpool boats used to monopolize it. It happened by some chance that my subscription had

been paid up at this time, so he had to give me some attention. One day when I strolled in he waved to me with his cue and I sat down until he had finished his stroke. He then said he knew of a billet which would be the very thing for me. There was a twin-screw passenger boat going out to Boston to be taken over. She was going under the Cuban flag, he told me. He had had a letter from a friend in Belfast who was going Chief of her for the trip. I could go Fourth, and they would pay my passage home.

"Well, it didn't sound very attractive, but I decided at once. I would go. My journey to Belfast took up a good deal of the money I had left; in fact I broke my last five-pound note when I bought my ticket. I did not regret that. The fact was, I was afflicted with a sudden desire to visit America. I had been to all sorts of places like South Africa and Australia and India, but they had not satisfied me. I don't say I would have dismissed them all as 'rotten' places, but they had made no appeal. I had never really seen them, you understand. The United States, at that particular juncture in my life, did make some sort of subtle appeal to me. I had heard of men who had made their fortunes out there. I might tumble into something like that. I had read — oh, the usual things boys read in England. In the Sunday school at home they had had *From Log Cabin to White House*. Mind you, it wasn't material success I was thinking about so much as the satisfaction of a queer craving I didn't half understand. You see I was brought up as most of us were then, in an atmosphere of failure. There was always about one man in four out of work. The poorhouses were always well stocked with sturdy paupers for whom the industrial system had no use. We used to go about getting a job as though it was a criminal offense. We never dreamed of quitting. There were always fifty others waiting to snatch it from us. Without knowing just why, I had a restless craving to get away from all that. I wanted to live in some place where one could breathe, where the supply of labor was not so tremendously in excess of the demand. So I said I would go. I went over to Belfast and joined that ship. It was November, and we took her out, flying light, into winter North Atlantic.

"It was a terrible business. She was new, and her trials, because of the bad weather, had been of the sketchiest description. The skipper had secured the contract to take her over for a lump sum, he to find crew, food, and stores. He had not been particularly generous in any of these. There were just we four engineers and two mates. We had our meals in the passenger saloon, an immense place that

glittered with mirrors and enamel and gilding, but with only one table adrift on an uncarpeted floor. It was curious to watch the steward emerge from the distant pantry and start on the voyage toward us bearing a tureen of soup. As the ship rolled he would slide away to starboard over the smooth surface of the teak planking, holding the tureen horizontal as though he were carrying out some important scientific experiment. Then, just before he would bring up against the paneling, she would roll to port, and back he would come with knees bent and a weather eye for a grip of the nearest chair. When she rolled her rails right under, he would have to set the thing on the floor and kneel down with his arms round it, while we held on to the racks and waited. They rigged him a lifeline later on, but everything breakable was broken. One day there was a terrible crash upstairs, and the skipper and mate jumped from their seats and ran away up the grand staircase. The piano had been carried away in the music room and had dashed into a bookcase, end on. We had to get the crew in to lash it fast with ropes.

"The engine room was full of leaking steam- and water-pipes. Every bearing ran hot, and the stern glands had been so badly packed that the water was squirting through in torrents. And she was a twin-screw with no oilers carried. I used to spend the four solid hours of my watch cruising round, hanging on to handrails, emptying oil feeders upon her smoking joints. I had field days every day down in the bilges, cleaning shavings and waste and workmen's caps out of the suctions. She rolled, pitched, bucked, and shivered. She did everything except turn over. Twice the starboard engine broke down and we had to turn round and go with the weather until we could get it running again. I used to call her the ship who lost herself. She was all wrong. She had pumps no man could keep right, tucked away in corners no human being above the size of a Central African pygmy could work in. We had no tools and no tackle. And nobody cared. The one idea of everybody on board was to get her into Boston, grab our wages and passage money, and run away as hard as we could go. I must say it was rather demoralizing for a young chap with his name to make. Of course the job itself was demoralizing. I pitied the chaps who were going to serve in her under the Cuban flag. I carried away no romantic memories: only a bad scald on my chest, where a steam joint had blown out and shot boiling water into my open singlet.

"And Boston made no particular impression either. I was paid off, given a railroad ticket to New York, and told to apply at a

certain office for a passage home. We were shoved aboard a train which was red-hot one moment and ice-cold a moment after. We were all in a bunch at one end of the car and scarcely moved the whole time. The skipper, who had gone through the day before, met us at the Grand Central and took us downtown. I remember lights, a great noise of traffic, cries to get out of the road, and a cross fire of questions about baggage. It was late afternoon. We roared downtown in a warm subway. I was struck by the ceiling fans in the cars, and the stern preoccupation of a woman who sat next to me reading a book. When we emerged on Broadway the wind was driving the snow horizontally against our faces, and we became white exactly as though someone had sprayed us with whitewash through a nozzle.

"We fought our way down into a side street and up an elevator into an office. I stood on the edge of the little crowd, trying to get some sort of system into my impressions. I became aware of words of disapproval: 'No! that won't do!' 'No; I was promised a passage.' 'You know perfectly well, Captain,' and 'What is it? A skin game?' I discovered the captain and a man in a carefully pressed broadcloth suit arguing with the mate and the chief. I gathered they wanted some of us to waive our right to a passage home and sign on some other ship. The chief would have nothing to do with it, and the second and third expressed their refusal in violent language. You couldn't blame them, for they were married. They were all married, I believe. I was the only single adventurer among them. They looked at me. I must have made some inquiry for I heard the words 'New Orleans. Hundred dollars a month. Free ticket.'

"Well, I had no idea where New Orleans was at that time. As far as I can recall I imagined it was somewhere in South America. That didn't matter. I wasn't married and I had no relish for going back to Liverpool and beginning the same weary old chase for a job. I didn't have jobs thrown at me in those days. I astonished them all by saying I'd go. The second said I must be crazy. The man in the broadcloth suit beckoned me up and asked for my papers. They seemed to satisfy him, and he telephoned to another office about my ticket. A small boy appeared, to take me over there, and I followed him out. I never saw any of the others again. The small boy led me along Broadway and into a big office where I received a ticket for New Orleans. Then I had to go back to the station and get my baggage. The whole business went on in a sort of exciting and foggy dazzle. Nothing remains clear in my mind now except that nobody

regarded me as in the slightest degree of any importance. Even the small boy, chewing for all he was worth, cast me off as soon as he had steered me and my baggage to another station, and left me to wait for the train.

"I don't know even now how I managed to make the mistake. I dare say such a thing would be impossible nowadays. Anyhow I discovered the next morning I was on the wrong train. I believe we were bound for Chicago. I was rushing across a continent in the wrong direction. I had never done much railroad traveling anywhere — a few miles into Liverpool, and a night journey from Cardiff to Newcastle was about the extent of it. I was bewildered. The conductor told me to go on, now I'd started, and take the Chicago route. I suppose I must have done that. I sat in a sort of trance, hour after hour, watching the train plow through immense tracts of territory of which I did not know even the names, through great cities that flashed and jangled before me, over rivers and through mountain passes. I had to get out and scamper over to other trains. I went hungry because I didn't know there was anything to eat on board. My razors were in my baggage and that was gone south by some other route. I had nothing with me except my papers and a box of cigarettes. I was in a day car and my fellow travelers were constantly changing. At last I fell into conversation with a man about my own age. He it was who told me I could get a berth in the sleeping car if I wanted one. He took me out on the observation car at the end. He was a reporter, he said. Showed me some wonderful references from editors in California for whom he had worked. He had a mileage ticket and was going from town to town looking for work. He said the Mississippi Valley was 'deader'n mud! No enterprise.' I have often wondered what he thought of me, a tongue-tied and reserved young Britisher wandering about the United States.

"It came to an end at last — sometime on the third evening, it must have been. The climate had been getting milder and it struck me that we must be approaching the equator. I began to wonder what was in store for me. I felt as though I had passed through a sort of tumultuous and bewildering purgatory. I found myself in an atmosphere so alien that I had no notion of where or how to catch on. I wandered about a great barn of a station trying to find somebody to attend to me. English fashion, I wanted to find my baggage. Nobody knew anything. Nobody cared. A big Negro on the box of a cab flourished his whip. In desperation I got in, just in front of someone else. 'Whar you goin', sah?' he exclaimed

dramatically. 'Take me to a hotel!' I replied. He made his whip crack like a pistol shot, and we rattled off into the darkness.

"Of course I felt better next day. I had an address which the man in New York had given me. I remember the name — Carondelet Street. I remember it because it was the first intimation of the enchantment which New Orleans has always exercised over me. There was a fantastic touch about it which to me was delightful. I remember the magic of that first walk through the city across Royal Street, up Bourbon, across Canal, and so into Carondelet. There was something bizarre even about the office I visited, too. I believe it had been originally built as the headquarters of some lottery, and it was full of elaborate carving and marble sconces and glittering mirrors and candelabra. They wanted to know where I had got to. They had expected me the day before. One would have imagined from their impatience that I had kept a ship waiting, or something equally terrible. Now that I had come, they discovered they might not want me after all. I waited for something definite. After some telephoning, a man with a square sheet of pasteboard tied over his forehead, to act as an eyeshade, told me to go down to Louisa Street and see the chief of a ship refitting down there.

"I got on a trolley and rumbled down interminable streets of wooden shacks, coming out abruptly in front of a high bank over which I could see the funnel and masts of a steamer. The chief was a benevolent old German who had spent twenty years in the States. He patted me on the back and made me sit down on his settee while he filled a great meerschaum pipe. He had had a great deal of trouble, he told me. I wasn't surprised when I learned the facts. He had had a Swedish first assistant, a very fine man he affirmed, very fine man indeed: good machinist and engineer, but he could not manage the Chinks. It was a pretty cosmopolitan crowd on that ship, I may tell you. They had Chinese firemen, Norwegian sailors, and officers of all nations. The Swedish first assistant was now replaced by a Dutchman. I inquired what had become of the Swede, and the old gentleman informed me that the Chinks had done for him. He had gone ashore one night and had not come back. A day or two later, his body had been found in the river. 'But dey haf not found his head,' the old chap told me, looking extremely gloomy.

"It was a startling beginning. I had been shipmates with men who had lost their heads, but not with that disastrous finality. It appeared that I was to go Second Assistant if I shaped well. Mr. Blum was very anxious for me to shape well. 'You haf been with

Chinks?' he asked. I had. More than that, I was able to say I liked them. 'That's right,' he assented heartily; 'if you like them, they are all O.K.' And then, in answer to a query of mine, he gave me an address in Lafayette Square, where I could get lodgings. 'They will do you well there,' he assured me.

"I went away to explore. I felt I was having adventures. This was better than walking about Liverpool in the rain trying to get a job. Here I was succeeding to a billet which had become vacant owing to a tyrannical Swede getting himself decapitated in a highly mysterious fashion. Mind you, there were other hypotheses which would account for the Swede's tragic demise. I came to the conclusion later that he probably fell off a ferryboat returning from Algiers on the other side of the river and got caught in the paddles. But at the time the Chink theory was popular. I didn't care. One doesn't, you know, when one is young and without ties.

"And I explored. That old steamer which I had been sent to join was as queer as her crew. She had been built in Scotland twenty years before and had sailed under half a dozen flags. She had been bought by her present owners to keep her out of the hands of competitors, and she only ran when one of the others was laid up for overhaul. She was always breaking down herself. Sometimes I was weeks in New Orleans with her. Old Blum would wave his meersch-chaum and wag his head sagely. 'Saying nutting,' he would remark, when any comment was thrown out about our indolent behavior.

"He had a great friend who would come down to see him, a Russian named Isaac. I suppose he had another name but I never knew it. He was a ridiculously diminutive creature with a stubby mustache and round, colored spectacles. He had escaped from Siberia, they told me, and after many wanderings had settled in New Orleans. He had a brother who was still in prison in Omsk, and he had some means of sending things to him. Someday he was going to get him away. But the curious thing about Isaac was his reputation for probity. When we were paid at the end of the month, we would hand our rolls to him and tell him to put them in the bank. He had a greasy notebook in which he put down the totals among a lot of orders for soap and matches and overalls. He dealt in everything. You could buy diamond rings and shoelaces, shirts and watches, from him. Where he kept his stock, if he had any, was a mystery. He flitted about, smiling and rubbing his hands, presenting a perfect picture of rascally evasion. And everybody trusted him. I never heard, but I have not the slightest doubt he eventually rescued his

brother from Siberia. He had friends in San Francisco, Nagasaki, and Vladivostok. A queer character.

"I used to go off on tours through the old quarters of the city by myself. I saw some astonishing things. There was an old gentleman at our boardinghouse, for instance, who excited my curiosity. I used to follow him up St. Charles Street after dinner. He always came to a halt at Canal Street before crossing, and would swing round sharply as though he suspected someone spying upon him. He never took any notice of me, however. Then he would skip across and down Royal Street, turning into the Cosmopolitan. I used to go there myself, for a good many Englishmen patronized it. It was known among us as the Monkeywrench for some reason. This old chap would sit in a corner with a tall glass of Pilsner before him and read *L'Abeille*, that funny little French paper that used to say hard things about Lincoln during the Civil War. His gray hair was brushed straight up off his forehead, and he had a trim gray mustache and a Napoleon tuft on his chin. About ten o'clock I would see him coming out and marching down Royal Street.

"One night I followed him, and saw him go into one of the old curio shops that abound down there. Well, one evening I had been wandering about near the Cathedral and was coming up Royal Street toward the Cosmopolitan. It was in darkness, for the shops down there were shut, but there was a brilliant glare of light in front of the restaurant. It was like watching a brightly lit stage from the darkness of the auditorium. People were passing in crowds, and a trolley-car was making a great noise grinding its way down the street. I saw the old gentleman come out and pause, setting his big soft hat firmly on his head. And then, to my astonishment, a young man stepped swiftly out of the swing doors and struck the old gentleman with a dagger on the shoulder. He fell at once and the young man began to walk away. The old man rose on his elbow, drew out a revolver and fired, twice. It was like a rehearsal of a melodrama. The young man fell against a passer-by. And then the inevitable crowd flew up from all sides and the narrow street was blocked with people.

"I kept on the outside. I had no desire to be drawn into the affair, whatever it was. A reporter in the next room to mine told me it was a feud, and considered it the most ordinary thing in the world. The newspapers treated it in the same way. It was this matter-of-fact acceptance of what were to me astounding adventures that induced that curious impression of being in an enchanted city. I would be

strolling along taking my evening walk in the dusk when I would catch sight of feminine forms on a balcony, with mantillas and fans, and I would hear the light tinkle of a guitar. Passers-by had a disconcerting habit of flitting into long dim corridors. I saw aged and dried-up people behind the counters of stores which never seemed to have any customers.

"I passed curio shops which appeared to be the abodes of ghosts. I shall never forget my adventure in the shop into which the old gentleman had been accustomed to vanish. I needed a shelf of some sort for my room, and had a sudden notion of investigating this place. The window was full of bric-a-brac which silts slowly down to the city from the old plantations; silverware, crucifixes, bibelots, and candlesticks. It was away down past the Cathedral and the fireflies were flitting among the trees. I opened the door. A candle on a sconce was the sole illumination of the little shop, which was full of grandfather clocks. There must have been a dozen of them there, tall, white-faced specters, and all going. I stood in astonishment. It was as if I had intruded upon a private meeting of the fathers of Time. I had an impression that one of them, turning slightly toward his neighbor, was about to make a weighty remark. He cleared his throat with a hoarse rasp and struck seven! And all the others, with the most musical lack of harmony, joined in and struck seven as well.

"I was so preoccupied with this preposterous congregation that I had failed to notice the entrance of a tall thin person who was regarding me with austere disapproval. I wondered if she was going to strike seven. But she didn't. She wished to know what I wanted, and when I told her, she said she hadn't got it, and disappeared among the tall clocks. I went out into the summer evening wondering what tales those venerable timepieces were whispering among themselves — tales of this strange old city of enchantment, along whose streets flitted the ghosts of a dead past, fleeing before the roar of the trolley car and the foot of the questing stranger.

"For that is the dominating impression of one who dwells for a time in the city — an impression of intruding among mysteries of which one has no right to the key. You read Cable¹ and become aware of other ghosts with which he has peopled the fantastic vistas of the French Quarter and the reaches of that enigmatic waterway up which sail the great ships with their cargoes of coffee and tropic fruit. You

¹ **Cable:** G. W. Cable, American author who has vividly pictured New Orleans in short stories and novels, especially *Old Creole Days*.

begin to wonder whether you are the only real live human being doing business in that part of the world.

"I found a few, of course, as time went on. It so happened I came across one, a Scotchman too, who gave me that phrase — a city of enchantment. He kept a secondhand bookstore along a little stone-flagged alley off St. Charles Street, an alley where there couldn't possibly be any business. I suppose he had some sort of mail-order trade with distant libraries, but he always seemed to part with a volume with intense reluctance. I had a lot of time on my hands, and was fond of reading — and he struck a bargain with me to bring the books back and he would make no charge for them. Some of his books he wouldn't sell at all. I got into the habit of dropping in during the evening for a talk. It became quite a club. There was an elderly Yankee from Connecticut, a lawyer who had been moving gently about the Union for years and had come to a gentle anchorage in the Crescent City. His ostensible occupations were chewing tobacco and commenting upon the fluctuating chalk marks on the board at the Cotton Exchange. There was a fat Irishman who spent a good deal of time writing and printing ferocious pamphlets dealing with Home Rule and Holy Ireland. There was I, a lonely young Englishman, becalmed in a foreign port. And there was a sharp-nosed little man who enveloped himself in mystery and took a malicious pleasure in evading identification.

"It was one evening when the twilight — which was half an hour earlier in that narrow flagged passage than in the open street — was falling, and filling the old shop with strange shadows, that I heard our host's voice saying: 'Yes, this is a city of enchantment. It catches the imagination. As we drift about the world we grow weary of the futility of human life, but we are urged on to fresh voyages and travels. Always we see a better prospect ahead. We are deceived; it is not so. We sigh for our native villages and dream of golden futures. So it goes on, until by chance we come to this strange city of enchantment, built upon the drowsy marches of a great river, and — we stop! We go no farther. We become incurious about the future and we look back upon the past without regret. Is it not so? We are all like that. A city of enchanted transients. Lotus-eaters² of the Mississippi. Hobos of elevated sentiments who lack the elementary effort to move on!'

"Of course, he was joking, but there was a certain acrid sediment

² **Lotus-eaters:** In the *Odyssey* the Lotus-eaters had been made to forget their past and find complete satisfaction in their present through eating the magic lotus.

of truth in the stream of his eloquence. It gave me a key to the mystery which seemed to brood over the city during the long months of humid heat. It directed my attention to the bizarre contrast between this somber melancholy and the sharp crackling modern business life that roared up Canal Street and burst into a thunderous clangor in the vast warehouses on the levee, where the cotton and sugar and coffee and fruit came and went, and the river spread its ooze among the piles below. And it evoked a potent curiosity in the man himself and the folks who had come to a stop, as he put it, around him.

"The sharp-nosed little man remarked to me as we went away one evening, that our friend B—— was 'well posted.' That was the unsophisticated verdict of one who, as I say, took a malicious pleasure in shrouding himself in mystery. He compensated us for this by exhibiting a startling familiarity with the private lives of everybody else we had ever heard of, from the President of the Republic to the old chief of my ship. It was his pleasure to appear suddenly before us as we sat in the back of that old bookstore. He would disappear in the same enigmatic fashion. He would recount to us dark and fascinating stories of the people who passed the window as we sat within. He would wait by the door until some stranger had gone, and then with a muttered excuse, slink out and be seen no more.

"He told us what he called the facts of the feud of which I had seen the dramatic denouement in Royal Street. The young chap was a Hungarian, son of a count who had sent him a remittance on receipt of a letter every month from the old gentleman, a Creole connection. The letter was to certify that the son was in America. For some reason the old gentleman, who owned enormous property but had no money, had declined to sign the certificate. The young man had calmly forged it. There had been a quarrel. So our mysterious sharp-nosed little friend told us. He knew why the house in Melisande Street had been closed, and conveyed the information in a thrilling whisper behind a curved palm. He hinted at desperate doings going on almost at our elbows in the dark corners of the old city; Chinamen tracked to their death by minions of secret societies in Mongolia, Italian peanut vendors who were in the pay of Neapolitan highbinders, Englishmen shadowed by Mexican assassins. We would sit in the heavy dusk in our shirt sleeves, the occasional glare of a match illuminating our listening faces, while he revealed to us the secrets by which we were surrounded.

"Did we believe him? I did. I was young, and it was as though he fulfilled for me the veiled promise of the old city to tell me its story

and envelop me in the glamour of its enchantment. I would like to believe him still, but I cannot. He is too improbable for me now. Sometimes I wonder whether he ever existed, whether he did not evolve out of the heavy exhalations of that swampy delta where so many mysteries lie buried in the dark mud below the tall grasses, a sort of sharp-nosed transient Puck, intriguing our souls with tales out of a dime novel, and tickling our imaginations with bogus artistry. I would like to believe him still; but as the years pass I have an uneasy suspicion that he too had fallen a victim to the spirit of the place, and was evoking, for our delectation, his own pinchbeck³ conception of a city of enchantment."

³ **pinchbeck:** sham. Derived from the name of a man who invented an alloy to imitate gold.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF McFEE

1. This essay has some of the qualities of a short story and some of an autobiography. Why does it not quite qualify as either of these?

2. Compare with our recent depression the conditions under which the speaker went to New Orleans.

3. By what details does the speaker build up the feeling of enchantment in New Orleans? Point out touches of humor in the essay; bits of philosophy on life.

4. How many different nationalities or races are mentioned? What seems to be the speaker's general attitude toward other races? Does he show any race prejudice? Which characters described are most interesting to you?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Obtain pictures of New Orleans to show in class, or find travelers who will tell you or the class more about the city.

2. Read some of Cable's stories of New Orleans. Does he give the feeling of enchantment?

3. Read further among McFee's books about the sea. How do his pictures of the sea compare with those of Conrad, Masfield, Tomlinson, or other sea writers whom you know?

ALDOUS HUXLEY (1894-)

Aldous Huxley has an unusually rich literary heritage. His grandfather was Thomas Huxley, the renowned Victorian scientist; his father was Leonard Huxley, the biographer; and his mother was a niece of Matthew Arnold, and a sister of the novelist Mrs. Humphry Ward. It is not sur-

prising, then, that practically all of Aldous Huxley's life has been given to literature.

Educated at Eton, he was prevented by temporary blindness from studying medicine; but later entered Balliol College, Oxford, where in 1916 he was one of the contributors to and an editor of *Oxford Poetry*, and from which he received his degree in English literature. "Two years of my time at Oxford were years of the war. During the remainder of the war I cut down trees, worked in a government office — as long as my sight would stand the strain — and taught at school."

Then on the editorial staff of the *Athenaeum* and later as dramatic critic for the *Westminster Gazette*, he wrote a vast amount of reviews, short stories, and essays. Among more than a score of published books the best known are *Brave New World*, a satire on standardization; *Proper Studies* and *Music at Night*, volumes of essays; *Brief Candles*, a collection of short stories; and *Point Counter Point*, a unique experiment in craftsmanship, generally considered his most important novel. Recently he has been engaged in editing the letters of D. H. Lawrence.

Tall, thin, with a sensitive face and a body always in motion, this prolific writer with a gift for satire lives mainly in Italy, and pays only occasional visits to Paris and London.

COMFORT

NOVELTY OF THE PHENOMENON

French hotelkeepers call it *le confort moderne*,¹ and they are right. For comfort is a thing of recent growth, younger than steam, a child when telegraphy was born, only a generation older than radio. The invention of the means of being comfortable and the pursuit of comfort as a desirable end — one of the most desirable that human beings can propose to themselves — are modern phenomena, unparalleled in history since the time of the Romans. Like all phenomena with which we are extremely familiar, we take them for granted, as a fish takes the water in which it lives, not realizing the oddity and novelty of them, not bothering to consider their significance. The padded chair, the well-sprung bed, the sofa, central heating, and the regular hot bath — these and a host of other comforts enter into the daily lives of even the most moderately prosperous of the Anglo-Saxon bourgeoisie. Three hundred years ago they were unknown to the greatest kings. This is a curious fact which deserves to be examined and analyzed.

¹ *Le confort moderne*: modern comfort.

The first thing that strikes one about the discomfort in which our ancestors lived is that it was mainly voluntary. Some of the apparatus of modern comfort is of purely modern invention; people could not put rubber tires on their carriages before the discovery of South America and the rubber plant. But for the most part there is nothing new about the material basis of our comfort. Men could have made sofas and smoking-room chairs, could have installed bathrooms and central heating and sanitary plumbing anytime during the last three or four thousand years. And as a matter of fact, at certain periods they did indulge themselves in these comforts. Two thousand years before Christ, the inhabitants of Cnossos² were familiar with sanitary plumbing. The Romans had invented an elaborate system of hot-air heating, and the bathing facilities in a smart Roman villa were luxurious and complete beyond the dreams of the modern man. There were sweating rooms, massage rooms, cold plunges, tepid drying rooms with (if we may believe Sidonius Apollinaris³) improper frescoes on the walls and comfortable couches where you could lie and get dry and talk to your friends. As for the public baths they were almost inconceivably luxurious. "To such a height of luxury have we reached," said Seneca,⁴ "that we are dissatisfied if, in our baths, we do not tread on gems." The size and completeness of the *thermae*⁵ was proportionable to their splendor. A single room of the baths of Diocletian⁶ has been transformed into a large church.

It would be possible to adduce many other examples showing what could be done with the limited means at our ancestors' disposal in the way of making life comfortable. They show sufficiently clearly that if the men of the Middle Ages and early modern epoch lived in filth and discomfort, it was not for any lack of ability to change their mode of life; it was because they chose to live in this way, because filth and discomfort fitted in with their principles and prejudices, political, moral, and religious.

COMFORT AND THE SPIRITUAL LIFE

What have comfort and cleanliness to do with politics, morals, and religion? At a first glance one would say that there was and could be no causal connection between armchairs and democracies, sofas and the relaxation of the family system, hot baths and the decay of Chris-

² **Cnossos**: an ancient royal city of Crete. ³ **Sidonius Apollinaris**: an eminent Roman of the fifth century, author, governor, senator, and bishop. ⁴ **Seneca**: a Roman Stoic philosopher who died in A.D. 65. ⁵ **thermae**: public baths. ⁶ **Diocletian**: Roman emperor from A.D. 284 to 305.

tian orthodoxy. But look more closely and you will discover that there exists the closest connection between the recent growth of comfort and the recent history of ideas. I hope in this essay to make that connection manifest, to show why it was not possible (not materially, but psychologically impossible) for the Italian princes of the *quattrocento*,⁷ for the Elizabethan, even for Louis XIV to live in what the Romans would have called common cleanliness and decency, or enjoy what would be to us indispensable comforts.

Let us begin with the consideration of armchairs and central heating. These, I propose to show, only became possible with the breakdown of monarchical and feudal power and the decay of the old family and social hierarchies. Smoking-room chairs and sofas exist to be lolled in. In a well-made modern armchair you cannot do anything but loll. Now, lolling is neither dignified nor respectful. When we wish to appear impressive, when we have to administer a rebuke to an inferior, we do not lie in a deep chair with our feet on the mantelpiece; we sit up and try to look majestic. Similarly, when we wish to be polite to a lady or show respect to the old or eminent, we cease to loll; we stand, or at least we straighten ourselves up. Now, in the past human society was a hierarchy in which every man was always engaged in being impressive toward his inferiors or respectful to those above him. Lolling in such societies was utterly impossible. It was as much out of the question for Louis XIV to loll in the presence of his courtiers as it was for them to loll in the presence of their king. It was only when he attended a session of the Parlement that the King of France ever lolled in public. On these occasions he reclined in the Bed of Justice, while princes sat, the great officers of the crown stood, and the smaller fry knelt. Comfort was proclaimed as the appanage⁸ of royalty. Only the king might stretch his legs. We may feel sure, however, that he stretched them in a very majestic manner. The lolling was purely ceremonial and accompanied by no loss of dignity. At ordinary times the king was seated, it is true, but seated in a dignified and upright position; the appearance of majesty had to be kept up. (For, after all, majesty is mainly a question of majestic appearance.) The courtiers, meanwhile, kept up the appearances of deference, either standing, or else, if their rank was very high and their blood peculiarly blue, sitting, even in the royal presence, on stools. What was true of the king's court was true of the nobleman's household; and the squire was to his dependants, the merchant was to his apprentices and servants, what the monarch was to his courtiers.

⁷ *quattrocento*: fifteenth century. ⁸ *appanage*: special privilege.

In all cases the superior had to express his superiority by being dignified, the inferior his inferiority by being deferential; there could be no lolling. Even in the intimacies of family life it was the same: the parents ruled like popes and princes, by divine right; the children were their subjects. Our fathers took the fifth commandment very seriously — how seriously may be judged from the fact that during the great Calvin's⁹ theocratic rule of Geneva a child was publicly decapitated for having ventured to strike its parents. Lolling on the part of children, though not perhaps a capital offense, would have been regarded as an act of the grossest disrespect, punishable by much flagellation, starving, and confinement. For a slighter insult — neglect to touch his cap — Vespasiano Gonzaga¹⁰ kicked his only son to death; one shudders to think what he might have been provoked to do if the boy had lolled. If the children might not loll in the presence of their parents, neither might the parents loll in the presence of their children, for fear of demeaning themselves in the eyes of those whose duty it was to honor them. Thus we see that in the European society of two or three hundred years ago it was impossible for anyone — from the Holy Roman Emperor and the King of France down to the poorest beggar, from the bearded patriarch to the baby — to loll in the presence of anyone else. Old furniture reflects the physical habits of the hierarchical society for which it was made. It was in the power of medieval and renaissance craftsmen to create armchairs and sofas that might have rivaled in comfort those of today. But society being what, in fact, it was, they did nothing of the kind. It was not, indeed, until the sixteenth century that chairs became at all common. Before that time a chair was a symbol of authority. Committeemen now loll, Members of Parliament are comfortably seated, but authority still belongs to a Chairman, still issues from a symbolical Chair. In the Middle Ages only the great had chairs. When a great man traveled, he took his chair with him, so that he might never be seen detached from the outward and visible sign of his authority. To this day the Throne no less than the Crown is the symbol of royalty. In medieval times the vulgar sat, whenever it was permissible for them to sit, on benches, stools, and settles. With the rise, during the Renaissance period, of a rich and independent bourgeoisie, chairs began to be more freely used. Those who could afford chairs sat in them, but sat with dignity and discomfort; for the chairs of the sixteenth century

⁹ Calvin: John Calvin, a Protestant reformer of the sixteenth century.

¹⁰ Vespasiano Gonzaga: one of a princely family ruling Mantua, Italy, from the fifteenth to end of seventeenth century.

were still very throne-like, and imposed upon those who sat in them a painfully majestic attitude. It was only in the eighteenth century, when the old hierarchies were seriously breaking up, that furniture began to be comfortable. And even then there was no real lolling. Armchairs and sofas on which men (and, later, women) might indecorously sprawl, were not made until democracy was firmly established, the middle classes enlarged to gigantic proportions, good manners lost from out of the world, women emancipated, and family restraints dissolved.

CENTRAL HEATING AND THE FEUDAL SYSTEM

Another essential component of modern comfort — the adequate heating of houses — was made impossible, at least for the great ones of the earth, by the political structure of ancient societies. Plebeians were more fortunate in this respect than nobles. Living in small houses, they were able to keep warm. But the nobleman, the prince, the king, and the cardinal inhabited palaces of a grandeur corresponding with their social position. In order to prove that they were greater than other men, they had to live in surroundings considerably more than life-size. They received their guests in vast halls like roller-skating rinks; they marched in solemn processions along galleries as long and as draughty as Alpine tunnels, up and down triumphal staircases that looked like the cataracts of the Nile frozen into marble. Being what he was, a great man in those days had to spend a great deal of his time in performing solemn symbolical charades and pompous ballets — performances which required a lot of room to accommodate the numerous actors and spectators. This explains the enormous dimensions of royal and princely palaces, even of the houses of ordinary landed gentlemen. They owed it to their position to live, as though they were giants, in rooms a hundred feet long and thirty high. How splendid, how magnificent! But oh, how bleak! In our days the self-made great are not expected to keep up their position in the splendid style of those who were great by divine right. Sacrificing grandiosity to comfort, they live in rooms small enough to be heated. (And so, when they were off duty, did the great in the past; most old palaces contain a series of tiny apartments to which their owners retired when the charades of state were over. But the charades were long-drawn affairs, and the unhappy princes of old days had to spend a great deal of time being magnificent in icy audience chambers and among the whistling draughts of interminable galleries.) Driving in the environs of Chicago, I was shown the house of a man who was

reputed to be one of the richest and most influential of the city. It was a medium-sized house of perhaps fifteen or twenty smallish rooms. I looked at it in astonishment, thinking of the vast palaces in which I myself have lived in Italy (for considerably less rent than one would have to pay for garaging a Ford in Chicago). I remembered the rows of bedrooms as big as ordinary ballrooms, the drawing rooms like railway stations, the staircase on which you could drive a couple of limousines abreast. Noble *palazzi*,¹¹ where one has room to feel oneself a superman! But remembering also those terrible winds that blow in February from the Apennines, I was inclined to think that the rich man of Chicago had done well in sacrificing the magnificences on which his counterpart in another age and country would have spent his riches.

BATHS AND MORALS

It is to the decay of monarchy, aristocracy, and ancient social hierarchy that we owe the two components of modern comfort hitherto discussed; the third great component — the bath — must, I think, be attributed, at any rate in part, to the decay of Christian morals. There are still on the continent of Europe, and for all I know, elsewhere, convent schools in which young ladies are brought up to believe that human bodies are objects of so impure and obscene a character that it is sinful for them to see, not merely other people's nakedness, but even their own. Baths, when they are permitted to take them (every alternate Saturday) must be taken in a chemise descending well below the knees. And they are even taught a special technique of dressing which guarantees them from catching so much as a glimpse of their own skin. These schools are now, happily, exceptional, but there was a time, not so long ago, when they were the rule. Theirs is the great Christian ascetic tradition which has flowed on in majestic continuity from the time of St. Anthony and the unwashed, underfed, sex-starved monks of the Thebaid, through the centuries, almost to the present day. It is to the weakening of that tradition that women at any rate owe the luxury of frequent bathing.

The early Christians were by no means enthusiastic bathers; but it is fair to point out that Christian ascetic tradition has not at all times been hostile to baths as such. That the Early Fathers should have found the promiscuity of Roman bathing shocking is only natural. But the more moderate of them were prepared to allow a limited amount of washing, provided that the business was done with decency.

¹¹ *palazzi*: palaces.

The final decay of the great Roman baths was as much due to the destructiveness of the Barbarians as to Christian ascetic objections. During the Ages of Faith there was actually a revival of bathing. The Crusaders came back from the East, bringing with them the oriental vapor bath, which seems to have had a considerable popularity all over Europe. For reasons which it is difficult to understand, its popularity gradually waned, and the men and women of the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries seem to have been almost as dirty as their barbarous ancestors. Medical theory and court fashions may have had something to do with these fluctuations.

The ascetic tradition was always strongest where women were concerned. The Goncourts¹² record in their diary the opinion, which seems to have been current in respectable circles during the Second Empire,¹³ that female immodesty and immorality had increased with the growth of the bath habit. "Girls should wash less" was the obvious corollary. Young ladies who enjoy their bath owe a debt of gratitude to Voltaire¹⁴ for his mockeries, to the nineteenth-century scientists for their materialism. If these men had never lived to undermine the convent-school tradition, our girls might still be as modest and as dirty as their ancestresses.

COMFORT AND MEDICINE

It is, however, to the doctors that bath-lovers owe their greatest debt. The discovery of microbic infection has put a premium on cleanliness. We wash now with religious fervor, like the Hindus. Our baths have become something like magic rites to protect us from the powers of evil, embodied in the dirt-loving germ. We may venture to prophesy that this medical religion will go still further in undermining the Christian ascetic tradition. Since the discovery of the beneficial effects of sunlight, too much clothing has become, medically speaking, a sin. Immodesty is now a virtue. It is quite likely that the doctors, whose prestige among us is almost equal to that of the medicine men among the savages, will have us stark naked before very long. That will be the last stage in the process of making clothes more comfortable. It is a process which has been going on for some time — first among men, later among women — and among its determining causes are the decay of hierarchic formalism and of Christian morality. In his lively little pamphlet describing Gladstone's visit to Ox-

¹² **Goncourts:** French authors, brothers, of the nineteenth century.

¹³ **Second Empire:** that of Napoleon III in France between 1850 and 1870.

¹⁴ **Voltaire:** a French philosopher of the eighteenth century.

ford shortly before his death, Mr. Fletcher has recorded the Grand Old Man's comments on the dress of the undergraduates. Mr. Gladstone, it appears, was distressed by the informality and the cheapness of the students' clothes. In his day, he said, young men went about with a hundred pounds' worth of clothes and jewelry on their persons, and every self-respecting youth had at least one pair of trousers in which he never sat down for fear of spoiling its shape. Mr. Gladstone visited Oxford at a time when undergraduates still wore very high starched collars and bowler hats. One wonders what he would have said of the open shirts, the gaudily colored sweaters, the loose flannel trousers of the present generation. Dignified appearances have never been less assiduously kept up than they are at present; informality has reached an unprecedented pitch. On all but the most solemn occasions a man, whatever his rank or position, may wear what he finds comfortable.

The obstacles in the way of women's comforts were moral as well as political. Women were compelled not merely to keep up social appearances, but also to conform to a tradition of Christian ascetic morality. Long after men had abandoned their uncomfortable formal clothes, women were still submitting to extraordinary inconveniences in the name of modesty. It was the war which liberated them from their bondage. When women began to do war work, they found that the traditional modesty in dress was not compatible with efficiency. They preferred to be efficient. Having discovered the advantages of immodesty, they have remained immodest ever since, to the great improvement of their health and increase of their personal comfort. Modern fashions are the most comfortable that women have ever worn. Even the ancient Greeks were probably less comfortable. Their undertunic, it is true, was as rational a garment as you could wish for; but their outer robe was simply a piece of stuff wound round the body like an Indian *sari*, and fastened with safety pins. No woman whose appearance depended on safety pins can ever have felt really comfortable.

COMFORT AS AN END IN ITSELF

Made possible by changes in the traditional philosophy of life, comfort is now one of the causes of its own further spread. For comfort has now become a physical habit, a fashion, an ideal to be pursued for its own sake. The more comfort is brought into the world, the more it is likely to be valued. To those who have known comfort, discomfort is a real torture. And the fashion which now decrees the worship

of comfort is quite as imperious as any other fashion. Moreover, enormous material interests are bound up with the supply of the means of comfort. The manufacturers of furniture, of heating apparatus, of plumbing fixtures, cannot afford to let the love of comfort die. In modern advertisement they have means for compelling it to live and grow.

Having now briefly traced the spiritual origins of modern comfort, I must say a few words about its effects. One can never have something for nothing, and the achievement of comfort has been accompanied by a compensating loss of other equally, or perhaps more, valuable things. A man of means who builds a house today is in general concerned primarily with the comfort of his future residence. He will spend a great deal of money (for comfort is very expensive: in America they talk of giving away the house with the plumbing) on bathrooms, heating apparatus, padded furnishings, and the like; and having spent it, he will regard his house as perfect. His counterpart in an earlier age would have been primarily concerned with the impressiveness and magnificence of his dwelling — with beauty, in a word, rather than comfort. The money our contemporary would spend on baths and central heating would have been spent in the past on marble staircases, a grand façade, frescoes, huge suites of gilded rooms, pictures, statues. Sixteenth-century popes lived in a discomfort that a modern bank manager would consider unbearable; but they had Raphael's frescoes, they had the Sistine chapel, they had their galleries of ancient sculpture. Must we pity them for the absence from the Vatican of bathrooms, central heating, and smoking-room chairs? I am inclined to think that our present passion for comfort is a little exaggerated. Though I personally enjoy comfort, I have lived very happily in houses devoid of almost everything that Anglo-Saxons deem indispensable. Orientals and even South Europeans, who know not comfort and live very much as our ancestors lived centuries ago, seem to get on very well without our elaborate and costly apparatus of padded luxury. I am old-fashioned enough to believe in higher and lower things, and can see no point in material progress except in so far as it subserves thought. I like labor-saving devices, because they economize time and energy which may be devoted to mental labor. (But then I enjoy mental labor: there are plenty of people who detest it, and who feel as much enthusiasm for thought-saving devices as for automatic dishwashers and sewing machines.) I like rapid and easy transport, because by enlarging the world in which men can live it enlarges their minds. Comfort for me has a

similar justification: it facilitates mental life. Discomfort handicaps thought; it is difficult when the body is cold and aching to use the mind. Comfort is a means to an end. The modern world seems to regard it as an end in itself, an absolute good. One day, perhaps, the earth will have been turned into one vast feather bed, with man's body dozing on top of it and his mind underneath, like Desdemona,¹⁵ smothered.

¹⁵ **Desdemona**: the heroine of Shakespeare's tragedy *Othello*.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF ALDOUS HUXLEY

1. Summarize the author's arguments why comfort was not possible in earlier centuries. Are they convincingly stated? Can you find weaknesses in any of them?
2. In what sense is he using the term "Christian morals"? How do present-day Christian morals differ from those he describes?
3. Do you think that modern houses have sacrificed beauty and charm for comfort? Discuss.

For the Ambitious Student

1. If possible obtain pictures of the interiors of some of the great European palaces to reinforce the author's picture of their size and magnificence. Try to have some visitor to Europe tell of the discomforts of living they have seen in old palaces and castles. Investigate the plan of heating old Roman baths.
2. Assemble some information on present housing conditions to see if the comforts described in this essay are universal or still somewhat exclusive possessions.

Twentieth-Century Biography

GILBERT KEITH CHESTERTON (1874-1936)

A sketch of G. K. Chesterton's life and an example of his poetry have been given on pages 850 to 855. He is even better known as a writer of prose than as a poet. Lovers of detective stories know his Father Brown, who, like Doyle's Sherlock Holmes, appeared in a long series of tales. Other fiction and drama by Chesterton have met with popular success. Then, too, he was a writer of sparkling essays, collected in a dozen volumes between 1905 and the time of his death. He even wrote a short history of England. But able as he was in many fields, perhaps his real forte was the critical

biography, to which his background of wide reading and keen analytical perception made invaluable contribution. His outstanding biographies are of Robert Browning (*Men of Letters Series*), Charles Dickens, George Bernard Shaw, and Robert Louis Stevenson. The following chapter from *Charles Dickens* (1906) not only treats of interesting subject matter — those strange, dark experiences of Dickens's factory days — but also illustrates Chesterton's brilliant paradoxical style, which identifies his writing as clearly as his signature.

THE BOYHOOD OF DICKENS

Charles Dickens was born at Landport, in Portsea, on February 7, 1812. His father was a clerk in the Navy Pay-office, and was temporarily on duty in the neighborhood. Very soon after the birth of Charles Dickens, however, the family moved for a short period to Norfolk Street, Bloomsbury, and then for a long period to Chatham, which thus became the real home, and for all serious purposes, the native place of Dickens. The whole story of his life moves like a Canterbury pilgrimage along the great roads of Kent.

John Dickens, his father, was, as stated, a clerk; but such mere terms of trade tell us little of the tone or status of a family. Browning's father (to take an instance at random) would also be described as a clerk and a man of the middle class; but the Browning family and the Dickens family have the color of two different civilizations. The difference cannot be conveyed merely by saying that Browning stood many strata above Dickens. It must also be conveyed that Browning belonged to that section of the middle class which tends (in the small social sense) to rise; the Dickenses to that section which tends in the same sense to fall. If Browning had not been a poet, he would have been a better clerk than his father, and his son probably a better and richer clerk than he. But if they had not been lifted in the air by the enormous accident of a man of genius, the Dickenses, I fancy, would have appeared in poorer and poorer places, as inventory clerks, as caretakers, as addressers of envelopes, until they melted into the masses of the poor.

Yet at the time of Dickens's birth and childhood this weakness in their worldly destiny was in no way apparent; especially it was not apparent to the little Charles himself. He was born and grew up in a paradise of small prosperity. He fell into the family, so to speak, during one of its comfortable periods, and he never in those early days thought of himself as anything but as a comfortable middle-class child, the son of a comfortable middle-class man. The father

whom he found provided for him, was one from whom comfort drew forth his most pleasant and reassuring qualities, though not perhaps his most interesting and peculiar. John Dickens seemed, most probably, a hearty and kindly character, a little florid of speech, a little careless of duty in some details, notably in the detail of education. His neglect of his son's mental training in later and more trying times was a piece of unconscious selfishness which remained a little acrimoniously in his son's mind through life. But even in this earlier and easier period what records there are of John Dickens give out the air of a somewhat idle and irresponsible fatherhood. He exhibited toward his son that contradiction in conduct which is always shown by the too thoughtless parent to the too thoughtful child. He contrived at once to neglect his mind, and also to overstimulate it.

There are many recorded tales and traits of the author's infancy, but one small fact seems to me more than any other to strike the note and give the key to his whole strange character. His father found it more amusing to be an audience than to be an instructor; and instead of giving the child intellectual pleasure, called upon him, almost before he was out of petticoats, to provide it. Some of the earliest glimpses we have of Charles Dickens show him to us perched on some chair or table singing comic songs in an atmosphere of perpetual applause. So, almost as soon as he can toddle, he steps into the glare of the footlights. He never stepped out of it until he died. He was a good man, as men go in this bewildering world of ours, brave, transparent, tender-hearted, scrupulously independent and honorable; he was not a man whose weaknesses should be spoken of without some delicacy and doubt. But there did mingle with his merits all his life this theatrical quality, this atmosphere of being shown off — a sort of hilarious self-consciousness. His literary life was a triumphal procession; he died drunken with glory. And behind all this nine years' wonder that filled the world, behind his gigantic tours and his ten thousand editions, the crowded lectures and the crashing brass, behind all, the thing we really see is the flushed face of a little boy singing music-hall songs to a circle of aunts and uncles. And this precocious pleasure explains much, too, in the moral way. Dickens had all his life the faults of the little boy who is kept up too late at night. The boy in such a case exhibits a psychological paradox; he is a little too irritable because he is a little too happy. Dickens was always a little too irritable because he was a little too happy. Like the overwrought child in society, he was splendidly sociable, and yet suddenly quarrelsome. In all the practical relations of his life he was what the child is

in the last hours of an evening party, genuinely delighted, genuinely delightful, genuinely affectionate and happy, and yet in some strange way fundamentally exasperated and dangerously close to tears.

There was another touch about the boy which made his case more peculiar, and perhaps his intelligence more fervid — the touch of ill health. It could not be called more than a touch, for he suffered from no formidable malady and could always through life endure a great degree of exertion, even if it was only the exertion of walking violently all night. Still the streak of sickness was sufficient to take him out of the common unconscious life of the community of boys; and for good or evil that withdrawal is always a matter of deadly importance to the mind. He was thrown back perpetually upon the pleasures of the intelligence, and these began to burn in his head like a pent and painful furnace. In his own unvaryingly vivid way he has described how he crawled up into an unconsidered garret, and there found, in a dusty heap, the undying literature of England. The books he mentions chiefly are *Humphrey Clinker*¹ and *Tom Jones*.² When he opened those two books in the garret he caught hold of the only past with which he is at all connected, the great comic writers of England of whom he was destined to be the last.

It must be remembered (as I have suggested before) that there was something about the county in which he lived, and the great roads along which he traveled, that sympathized with and stimulated his pleasure in this old picaresque³ literature. The groups that came along the road, that passed through his town and out of it, were of the motley laughable type that tumbled into ditches or beat down the doors of taverns under the escort of Smollett and Fielding. In our time the main roads of Kent have upon them very often a perpetual procession of tramps and thinkers unknown on the quiet hills of Sussex; and it may have been so also in Dickens's boyhood. In his neighborhood were definite memorials of yet older and yet greater English comedy. From the height of Gadshill at which he stared unceasingly there looked down upon him the monstrous ghost of Falstaff,⁴ Falstaff who might well have been the spiritual father of all Dickens's adorable knaves, Falstaff the great mountain of English laughter and English sentimentalism, the great, healthy, humane English humbug, not to be matched among the nations.

¹ **Humphrey Clinker**: an eighteenth-century novel by Tobias Smollett.
² **Tom Jones**: an eighteenth-century novel by Henry Fielding. ³ **picaresque**: treating of the adventures of rogues and vagabonds. ⁴ **Falstaff**: one of Shakespeare's most famous comic characters, appearing in *Henry IV* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

At this eminence of Gadshill Dickens used to stare even as a boy with the steady purpose of someday making it his own. It is characteristic of the consistency which underlies the superficially erratic career of Dickens that he actually did live to make it his own. The truth is that he was a precocious child, precocious not only on the more poetical but on the more prosaic side of life. He was ambitious as well as enthusiastic. No one can ever know what visions they were that crowded into the head of the clever little brat as he ran about the streets of Chatham or stood glowering at Gadshill. But I think that quite mundane visions had a very considerable share in the matter. He longed to go to school (a strange wish), to go to college, to make a name; nor did he merely aspire to these things; the great number of them he also expected. He regarded himself as a child of good position just about to enter on a life of good luck. He thought his home and family a very good springboard or jumping-off place from which to fling himself to the positions which he desired to reach. And almost as he was about to spring the whole structure broke under him, and he and all that belonged to him disappeared into a darkness far below.

Everything had been struck down as with the finality of a thunderbolt. His lordly father was a bankrupt, and in the Marshalsea prison. His mother was in a mean home in the north of London, wildly proclaiming herself the principal of a girls' school, a girls' school to which nobody would go. And he himself, the conqueror of the world and the prospective purchaser of Gadshill, passed some distracted and bewildering days in pawning the household necessities to Fagins⁵ in foul shops, and then found himself somehow or other one of a row of ragged boys in a great dreary factory, pasting the same kinds of labels on to the same kinds of blacking bottles from morning to night.

Although it seemed sudden enough to him, the disintegration had, as a matter of fact, of course, been going on for a long time. He had only heard from his father dark and melodramatic allusions to a "deed" which, from the way it was mentioned, might have been a claim to the crown or a compact with the devil, but which was in truth an unsuccessful documentary attempt on the part of John Dickens to come to a composition with his creditors. And now, in the lurid light of his sunset, the character of John Dickens began to take on those purple colors which have made him under another name

⁵ **Fagins:** Fagin was an evil old character in *Oliver Twist*, who taught young boys to steal, and sold the objects thus obtained. The name here stands for any pawnbroker.

absurd and immortal. It required a tragedy to bring out this man's comedy. So long as John Dickens was in easy circumstances, he seemed only an easy man, a little long and luxuriant in his phrases, a little careless in his business routine. He seemed only a wordy man, who lived on bread and beef like his neighbors; but as bread and beef were successively taken away from him, it was discovered that he lived on words. For him to be involved in a calamity only meant to be cast for the first part in a tragedy. For him blank ruin was only a subject for blank verse. Henceforth we feel scarcely inclined to call him John Dickens at all; we feel inclined to call him by the name through which his son celebrated this preposterous and sublime victory of the human spirit over circumstances. Dickens, in *David Copperfield*, called him Wilkins Micawber. In his personal correspondence he called him the Prodigal Father.

Young Charles had been hurriedly flung into the factory by the more or less careless good nature of James Lamert, a relation of his mother's; it was a blacking factory, supposed to be run as a rival to Warren's by another and "original" Warren, both practically conducted by another of the Lamerts. It was situated near Hungerford Market. Dickens worked there drearily, like one stunned with disappointment. To a child excessively intellectualized, and at this time, I fear, excessively egotistical, the coarseness of the whole thing — the work, the rooms, the boys, the language — was a sort of bestial nightmare. Not only did he scarcely speak of it then, but he scarcely spoke of it afterward. Years later, in the fullness of his fame, he heard from Forster⁶ that a man had spoken of knowing him. On hearing the name, he somewhat curtly acknowledged it, and spoke of having seen the man once. Forster, in his innocence, answered that the man said he had seen Dickens many times in a factory by Hungerford Market. Dickens was suddenly struck with a long and extraordinary silence. Then he invited Forster, as his best friend, to a particular interview, and, with every appearance of difficulty and distress, told him the whole story for the first and the last time. A long while after that he told the world some part of the matter in the account of Murdstone and Grinby's in *David Copperfield*. He never spoke of the whole experience except once or twice, and he never spoke of it otherwise than as a man might speak of hell.

It need not be suggested, I think, that this agony in the child was exaggerated by the man. It is true he was not incapable of the vice of exaggeration, if it be a vice. There was about him much vanity and a certain virulence in his version of many things. Upon the

⁶ **Forster:** John Forster, intimate friend and biographer of Dickens.

whole, indeed, it would hardly be too much to say that he would have exaggerated any sorrow he talked about. But this was a sorrow with a very strange position in Dickens's life; it was a sorrow he did not talk about. Upon this particular dark spot he kept a sort of deadly silence for twenty years. An accident revealed part of the truth to the dearest of all his friends. He then told the whole truth to the dearest of all his friends. He never told anybody else. I do not think that this arose from any social sense of disgrace; if he had it slightly at the time, he was far too self-satisfied a man to have taken it seriously in after life. I really think that his pain at this time was so real and ugly that the thought of it filled him with that sort of impersonal but unbearable shame with which we are filled, for instance, by the notion of physical torture, of something that humiliates humanity. He felt that such agony was something obscene. Moreover there are two other good reasons for thinking that his sense of hopelessness was very genuine. First of all, this starless outlook is common in the calamities of boyhood. The bitterness of boyish distresses does not lie in the fact that they are large; it lies in the fact that we do not know that they are small. About any early disaster there is a dreadful finality; a lost child can suffer like a lost soul.

It is currently said that hope goes with youth, and lends to youth its wings of a butterfly; but I fancy that hope is the last gift given to man, and the only gift not given to youth. Youth is pre-eminently the period in which a man can be lyric, fanatical, poetic; but youth is the period in which a man can be hopeless. The end of every episode is the end of the world. But the power of hoping through everything, the knowledge that the soul survives its adventures, that great inspiration comes to the middle-aged; God has kept that good wine until now. It is from the backs of the elderly gentlemen that the wings of the butterfly should burst. There is nothing that so much mystifies the young as the consistent frivolity of the old. They have discovered their indestructibility. They are in their second and clearer childhood, and there is a meaning in the merriment of their eyes. They have seen the end of the End of the World.

First, then, the desolate finality of Dickens's childish mood makes me think it was a real one. And there is another thing to be remembered. Dickens was not a saintly child after the style of Little Dorrit⁷ or Little Nell.⁸ He had not, at this time at any rate, set his

⁷ **Little Dorrit**: chief character in the book of that name, whose father was in the Marshalsea prison, like Dickens's father. ⁸ **Little Nell**: a beautiful, unselfish little girl in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, whose death is most feelingly narrated in a passage that was one of Dickens's favorites as a reading.

heart wholly upon higher things, even upon things such as personal tenderness or loyalty. He had been, and was, unless I am very much mistaken, sincerely, stubbornly, bitterly ambitious. He had, I fancy, a fairly clear idea previous to the downfall of all his family's hopes of what he wanted to do in the world, and of the mark that he meant to make there. In no dishonorable sense, but still in a definite sense, he might, in early life, be called worldly; and the children of this world are in their generation infinitely more sensitive than the children of light. A saint after repentance will forgive himself for a sin; a man about town will never forgive himself for a *faux pas*.⁹ There are ways of getting absolved for murder; there are no ways of getting absolved for upsetting the soup. This thin-skinned quality in all very *mundane* people is a thing too little remembered; and it must not be wholly forgotten in connection with a clever, restless lad who dreamed of — a destiny. The part of his distress which concerned himself and his social standing was among the other parts of it the least noble; but perhaps it was the most painful. For pride is not only, as the modern world fails to understand, a sin to be condemned; it is also (as it understands even less) a weakness to be very much commiserated. A very vitalizing touch is given in one of his own reminiscences. His most unendurable moment did not come in any bullying in the factory or any famine in the streets. It came when he went to see his sister Fanny take a prize at the Royal Academy of Music. "I could not bear to think of myself — beyond the reach of all such honorable emulation and success. The tears ran down my face. I felt as if my heart were rent. I prayed when I went to bed that night to be lifted out of the humiliation and neglect in which I was. I never had suffered so much before. There was no envy in this." I do not think that there was, though the poor little wretch could hardly have been blamed if there had been. There was only a furious sense of frustration; a spirit like a wild beast in a cage. It was only a small matter in the external and obvious sense; it was only Dickens prevented from being Dickens.

If we put these facts together, that the tragedy seemed final, and that the tragedy was concerned with the supersensitive matters of the ego and the gentleman, I think we can imagine a pretty genuine case of internal depression. And when we add to the case of the internal depression the case of the oppression, the case of the material circumstances by which he was surrounded, we have reached a sort of midnight. All day he worked on insufficient food at a factory. It

⁹ *faux pas*: social error.

is sufficient to say that it afterward appeared in his works as Murdstone and Grinby's.¹⁰ At night he returned disconsolately to a lodginghouse for such lads, kept by an old lady. It is sufficient to say that she appeared afterward as Mrs. Pipchin.¹¹ Once a week only he saw anybody for whom he cared a straw; that was when he went to the Marshalsea prison, and that gave his juvenile pride, half manly and half snobbish, bitter annoyance of another kind. Add to this, finally, that physically he was always very weak and never very well. Once he was struck down in the middle of his work with sudden bodily pain. The boy who worked next to him, a coarse and heavy lad named Bob Fagin, who had often attacked Dickens on the not unreasonable ground of his being a "gentleman," suddenly showed that enduring sanity of compassion which Dickens was destined to show so often in the characters of the common and unclean. Fagin made a bed for his sick companion out of the straw in the workroom, and filled empty blacking bottles with hot water all day. When the evening came, and Dickens was somewhat recovered, Bob Fagin insisted on escorting the boy home to his father. The situation was as poignant as a sort of tragic farce. Fagin in his wooden-headed chivalry would have died in order to take Dickens to his family; Dickens in his bitter gentility would have died rather than let Fagin know that his family were in the Marshalsea. So these two young idiots tramped the tedious streets, both stubborn, both suffering for an idea. The advantage certainly was with Fagin, who was suffering for a Christian compassion, while Dickens was suffering for a pagan pride. At last Dickens flung off his friend with desperate farewell and thanks, and dashed up the steps of a strange house on the Surrey side. He knocked and rang as Bob Fagin, his benefactor and his incubus, disappeared round the corner. And when the servant came to open the door, he asked, apparently with gravity, whether Mr. Robert Fagin lived there. It is a strange touch. The immortal Dickens woke in him for an instant in that last wild joke of that weary evening. Next morning, however, he was again well enough to make himself ill again, and the wheels of the great factory went on. They manufactured a number of bottles of Warren's Blacking, and in the course of the process they manufactured also the greatest optimist of the nineteenth century.

This boy who dropped down groaning at his work, who was hungry four or five times a week, whose best feelings and worst feelings

¹⁰ *Murdstone and Grinby's*: in *David Copperfield*. ¹¹ *Mrs. Pipchin*: in *Dombey and Son*.

were alike flayed alive, was the man on whom two generations of comfortable critics have visited the complaint that his view of life was too rosy to be anything but unreal. Afterward, and in its proper place, I shall speak of what is called the optimism of Dickens, and of whether it was really too cheerful or too smooth. But this boyhood of his may be recorded now as a mere fact. If he was too happy, this was where he learned it. If his school of thought was a vulgar optimism, this is where he went to school. If he learned to whitewash the universe, it was in a blacking factory that he learned it.

As a fact, there is no shred of evidence to show that those who have had sad experiences tend to have a sad philosophy. There are numberless points upon which Dickens is spiritually at one with the poor, that is, with the great mass of mankind. But there is no point in which he is more perfectly at one with them than in showing that there is no kind of connection between a man being unhappy and a man being pessimistic. Sorrow and pessimism are indeed, in a sense, opposite things, since sorrow is founded on the value of something, and pessimism upon the value of nothing. And in practice we find that those poets or political leaders who come from the people, and whose experiences have really been searching and cruel, are the most sanguine people in the world. These men out of the old agony are always optimists; they are sometimes offensive optimists. A man like Robert Burns, whose father (like Dickens's father) goes bankrupt, whose whole life is a struggle against miserable external powers and internal weaknesses yet more miserable — a man whose life begins gray and ends black — Burns does not merely sing about the goodness of life, he positively rants and cants about it. Rousseau,¹² whom all his friends and acquaintances treated almost as badly as he treated them — Rousseau does not grow merely eloquent, he grows gushing and sentimental, about the inherent goodness of human nature. Charles Dickens, who was most miserable at the receptive age when most people are most happy, is afterward happy when all men weep. Circumstances break men's bones; it has never been shown that they break men's optimism. These great popular leaders do all kinds of desperate things under the immediate scourge of tragedy. They become drunkards; they become demagogues; they become morphomaniacs. They never become pessimists. Most unquestionably there are ragged and unhappy men whom we could easily understand being pessimists. But as a matter of fact they are not pessi-

¹² **Rousseau:** Jean Jacques Rousseau (1712-1778), French philosopher and writer, who had great influence on eighteenth-century thought.

mists. Most unquestionably there are whole dim hordes of humanity whom we should promptly pardon if they cursed God. But they don't. The pessimists are aristocrats like Byron; the men who curse God are aristocrats like Swinburne. But when those who starve and suffer speak for a moment, they do not profess merely an optimism, they profess a cheap optimism; they are too poor to afford a dear one. They cannot indulge in any detailed or merely logical defense of life; that would be to delay the enjoyment of it. These higher optimists, of whom Dickens was one, do not approve of the universe: they do not even admire the universe; they fall in love with it. They embrace life too close to criticize or even to see it. Existence to such men has the wild beauty of a woman, and those love her with most intensity who love her with least cause.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF CHESTERTON

1. Vocabulary: acrimoniously, virulence, incubus.
2. How does Chesterton differentiate the Dickens and Browning families?
3. Point out all the examples mentioned of how Dickens's childhood experiences affected his personality and disposition as a mature man. What evidence is there that Dickens's factory experiences were extremely painful to him?

For the Ambitious Student

1. Point out passages where Chesterton philosophizes on life in general. Does this add to your interest in the chapter, or not? Do you agree with what he says about youth?
2. Select some of the most striking examples of neatly balanced and paradoxical sentences, for which Chesterton is famous. How do you like this style?
3. Bring to class illustrations and descriptions from the novels of Dickens to vivify Mr. Micawber and the other characters mentioned by Chesterton.
4. Read widely among Chesterton's vigorous essays. Contrast his style with that of Beerbohm or of some other essayist.
5. Read some of Chesterton's stories about Father Brown and compare him with Sherlock Holmes.

LYTTON STRACHEY (1880-1932)

One of the most striking phenomena of postwar literature is the large number of biographies that have been published and are still being written by popular novelists or others who describe the lives of real people with the

narrative skill formerly expended only on fictitious characters. For many decades preceding the war biography had been largely a blend of cold facts and warm praises. In the latter part of 1918 there appeared a skillful biographical study, *Eminent Victorians*, by an almost unknown author, Lytton Strachey, who, though not a novelist, opened up the possibilities of making biography rival fiction in interest.

This new writer was the son of Sir Richard Strachey, the Indian administrator. Educated at Cambridge, he became a writer of reviews and articles for periodicals, but his command of psychology and his historical knowledge, coupled with his willingness to dig out the facts from vast masses of original material, soon enabled him to set a fresh standard for modern English biography. Using the method of the novelist, he has presented the lives of the people whom he has studied so sympathetically and with such deep understanding that almost instantly fame and many imitators were his. "It is perhaps as difficult to write a good life as to live one," he has said. "To preserve . . . a becoming brevity which excludes everything that is redundant and nothing that is significant — that, surely, is the first duty of a biographer. The second, no less surely, is to maintain his own freedom of speech." This second "duty" led the way for contemporary biographers to treat their subjects like human beings rather than supermen.

Queen Victoria, published in 1921, increased Strachey's popularity and was looked upon as the model for all future biographers, but when the tragic history of *Elizabeth and Essex* came out seven years later, critics agreed that this novelist-biographer had reached a new pinnacle of his art. His last work, *Portraits in Miniature* (1931) returned to the short biography, the type on which his original reputation had rested.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ACCESSION

When William IV died childless in 1837, the crown went to his niece Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent, who had died seventeen years before. Victoria was only eighteen at the time of her accession. Her life had been completely molded by two women, her mother and her governess, Baroness Lehzen, daughter of a clergyman of Hanover. Even after Victoria became queen, the Baroness occupied an adjoining bedroom and managed her private affairs, though she denied interfering in public affairs. "Drina," as Victoria was called in her childhood, was carefully brought up to be simple, obedient, orderly with her possessions, and devoutly pious. In Chapter III of *Queen Victoria*, which is here reprinted, we share with the young queen the excitement of her first year of sovereignty.

The new queen was almost entirely unknown to her subjects. In her public appearances her mother had invariably dominated the

scene. Her private life had been that of a novice in a convent: hardly a human being from the outside world had ever spoken to her; and no human being at all, except her mother and the Baroness Lehzen, had ever been alone with her in a room. Thus it was not only the public at large that was in ignorance of everything concerning her; the inner circles of statesmen and officials and highborn ladies were equally in the dark. When she suddenly emerged from this deep obscurity, the impression that she created was immediate and profound. Her bearing at her first Council filled the whole gathering with astonishment and admiration; the Duke of Wellington,¹ Sir Robert Peel,² even the savage Croker,³ even the cold and caustic Greville⁴ — all were completely carried away. Everything that was reported of her subsequent proceedings seemed to be of no less happy augury. Her perceptions were quick, her decisions were sensible, her language was discreet; she performed her royal duties with extraordinary facility. Among the outside public there was a great wave of enthusiasm. Sentiment and romance were coming into fashion; and the spectacle of the little girl-queen, innocent, modest, with fair hair and pink cheeks, driving through her capital, filled the hearts of the beholders with raptures of affectionate loyalty. What, above all, struck everybody with overwhelming force was the contrast between Queen Victoria and her uncles. The nasty old men, debauched and selfish, pig-headed and ridiculous, with their perpetual burden of debts, confusions, and disreputabilities — they had vanished like the snows of winter, and here at last, crowned and radiant, was the spring. Lord John Russell,⁵ in an elaborate oration, gave voice to the general sentiment. He hoped that Victoria might prove an Elizabeth without her tyranny, an Anne without her weakness. He asked England to pray that the illustrious Princess who had just ascended the throne with the purest intentions and the justest desires might see slavery abolished, crime diminished, and education improved. He trusted that her people would henceforward derive their strength, their conduct, and their loyalty from enlightened religious and moral principles,

¹ **Duke of Wellington:** (1769–1852), victor over Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo, and an important leader of the Conservative party (formerly the Tories). ² **Sir Robert Peel:** (1788–1850), a leader of the Conservative party and later Prime Minister when that party was in power (1841–1846). ³ **Croker:** John Wilson Croker (1780–1857), at this time retired secretary of the Admiralty, prominent member of the Conservative party, and a literary critic. ⁴ **Greville:** Charles C. F. Greville (1794–1865), clerk of the council, writer of a famous diary published after his death. ⁵ **Lord John Russell:** (1792–1878), a leader of the Liberal party (formerly the Whigs), who later took an active part in reform measures.

and that, so fortified, the reign of Victoria might prove celebrated to posterity and to all the nations of the earth.

Very soon, however, there were signs that the future might turn out to be not quite so simple and roseate as a delighted public dreamed. The "illustrious Princess" might perhaps, after all, have something within her which squared ill with the easy vision of a well-conducted heroine in an edifying storybook. The purest intentions and the justest desires? No doubt; but was that all? To those who watched closely, for instance, there might be something ominous in the curious contour of that little mouth. When, after her first Council, she crossed the anteroom and found her mother waiting for her, she said, "And now, Mamma, am I really and truly Queen?" "You see, my dear, that it is so." "Then, dear Mamma, I hope you will grant me the first request I make to you, as Queen. Let me be by myself for an hour." For an hour she remained in solitude. Then she reappeared, and gave a significant order: her bed was to be moved out of her mother's room. It was the doom of the Duchess of Kent. The long years of waiting were over at last: the moment of a lifetime had come; her daughter was Queen of England; and that very moment brought her own annihilation. She found herself, absolutely and irretrievably, shut off from every vestige of influence, of confidence, of power. She was surrounded, indeed, by all the outward signs of respect and consideration; but that only made the inward truth of her position the more intolerable. Through the mingled formalities of court etiquette and filial duty she could never penetrate to Victoria. She was unable to conceal her disappointment and rage. "*Il n'y a plus d'avenir pour moi*," she exclaimed to Madame de Lieven; "*je ne suis plus rien*."⁶ For eighteen years, she said, this child had been the sole object of her existence, of her thoughts, her hopes, and now — no! she would not be comforted, she had lost everything, she was to the last degree unhappy. Sailing, so gallantly and so pertinaciously, through the buffeting storms of life, the stately vessel, with sails still swelling and pennons flying, had put into harbor at last; to find nothing — a land of bleak desolation.

Within a month of the accession the realities of the new situation assumed a visible shape. The whole royal household moved from Kensington to Buckingham Palace, and, in the new abode, the Duchess of Kent was given a suite of apartments entirely separate from the Queen's. By Victoria herself the change was welcomed, though,

⁶ *Il . . . rien*: The French means: "There is no more future for me. I am no longer anything."

at the moment of departure, she could afford to be sentimental. "Though I rejoice to go into B. P. for many reasons," she wrote in her diary, "it is not without feeling of regret that I shall bid adieu forever to this my birthplace, where I have been born and bred, and to which I am really attached!" Her memory lingered for a moment over visions of the past: her sister's wedding, pleasant balls and delicious concerts . . . and there were other recollections. "I have gone through painful and disagreeable scenes here, 'tis true," she concluded, "but still I am fond of the poor old palace." . . .

[Here follows a long discussion of two of the Queen's advisers, Baroness Lehzen and Baron Stockmar, a German doctor who had proved his sagacity as adviser to Victoria's Uncle Leopold.]

With Lehzen to supervise every detail of her conduct, with Stockmar in the next room, so full of wisdom and experience of affairs, with her Uncle Leopold's ⁷ letters, too, pouring out so constantly their stream of encouragements, general reflections, and highly valuable tips, Victoria, even had she been without other guidance, would have stood in no lack of private counselors. But other guidance she had; for all these influences paled before a new star, of the first magnitude, which, rising suddenly upon her horizon, immediately dominated her life.

William Lamb, Viscount Melbourne, was fifty-eight years of age, and had been for the last three years Prime Minister of England. In every outward respect he was one of the most fortunate of mankind. He had been born into the midst of riches, brilliance, and power. His mother, fascinating and intelligent, had been a great Whig hostess, and he had been bred up as a member of that radiant society which, during the last quarter of the eighteenth century, concentrated within itself the ultimate perfections of a hundred years of triumphant aristocracy. Nature had given him beauty and brains; the unexpected death of an elder brother brought him wealth, a peerage, and the possibility of high advancement. Within that charmed circle, whatever one's personal disabilities, it was difficult to fail; and to him, with all his advantages, success was well-nigh unavoidable. With little effort he attained political eminence. On the triumph of the Whigs he became one of the leading members of the Government; and when Lord Grey retired from the premiership he quietly stepped into the vacant place. Nor was it only in the visible signs of fortune that Fate had been kind to him. Bound to

⁷ **Uncle Leopold:** King of Belgium, brother of Victoria's mother.

succeed, and to succeed easily, he was gifted with so fine a nature that his success became him. His mind, at once supple and copious, his temperament, at once calm and sensitive, enabled him not merely to work, but to live with perfect facility and with the grace of strength. In society he was a notable talker, a captivating companion, a charming man. If one looked deeper, one saw at once that he was not ordinary, that the piquancies of his conversation and his manner — his free-and-easy vaguenesses, his abrupt questions, his lollings and loungings, his innumerable oaths — were something more than an amusing ornament, were the outward manifestations of an individuality that was fundamental. . . .

Probably, if he had been born a little earlier, he would have been a simpler and a happier man. As it was, he was a child of the eighteenth century whose lot was cast in a new, difficult, unsympathetic age. He was an autumn rose. With all his gracious amenity, his humor, his happy-go-lucky ways, a deep disquietude possessed him. A sentimental cynic, a skeptical believer, he was restless and melancholy at heart. Above all, he could never harden himself; those sensitive petals shivered in every wind. Whatever else he might be, one thing was certain: Lord Melbourne was always human, supremely human — too human, perhaps.

And now, with old age upon him, his life took a sudden, new, extraordinary turn. He became, in the twinkling of an eye, the intimate adviser and the daily companion of a young girl who had stepped all at once from a nursery to a throne. . . . However, he was used to delicacies, and he met the situation with consummate success. His behavior was from the first moment impeccable. His manner toward the young Queen mingled, with perfect facility, the watchfulness and the respect of a statesman and a courtier with the tender solicitude of a parent. He was at once reverential and affectionate, at once the servant and the guide. At the same time the habits of his life underwent a surprising change. His comfortable, unpunctual days became subject to the unaltering routine of a palace: no longer did he sprawl on sofas; not a single "damn" escaped his lips. The man of the world who had been the friend of Byron and the Regent, the talker whose paradoxes had held Holland House enthralled, the cynic whose ribaldries had enlivened so many deep potations, the lover whose soft words had captivated such beauty and such passion and such wit, might now be seen, evening after evening, talking with infinite politeness to a schoolgirl, bolt upright, amid the silence and the rigidity of court etiquette.

On her side Victoria was instantaneously fascinated by Lord Melbourne. The good report of Stockmar had no doubt prepared the way; Lehzen was wisely propitiated; and the first highly favorable impression was never afterward belied. She found him perfect; and perfect in her sight he remained. Her absolute and unconcealed adoration was very natural; what innocent young creature could have resisted, in any circumstances, the charm and the devotion of such a man? But, in her situation, there was a special influence which gave a peculiar glow to all she felt. After years of emptiness and dullness and suppression she had come suddenly, in the heyday of youth, into freedom and power. She was mistress of herself, of great domains and palaces; she was Queen of England. Responsibilities and difficulties she might have, no doubt, and in heavy measure; but one feeling dominated and absorbed all others — the feeling of joy. Everything pleased her. She was in high spirits from morning till night. Mr. Creevey,⁸ grown old now, and very near his end, catching a glimpse of her at Brighton, was much amused, in his sharp fashion, by the ingenuous gaiety of "little Vic." — "A more homely⁹ little being you never beheld, when she is at her ease, and she is evidently dying to be always more so. She laughs in real earnest, opening her mouth as wide as it can go, showing not very pretty gums. . . . She eats quite as heartily as she laughs, I think I may say she gobbles. . . . She blushes and laughs every instant in so natural a way as to disarm anybody." But it was not merely when she was laughing or gobbling that she enjoyed herself; the performance of her official duties gave her intense satisfaction. "I really have immensely to do," she wrote in her *Journal* a few days after her accession; "I receive so many communications from my Ministers, but I like it very much." And again, a week later, "I repeat what I said before that I have so many communications from the Ministers, and from me to them, and I get so many papers to sign every day, that I have always a very great deal to do. I delight in this work." Through the girl's immaturity the vigorous predestined tastes of the woman were pushing themselves into existence with eager velocity, with delicious force.

One detail of her happy situation deserves particular mention. Apart from the splendor of her social position and the momentousness of her political one, she was a person of great wealth. As soon

⁸ **Mr. Creevey:** Thomas Creevey (1764–1838), well-known London Whig. His journals give a valuable picture of the late Georgian era. ⁹ **homely:** used in the sense of informal or unaffected in manners.

as Parliament met, an annuity of £385,000 was settled upon her. When the expenses of her household had been discharged, she was left with £68,000 a year of her own. She enjoyed, besides, the revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, which amounted annually to over £27,000. The first use to which she put her money was characteristic: she paid off her father's debts. In money matters, no less than in other matters, she was determined to be correct. She had the instincts of a man of business: and she never could have borne to be in a position that was financially unsound.

With youth and happiness gilding every hour, the days passed merrily enough. And each day hinged upon Lord Melbourne. Her diary shows us, with undiminished clarity, the life of the young sovereign during the early months of her reign — a life satisfactorily regular, full of delightful business, a life of simple pleasures, mostly physical — riding, eating, dancing — a quick, easy, highly unsophisticated life, sufficient unto itself. The light of the morning is upon it; and, in the rosy radiance, the figure of "Lord M." emerges, glorified and supreme. If she is the heroine of the story, he is the hero: but indeed they are more than hero and heroine, for there are no other characters at all. Lehzen, the Baron, Uncle Leopold, are unsubstantial shadows — the incidental supers of the piece. Her paradise was peopled by two persons, and surely that was enough. One sees them together still, a curious couple, strangely united in those artless pages, under the magical illumination of that dawn of eighty years ago; the polished high fine gentleman with the whitening hair and the whiskers and the thick dark eyebrows and the mobile lips and the big expressive eyes: and beside him the tiny Queen — fair, slim, elegant, active, in her plain girl's dress and little tippet, looking up at him earnestly, adoringly, with eyes blue and projecting, and half-open mouth. So they appear upon every page of the *Journal*; upon every page Lord M. is present, Lord M. is speaking, Lord M. is being amusing, instructive, delightful, and affectionate at once, while Victoria drinks in the honeyed words, laughs till she shows her gums, tries hard to remember, and runs off, as soon as she is left alone, to put it all down. Their long conversations touched upon a multitude of topics. Lord M. would criticize books, throw out a remark or two on the British Constitution, make some passing reflections on human life, and tell story after story of the great people of the eighteenth century. Then there would be business — a dispatch perhaps from Lord Durham in Canada, which Lord M. would read. But first he must explain a little. "He said that I

must know that Canada originally belonged to the French, and was only ceded to the English in 1760, when it was taken in an expedition under Wolfe: 'a very daring enterprise,' he said. Canada was then entirely French, and the British only came afterward. . . . Lord M. explained this very clearly (and much better than I have done) and said a good deal more about it. He then read me Durham's dispatch, which is a very long one and took him more than $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour to read. Lord M. read it beautifully with that fine soft voice of his, and with so much expression, so that it is needless to say I was much interested by it." And then the talk would take a more personal turn. Lord M. would describe his boyhood, and she would learn that "he wore his hair long, as all boys then did, till he was 17; (how handsome he must have looked!)." Or she would find out about his queer tastes and habits — how he never carried a watch, which seemed quite extraordinary. "I always ask the servant what o'clock it is, and then he tells me what he likes," said Lord M." Or, as the rooks wheeled about round the trees, "in a manner which indicated rain," he would say that he could sit looking at them for an hour, and "was quite surprised at my disliking them. . . . Lord M. said, 'The rooks are my delight.'"

The day's routine, whether in London or at Windsor, was almost invariable. The morning was devoted to business and Lord M. In the afternoon the whole court went out riding. The Queen, in her velvet riding habit, and a top hat with a veil draped about the brim, headed the cavalcade; and Lord M. rode beside her. The lively troupe went fast and far, to the extreme exhilaration of Her Majesty. Back in the palace again, there was still time for a little more fun before dinner — a game of battledore and shuttlecock, perhaps, or a romp along the galleries with some children. Dinner came, and the ceremonial decidedly tightened. The gentleman of highest rank sat on the right hand of the Queen; on her left — it soon became an established rule — sat Lord Melbourne. After the ladies had left the dining room, the gentlemen were not permitted to remain behind for very long; indeed, the short time allowed them for their wine-drinking formed the subject — so it was rumored — of one of the very few disputes between the Queen and her Prime Minister: but her determination carried the day, and from that moment after-dinner drunkenness began to go out of fashion. When the company was reassembled in the drawing room the etiquette was stiff. For a few moments the Queen spoke in turn to each one of her guests; and during these short uneasy colloquies the aridity of royalty was likely

to become painfully evident. One night, Mr. Greville, the Clerk of the Privy Council, was present: his turn soon came; the middle-aged, hard-faced *viveur*¹⁰ was addressed by his young hostess. "Have you been riding today, Mr. Greville?" asked the Queen. "No, Madam, I have not," replied Mr. Greville. "It was a fine day," continued the Queen. "Yes, Madam, a very fine day," said Mr. Greville. "It was rather cold, though," said the Queen. "It was rather cold, Madam," said Mr. Greville. "Your sister, Lady Frances Egerton, rides, I think, doesn't she?" said the Queen. "She does ride sometimes, Madam," said Mr. Greville. There was a pause, after which Mr. Greville ventured to take the lead, though he did not venture to change the subject. "Has your Majesty been riding today?" asked Mr. Greville. "Oh, yes, a very long ride," answered the Queen with animation. "Has your Majesty got a nice horse?" said Mr. Greville. "Oh, a very nice horse," said the Queen. It was over. Her Majesty gave a smile and an inclination of the head, Mr. Greville a profound bow, and the next conversation began with the next gentleman. When all the guests had been disposed of, the Duchess of Kent sat down to her whist, while everybody else was ranged about the round table. Lord Melbourne sat beside the Queen, and talked pertinaciously—very often apropos to the contents of one of the large albums of engravings with which the round table was covered—until it was half-past eleven and time to go to bed.

Occasionally, there were little diversions: the evening might be spent at the opera or at the play. Next morning the royal critic was careful to note down her impressions. "It was Shakespeare's tragedy of *Hamlet*, and we came in at the beginning of it. Mr. Charles Kean (son of old Kean) acted the part of Hamlet, and I must say beautifully. His conception of this very difficult, and I may almost say incomprehensible, character is admirable; his delivery of all the fine long speeches quite beautiful; he is excessively graceful and all his actions and attitudes are good, though not at all good-looking in face. . . . I came away just as *Hamlet* was over." Later on, she went to see Macready in *King Lear*. The story was new to her; she knew nothing about it, and at first she took very little interest in what was passing on the stage; she preferred to chatter and laugh with the Lord Chamberlain. But, as the play went on, her mood changed; her attention was fixed, and then she laughed no more. Yet she was puzzled; it seemed a strange, a horrible business. What did

¹⁰ *viveur*: high liver.

Lord M. think? Lord M. thought it was a very fine play, but to be sure, "a rough, coarse play, written for those times, with exaggerated characters." "I'm glad you've seen it," he added. But, undoubtedly, the evenings which she enjoyed most were those on which there was dancing. She was always ready enough to seize any excuse — the arrival of cousins — a birthday — a gathering of young people — to give the command for that. Then, when the band played, and the figures of the dancers swayed to the music, and she felt her own figure swaying too, with youthful spirits so close on every side — then her happiness reached its height, her eyes sparkled, she must go on and on into the small hours of the morning. For a moment Lord M. himself was forgotten.

The months flew past. The summer was over: "the pleasantest summer I ever passed in my life, and I shall never forget this first summer of my reign." With surprising rapidity, another summer was upon her. The coronation came and went — a curious dream. The antique, intricate, endless ceremonial worked itself out as best it could, like some machine of gigantic complexity which was a little out of order. The small central figure went through her gyrations. She sat; she walked; she prayed; she carried about an orb that was almost too heavy to hold; the Archbishop of Canterbury came and crushed a ring upon the wrong finger, so that she was ready to cry out with the pain; old Lord Rolle tripped up in his mantle and fell down the steps as he was doing homage; she was taken into a side chapel, where the altar was covered with a tablecloth, sandwiches, and bottles of wine; she perceived Lehen in an upper box and exchanged a smile with her as she sat, robed and crowned, on the Confessor's¹¹ throne. "I shall ever remember this day as the proudest of my life," she noted. But the pride was soon merged once more in youth and simplicity. When she returned to Buckingham Palace at last she was not tired; she ran up to her private rooms, doffed her splendors, and gave her dog Dash its evening bath.

Life flowed on again with its accustomed smoothness — though, of course, the smoothness was occasionally disturbed. . . .

¹¹ the **Confessor's throne**: the coronation throne of Edward the Confessor, next to the last of the Saxon kings before the Norman conquest.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF STRACHEY

1. What persons lost influence or gained influence over her after she became queen? How did she and the Prime Minister regard each other?
2. What impression did the young queen make on her subjects? What

light did her first request after becoming queen throw on her character? on her bringing-up?

3. In what ways did Victoria show the common sense of a mature woman? in what ways the lively disposition of a young girl? Does Strachey make her seem to you like a real girl or an idealized figure?

4. Describe the way Victoria passed the day and evening. Does this court life sound more or less attractive to you than your own life?

For the Ambitious Student

1. How does Strachey's account of Victoria's coronation compare with Pepys's description of that of Charles II (see page 339)? or magazine and newspaper accounts or radio broadcasts of the recent British coronation? What very human touch comes at the end of this chapter?

2. Summarize your impression of Victoria and of Lord Melbourne. Would you say that England was fortunate or unfortunate in being under the rule of these two?

3. Compare this chapter with the presentation of the queen's youth in the play, *Victoria Regina*, or the moving picture, *Victoria the Great*.

4. Strachey has had many followers in the field of biography. Discuss his methods as compared with those of Bradford, Ludwig, Maurois, or Guedalla.

VIRGINIA WOOLF (1882—)

Virginia Woolf (Mrs. Leonard Woolf), the daughter of Sir Leslie Stephen, the eminent biographer, is related through her father's first wife, a daughter of Thackeray, to half the scholarly families of England; while her own mother was one of England's most beautiful women. Born in London in 1882, Virginia was educated at home with her sister, but her chief advantage was the continual meetings with many distinguished poets, artists, musicians, and novelists who were her father's friends. Her childhood summers were spent at St. Ives, Cornwall, and these memories she later recorded in one of her best novels, *To the Lighthouse*.

After the death of their parents the home of these two shy, lovely, and intellectual sisters in Bloomsbury, London, became the meeting place for their two brothers and their Cambridge friends in "The Bloomsbury Group," soon internationally famous. Among these guests was Leonard Woolf, a writer and editor whom Virginia Stephen married in 1912. Soon they set up in a London suburb a hand press for limited editions, which became so successful that it is now a publishing house, The Hogarth Press, of which they are directors.

Mrs. Woolf, the winner of the Femina Prize in 1928, is a literary essayist, a penetrating critic, and an intellectual novelist, noted for her original and fascinating technique. Many of her books are technical experiments, each

differing from its predecessors. Chief among the novels are *Mrs. Dalloway*, *To the Lighthouse*, and *The Waves*; while her volumes of critical essays include *The Common Reader* and *A Room of One's Own*. Nor can one forget her recent biographical success, *Flush*, the story of the Brownings.

A leader in what is called "the stream of consciousness" school, Mrs. Woolf writes with impressions sharp as steel engravings. A lover of life, she produces stimulating, alive books.

FLUSH

Flush is a biography of unusual interest. Its intimate picture of two world-famous poets, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, during one of the most intense phases of their lives, is revealed through the thoughts and actions of Miss Barrett's cocker spaniel. So the story intrigues us with its penetrating analysis of both the human mind and the mind of a dog.

The opening chapters narrate *Flush*'s early life in the country, how he was presented to Miss Barrett, and his first adventures in his new London home.

Such an education as this, in the back bedroom at Wimpole Street, would have told upon an ordinary dog. And *Flush* was not an ordinary dog. He was high-spirited, yet reflective; canine, but highly sensitive to human emotions also. Upon such a dog the atmosphere of the bedroom told with peculiar force. We cannot blame him if his sensibility was cultivated rather to the detriment of his sterner qualities. Naturally, lying with his head pillowed on a Greek lexicon, he came to dislike barking and biting; he came to prefer the silence of the cat to the robustness of the dog; and human sympathy to either. Miss Barrett, too, did her best to refine and educate his powers still further. Once she took a harp from the window and asked him, as she laid it by his side, whether he thought that the harp, which made music, was itself alive? He looked and listened; pondered, it seemed, for a moment in doubt and then decided that it was not. Then she would make him stand with her in front of the looking glass and ask him why he barked and trembled. Was not the little brown dog opposite himself? But what is "oneself"? Is it the thing people see? Or is it the thing one is? So *Flush* pondered that question too, and, unable to solve the problem of reality, pressed closer to Miss Barrett and kissed her "expressively." *That* was real at any rate.

Fresh from such problems, with such emotional dilemmas agitating his nervous system, he went downstairs, and we cannot be surprised if

there was something — a touch of the supercilious, of the superior — in his bearing that roused the rage of Catiline, the savage Cuba bloodhound, so that he set upon him and bit him and sent him howling upstairs to Miss Barrett for sympathy. Flush “is no hero,” she concluded; but why was he no hero? Was it not partly on her account? She was too just not to realize that it was for her that he had sacrificed his courage, as it was for her that he had sacrificed the sun and the air. This nervous sensibility had its drawbacks, no doubt — she was full of apologies when he flew at Mr. Kenyon¹ and bit him for stumbling over the bellpull; it was annoying when he moaned piteously all night because he was not allowed to sleep on her bed — when he refused to eat unless she fed him; but she took the blame and bore the inconvenience because, after all, Flush loved her. He had refused the air and the sun for her sake. “He is worth loving, is he not?” she asked of Mr. Horne.² And whatever answer Mr. Horne might give, Miss Barrett was positive of her own. She loved Flush, and Flush was worthy of her love.

It seemed as if nothing were to break that tie — as if the years were merely to compact and cement it; and as if those years were to be all the years of their natural lives. Eighteen-forty-two turned into eighteen-forty-three; eighteen-forty-three into eighteen-forty-four; eighteen-forty-four into eighteen-forty-five. Flush was no longer a puppy; he was a dog of four or five; he was a dog in the full prime of life — and still Miss Barrett lay on her sofa in Wimpole Street and still Flush lay on the sofa at her feet. Miss Barrett’s life was the life of “a bird in its cage.” She sometimes kept the house for weeks at a time, and when she left it, it was only for an hour or two, to drive to a shop in a carriage, or to be wheeled to Regent’s Park in a Bath chair.³ The Barretts never left London. Mr. Barrett, the seven brothers, the two sisters, the butler, Wilson⁴ and the maids, Catiline, Folly,⁵ Miss Barrett and Flush all went on living at 50 Wimpole Street, eating in the dining room, sleeping in the bedrooms, smoking in the study, cooking in the kitchen, carrying hot-water cans and emptying the slops from January to December. The chair covers became slightly soiled; the carpets slightly worn; coal dust, mud, soot,

¹ **Mr. Kenyon:** John Kenyon, a distant cousin of the Barretts; poet, and friend to men of letters. ² **Mr. Horne:** R. H. Horne, correspondent of Elizabeth Barrett. ³ **Bath chair:** a hooded wheel chair, so called because it is widely used by invalids at Bath, a watering place and site of a famous sanatorium. ⁴ **Wilson:** the maid in personal attendance on Miss Barrett. ⁵ **Catiline, Folly:** Catiline was a Cuba bloodhound belonging to the Barretts. Folly was a King Charles spaniel belonging to Miss Barrett’s sister.

fog, vapors of cigar smoke and wine and meat accumulated in crevices, in cracks, in fabrics, on the tops of picture frames, in the scrolls of carvings. And the ivy that hung over Miss Barrett's bedroom window flourished; its green curtain became thicker and thicker, and in summer the nasturtiums and the scarlet runners rioted together in the window box.

But one night early in January, 1845, the postman knocked. Letters fell into the box as usual. Wilson went downstairs to fetch the letters as usual. Everything was as usual — every night the postman knocked, every night Wilson fetched the letters, every night there was a letter for Miss Barrett. But tonight the letter was not the same letter; it was a different letter. Flush saw that, even before the envelope was broken. He knew it from the way that Miss Barrett took it; turned it; looked at the vigorous, jagged writing of her name. He knew it from the indescribable tremor in her fingers, from the impetuosity with which they tore the flap open, from the absorption with which she read. He watched her read. And as she read he heard, as when we are half asleep we hear through the clamor of the street some bell ringing and know that it is addressed to us, alarmingly yet faintly, as if someone far away were trying to rouse us with the warning of fire, or burglary, or some menace against our peace and we start in alarm before we wake — so Flush, as Miss Barrett read the little blotted sheet, heard a bell rousing him from his sleep; warning him of some danger menacing his safety and bidding him sleep no more. Miss Barrett read the letter quickly; she read the letter slowly; she returned it carefully to its envelope. She too slept no more.

Again, a few nights later, there was the same letter on Wilson's tray. Again it was read quickly, read slowly, read over and over again. Then it was put away carefully, not in the drawer with the voluminous sheets of Miss Mitford's ⁶ letters, but by itself. Now Flush paid the full price of long years of accumulated sensibility lying couched on cushions at Miss Barrett's feet. He could read signs that nobody else could even see. He could tell by the touch of Miss Barrett's fingers that she was waiting for one thing only — for the postman's knock, for the letter on the tray. She would be stroking him perhaps with a light, regular movement; suddenly — there was the rap — her fingers constricted; he would be held in a vice while Wilson came upstairs. Then she took the letter and he was loosed and forgotten.

Yet, he argued, what was there to be afraid of, so long as there was

⁶ **Miss Mitford:** Mary Russell Mitford, best remembered as the author of *Our Village*. She was the friend who presented Flush to Miss Barrett.

no change in Miss Barrett's life? And there was no change. No new visitors came. Mr. Kenyon came as usual; Miss Mitford came as usual. The brothers and sisters came; and in the evening Mr. Barrett came. They noticed nothing; they suspected nothing. So he would quiet himself and try to believe, when a few nights passed without the envelope, that the enemy had gone. A man in a cloak, he imagined, a cowed and hooded figure, had passed, like a burglar, rattling the door, and finding it guarded, had slunk away defeated. The danger, Flush tried to make himself believe, was over. The man had gone. And then the letter came again.

As the envelopes came more and more regularly, night after night, Flush began to notice signs of change in Miss Barrett herself. For the first time in Flush's experience she was irritable and restless. She could not read and she could not write. She stood at the window and looked out. She questioned Wilson anxiously about the weather — was the wind still in the east? Was there any sign of spring in the park yet? Oh no, Wilson replied; the wind was a cruel east wind still. And Miss Barrett, Flush felt, was at once relieved and annoyed. She coughed. She complained of feeling ill — but not so ill as she usually felt when the wind was in the east. And then, when she was alone, she read over again last night's letter. It was the longest she had yet had. There were many pages, closely covered, darkly blotted, scattered with strange little abrupt hieroglyphics. So much Flush could see, from his station at her feet. But he could make no sense of the words that Miss Barrett was murmuring to herself. Only he could trace her agitation when she came to the end of the page and read aloud (though unintelligibly), "Do you think I shall see you in two months, three months?"

Then she took up her pen and passed it rapidly and nervously over sheet after sheet. But what did they mean — the little words that Miss Barrett wrote? "April is coming. There will be both a May and a June if we live to see such things, and perhaps, after all, we may . . . I will indeed see you when the warm weather has revived me a little. . . . But I shall be afraid of you at first — though I am not, in writing thus. You are Paracelsus,⁷ and I am a recluse, with nerves that have been broken on the rack, and now hang loosely, quivering at a step and breath."

Flush could not read what she was writing an inch or two above his head. But he knew, just as well as if he could read every word, how

⁷ **Paracelsus:** Philippus Aureolus Paracelsus, sixteenth-century alchemist and physician; the hero of a poem by that title written by Robert Browning.

strangely his mistress was agitated as she wrote; what contrary desires shook her — that April might come; that April might not come; that she might see this unknown man at once, that she might never see him at all. Flush, too, quivered as she did at a step, at a breath. And remorselessly the days went on. The wind blew out the blind. The sun whitened the busts. A bird sang in the mews. Men went crying fresh flowers to sell down Wimpole Street. All these sounds meant, he knew, that April was coming and May and June — nothing could stop the approach of that dreadful spring. For what was coming with the spring? Some terror — some horror — something that Miss Barrett dreaded, and that Flush dreaded too. He started now at the sound of a step. But it was only Henrietta.⁸ Then there was a knock. It was only Mr. Kenyon. So April passed; and the first twenty days of May. And then, on the twenty-first of May, Flush knew that the day itself had come. For on Tuesday, the twenty-first of May, Miss Barrett looked searchingly in the glass; arrayed herself exquisitely in her Indian shawls; bade Wilson draw the armchair close, but not too close; touched this, that, and the other; and then sat upright among her pillows. Flush couched himself taut at her feet. They waited, alone together. At last, Marylebone Church⁹ clock struck two; they waited. Then Marylebone Church clock struck a single stroke — it was half-past two; and as the single stroke died away, a rap sounded boldly on the front door. Miss Barrett turned pale; she lay very still. Flush lay still too. Upstairs came the dreaded, the inexorable foot-fall; upstairs, Flush knew, came the cowed and sinister figure of midnight — the hooded man. Now his hand was on the door. The handle spun. There he stood.

“Mr. Browning,” said Wilson.

Flush, watching Miss Barrett, saw the color rush into her face; saw her eyes brighten and her lips open.

“Mr. Browning!” she exclaimed.

Twisting his yellow gloves in his hands, blinking his eyes, well groomed, masterly, abrupt, Mr. Browning strode across the room. He seized Miss Barrett’s hand, and sank into the chair by the sofa at her side. Instantly they began to talk.

What was horrible to Flush, as they talked, was his loneliness. Once he had felt that he and Miss Barrett were together, in a firelit cave. Now the cave was no longer firelit; it was dark and damp; Miss

⁸ **Henrietta**: Henrietta Barrett, a sister of Elizabeth. ⁹ **Marylebone Church**: church of “St. Mary on the bourne.” Wimpole Street is in the parish of St. Marylebone.



A FAMOUS LITERARY COURTSHIP. Robert Browning calls on Elizabeth Barrett, as pictured in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Her pet spaniel, Flush, looks on disapprovingly. (Courtesy of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures)

Barrett was outside. He looked round him. Everything had changed. The bookcase, the five busts — they were no longer friendly deities presiding approvingly — they were alien, severe. He shifted his position at Miss Barrett's feet. She took no notice. He whined. They did not hear him. At last he lay still in tense and silent agony. The talk went on; but it did not flow and ripple as talk usually flowed and rippled. It leaped and jerked. It stopped and leaped again. Flush had never heard that sound in Miss Barrett's voice before — that vigor, that excitement. Her cheeks were bright as he had never seen them bright; her great eyes blazed as he had never seen them blaze. The clock struck four; and still they talked. Then it struck half-past four. At that Mr. Browning jumped up. A horrid decision, a dreadful boldness marked every movement. In another moment he had wrung Miss Barrett's hand in his; he had taken his hat and gloves; he had said good-by. They heard him running down the stairs. Smartly the door banged behind him. He was gone.

But Miss Barrett did not sink back in her pillows as she sank back

when Mr. Kenyon or Miss Mitford left her. Now she still sat upright; her eyes still burned; her cheeks still glowed; she seemed still to feel that Mr. Browning was with her. Flush touched her. She recalled him with a start. She patted him lightly, joyfully, on the head. And smiling, she gave him the oddest look — as if she wished that he could talk — as if she expected him too to feel what she felt. And then she laughed, pityingly; as if it were absurd — Flush, poor Flush could feel nothing of what she felt. He could know nothing of what she knew. Never had such wastes of dismal distance separated them. He lay there ignored; he might not have been there, he felt. She no longer remembered his existence.

And that night she ate her chicken to the bone. Not a scrap of potato or of skin was thrown to Flush. When Mr. Barrett came as usual, Flush marveled at his obtuseness. He sat himself down in the very chair that the man had sat in. His head pressed the same cushions that the man's had pressed, and yet he noticed nothing. "Don't you know," Flush marveled, "who's been sitting in that chair? Can't you smell him?" For to Flush the whole room still reeked of Mr. Browning's presence. The air dashed past the bookcase, and eddied and curled round the heads of the five pale busts. But the heavy man sat by his daughter in entire self-absorption. He noticed nothing. He suspected nothing. Aghast at his obtuseness, Flush slipped past him out of the room.

But in spite of their astonishing blindness, even Miss Barrett's family began to notice, as the weeks passed, a change in Miss Barrett. She left her room and went down to sit in the drawing room. Then she did what she had not done for many a long day — she actually walked on her own feet as far as the gate at Devonshire Place with her sister. Her friends, her family, were amazed at her improvement. But only Flush knew where her strength came from — it came from the dark man in the armchair. He came again and again and again. First it was once a week; then it was twice a week. He came always in the afternoon and left in the afternoon. Miss Barrett always saw him alone. And on the days when he did not come, his letters came. And when he himself was gone, his flowers were there. And in the mornings when she was alone, Miss Barrett wrote to him. That dark, taut, abrupt, vigorous man, with his black hair, his red cheeks, and his yellow gloves, was everywhere. Naturally, Miss Barrett was better; of course she could walk. Flush himself felt that it was impossible to lie still. Old longings revived; a new restlessness possessed him. Even his sleep was full of dreams. He dreamed as he had not dreamed

since the old days at Three Mile Cross¹⁰ — of hares starting from the long grass; of pheasants rocketing up with long tails streaming, of partridges rising with a whirr from the stubble. He dreamed that he was hunting, that he was chasing some spotted spaniel, who fled, who escaped him. He was in Spain; he was in Wales; he was in Berkshire; he was flying before park keepers' truncheons in Regent's Park. Then he opened his eyes. There were no hares, and no partridges; no whips cracking and no black men crying "Span! Span!" There was only Mr. Browning in the armchair talking to Miss Barrett on the sofa.

Sleep became impossible while that man was there. Flush lay with his eyes wide open, listening. Though he could make no sense of the little words that hurtled over his head from two-thirty to four-thirty sometimes three times a week, he could detect with terrible accuracy that the tone of the words was changing. Miss Barrett's voice had been forced and unnaturally lively at first. Now it had gained a warmth and an ease that he had never heard in it before. And every time the man came, some new sound came into their voices — now they made a grotesque chattering; now they skimmed over him like birds flying widely; now they cooed and clucked, as if they were two birds settled in a nest; and then Miss Barrett's voice, rising again, went soaring and circling in the air; and then Mr. Browning's voice barked out its sharp, harsh clapper of laughter; and then there was only a murmur, a quiet humming sound as the two voices joined together. But as the summer turned to autumn Flush noted, with horrid apprehension, another note. There was a new urgency, a new pressure and energy in the man's voice, at which Miss Barrett, Flush felt, took fright. Her voice fluttered; hesitated; seemed to falter and fade and plead and gasp, as if she were begging for a rest, for a pause, as if she were afraid. Then the man was silent.

Of him they took but little notice. He might have been a log of wood lying there at Miss Barrett's feet for all the attention Mr. Browning paid him. Sometimes he scrubbed his head in a brisk, spasmodic way, energetically, without sentiment, as he passed him. Whatever that scrub might mean, Flush felt nothing but an intense dislike for Mr. Browning. The very sight of him, so well tailored, so tight, so muscular, screwing his yellow gloves in his hand, set his teeth on edge. Oh! to let them meet sharply, completely in the stuff of his trousers! And yet he dared not. Taking it all in all, that winter — 1845-1846 — was the most distressing that Flush had ever known.

¹⁰ **Three Mile Cross:** the name of the working man's cottage where Flush was born.

The winter passed; and spring came round again. Flush could see no end to the affair; and yet just as a river, though it reflects still trees and grazing cows and rooks returning to the treetops, moves inevitably to a waterfall, so those days, Flush knew, were moving to catastrophe. Rumors of change hovered in the air. Sometimes he thought that some vast exodus impended. There was that indefinable stir in the house which precedes — could it be possible? — a journey. Boxes were actually dusted, were, incredible as it might seem, opened. Then they were shut again. No, it was not the family that was going to move. The brothers and sisters still went in and out as usual. Mr. Barrett paid his nightly visit, after the man had gone, at his accustomed hour. What was it, then, that was going to happen? for as the summer of 1846 wore on, Flush was positive that a change was coming. He could hear it again in the altered sound of the eternal voices. Miss Barrett's voice, that had been pleading and afraid, lost its faltering note. It rang out with a determination and a boldness that Flush had never heard in it before. If only Mr. Barrett could hear the tone in which she welcomed this usurper, the laugh with which she greeted him, the exclamation with which he took her hand in his! But nobody was in the room with them except Flush. To him the change was of the most galling nature. It was not merely that Miss Barrett was changing toward Mr. Browning — she was changing in every relation — in her feeling toward Flush himself. She treated his advances more brusquely; she cut short his endearments laughingly; she made him feel that there was something petty, silly, affected, in his old affectionate ways. His vanity was exacerbated. His jealousy was inflamed. At last, when July came, he determined to make one violent attempt to regain her favor, and perhaps to oust the newcomer. How to accomplish this double purpose he did not know, and could not plan. But suddenly on the eighth of July his feelings overcame him. He flung himself on Mr. Browning and bit him savagely. At last his teeth met in the immaculate cloth of Mr. Browning's trousers! But the limb inside was hard as iron — Mr. Kenyon's leg had been butter in comparison. Mr. Browning brushed him off with a flick of his hand and went on talking. Neither he nor Miss Barrett seemed to think the attack worthy of attention. Completely foiled, worsted, without a shaft left in his sheath, Flush sank back on his cushions panting with rage and disappointment. But he had misjudged Miss Barrett's insight. When Mr. Browning was gone, she called him to her and inflicted upon him the worst punishment he had ever known. First she slapped his ears — that was nothing; oddly enough the slap was

rather to his liking; he would have welcomed another. But then she said in her sober, certain tones that she would never love him again. That shaft went to his heart. All these years they had lived together, shared everything together, and now, for one moment's failure, she would never love him again. Then, as if to make her dismissal complete, she took the flowers that Mr. Browning had brought her and began to put them in water in a vase. It was an act, Flush thought, of calculated and deliberate malice; an act designed to make him feel his own insignificance completely. "This rose is from him," she seemed to say, "and this carnation. Let the red shine by the yellow; and the yellow by the red. And let the green leaf lie there —" And, setting one flower with another, she stood back to gaze at them as if he were before her — the man in the yellow gloves — a mass of brilliant flowers. But even so, even as she pressed the leaves and flowers together, she could not altogether ignore the fixity with which Flush gazed at her. She could not deny that "expression of quite despair on his face." She could not but relent. "At last I said, 'If you are good, Flush, you may come and say that you are sorry,' on which he dashed across the room and, trembling all over, kissed first one of my hands and then another, and put up his paws to be shaken, and looked into my face with such beseeching eyes that you would certainly have forgiven him just as I did." That was her account of the matter to Mr. Browning; and he of course replied: "Oh, poor Flush, do you think I do not love and respect him for his jealous supervision — his slowness to know another, having once known you?" It was easy enough for Mr. Browning to be magnanimous, but that easy magnanimity was perhaps the sharpest thorn that pressed into Flush's side.

Another incident a few days later showed how widely they were separated, who had been so close, how little Flush could now count on Miss Barrett for sympathy. After Mr. Browning had gone one afternoon Miss Barrett decided to drive to Regent's Park with her sister. As they got out at the park gate the door of the four-wheeler shut on Flush's paw. He "cried piteously" and held it up to Miss Barrett for sympathy. In other days sympathy in abundance would have been lavished upon him for less. But now a detached, a mocking, a critical expression came into her eyes. She laughed at him. She thought he was shamming: ". . . no sooner had he touched the grass than he began to run without a thought of it," she wrote. And she commented sarcastically, "Flush always makes the most of his mis-

fortunes — he is of the Byronic school — *il se pose en victime*.”¹¹ But here Miss Barrett, absorbed in her own emotions, misjudged him completely. If his paw had been broken, still he would have bounded. That dash was his answer to her mockery; I have done with you — that was the meaning he flashed at her as he ran. The flowers smelled bitter to him; the grass burned his paws; the dust filled his nostrils with disillusion. But he raced — he scampered. “Dogs must be led on chains” — there was the usual placard; there were the park keepers with their top hats and their truncheons to enforce it. But “must” no longer had any meaning for him. The chain of love was broken. He would run where he liked; chase partridges; chase spaniels; splash into the middle of dahlia beds; break brilliant, glowing red and yellow roses. Let the park keepers throw their truncheons if they chose. Let them dash his brains out. Let him fall dead, disemboweled, at Miss Barrett’s feet. He cared nothing. But naturally nothing of the kind happened. Nobody pursued him; nobody noticed him. The solitary park keeper was talking to a nursemaid. At last he returned to Miss Barrett and she absentmindedly slipped the chain over his neck, and led him home.

After two such humiliations the spirit of an ordinary dog, the spirit even of an ordinary human being, might well have been broken. But Flush, for all his softness and silkiness, had eyes that blazed; had passions that leaped not merely in bright flame but sunk and smoldered. He resolved to meet his enemy face to face and alone. No third person should interrupt this final conflict. It should be fought out by the principals themselves. On the afternoon of Tuesday, the twenty-first of July, therefore, he slipped downstairs and waited in the hall. He had not long to wait. Soon he heard the tramp of the familiar footstep in the street; he heard the familiar rap on the door. Mr. Browning was admitted. Vaguely aware of the impending attack and determined to meet it in the most conciliatory of spirits, Mr. Browning had come provided with a parcel of cakes. There was Flush waiting in the hall. Mr. Browning made, evidently, some well-meant attempt to caress him; perhaps he even went so far as to offer him a cake. The gesture was enough. Flush sprang upon his enemy with unparalleled violence. His teeth once more met in Mr. Browning’s trousers. But unfortunately in the excitement of the moment he forgot what was most essential — silence. He barked; he flung himself on Mr. Browning, barking loudly. The

¹¹ *il . . . victime*: he poses as a victim.

sound was sufficient to alarm the household. Wilson rushed downstairs. Wilson beat him soundly. Wilson overpowered him completely. Wilson led him in ignominy away. Ignominy it was — to have attacked Mr. Browning, to have been beaten by Wilson. Mr. Browning had not lifted a finger. Taking his cakes with him, Mr. Browning proceeded unhurt, unmoved, in perfect composure, upstairs, alone to the bedroom. Flush was led away.

After two and a half hours of miserable confinement with parrots and beetles, ferns and saucepans, in the kitchen. Flush was summoned to Miss Barrett's presence. She was lying on the sofa with her sister Arabella beside her. Conscious of the rightness of his cause, Flush went straight to her. But she refused to look at him. He turned to Arabella. She merely said, "Naughty Flush, go away." Wilson was there — the formidable, the implacable Wilson. It was to her that Miss Barrett turned for information. She had beaten him, Wilson said, "because it was right." And, she added, she had only beaten him with her hand. It was upon her evidence that Flush was convicted. The attack, Miss Barrett assumed, had been unprovoked; she credited Mr. Browning with all virtue, with all generosity; Flush had been beaten off by a servant, without a whip, because "it was right." There was no more to be said. Miss Barrett decided against him. "So he lay down on the floor at my feet," she wrote, "looking from under his eyebrows at me." But though Flush might look, Miss Barrett refused even to meet his eyes. There she lay on the sofa; there Flush lay on the floor.

And as he lay there, exiled, on the carpet, he went through one of those whirlpools of tumultuous emotion in which the soul is either dashed upon the rocks and splintered or, finding some tuft of foothold, slowly and painfully pulls itself up, regains dry land, and at last emerges on top of a ruined universe to survey a world created afresh on a different plan. Which was it to be — destruction or reconstruction? That was the question. The outlines only of his dilemma can be traced here; for his debate was silent. Twice Flush had done his utmost to kill his enemy; twice he had failed. And why had he failed, he asked himself? Because he loved Miss Barrett. Looking up at her from under his eyebrows as she lay, severe and silent, on the sofa, he knew that he must love her forever. But things are not simple but complex. If he bit Mr. Browning he bit her too. Hatred is not hatred; hatred is also love. Here Flush shook his ears in an agony of perplexity. He turned uneasily on the floor. Mr. Browning was Miss Barrett — Miss Barrett was Mr. Browning; love is hatred and hatred

is love. He stretched himself, whined, and raised his head from the floor. The clock struck eight. For three hours and more he had been lying there, tossed from the horn of one dilemma to another.

Even Miss Barrett, severe, cold, implacable as she was, laid down her pen. "Wicked Flush!" she had been writing to Mr. Browning, ". . . if people like Flush, choose to behave like dogs savagely, they must take the consequences indeed, as dogs usually do! And *you*, so good and gentle to him! Anyone but *you* would have said 'hasty words' at least." Really it would be a good plan, she thought, to buy a muzzle. And then she looked up and saw Flush. Something unusual in his look must have struck her. She paused. She laid down her pen. Once he had roused her with a kiss, and she had thought that he was Pan.¹² He had eaten chicken and rice pudding soaked in cream. He had given up the sunshine for her sake. She called him to her and said she forgave him.

But to be forgiven, as if for a passing whim, to be taken back again onto the sofa as if he had learned nothing in his anguish on the floor, as if he were the same dog when in fact he differed totally, was impossible. For the moment, exhausted as he was, Flush submitted. A few days later, however, a remarkable scene took place between him and Miss Barrett which showed the depths of his emotions. Mr. Browning had been and gone; Flush was alone with Miss Barrett. Normally he would have leaped onto the sofa at her feet. But now, instead of jumping up as usual and claiming her caress, Flush went to what was now called "Mr. Browning's armchair." Usually the chair was abhorrent to him; it still held the shape of his enemy. But now, such was the battle he had won, such was the charity that suffused him, that he not only looked at the chair but, as he looked, "suddenly fell into a rapture." Miss Barrett, watching him intently, observed this extraordinary portent. Next she saw him turn his eyes toward a table. On that table still lay the packet of Mr. Browning's cakes. He "reminded me that the cakes you left were on the table." They were now old cakes, stale cakes, cakes bereft of any carnal seduction. Flush's meaning was plain. He had refused to eat the cakes when they were fresh, because they were offered by an enemy. He would eat them now that they were stale, because they were offered by an enemy turned to friend, because they were symbols of hatred turned to love. Yes, he signified, he would eat them now. So Miss Barrett rose and took the cakes in her hand. And as she gave them to him she admonished him, "So I explained to him that *you* had brought

¹² **Pan**: the god of flocks and pastures; the patron of shepherds and hunters.

them for him, and that he ought to be properly ashamed therefore for his past wickedness, and make up his mind to love you and not bite you for the future — and he was allowed to profit from your goodness to him.” As he swallowed down the faded flakes of that distasteful pastry — it was moldy, it was flyblown, it was sour — Flush solemnly repeated, in his own language, the words she had used — he swore to love Mr. Browning and not bite him for the future.

He was instantly rewarded — not by stale cakes, not by chicken’s wings, not by the caresses that were now his, nor by the permission to lie once more on the sofa at Miss Barrett’s feet. He was rewarded, spiritually; yet the effects were curiously physical. Like an iron bar corroding and festering and killing all natural life beneath it, hatred had lain all these months across his soul. Now, by the cutting of sharp knives and painful surgery, the iron had been excised. Now the blood ran once more; the nerves shot and tingled; flesh formed; Nature rejoiced, as in spring. Flush heard the birds sing again; he felt the leaves growing on the trees; as he lay on the sofa at Miss Barrett’s feet, glory and delight coursed through his veins. He was with them, not against them, now; their hopes, their wishes, their desires were his. Flush could have barked in sympathy with Mr. Browning now. The short, sharp words raised the hackles on his neck. “I need a week of Tuesdays,” Mr. Browning cried, “then a month — a year — a life!” I, Flush echoed him, need a month — a year — a life! I need all the things that you both need. We are all three conspirators in the most glorious of causes. We are joined in sympathy. We are joined in hatred. We are joined in defiance of black and beetleing tyranny. We are joined in love. — In short, all Flush’s hopes now were set upon some dimly apprehended but none the less certainly emerging triumph, upon some glorious victory that was to be theirs in common, when suddenly, without a word of warning, in the midst of civilization, security, and friendship — he was in a shop in Vere Street with Miss Barrett and her sister: it was the morning of Tuesday the first of September — Flush was tumbled head over heels into darkness. The doors of a dungeon shut upon him. He was stolen.

“This morning Arabel and I, and he with us,” Miss Barrett wrote, “went in a cab to Vere Street where we had a little business, and he followed us as usual into a shop and out of it again, and was at my heels when I stepped up into the carriage. Having turned, I said ‘Flush,’ and Arabel looked round for Flush — there was no Flush!

He had been caught up in that moment, from *under* the wheels, do you understand? ” Mr. Browning understood perfectly well. Miss Barrett had forgotten the chain; therefore Flush was stolen. Such, in the year 1846, was the law of Wimpole Street and its neighborhood.

Nothing, it is true, could exceed the apparent solidity and security of Wimpole Street itself. As far as an invalid could walk or a Bath chair could trundle nothing met the eye but an agreeable prospect of four-storied houses, plate-glass windows, and mahogany doors. Even a carriage and pair, in the course of an afternoon’s airing, need not, if the coachman were discreet, leave the limits of decorum and respectability. But if you were not an invalid, if you did not possess a carriage and pair, if you were — and many people were — active and able-bodied and fond of walking, then you might see sights and hear language and smell smells, not a stone’s throw from Wimpole Street, that threw doubts upon the solidity even of Wimpole Street itself. So Mr. Thomas Beames¹³ found when about this time he took it into his head to go walking about London. He was surprised; indeed he was shocked. Splendid buildings raised themselves in Westminster, yet just behind them were ruined sheds in which human beings lived herded together above herds of cows — “two in each seven feet of space.” He felt that he ought to tell people what he had seen. Yet how could one describe politely a bedroom in which two or three families lived above a cow shed, when the cow shed had no ventilation, when the cows were milked and killed and eaten under the bedroom? That was a task, as Mr. Beames found when he came to attempt it, that taxed all the resources of the English language. And yet he felt that he ought to describe what he had seen in the course of an afternoon’s walk through some of the most aristocratic parishes in London. The risk of typhus was so great. The rich could not know what dangers they were running. He could not altogether hold his tongue when he found what he did find in Westminster¹⁴ and Paddington¹⁵ and Marylebone. For instance, here was an old mansion formerly belonging to some great nobleman. Relics of marble mantelpieces remained. The rooms were paneled and the banisters were carved, and yet the floors were rotten, the walls dripped with filth; hordes of half-naked men and women had taken up their lodging in the old banqueting halls. Then he walked on. Here an enterprising builder

¹³ **Mr. Thomas Beames:** the author of *The Rookeries of London*, published in 1850. ¹⁴ **Westminster:** a district of London, the immediate neighborhood of Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament. ¹⁵ **Paddington:** a district of London just west of Marylebone.

had pulled down the old family mansion. He had run up a jerry-built tenement house in its place. The rain dripped through the roof and the wind blew through the walls. He saw a child dipping a can into a bright-green stream and asked if they drank that water. Yes, and washed in it too, for the landlord only allowed water to be turned on twice a week. Such sights were the more surprising, because one might come upon them in the most sedate and civilized quarters of London — “the most aristocratic parishes have their share.” Behind Miss Barrett’s bedroom, for instance, was one of the worst slums in London. Mixed up with that respectability was this filth. But there were certain quarters, of course, which had long been given over to the poor and were left undisturbed. In Whitechapel,¹⁶ or in a triangular space of ground at the bottom of the Tottenham Court Road,¹⁷ poverty and vice and misery had bred and seethed and propagated their kind for centuries without interference. A dense mass of aged buildings in St. Giles’s¹⁸ was “well-nigh a penal settlement, a pauper metropolis in itself.” Aptly enough, where the poor conglomerated thus, the settlement was called a Rookery. For there human beings swarmed on top of each other as rooks swarm and blacken tree-tops. Only the buildings here were not trees; they were hardly any longer buildings. They were cells of brick intersected by lanes which ran with filth. All day the lanes buzzed with half-dressed human beings; at night there poured back again into the stream the thieves and beggars who had been plying their trade in the West End. The police could do nothing. No single wayfarer could do anything except hurry through as fast as he could and perhaps drop a hint, as Mr. Beames did, with many quotations, evasions, and euphemisms, that all was not quite as it should be. Cholera would come, and perhaps the hint that cholera would give would not be quite so evasive.

But in the summer of 1846 that hint had not yet been given; and the only safe course for those who lived in Wimpole Street and its neighborhood was to keep strictly within the respectable area and to lead your dog on a chain. If one forgot, as Miss Barrett forgot, one paid the penalty, as Miss Barrett was now to pay it. The terms upon which Wimpole Street lived cheek by jowl with St. Giles’s were laid down. St. Giles’s stole what St. Giles’s could; Wimpole Street paid

¹⁶ **Whitechapel**: the district immediately east of the financial center of London. ¹⁷ **Tottenham Court Road**: a long, bustling, business street, running north from the center of London. ¹⁸ **St. Giles’s**: district surrounding St. Giles’s Circus, a busy point of intersection at the south end of Tottenham Court Road.

what Wimpole Street must. Thus Arabel at once "began to comfort me by showing how certain it was that I should recover him for ten pounds at most." Ten pounds, it was reckoned, was about the price that Mr. Taylor would ask for a cocker spaniel. Mr. Taylor was the head of the gang. As soon as a lady in Wimpole Street lost her dog she went to Mr. Taylor; he named his price, and it was paid; or if not, a brown-paper parcel was delivered in Wimpole Street a few days later containing the head and paws of the dog. Such, at least, had been the experience of a lady in the neighborhood who had tried to make terms with Mr. Taylor. But Miss Barrett of course intended to pay. Therefore when she got home she told her brother Henry, and Henry went to see Mr. Taylor that afternoon. He found him "smoking a cigar in a room with pictures" — Mr. Taylor was said to make an income of two or three thousand a year out of the dogs of Wimpole Street — and Mr. Taylor promised that he would confer with his "Society" and that the dog would be returned next day. Vexatious as it was, and especially annoying at a moment when Miss Barrett needed all her money, such were the inevitable consequences of forgetting in 1846 to keep one's dog on a chain.

But for Flush things were very different. Flush, Miss Barrett reflected, "doesn't know that we can recover him"; Flush had never mastered the principles of human society. "All this night he will howl and lament, I know perfectly," Miss Barrett wrote to Mr. Browning on the afternoon of Tuesday, the first of September. But while Miss Barrett wrote to Mr. Browning, Flush was going through the most terrible experience of his life. He was bewildered in the extreme. One moment he was in Vere Street, among ribbons and laces; the next he was tumbled head over heels into a bag; jolted rapidly across streets, and at length was tumbled out — here. He found himself in complete darkness. He found himself in chillness and dampness. As his giddiness left him he made out a few shapes in a low dark room — broken chairs, a tumbled mattress. Then he was seized and tied tightly by the leg to some obstacle. Something sprawled on the floor — whether beast or human being, he could not tell. Great boots and dragged skirts kept stumbling in and out. Flies buzzed on scraps of old meat that were decaying on the floor. Children crawled out from dark corners and pinched his ears. He whined, and a heavy hand beat him over the head. He cowered down on the few inches of damp brick against the wall. Now he could see that the floor was crowded with animals of different kinds. Dogs tore and worried a festering

bone that they had got between them. Their ribs stood out from their coats — they were half famished, dirty, diseased, uncombed, unbrushed; yet all of them, Flush could see, were dogs of the highest breeding, chained dogs, footmen's dogs, like himself.

He lay, not daring even to whimper, hour after hour. Thirst was his worst suffering; but one sip of the thick greenish water that stood in a pail near him disgusted him; he would rather die than drink another. Yet a majestic greyhound was drinking greedily. Whenever the door was kicked open he looked up. Miss Barrett — was it Miss Barrett? Had she come at last? But it was only a hairy ruffian, who kicked them all aside and stumbled to a broken chair upon which he flung himself. Then gradually the darkness thickened. He could scarcely make out what shapes those were, on the floor, on the mattress, on the broken chairs. A stump of candle was stuck on the ledge over the fireplace. A flare burnt in the gutter outside. By its flickering, coarse light Flush could see terrible faces passing outside, leering at the window. Then in they came, until the small crowded room became so crowded that he had to shrink back and lie even closer against the wall. These horrible monsters — some were ragged, others were flaring with paint and feathers — squatted on the floor; hunched themselves over the table. They began to drink; they cursed and struck each other. Out tumbled, from the bags that were dropped on the floor, more dogs — lap dogs, setters, pointers with their collars still on them; and a giant cockatoo that flustered and dashed its way from corner to corner shrieking "Pretty Poll," "Pretty Poll," with an accent that would have terrified its mistress, a widow in Maida Vale.¹⁹ Then the women's bags were opened, and out were tossed on to the table bracelets and rings and brooches such as Flush had seen Miss Barrett wear and Miss Henrietta. The demons pawed and clawed them; cursed and quarreled over them. The dogs barked. The children shrieked, and the splendid cockatoo — such a bird as Flush had often seen pendant in a Wimpole Street window — shrieked "Pretty Poll! Pretty Poll!" faster and faster until a slipper was thrown at it and it flapped its great yellow-stained dove-gray wings in frenzy. Then the candle toppled over and fell. The room was dark. It grew steadily hotter and hotter; the smell, the heat, were unbearable; Flush's nose burned; his coat twitched. And still Miss Barrett did not come.

Miss Barrett lay on her sofa in Wimpole Street. She was vexed; she was worried, but she was not seriously alarmed. Of course Flush

¹⁹ **Maida Vale:** a road flanked on either side by pleasant homes.

would suffer; he would whine and bark all night; but it was only a question of a few hours. Mr. Taylor would name his sum; she would pay it; Flush would be returned.

The morning of Wednesday the second of September dawned in the rookeries of Whitechapel. The broken windows gradually became smeared with gray. Light fell upon the hairy faces of ruffians lying sprawled upon the floor. Flush woke from a trance that had veiled his eyes and once more realized the truth. This was now the truth — this room, these ruffians, these whining, snapping, tightly tethered dogs, this murk, this dampness. Could it be true that he had been in a shop, with ladies, among ribbons, only yesterday? Was there such a place as Wimpole Street? Was there a room where fresh water sparkled in a purple jar; had he lain on cushions; had he been given a chicken's wing nicely roasted; and had he been torn with rage and jealousy and bitten a man with yellow gloves? The whole of that life and its emotions floated away, dissolved, became unreal.

Here, as the dusty light filtered in, a woman heaved herself off a sack and staggered out to fetch beer. The drinking and the cursing began again. A fat woman held him up by his ears and pinched his ribs, and some odious joke was made about him — there was a roar of laughter as she threw him on the floor again. The door was kicked open and banged to. Whenever that happened he looked up. Was it Wilson? Could it possibly be Mr. Browning? Or Miss Barrett? But no — it was only another thief, another murderer; he cowered back at the mere sight of those draggled skirts, of those hard, horny boots. Once he tried to gnaw a bone that was hurled his way. But his teeth could not meet in stony flesh and the rank smell disgusted him. His thirst increased and he was forced to lap a little of the green water that had been spilled from the pail. But as Wednesday wore on and he became hotter and more parched and still more sore, lying on the broken boards, one thing merged in another. He scarcely noticed what was happening. It was only when the door opened that he raised his head and looked. No, it was not Miss Barrett.

Miss Barrett, lying on the sofa in Wimpole Street, was becoming anxious. There was some hitch in the proceedings. Taylor had promised that he would go down to Whitechapel on Wednesday afternoon and confer with "the Society." Yet Wednesday afternoon, Wednesday evening passed and still Taylor did not come. This could only mean, she supposed, that the price was going to be raised — which was inconvenient enough at the moment. Still, of course, she would have to pay it. "I must have my Flush, you know," she wrote

to Mr. Browning. "I can't run any risk and bargain and haggle." So she lay on the sofa writing to Mr. Browning and listening for a knock at the door. But Wilson came up with the letters; Wilson came up with the hot water. It was time for bed and Flush had not come.

Thursday the third of September dawned in Whitechapel. The door opened and shut. The red setter who had been whining all night beside Flush on the floor was hauled off by a ruffian in a moleskin vest — to what fate? Was it better to be killed or to stay here? Which was worse — this life or that death? The racket, the hunger and the thirst, the reeking smells of the place — and once, Flush remembered, he had detested the scent of eau de cologne — were fast obliterating any clear image, any single desire. Fragments of old memories began turning in his head. Was that the voice of old Dr. Mitford²⁰ shouting in the field? Was that Kerenhappock²¹ gossiping with the baker at the door? There was a rattling in the room and he thought he heard Miss Mitford tying up a bunch of geraniums. But it was only the wind — for it was stormy today — battering at the brown paper in the broken windowpane. It was only some drunken voice raving in the gutter. It was only the old hag in the corner mumbling on and on and on as she fried a herring in a pan over a fire. He had been forgotten and deserted. No help was coming. No voice spoke to him — the parrots cried "Pretty Poll, Pretty Poll" and the canaries kept up their senseless cheeping and chirping.

Then again evening darkened the room; the candle was stuck in its saucer; the coarse light flared outside; hordes of sinister men with bags on their backs, of garish women with painted faces, began to shuffle in at the door and to fling themselves down on the broken beds and tables. Another night had folded its blackness over Whitechapel. And the rain dripped steadily through a hole in the roof and drummed into a pail that had been stood to catch it. Miss Barrett had not come.

Thursday dawned in Wimpole Street. There was no sign of Flush — no message from Taylor. Miss Barrett was very much alarmed. She made inquiries. She summoned her brother Henry, and cross-examined him. She found out that he had tricked her. "The arch-fiend" Taylor had come according to his promise the night before. He had stated his terms — six guineas for the Society and half a guinea for himself. But Henry, instead of telling her, had told Mr. Barrett, with the result, of course, that Mr. Barrett had ordered him not to pay, and to conceal the visit from his sister. Miss Barrett was

²⁰ Dr. Mitford: Dr. George Mitford, father of Miss Mitford. ²¹ Kerenhappock: the only servant in the Mitford home when Flush was a puppy.

"very vexed and angry." She bade her brother to go at once to Mr. Taylor and pay the money. Henry refused and "talked of Papa." But it was no use talking of Papa, she protested. While they talked of Papa, Flush would be killed. She made up her mind. If Henry would not go, she would go herself: ". . . if people won't do as I choose, I shall go down tomorrow morning, and bring Flush back with me," she wrote to Mr. Browning.

But Miss Barrett now found that it was easier to say this than to do it. It was almost as difficult for her to go to Flush as for Flush to come to her. All Wimpole Street was against her. The news that Flush was stolen and that Taylor demanded a ransom was now public property. Wimpole Street was determined to make a stand against Whitechapel. Blind Mr. Boyd²² sent word that in his opinion it would be "an awful sin" to pay the ransom. Her father and her brother were in league against her and were capable of any treachery in the interests of their class. But worst of all — far worse — Mr. Browning himself threw all his weight, all his eloquence, all his learning, all his logic, on the side of Wimpole Street and against Flush. If Miss Barrett gave way to Taylor, he wrote, she was giving way to tyranny; she was giving way to blackmailers; she was increasing the power of evil over right, of wickedness over innocence. If she gave Taylor his demand, ". . . how will the poor owners fare who have not money enough for their dogs' redemption?" His imagination took fire; he imagined what he would say if Taylor asked him even for five shillings; he would say, "*You* are responsible for the proceedings of your gang, and *you* I mark — don't talk nonsense to me about cutting off heads or paws. Be as sure as that I stand here and tell you, I will spend my whole life in putting you down, the nuisance you declare yourself — and by every imaginable means I will be the death of you and as many of your accomplices as I can discover — but *you* I have discovered and will never lose sight of. . . ." So Mr. Browning would have replied to Taylor if he had had the good fortune to meet that gentleman. For indeed, he went on, catching a later post with a second letter that same Thursday afternoon, ". . . it is horrible to fancy how all the oppressors in their several ranks may, if they choose, twitch back to them by the heartstrings after various modes the weak and silent whose secret they have found out." He did not blame Miss Barrett — nothing she did could be anything but perfectly right, perfectly acceptable

²² **Mr. Boyd:** Hugh Stuart Boyd, a blind scholar with whom Elizabeth read Greek.

to him. Still, he continued on Friday morning, "I think it lamentable weakness. . . ." If she encouraged Taylor who stole dogs, she encouraged Mr. Barnard Gregory who stole characters. Indirectly, she was responsible for all the wretches who cut their throats or fly the country because some blackmailer like Barnard Gregory took down a directory and blasted their characters. "But why write this string of truisms about the plainest thing in the world?" So Mr. Browning stormed and vociferated from New Cross²³ twice daily.

Lying on her sofa, Miss Barrett read the letters. How easy it could have been to yield — how easy it would have been to say, "Your good opinion is worth more to me than a hundred cocker spaniels." How easy it would have been to sink back on her pillows and sigh, "I am a weak woman; I know nothing of law and justice; decide for me." She had only to refuse to pay the ransom; she had only to defy Taylor and his society. And if Flush were killed, if the dreadful parcel came and she opened it and out dropped his head and paws, there was Robert Browning by her side to assure her that she had done right and earned his respect. But Miss Barrett was not to be intimidated. Miss Barrett took up her pen and refuted Robert Browning. It was all very well, she said, to quote Donne;²⁴ to cite the case of Gregory; to invent spirited replies to Mr. Taylor — she would have done the same had Taylor struck her; had Gregory defamed her — would that they had! But what would Mr. Browning have done if the banditti had stolen her; had her in their power; threatened to cut off her ears and send them by post to New Cross? Whatever he would have done, her mind was made up. Flush was helpless. Her duty was to him. "But Flush, poor Flush, who has loved me so faithfully; have I a right to sacrifice *him* in his innocence, for the sake of any Mr. Taylor's guilt in the world?" Whatever Mr. Browning might say, she was going to rescue Flush, even if she went down into the jaws of Whitechapel to fetch him, even if Robert Browning despised her for doing so.

On Saturday, therefore, with Mr. Browning's letter lying open on the table before her, she began to dress. She read his "one word more — in all this, I labor against the execrable policy of the world's husbands, fathers, brothers, and domineers in general." So, if she went to Whitechapel she was siding against Robert Browning, and in favor of fathers, brothers, and domineers in general. Still, she went on dressing. A dog howled in the mews. It was tied up, help-

²³ **New Cross**: a town, about five miles from London Bridge, where Browning lived. ²⁴ **Donne**: John Donne (1573-1631), English poet and divine.

less in the power of cruel men. It seemed to her to cry as it howled: "Think of Flush." She put on her shoes, her cloak, her hat. She glanced at Mr. Browning's letter once more. "I am about to marry you," she read. Still the dog howled. She left her room and went downstairs.

Henry Barrett met her and told her that in his opinion she might well be robbed and murdered if she did what she threatened. She told Wilson to call a cab. All trembling but submissive, Wilson obeyed. The cab came. Miss Barrett told Wilson to get in. Wilson, though convinced that death awaited her, got in. Miss Barrett told the cabman to drive to Manning Street, Shoreditch.²⁵ Miss Barrett got in herself and off they drove. Soon they were beyond plate-glass windows, the mahogany doors, and the area railings. They were in a world that Miss Barrett had never seen, had never guessed at. They were in a world where cows are herded under the bedroom floor, where whole families sleep in rooms with broken windows; in a world where water is turned on only twice a week, in a world where vice and poverty breed vice and poverty. They had come to a region unknown to respectable cab drivers. The cab stopped; the driver asked his way at a public house. "Out came two or three men. 'Oh, you want to find Mr. Taylor, I daresay!'" In this mysterious world a cab with two ladies could only come upon one errand, and that errand was already known. It was sinister in the extreme. One of the men ran into a house, and came out saying that Mr. Taylor "'wasn't at home! but wouldn't I get out?'" Wilson, in an aside of terror, entreated me not to think of such a thing." A gang of men and boys pressed round the cab. "Then wouldn't I see Mrs. Taylor?" the man asked. Miss Barrett had no wish whatever to see Mrs. Taylor; but now an immense fat woman came out of the house, "fat enough to have had an easy conscience all her life," and informed Miss Barrett that her husband was out: "might be in in a few minutes, or in so many hours — wouldn't I like to get out and wait?" Wilson tugged at her gown. Imagine waiting in the house of that woman! It was bad enough to sit in the cab with the gang of men and boys pressing round them. So Miss Barrett parleyed with the "immense feminine bandit" from the cab. She said Mr. Taylor had her dog; Mr. Taylor had promised to restore her dog; would Mr. Taylor bring back her dog to Wimpole Street for certain that very day? "Oh yes, certainly," said the fat woman with the most gracious of smiles. She did believe that Taylor had

²⁵ **Shoreditch**: a district of London near Whitechapel.

left home precisely on that business. And she "poised her head to right and left with the most easy grace."

So the cab turned round and left Manning Street, Shoreditch. Wilson was of opinion that "we had escaped with our lives barely." Miss Barrett herself had been alarmed. "Plain enough it was that the gang was strong there. The society, the 'Fancy' . . . had their roots in the ground," she wrote. Her mind teemed with thoughts, her eyes were full of pictures. This, then, was what lay on the other side of Wimpole Street — these faces, these houses. She had seen more while she sat in the cab at the public house than she had seen during the five years that she had lain in the back bedroom at Wimpole Street. "The faces of those men!" she exclaimed. They were branded on her eyeballs. They stimulated her imagination as "the divine marble presences," the busts on the bookcase, had never stimulated it. Here lived women like herself; while she lay on her sofa, reading, writing, they lived thus. But the cab was now trundling along between four-storied houses again. Here were the familiar doors and windows: the avenue of pointed brick, the brass knockers, the regular curtains. Here was Wimpole Street and number fifty. Wilson sprang out — with what relief to find herself in safety can be imagined. But Miss Barrett, perhaps, hesitated a moment. She still saw "the faces of those men." They were to come before her again years later when she was sitting on a sunny balcony in Italy. They were to inspire the most vivid passages in *Aurora Leigh*. But now the butler had opened the door, and she went upstairs to her room again.

Saturday was the fifth day of Flush's imprisonment. Almost exhausted, almost hopeless, he lay panting in his dark corner of the teeming floor. Doors slammed and banged. Rough voices cried. Women screamed. Parrots chattered as they had chattered to widows in Maida Vale, but now evil old women merely cursed at them. Insects crawled in his fur, but he was too weak, too indifferent to shake his coat. All Flush's past life and its many scenes — Reading,²⁶ the greenhouse, Miss Mitford, Mr. Kenyon, the bookcases, the busts, the peasants on the blind — had faded like snowflakes dissolved in a caldron. If he still held to hope, it was to something nameless and formless; the featureless face of someone he still called "Miss Barrett." She still existed; all the rest of the world was gone; but she still existed, though such gulfs lay between them that it was

²⁶ **Reading** (rèd'ing): a district of Berkshire, England, where Flush was born.

impossible, almost, that she should reach him still. Darkness began to fall again, such darkness as seemed almost able to crush out his last hope — Miss Barrett.

In truth, the forces of Wimpole Street were still, even at this last moment, battling to keep Flush and Miss Barrett apart. On Saturday afternoon she lay and waited for Taylor to come, as the immensely fat woman had promised. At last he came, but he had not brought the dog. He sent up a message — Let Miss Barrett pay him six guineas on the spot, and he would go straight to Whitechapel and fetch the dog “on his word of honor.” What “the archfiend” Taylor’s word of honor might be worth, Miss Barrett could not say; but “there seemed no other way for it”; Flush’s life was at stake; she counted out the guineas and sent them down to Taylor in the passage. But as ill luck would have it, as Taylor waited in the passage among the umbrellas, the engravings, the pile carpet, and other valuable objects, Alfred Barrett came in. The sight of the archfiend Taylor actually in the house made him lose his temper. He burst into a rage. He called him “a swindler, and a liar, and a thief.” Thereupon Mr. Taylor cursed him back. What was far worse, he swore that “as he hoped to be saved, we should never see our dog again,” and rushed out of the house. Next morning, then, the blood-stained parcel would arrive.

Miss Barrett flung on her clothes again and rushed downstairs. Where was Wilson? Let her call a cab. She was going back to Shore-ditch instantly. Her family came running to prevent her. It was getting dark. She was exhausted already. The adventure was risky enough for a man in health. For her it was madness. So they told her. Her brothers, her sisters, all came round her threatening her, dissuading her, “crying out against me for being ‘quite mad’ and obstinate and willful — I was called as many names as Mr. Taylor.” But she stood her ground. At last they realized the extent of her folly. Whatever the risk might be they must give way to her. Septimus²⁷ promised if Ba²⁸ would return to her room “and be in good humor” that he would go to Taylor’s himself and pay the money and bring back the dog.

So the dusk of the fifth of September faded into the blackness of night in Whitechapel. The door of the room was once more kicked open. A hairy man hauled Flush by the scruff of his neck out of his corner. Looking up into the hideous face of his old enemy, Flush did

²⁷ **Septimus:** Septimus Barrett, one of Elizabeth’s brothers. ²⁸ **Ba:** the Barretts’ pet name for Elizabeth.

not know whether he was being taken to be killed or to be freed. Save for one phantom memory, he did not care. The man stooped. What were those great fingers fumbling at his throat for? Was it a knife or a chain? Stumbling, half blinded, on legs that staggered, Flush was led out into the open air.

In Wimpole Street Miss Barrett could not eat her dinner. Was Flush dead, or was Flush alive? She did not know. At eight o'clock there was a rap on the door; it was the usual letter from Mr. Browning. But as the door opened to admit the letter, something rushed in also: Flush. He made straight for his purple jar. It was filled three times over; and still he drank. Miss Barrett watched the dazed, bewildered, dirty dog drinking. "He was not so enthusiastic about seeing me as I expected," she remarked. No, there was only one thing in the world he wanted — clean water.

After all, Miss Barrett had but glanced at the faces of those men and she remembered them all her life. Flush had lain at their mercy in their midst for five whole days. Now as he lay on cushions once more, cold water was the only thing that seemed to have any substance, any reality. He drank continually. The old gods of the bedroom — the bookcase, the wardrobe, the busts — seemed to have lost their substance. This room was no longer the whole world; it was only a shelter; only a dell arched over by one trembling dock leaf in a forest where wild beasts prowled and venomous snakes coiled; where behind every tree lurked a murderer ready to pounce. As he lay dazed and exhausted on the sofa at Miss Barrett's feet the howls of tethered dogs, the screams of birds in terror still sounded in his ears. When the door opened he started, expecting a hairy man with a knife — it was only Mr. Kenyon with a book; it was only Mr. Browning with his yellow gloves. But he shrank away from Mr. Kenyon and Mr. Browning now. He trusted them no longer. Behind those smiling, friendly faces were treachery and cruelty and deceit. Their caresses were hollow. He dreaded even walking with Wilson to the pillar box.²⁹ He would not stir without his chain. When they said, "' Poor Flush, did the naughty men take you away?' he put up his head and moaned and yelled." A whip cracking sent him bolting down the area steps into safety. Indoors he crept closer to Miss Barrett on the sofa. She alone had not deserted him. He still kept some faith in her. Gradually some substance returned to her. Exhausted, trembling, dirty, and very thin he lay on the sofa at her feet.

As the days passed and the memory of Whitechapel grew fainter,

²⁹ pillar box: British for post box.

Flush, lying close to Miss Barrett on the sofa, read her feelings more clearly than ever before. They had been parted; now they were together. Indeed they had never been so much akin. Every start she gave, every movement she made, passed through him too. And she seemed now to be perpetually starting and moving. The delivery of a parcel even made her jump. She opened the parcel; with trembling fingers she took out a pair of thick boots. She hid them instantly in the corner of the cupboard. Then she lay down as if nothing had happened; yet something had happened. When they were alone she rose and took a diamond necklace from a drawer. She took out the box that held Mr. Browning's letters. She laid the boots, the necklace and the letters all in a carpetbox together and then — as if she heard a step on the stair — she pushed the box under the bed and lay down hastily, covering herself with her shawl again. Such signs of secrecy and stealth must herald, Flush felt, some approaching crisis. Were they about to fly together? Were they about to escape together from this awful world of dog stealers and tyrants? Oh, that it were possible! He trembled and whined with excitement; but in her low voice Miss Barrett bade him be quiet, and instantly he was quiet. She was very quiet too. She lay perfectly still on the sofa directly any of her brothers or sisters came in; she lay and talked to Mr. Barrett as she always lay and talked to Mr. Barrett.

But on Saturday, the twelfth of September, Miss Barrett did what Flush had never known her do before. She dressed herself as if to go out directly after breakfast. Moreover, as he watched her dress, Flush knew perfectly well from the expression on her face that he was not to go with her. She was bound on secret business of her own. At ten Wilson came into the room. She also was dressed as if for a walk. They went out together; and Flush lay on the sofa and waited for their return. An hour or so later Miss Barrett came back alone. She did not look at him — she seemed to notice nothing. She drew off her gloves and for a moment he saw a gold ring shine on one of the fingers of her left hand.³⁰ Then he saw her slip the ring from her hand and hide it in the darkness of a drawer. Then she laid herself down as usual on the sofa. He lay by her side scarcely daring to breathe, for whatever had happened, and something had happened, it must at all costs be concealed.

At all costs the life of the bedroom must go on as usual. Yet everything was different. The very movement of the blind as it drew in and out seemed to Flush like a signal. And as the lights and shadows

³⁰ Miss Barrett had been married in Marylebone Church to Robert Browning.

passed over the busts they too seemed to be hinting and beckoning. Everything in the room seemed to be aware of change; to be prepared for some event. And yet all was silent; all was concealed. The brothers and sisters came in and out as usual; Mr. Barrett came as usual in the evening. He looked as usual to see that the chop was finished, the wine drunk. Miss Barrett talked and laughed and gave no sign when anyone was in the room that she was hiding anything. Yet when they were alone she pulled out the box from under the bed and filled it hastily, stealthily, listening as she did so. And the signs of strain were unmistakable. On Sunday the church bells were ringing. "What bells are those?" somebody asked. "Marylebone Church bells," said Miss Henrietta. Miss Barrett, Flush saw, went deadly white. But nobody else noticed anything.

So Monday passed, and Tuesday and Wednesday and Thursday. Over them all lay a blanket of silence, of eating and talking and lying still on the sofa as usual. Flush, tossing in uneasy sleep, dreamed that they were couched together under ferns and leaves in a vast forest: then the leaves were parted and he woke. It was dark; but in the darkness he saw Wilson come stealthily into the room, and take the box from beneath the bed and quietly carry it outside. This was on Friday night, the eighteenth of September. All Saturday morning he lay as one lies who knows that at any moment now a handkerchief may drop, a low whistle may sound and the signal will be given for death or for life. He watched Miss Barrett dress herself. At a quarter to four the door opened and Wilson came in. Then the signal was given — Miss Barrett lifted him in her arms. She rose and walked to the door. For a moment they stood looking round the room. There was the sofa and by it Mr. Browning's armchair. There were the busts and the tables. The sun filtered through the ivy leaves and the blind with peasants walking blew gently out. All was as usual. All seemed to expect a million more such moments to come to them; but for Miss Barrett and Flush this was the last. Very quietly Miss Barrett shut the door.

Very quietly they slipped downstairs, past the drawing room, the library, the dining room. All looked as they usually looked; smelled as they usually smelled; all were quiet as if sleeping in the hot September afternoon. On the mat in the hall Catiline lay sleeping too. They gained the front door and very quietly turned the handle. A cab was waiting outside.

"To Hodgson's,"³¹ said Miss Barrett. She spoke almost in a

³¹ Hodgson's: the shop where she was to meet Mr. Browning.

whisper. Flush sat on her knee very still. Not for anything in the whole world would he have broken that tremendous silence.

SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY OF WOOLF

1. What characteristics of Miss Barrett are revealed in this chapter? What ones of Robert Browning are seen or suggested?
2. Trace the steps in the change of Flush's attitude toward Mr. Browning.
3. What does this chapter add to your picture of city life in the early eighteenth hundreds? Compare conditions in London with those of modern American cities.
4. Try to tell in similar biographical vein an experience of one of your own pets.

For the Ambitious Student

1. Read all of *Flush* and report to the class other parts of the book to round out the picture of the Brownings.
2. Compare the episodes in this biography with similar parts in Russell's *Two Poets, a Boy and a Dog*, or Besier's drama, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*.
3. Select one of the Brownings or some other famous person, such as Mary Queen of Scots or Cromwell, and compare your impressions of that person gained from biography, fiction, and drama.
4. How do you account for the present vogue in biography? What modern biographies do you expect to survive as Pepys's *Diary* and Boswell's *Life of Johnson* have done?

READING LIST FOR THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

All titles in this list have been selected as suitable and interesting to high-school students, and therefore no stars have been used.

POETRY OF THE PERIOD

Since *Collected Poems* of almost every poet on this list are available, they are not mentioned under the individual poets. Titles of other volumes are named only when that particular volume was instrumental in building the poet's reputation. The poems mentioned are easily found in the best general anthologies. Many minor modern poets not listed individually may be read with enjoyment in the anthologies.

Brooke, Rupert: "Dining-Room Tea," "The Old Vicarage, Grantchester," "The Hill," "Dust"
 Chesterton, G. K.: "The Donkey," "A Prayer in Darkness," "The

Praise of Dust," "The Ballad of the White Horse"
 Davies, W. H.: *Songs of Joy*
 De la Mare, Walter: "Sam's Three Wishes," "Jim Jay," "Old Su-

- san," "Old Ben," "Haunted,"
 "The Sleeper," *Peacock Pie*
 Gibson, W. W.: *Daily Bread, Fires, Thoroughfares, Hill-Tracks*
 Hardy, Thomas: "The Darkling Thrush," "The Subalterns," "In the Servants' Quarters," "The Oxen," "The Tree and the Lady," "The Ivy Wife," *Time's Laughingstocks, Satires of Circumstance*
 Housman, A. E.: *A Shropshire Lad*
 Kipling, Rudyard: "Danny Dee-
 ver," "Fuzzy-Wuzzy," "Gunga
 Din," "Mandalay," "The Bal-
 lad of East and West," "The
 White Man's Burden," "If,"
*Barrack-Room Ballads, Depart-
 mental Ditties*
 Masfield, John: "Dauber," "Rey-
 nard the Fox," "Cargoes," "Sea
 Fever," "Sing a Song o' Ship-
 wreck," "Bill," "Fever Ship,"
 "A Ballad of John Silver,"
 "Prayer," "August, 1914," *Salt-
 Water Ballads*
 Noyes, Alfred: "The Highway-
 man," "The Victory Ball,"
 "Drake," *Tales of the Mermaid
 Tavern*
 Sassoon, Siegfried: "The Rear
 Guard," "Base Details," "Fall-
 ing Asleep," "Every One Sang,"
Counter-Attack, Picture-Show
 Stephens, James: "Little Things,"
 "The Watcher," "Hate," *The
 Rocky Road to Dublin*
 Thompson, Francis: "The Hound
 of Heaven," "Arab Love Song"
 Yeats, W. B.: "When You Are
 Old," "The Wild Swans of
 Coole," "The Ballad of Father
 Gilligan," "The Stolen Child,"
The Wind among the Reeds
 For poetry anthologies see page
 1146.

FICTION OF THE PERIOD

- Barrie, James M.: novels: *The Lit-
 tle Minister, Sentimental Tommy,
 Tommy and Grizel*; short stories:
*Auld Licht Idylls, A Window in
 Thrums*
 Bennett, Arnold: novels: *Buried
 Alive, The Old Wives' Tale,
 Clayhanger, Hilda Lessways, Mr.
 Prohack*; short stories: *The
 Grim Smile of the Five Towns,
 The Matador of the Five
 Towns*
 Buchan, John: *Midwinter, Prester
 John*
 Byrne, Donn: *Blind Raftery, Hang-
 man's House, Messer Marco Polo*
 Chesterton, G. K.: short stories:
*The Innocence of Father Brown,
 The Wisdom of Father Brown*
 Conrad, Joseph: novels: *Lord Jim,*
*The Nigger of the Narcissus,
 Nostromo*; short stories: *Tales
 of Unrest, A Set of Six, Youth,
 Typhoon*
 De la Mare, W.: *Henry Brocken,
 Memoirs of a Midget*
 De Morgan, William: *Alice-for-
 Short, Joseph Vance*
 Doyle, Conan: short stories: *The
 Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*
 Galsworthy, John: novels: *Fra-
 ternity, The Forsyte Saga, The
 White Monkey, The Silver
 Spoon, Swan Song*; short stories:
Caravan
 Hardy, Thomas: See Victorian
 Reading List, page 800.
 Hilton, James: *Good-Bye, Mr.
 Chips; Lost Horizon*
 Hudson, W. H.: *Green Mansions,*

- The Crystal Age*; short stories: *Tales of the Pampas*
- Jacobs, W. W.: short stories: *Many Cargoes, Light Freights, The Lady of the Barge, "The Monkey's Paw"*
- Kipling, Rudyard: novels: *Kim, The Light That Failed, Captains Courageous*; short stories: *Plain Tales from the Hills, Soldiers Three, Under the Deodars, The Phantom Rickshaw, Many Inventions*. See also *Great Kipling Stories* and *Selected Stories from Kipling*
- Masefield, John: novel: *Sard Harker*; short stories: *A Main-sail Haul*; boys' books: *Jim Davis, Martin Hyde the Duke's Messenger*
- Mansfield, Katherine: short stories: *In a German Pension, The Garden Party, The Little Girl, Luck*
- Priestley, J. B.: *The Good Companions*
- Stephens, James: *The Crock of Gold, Irish Fairy Tales*
- Tomlinson, H. M.: *Gallions Reach*
- Walpole, Hugh: *Fortitude, The Dark Forest, The Cathedral, The Secret City*, three Jeremy books
- Wells, H. G.: novels: *Tono-Bungay, Mr. Britling Sees It Through, Joan and Peter*; stories of science or social Utopias: *The War of the Worlds, The First Men in the Moon, A Modern Utopia, The War in the Air*; short stories: *Tales of Time and Space, The Country of the Blind*

DRAMA OF THE PERIOD

- Barrie, J. M.: *Peter Pan, The Admirable Crichton, Quality Street, Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire, What Every Woman Knows, A Kiss for Cinderella, Dear Brutus*; one-act plays: *Half-Hours, Echoes of the War*
- Bennett, A. and Knoblock, E.: *Milestones*
- Coward, Noel: *Cavalcade*
- Drinkwater, John: *Abraham Lincoln, Robert E. Lee, Oliver Cromwell*
- Dunsany, Lord: *A Night at an Inn, Gods of the Mountain, The Glittering Gate, Fame and the Poet, The Queen's Enemies*
- Ervine, St. John: *Anthony and Anna, John Ferguson*
- Galsworthy, John: *Justice, The Silver Box, The Mob, Loyalties, Old English, Escape*
- Lady Gregory: *Seven Short Plays*
- Housman, Laurence: *The Chinese Lantern; Prunella* (with Granville-Barker); *Victoria Regina*
- Milne, A. A.: *Mr. Pim Passes By, The Great Broxopp, The Truth about Blayds, The Romantic Age*
- Robinson, Lennox: *The White-headed Boy*
- Shaw, G. B.: *Arms and the Man, The Devil's Disciple, Caesar and Cleopatra, Androcles and the Lion, Pygmalion, Saint Joan*
- Sheriff, R. C.: *Journey's End*
- Synge, J. M.: *The Playboy of the Western World*
- Yeats, W. B.: *The Land of Heart's Desire, Cathleen ni Hoolihan, The Pot of Broth*

NONFICTION PROSE OF THE PERIOD

Essays

Beerbohm, Max: *Yet Again, And Even Now, A Christmas Garland, Around Theaters*

Belloc, H.: *On Nothing, On Something, On Everything*

Bennett, A.: *Literary Taste, Your United States, How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day*

Chesterton, G. K.: From his innumerable volumes the best have been assembled in *The Man Who Was Chesterton* and *A Gleaming Cohort*

Conrad, Joseph: *Last Essays*

Galsworthy, J.: *The Inn of Tranquillity, A Sheaf, Castles in Spain*

Huxley, Aldous: *Proper Studies*

Lucas, E. V.: *Old Lamps for New*, and many other volumes

McFee, W.: *Harbors of Memory, Command, Swallowing the Anchor*

Milne, A. A.: *The Sunny Side, Not That It Matters*

Squire, J. C.: *Essays at Large*

Tomlinson, H. M.: *Sea and Jungle, Old Junk, London River*

Wells, H. G.: *New Worlds for Old, This Misery of Boots*

Biography and Autobiography

Barrie, J. M.: *Margaret Ogilvy*

Beerbohm, Max: *Rossetti*

Bennett, Dorothy: *Arnold Bennett*

Beresford, G. C.: *Schooldays with Kipling*

Chesterton, G. K.: *Autobiography, Shaw, Browning, Stevenson, Chaucer*

Conrad, Jessie: *Joseph Conrad and His Circle*

Conrad, Joseph: *The Mirror of the Sea, Some Reminiscences*

Coward, Noel: *Present Indicative*

Davies, W. H.: *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp*

Gow, A. S.: *A. E. Housman*

Hudson, W. H.: *Far Away and Long Ago*

Kaye-Smith, Sheila: *Three Ways Home*

Kipling, R.: *Something of Myself*

Mansfield, Katherine: *Journal*

O'Sullivan, M.: *Twenty Years A-Growing*

Powys, L.: *Black Laughter*

Reynolds, M. E.: *Memoirs of John Galsworthy*

Sassoon, S.: *Memoirs of George Sherston* (includes his three earlier memoirs)

Strachey, L.: *Eminent Victorians, Elizabeth and Essex*

Wells, H. G.: *Experiment in Autobiography, The Story of a Great Schoolmaster*

Social Background

Benson, E. F.: *As We Are*

Gibbs, P. H.: *Life and Times of George V*

Maurois, A.: *The Edwardian Era*

Architecture

Davison, T. R.: *Modern Homes*

Marriott, C.: *Modern English Architecture*

Weaver, L.: *Small Country Houses of Today*

ILLUSTRATIVE MATERIAL

Pamphlets listing sources of illustrative material

- Hilson, Wheeling, and Smith: *Illustrative Material for Literature*. H. W. Wilson Co., New York. (Lists sources of material under authors and works in alphabetical order, and contains list of European addresses for obtaining illustrative material.)
- Woodring and Benson: *The Enriched Teaching of English in High School*. Teachers College, Columbia University. (Lists illustrative materials for all aspects of English.)

Wall Maps

Illustrated wall maps in colors are published by the following companies in New York: R. R. Bowker; Macmillan; Rand, McNally.

The illustrated maps in this book may be purchased in wall size from Harcourt, Brace and Company.

Inexpensive Prints

- Art Education Press, Inc., 424 Madison Avenue, New York
- Art Extension Press, Inc., Westport, Conn.
- George P. Brown and Co., 38 Lovett Street, Beverly, Mass.

Colonial Art Company, 302 Palmer House, Chicago

Cosmos Pictures, Fourth Avenue and 23-24th Streets, New York

Costume Design (4 sets), School of Arts Magazine, Worcester, Mass.

Elson Prints. Elson and Co., 146 Oliver Street, Boston.

Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. (Cards of the murals of Comus, Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley.)

The Mentor Magazine. No. 10, Scotland; 14, London; 44, Famous English Poets; 66, Shakespeare; 73, Dickens; 84, Famous Women Writers of England; 91, Thackeray; 97, Milton; 108, Shakespeare's Country; 115, Scott; 169, King Arthur and the Round Table

The Perry Picture Co., Malden, Mass.

The Thompson Publishing Co., Syracuse, N. Y. (Small blueprints and other prints illustrating many English classics.)

Raphael Tuck and Son, 122 Fifth Avenue, New York

Underwood and Underwood, 242 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York

University Prints, Newton, Mass.

REFERENCE READING FOR ENGLISH LITERATURE

General Works

Auslander and Hill: **The Winged Horse*

Boas and Smith: **An Introduction to the Study of Literature*

Boyd, Ernest: *Ireland's Literary Renaissance*

* Starred books are those most suitable for high-school students.

Broadus, E. K.: *The Story of English Literature*

Brother Leo: * *English Literature*

Cruise, Amy: *Famous English Books and Their Stories*

Cunliffe, J. W.: *English Literature during the Last Half-Century*

Drinkwater, John: *The Outline of English Literature*

Drew, E.: *The Enjoyment of Literature*

Gosse, E.: *A Short History of Modern English Literature*

Manly and Rickert: * *Contemporary British Literature*

Marshall, H. E.: * *English Literature for Boys and Girls*

Mitchell, D. G.: *English Lands, Letters, and Kings*

Reynolds and Greever: * *Facts and Backgrounds of Literature*

Saintsbury, G. E.: *A Short History of English Literature*

Van Doren, Carl and Mark: *American and British Literature since 1890*

Social and Historical Background

Boas and Hahn: * *Social Backgrounds of English Literature*

Bradshaw, F.: *A Social History of England*

Bushnell, S.: * *The Historical Background of English Literature*

Cheyney, E. P.: * *A Short History of England*, * *The Industrial and Social History of England*

Chase, Mary E.: * *This England*

Curtis, Mary I.: * *England of Song and Story*

Fordham, M.: *A Short History of English Rural Life*

Guest, G.: * *Social History of England*

Innes, A. D.: *A History of England and the British Empire, England's Industrial Development*

Montgomery, D. H.: *The Leading Facts of English History*

Peel, Dorothy: * *A Hundred Wonderful Years*

Quennell and Quennell: * *Everyday Things in England*

Terry, B.: *History of England for Schools*

Traill, H. D.: *Social England*

Geography and Travel

Adcock, A. S.: *Famous Houses and Literary Shrines of London*

Andrews and Lang: *Old English Towns*

Bedwell, Alice T.: *The Places of English Literature*

Bond, F.: *The English Cathedrals*

Boynton, P. H.: *London in English Literature*

Bradley, A. G.: *Highways and Byways in the Lake District*

Colum, Padraic: *The Road 'round Ireland*

Davies, W. W.: *A Wayfarer in Wales*

Ditchfield, P. H.: * *Vanishing England*

Grierson, J. C.: * *The Background of English Literature*

Harper, C. G.: *More Queer Things about London*

Hutton, L.: *Literary Landmarks of London*

Hyeth, A. H.: *The Charm of Edinburgh*

Lang, Elsie: *Literary London*

Lucas, E. V.: *A Wanderer in London, Introducing London*

Morton, H. V.: * *In Search of England*, * *In Search of Ireland*, * *In Search of Scotland*

Maskell, H. P.: *Old Country Inns*
 Munson, A.: *Kipling's India*
 Moncrieff, S.: *Scottish Country*
 Shannon and Goode: *An Atlas of English Literature*
 Speakman, Harold: **Here's Ireland*

Wagner, L.: *More London Inns and Taverns*
 Wolfe, T. F.: *Literary Haunts and Homes, Literary Shrines, Literary Pilgrimage, Literary Rambles*

REFERENCE BOOKS ON SPECIAL TYPES OF LITERATURE

Most of these books are rather advanced for the average high-school student, but are helpful for occasional reference.

Poetry

Alden, R. M.: *English Verse, Introduction to Poetry*
 Archer, W.: *Poets of the Younger Generation*
 Barbe, W.: **Famous Poems Explained*
 Collins, H. P.: *Modern Poetry*
 Colson, M. C.: *How to Read Poetry*
 Dixon, W. M.: *English Epic and Heroic Poetry*
 Drew, E.: *Discovering Poetry*
 Eastman, Max: *The Enjoyment of Poetry*
 Entwistle, A. R.: *The Story of Poetry*
 Felkin, F. W.: *The Craft of the Poet*
 Gummere, F. B.: *A Handbook of Poetics*
 Johnson, C. F.: *Forms of English Poetry*
 Lowden, S. M.: *Understanding Great Poems*
 Newbolt, H.: *A New Study of English Poetry*
 Noyes, A.: *Some Aspects of Modern Poetry*
 Phelps, W. L.: *The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century*
 Rhys, E.: *Lyric Poetry*

Sturgeon, Mary C.: *Studies of Contemporary Poets*
 Teter, G. E.: *An Introduction to Some Elements of Poetry*
 Untermeyer, Louis: *The Forms of Poetry*
 Wilkinson, B.: *The Poetic Way of Release*

Fiction

Albright, E. M.: *The Short Story, Its Principles and Structure*
 Bullett, G. W.: *Modern English Fiction*
 Burton, R.: *Forces in Fiction, Masters of the English Novel*
 Canby, H. S.: *The Short Story in English, A Study of the Short Story*
 Charles Edwin: **Some Dickens Women*
 Chevalley, Abel: *The Modern English Novel*
 Cooper, F. T.: **Some English Story-Tellers*
 Cross, E. A.: *The Short Story*
 Cross, W. L.: *The Development of the English Novel*
 Drew, E.: *The Modern Novel*
 Follett, Wilson: *The Modern Novel*
 Grozier, E. A.: *One Hundred World's Best Novels Condensed*

- Gould, Gerald: *The English Novel of Today*
- Hopkins and Hughes: *The English Novel before the Nineteenth Century*
- Johnson, R. B.: *Some Contemporary Novelists—Women, Some Contemporary Novelists—Men*
- Lovett and Hughes: *History of the Novel in England*
- Perry, B.: *A Study of Prose Fiction*
- Phelps, W. L.: *Essays on Modern Novelists*
- Weygandt, C.: *A Century of the English Novel*

Drama

- Bourgeois, M.: *John M. Synge and the Irish Theater*
- Boyd, Ernest: *The Contemporary Drama of Ireland*
- Brawley, Benjamin: *A Short History of the English Drama*
- Clark, B. H.: *British and American Drama of Today, A Study of Modern Drama*
- Cunliffe, J. W.: *Modern English Playwrights*
- Dickinson, T. H.: *Contemporary Drama of England*
- Dukes, Ashley: *Modern Dramatists*
- Hamilton, C.: *Conversations on Contemporary Drama*
- Henderson, A.: *The Changing Drama*
- Hubbell and Beaty: *An Introduction to Drama*
- Matthews, B.: *A Study of the Drama*
- Morgan, A. E.: *Tendencies of Modern English Drama*
- Phelps, W. L.: *Essays on Modern Dramatists, The Twentieth Century Theater*
- Woodbridge, E.: *The Drama: Its Law and Technique*

COLLECTIONS

Poetry

- Braithwaite, W. S.: *A Book of Modern British Verse*
- Clarke, G. H.: *A Treasury of War Poetry*
- Cooper, Alice C.: *Poems of Today*
- Cunliffe, J. W.: *Poems of the Great War*
- De la Mare, W.: *Come Hither*
- Drinkwater, J.: *An Anthology of English Verse*
- Graves, A. P.: *A Book of Irish Poetry*
- Knowles, F. L.: *A Treasury of Humorous Poetry*
- Le Gallienne, R.: *A Modern Book of English Verse*
- Newbolt, Henry: *New Paths on Helicon*
- Palgrave, F.: *The Golden Treasury*
- Quiller-Couch, A. T.: *The Oxford Book of English Verse*
- Rittenhouse, J. B.: *The Little Book of Modern British Verse*
- Robinson, Lennox: *A Golden Treasury of Irish Verse*
- Stevenson, B. E.: *The Home Book of Modern Verse*
- Untermeyer, Louis: *Modern British Poetry, The Book of Living Verse*
- Wheeler, W. R.: *A Book of Verse of the Great War*
- Yeats, W. B.: *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse*

Drama

- Barker, F. G.: **Forty-Minute Plays from Shakespeare*
 Butler, M. A.: **Literature Dramatized*
 Campbell, O. J.: **Chief Plays of Goldsmith and Sheridan*
 Chandler, F. W.: *Twentieth Century Plays*
 Clark, B. H.: **Representative One-Act Plays by British and Irish Authors*
 Dickinson, T. H.: *Chief Contemporary Dramatists, Representative One-Act Plays, Contemporary Plays*
 Matthews, B.: *The Chief British Dramatists*
 Moore, J. R.: *Representative English Dramas*
 Moses, M. J.: *Representative British Dramas*
 Pence, R. W.: **Dramas by Present-Day Writers*
 Schweikert, H. C.: **Five Plays of Shakespeare*
 Tatlock and Martin: *Representative English Plays*
 Tucker, S. M.: *Modern American and British Plays*

Short Stories

Only those volumes which contain a large proportion of British writers are included.

- Brown, Leonard: *Modern Short Stories*
 Newbolt, Henry: *Sea Life in English Literature*
 Rhys, E. and Scott, C.: *Thirty-One Stories*
 Schweikert, H. C.: **Short Stories*

Essays

- Archbold, W.: *Nineteen Modern Essays*
 Brown, S.: *Essays of Our Times*
 Bryan and Crane: *The English Familiar Essay*
 Chamberlain, E. C.: **Essays Old and New*
 Cooper, A. C. and Fallon: **Essays Then and Now*
 Knickerbocker, W.: *Readings in the Literature of Modern Science*
 Morley, C.: **Modern Essays for Schools*

Biography

- Adcock and Hoope: **Gods of Modern Grub Street*
 Allibone, S. A.: *Great Authors of All Ages*
 Chubb, E. W.: *Masters of English Literature*
 Chubb, E. W.: *Stories of British and American Authors*
 Cody, S.: *Evenings with Great Authors*
 Cooper, F. T.: **Some English Story Tellers*
 Field, J. T.: *Yesterdays with Authors*
 Frank, M. M.: **Great Authors in Their Youth*
 Fryer, E. M.: **A Book of Boyhoods*
 Hinchman and Gummere: **Lives of Great English Writers*
 Ley, J. W. T.: *The Dickens Circle*
 Lucas, F. L.: *Authors Dead and Living*
 Manly and Rickert: **Contemporary British Literature*

Percy, J. K.: *Modern Writers at Work*
 Raymond, C. H.: **Story-Lives of Master Writers*

Series of Biographies

The English Men of Letters Series
 Great Writers Series
 How to Know Series
 Writers of the Day Series

RELATED ARTS

Music History

Ford, E.: *A Short History of English Music*
 Scholes, P. A.: **An Introduction to British Music*
 Spaeth, S. G.: **Stories Behind the World's Great Music*
 Walker, E.: *A History of Music in England*

Songs

Sears, M. E.: *Song Index* (Music listed for many English poets)
 Bantock, G.: *One Hundred Songs of England*
 Duncan, E.: *The Story of Minstrelsy*
Fifty Modern English Songs
 Fisher, W. A.: *Sixty Irish Songs*
 Hatton and Fanning: *Songs of England* (3 volumes)
 Hatton and Malloy: *Songs of Ireland*
 Jackson, V.: *English Melodies from the Thirteenth to the Eighteenth Centuries*
 Johnson, H.: *Our Familiar Songs and Those Who Made Them*
 Page, N. C.: *Irish Songs*

Architecture

All these books have excellent illustrations.
 Allingham and Dick: *The Cottage Homes of England* (color plates)

Briggs, M. S.: *English Architecture*
 Chatterton, F.: *English Architecture at a Glance*
 Clapham, A. and Godfrey, W.: *Some Famous Buildings and Their Story*
 Dawber and Davie: *Old Cottages and Farmhouses*
 Godfrey, W. H.: *The Story of Architecture in England*
 Stratton, A. J.: *Introductory Handbook to the Styles of English Architecture*
 Tallmadge, T. E.: *The Story of England's Architecture*

Art

Armstrong, W.: *Art in Great Britain and Ireland*
 Binyon, L.: *English Water Colors*
 Johnson, C.: *English Painting from the Seventh Century to the Present Day*
 Rothenstein, J. K.: *An Introduction to English Painting*
 Rowbotham, F. J.: *Story Lives of our Great Artists*
 Smith, S. C.: *Painters of England*
 Wedmore, F.: *Etching in England*

Costume

Brooke, I. and Laver, J.: **English Costume* (one-volume collection of books on each century given in previous lists)
 Calthrop, D. C.: **English Costume*

A BACKWARD GLANCE

You have met the great personalities of English literature. You have seen these great personalities in the setting of their times. Through your survey of the twelve centuries of English literature from the Anglo-Saxon tale to Virginia Woolf, you have read a part of the literature that represents the literary traditions of English speaking people. Now you may wish to take a backward glance, to review these selections under a new arrangement — an arrangement that will suggest a re-evaluation of the readings and give you a deeper insight into the lives, thoughts, and ideals of English people.

You can probably think of other books, stories, poems, or plays you have read that played their part in widening your horizons or deepening your sympathies. Try to fit them into the following groups along with your recent readings in this volume.

In the following paragraphs the terms *England* and *Englishmen* are used for convenience, but are intended to include all parts and all peoples of the British Isles. Keep in mind also Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

1. Getting acquainted with the English countryside. It is not just mountains and plains and rivers and lakes and forests that make up the natural setting of a country. The birds, the animals, the kinds of trees and flowers have a share in the total effect. English poets of nature have pictured their country well. Check over these selections not just to see what is different about the outdoors in England, but also to gain a clear impression of the birds, flowers, and landscapes that are strange to you. Which writers give you the clearest impressions? What elements of the scenes might be common to both England and America? What would you most enjoy seeing or hearing if you could spend a vacation in the English countryside?

Readings: Cuckoo Song (88), Hark, Hark, the Lark (164), Corinna's Maying (294), L'Allegro (300), Il Penseroso (306), The Compleat Angler (334), Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard (452), My Heart's in the Highlands (465), Lines Written in Early Spring (512), To a Skylark, 1805 (514), To a Skylark, 1825 (515), Tintern Abbey (518), The Cloud (578), To a Skylark (580), Ode to a Nightingale (597),

On Going a Journey (646), The Bugle Song (674), Home Thoughts from Abroad (690), De Gustibus (691), When the Hounds of Spring (722), Silent Noon (716), Weathers (819), Loveliest of Trees (823), The Lake Isle of Innisfree (828), The Villain (842), Silver (844), The Scarecrow (848), The Great Lover (882).

2. Getting acquainted with different kinds of Englishmen. Within the limited area of the British Isles (slightly smaller than the state of New Mexico) live many different types of people. During the rich, historic past there were yet other types. What qualities of the people you meet in the selections listed below strike you as being distinctly English? What qualities are common to men in many lands? Can you tell whether the ideal characters of earlier times had any influence on the modern Englishman? Do you think there are more or fewer different types in England than in your own country? Which ones would you enjoy knowing at first hand?

Readings: Beowulf (18), Sir Gawain and the Green Knight (70), Prologue to the Canterbury Tales (91), To the Memory of My Beloved Master, William Shakespeare (171), L'Allegro (300), Il Penseroso (306), On Chaucer (321), Pepys's Diary (337), Sir Roger at Church (398), Sir Roger at the Theater (400), To George Montagu (416), Letters of Lord Chesterfield (418), Johnson's Letter to Lord Chesterfield (421), The Life of Samuel Johnson (424), The Cotter's Saturday Night (474), The Superannuated Man (632), Burns (732), The Educated Man (746), The Gentleman (747), The Snob Socially Considered (780), The Fiddler of Dooney (829), Miss Loo (846), Aubade (887), How Gavin Birse Put It to Mag Lownie (915), Mr. Brisher's Treasure (927), The Silent Brothers (937), The Master (1002), The Boyhood of Dickens (1090), Queen Victoria's Accession (1100).

3. Entering into moods poetically expressed. The English countryside may be different from ours, and English people may present some types strange to us; but the moods of men are the same the world over. It is part of America's fine heritage from England that in our common language we share in the superb expression of the moods that make all men kin. Here are merriment and joy, gentle sadness and deep depression. Familiar poetry is dearest to any reader, and you will be able to enter more fully into the moods expressed in these selections because you have read them before. Take time for a leisurely rereading rather than rapid skimming as you go back over these readings. Are the moods familiar to you? Have you ever felt the need to express them? Which ones remain with you most vividly? Which ones do you think you will remember longest? Why? One

selection is not in poetic form; why is it fitting that it should be included with the poems?

Readings: Cuckoo Song (88), Come Away, Death (165), Sonnet 73 (168), Virtue (290), The Banks o' Doon (465), My Heart Leaps Up (523), Ode to the West Wind (584), The Light of Other Days (616), Tears, Idle Tears (674), Break, Break, Break (677), In the Valley of Caunteretz (682), Song from "Pippa Passes" (686), Requiescat (713), Remember (719), Invictus (726), With Rue My Heart Is Laden (824), Recessional (833), Leisure (842), The Listeners (845), Bunches of Grapes (847), Laugh and Be Merry (857), The Barrel Organ (869), Riders to the Sea (977).

4. Gaining insight into English humor. An Englishman has no sense of humor, you often hear. Well, you may judge of that for yourself. Here is a list of selections that have at least a shade of humor. Do the English seem to enjoy the sort of humor that is quietly woven all through a situation? Do they have a taste and a talent for the neatly turned phrase that is called wit? What examples of both can you find? Can the English writers sustain a humorous tone for a considerable period, or do they seem to use mere touches here and there? Do you find both broad and subtle types of humor? When you have finished checking over the list, what decision do you reach about the English sense of humor? Is it different from the usual American sense of humor? How?

Readings: Get Up and Bar the Door (84), Prologue to the Canterbury Tales (91), Nun's Priest's Tale (113), The Complaint of Chaucer to His Empty Purse (121), The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd (161), The Constant Lover (296), Song from "Aglaura" (296), The Rape of the Lock (370), Fashionable Hours (394), The Coquette's Heart (403), Letter from a Citizen of the World (437), Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog (449), To a Louse (472), A Dissertation upon Roast Pig (625), Parody on Himself (723), Mr. Pickwick on the Ice (781), The Snob Socially Considered (789), A Sea Dirge (794), A Nightmare (796), When I Was One-and-Twenty (823), Tony Kytes, the Archdeceiver (893), How Gavin Birse Put It to Mag Lownie (915), Mr. Brisher's Treasure (927), Uncle Fred Flits By (952), Seeing People Off (1057).

5. Enjoying gracefully expressed sentiment. Anyone who thinks that all Englishmen resemble the blunt, ruddy-faced John Bull of the newspaper cartoons will have to revise his opinion if he reads the group of poems listed below. Not sturdiness but exquisite grace marks these well-turned compliments, these immortal expres-

sions of devotion. How many do you find that have genuinely new twists to them? How many merely express charmingly the same sentiments that all men attempt to express sometime in their lives? Which bits are so effectively worded that they have been quoted over and over? Which poems impress you as being primarily gallant, and which ones seem completely sincere? Can you find several pairs that express the same thought in different ways?

Readings: Alysoun (89), Unstable Dream (158), Cupid and Campaspe (159), Astrophel and Stella, Sonnet 31 (159), My True Love Hath My Heart (160), The Passionate Shepherd to His Love (160), Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets (164-68), To Celia (169), Go, Lovely Rose! (291), To Althea, from Prison (297), To Lucasta, Going to the Wars (298), On Receipt of My Mother's Picture (457), John Anderson My Jo (466), Oh, Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast (468), She Was a Phantom of Delight (516), She Walks in Beauty (561), Sonnets from the Portuguese (708), Silent Noon (716), A Birthday (718).

6. Recapturing the charm of olden times and far-away places. England has two reasons for being more keenly aware of the past than America. The country is much older, and it is very near other countries with still more ancient legends and cultures. So it is natural that some very fine writing in English literature should deal with "long ago and far away." What in the past of England especially appealed to these writers? What in the legends or fancies of other countries? Are the writers interested more in lasting qualities of human nature, in strongly individual characters from the past, or in a dim enchanted atmosphere?

Readings: Sir Gawain and the Green Knight (70), Le Morte d'Arthur (123), Una and the Lion (176), Macbeth (181), Alexander's Feast (315), The Rime of the Ancient Mariner (533), Kubla Khan (552), The Destruction of Sennacherib (562), The Prisoner of Chillon (563), The Coliseum (573), On First Looking into Chapman's Homer (592), La Belle Dame sans Merci (594), The Eve of St. Agnes (600), Ulysses (675), Cavalier Tunes (687), My Last Duchess (693), London Streets (738), London Coffeehouses (741), Lepanto (850), A Song of Sherwood (863).

7. Discovering what the sea means to Englishmen. The island home of Englishmen has given them a long and close acquaintance with the sea. The Anglo-Saxons and the Normans, who in turn overran the country, were sea-rovers by natural bent before they settled in England. So it is only to be expected that English literature is

rich in reflections of the sea. Just what does the sea mean to Englishmen? Skim back over these selections and find out. Do they all love the sea? Can you find evidence that it appeals to their imaginations? What varied emotions do you find presented?

Readings: The Seafarer (34), Sir Patrick Spens (85), Song II from "The Tempest" (163), The Rime of the Ancient Mariner (533), Crossing the Bar (682), Dover Beach (712), The Return (721), A Sea Dirge (794), Dauber (857), Rounding the Horn (857), The Admiral's Ghost (865), Riders to the Sea (977).

8. Tracing the change from glorious battle to grim war. The earliest poets made battles the theme of most of their songs, extolling heroes, setting up courage and strength as virtues worthy of the highest admiration. As war became more a matter of weapons and strategy than of individual might, skill in maneuvers came in for its share of the praise. But during later years a new note has crept in. War is not glorious but grim and wasteful and brutal, to be undertaken by sane men only when all that is dearest to a nation is threatened. Trace this thread of changing attitudes toward war through the selections listed below. What qualities call forth praise? When does the darker tone creep in? What attitude do most of the recent writers take? Are there any exceptions? What has brought about this change in attitudes?

Readings: Beowulf (18), Sir Gawain and the Green Knight (70), Le Morte d'Arthur (123), Macbeth (181), To Lucasta, Going to the Wars (298), Bannockburn (467), The Battle of Blenheim (613), Cavalier Tunes (687), The Fall of the Bastile (728), The Man He Killed (820), Tommy (834), Boots (835), Lepanto (850), Dreamers (879), Aftermath (880), Does It Matter? (881), The Soldier (884), The Blind Peddler (889), Call to Action (890).

9. Catching reflections of growing social sympathy in England. The English may dearly love their king and the pageantry of the court, but they have also been leaders in the development of democratic ways of living. The common man is often presented sympathetically by English writers, and belief in the worth of even the simplest human beings is frequently expressed. In reviewing the selections listed here, try to understand the writer's motive. Is it a deep belief in the dignity and worth of human nature? Is it sympathy for those who suffer? Is there any attempt to better their lot? Which selections only hint at the theme? Which ones make an out-

spoken plea? Are the authors men who have shared the struggles of the common people, or are they from the leisured upper classes? Which one comes nearest to expressing your own attitude toward those whose life is harder than your own?

Readings: Prologue to the Canterbury Tales (91), The Deserted Village (441), Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard (452), A Man's a Man for A' That (469), To a Mouse (470), The Cotter's Saturday Night (474), A Dirge (589), The Song of the Shirt (617), In Memoriam CVI (681), The Medieval and the Modern Workman (750), Tommy (834), A Consecration (856), To the Four Courts, Please (876), Strife (989), Call to Action (890), The Boyhood of Dickens (1090).

10. Probing the mysteries of life and death. No other problems that beset man's life hold a deeper fascination for thinkers than the mystery of man himself and his relation to the rest of creation. What is man — a noble creature only a little lower than the angels, or just the most gifted of the animals that walk the earth? Does he have the power of free will and free action, or is he just a tiny cog in a vast machine? What awaits him at the end of his life — merely the eternal sleep, or a new and nobler life? Different men believe in different answers to all these questions, and among the writings listed below you will find a variety of beliefs. Some are not stated directly but are only suggested. Which ones do you agree with? Which ones do you disagree with? Be sure you understand both the writer's belief and the reasons for your own attitude.

Readings: Psalm I (261), Psalm 121 (261), Ecclesiastes 12 (262), Virtue (290), Il Penseroso (306), On Having Arrived at the Age of Twenty-Three (312), On His Blindness (314), Vanity Fair (324), Quotations from Pope (378), Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard (452), Light Shining Out of Darkness (459), The Tiger (461), Intimations of Immortality (523), Ozymandias (587), When I Have Fears (593), Flower in the Crannied Wall (673), In Memoriam XXVII, LIV (680), Crossing the Bar (682), Rabbi Ben Ezra (698), Prospice (704), Dover Beach (712), What Is to Come We Know Not (725), Invictus (726), Markheim (764), Afterward (819), With Rue My Heart Is Laden (824), In No Strange Land (826), L'Envoi (840), In Waste Places (877), Riders to the Sea (977).

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DICTIONARY OF WORDS, NAMES, AND PHRASES

This glossary contains pronunciations and definitions of the harder and more unusual terms in this book. For each word the definition is limited to the use of the word in this volume. For a word already explained in a footnote in the body of the book, only the pronunciation is here indicated with a reference to the page on which the footnote is to be found. Only those footnote words which present difficulty of pronunciation are here repeated. Most Scottish, Irish, Indian, and Malayan words in footnotes are not given here because their original spelling is phonetic, and they present no difficulty of pronunciation. A few exceptions have been included.

The diacritical markings are very simple: *āce*, *senāte*, *rāre*, *bāt*, *fāther*, *sofā*, *ēven*, *ēnd*, *ēvent*, *mothēr*, *fīnd*, *sīt*, *rōpe*, *ōmit*, *cōrd*, *hōt*, *ūnit*, *ūnite*, *būrn*, *cūt*, *bōot*, *fōot*. In a few foreign words the pronunciation is not quite achieved by these marks.

Except for a few words, only the preferred pronunciation as given in Webster's Dictionary is here included. For optional pronunciations consult the dictionary.

A

abjure (ăb jōōr'). Renounce
aboone (ă bōōn'). Above
abysmal (ă biz'māl). Like a deep
 abyss or chasm
Acheron (ăk'ēr ōn). Page 221
acquiescence (ă kwī ēs'ēns). Con-
 sent
acrid (ăk'rīd). Sharp, biting
acrimoniously (ăk rī mō'nī ūs lī).
 Bitterly
acumen (ă kū'mēn). Keenness of
 intellect
adagio (ă dă'jō). A slow, graceful
 movement in music and danc-
 ing
adjuration (ăj ōō rā'shŭn). Appeal,
 solemn oath
admonition (ăd mō nish'ŭn).
 Friendly reproof, warning
Aeschylus (ēs'kī lŭs). Page 171
aesthetic (ēs thēt'ik). Pertaining to
 or responsive to beauty in art and
 literature
affrayed (ă frād'). Frightened

agnostic (ăg nōs'tik). Professing ig-
 norance, unbelieving
alabaster (ăl'ă bās tēr). A fine white
 stone
alalagmos (ăl à lăg'mōs). Page 644
aliment (ăl'ī mēnt). Food
allegory (ăl'ē gō rī). A story told
 by means of symbols, of abstract
 characters. Adj. **allegorical** (ăl ē-
 gōr'ī kăl)
alliteration (ă līt ēr ā'shŭn). The
 use of a succession of words with
 the same initial letter
amalgamation (ă māl gā mā'shŭn).
 Fusion of separate elements, as
 races, into one united whole
ambrosian (ăm brō'zhī ăn). De-
 lighting the sense of taste or smell
amicable (ăm'ī kă b'l). Friendly
amorous (ăm'ō rŭs). Ardent in love
amphibious (ăm fīb'ī ūs). Able to
 live both on land and in water
amulets (ăm'ŭ lēts). Charms to
 ward off ill luck
anatomiless (ăn à tōm'ī lēs). With-
 out bodily structure

anchovies (ăn chō'vĩz). Small her-
ringlike fish
Andromache (ăn drôm'ả kẻ). Page
400
anemic (ả nẻ' mĩk). Weak, bloodless
anesthetist (ăn ẻ's' thẻ tẻt). One who
administers cocaine or other anes-
thetic
animadversion (ăn ỉ mảd vủr'shủn).
Censure
annihilated (ả nẻ' hẻ lỏt ẻd). Com-
pletely destroyed
anonymous (ả nẻn' ỉ mủs). Pub-
lished without author's name; of
unknown authorship
antedated (ăn' tẻ dỏt ẻd). Pre-
ceded in time
antidote (ăn' tẻ dỏt). That which
counteracts a poison
antimacassared (ăn tẻ mỏ kỏs'ỏrd).
Page 944
antiquarian (ăn tẻ kwỏ' rẻ ỉ ỉn). One
who studies ancient objects
antitheses (ăn tẻth'ẻ sẻz). State-
ments bringing out contrasts
aperture (ỏp'ẻr tủr). Opening
apoplexy (ỏp'ỏ plẻk' sẻ). Pressure on
the brain resulting in paralysis
aposiopesis (ỏp ỏ sẻ ỏ pẻ'sẻs). Page
440
apprehensive (ỏp rẻ hẻn' sẻv). Fear-
ful, suspicious
appurtenances (ả pủr' tẻ nỏn sẻs).
Things belonging by right to an
office or position
apropos (ỏp rỏ pỏ'). As suggested
by
arbitrary (ỏr' bẻ trẻr ỉ). Despotie,
ruling by force without reason
Arcady (ỏr' kỏ dẻ). Page 596
Aristophanes (ỏr ỉs tỏf'ỏ nẻz). Page
172
arraigned (ả rỏnd'). Accused
ascetic (ả sẻt' ỉk). Austere, pertain-
ing to a life of self-denial
asperity (ỏs pẻr' ỉ tẻ). Harshness
asafetida (ỏs ả fẻt' ỉ dỏ). An ill-
smelling drug
assiduity (ỏs ỉ dủ' ỉ tẻ). Faithful,
persistent labor
assiduous (ả sẻd' ỏ ỏs). Diligent

assize (ả sẻz'). County court
assuage (ả swỏj'). Soothe, lessen
asswaged (ả swỏjd'). Old form of
assuaged, soothed
astarn (ả stỏrn'). Dialect for the
nautical term *astern*, backward
astute (ỏs tủt'). Shrewdly wise
Astyanax (ỏs tẻ' ỉ nỏx). Page 402.
Son of Andromache
atheling (ỏth'ẻ l' ỉng). Lord, noble
augur (ỏ' gủr). Predict
Auld Licht (ỏld lẻkt). Page 916
avaunt (ả vỏnt'). Begone!
avouches (ả vouch'ẻs). Affirms, de-
clares positively
Azrael (ỏz' rỏ ẻl). Page 852

B

Baal (bỏ'ỏl). Page 562
baggage (bỏg'ỏj). A pert young
woman
Baiae (bỏ'yỏ). Page 585
bandoliers (bỏn dỏ lẻr's'). Bands
holding cartridges, worn by sol-
diers
banns (bỏns). Announcement of in-
tention to marry
barratry (bỏr'ỏ trẻ). Law: breach
of duty by master of a ship, in-
jurious to the shipowner
basque (bỏsk). A short fitted waist
or bodice
bauble (bỏ' b' l). Trinket, toy
beau monde (bỏ mỏnd'). The fash-
ionable world (French)
Beelzebub (bẻ ẻl' zẻ bủb). The devil
befell (bẻ fẻl'). It happened
beldame (bẻl' dỏm). An old woman,
a hag
benison (bẻn' ỉ z' n). Blessing
beseem (bẻ sẻm'). To be suitable
to
bibelots (bẻ blỏ'). Small decorative
articles
Bismarckian (bẻz mỏr' kẻ ỉn). Re-
sembling Bismarck (1815-1898),
statesman who developed the Ger-
man Empire
bizarre (bẻ zỏr'). Odd, presenting
striking contrasts

blackleg (blāk'lěg). British slang for a strike breaker, like American *scab*

bludgeonings (blūj'ūn ings). Beatings, bruises

Boccaccio (bō kā'chō). Pages 91, 697

bodements (bōd'měnts). Predictions
boding (bōd'ing). Foreseeing trouble

Boileau (bwā lō'). Page 742

bombastic (bōm bās'tik). High-sounding, pompous

bootless (bōōt'lěs). Useless, profitless

Bossu (bōs ū'). Page 742

bourgeoisie (bōōr zhwā zē'). The middle class

bruited (brōōt'ēd). Rumored, noised abroad

buckram (būk'rām). A coarse fabric for stiffening garments

burthen (būr'th'n). Refrain, chorus

byrnies (būr'niz). Coats of mail

Bysshe (bish). Page 577

Byzantium (bī zān'shī ūm). 851

C

cabined (kāb'ind). Shut in, hampered

Cadiz (kā'diz). Page 690

Cain (kān). Son of Adam and Eve, who killed his brother Abel.
Page 20

cairns (kārnz). Mounds of stones

Camoëns (kām'ō ēns). Page 517

canaille (kā nāl'). Page 731

canonical (kā nōn'ī kāl). Approved by custom

cant (kānt). As used on page 440, a professional vocabulary. Elsewhere, the insincere use of a pious phrase [per

capsicums (kāp'sī kŭmz). Red pepper
caricature (kā'rī kā tŭr). A picture or description marked by exaggeration or distortion

catastrophe (kā tās'trō fē). A great misfortune, the final event in a tragedy

cavalcade (kāv āl kād'). Parade

cellular (sēl'ŭ lār). Pertaining to the cell (of a monk)

ensorious (sēn sō'rī ūs). Fault-finding

centaury (sēn'tō rī). An herb of the gentian family

Cerberus (sēr'bēr ūs). Page 301

certes (sŭr'tēz). Truly

Cervantes (sēr vān'tēz). Page 854

chalice (chāl'is). A cup. *Chalice*, shaped like a cup

chamade (shā mād'). Page 731

charlatan (shār'lā tăn). A quack, a pretender to knowledge

charnel houses (chār'nēl). Burial places

Charon (kā'rōn). Page 716

Chaucer (chō'sēr). Geoffrey (jēf'rī).
Page 89

chauntress (chaunt'rēs). A singer

cherubim (chēr'ŭ bīm). Child angels

chimera (kī mē'rā). Page 731, a mythical, fire-breathing monster; page 764, plural, groundless fancies

choler (kōl'ēr). In medieval medicine, a state of the blood producing undue heat or anger

choleric (kōl'ēr ik). Irritable

choughs (chŭfs). Page 220

cicala (sī kā'lā). Pages 692, 696

Cimmerian (sī mē'rī ān). Page 301

Cinque Ports (sīnk). Page 340

circumscribed (sŭr kŭm skribd').

Limited

clept (klēpt). Named

cloyed (kloid). Surfeited, over-satisfied

cohorts (kō'hōrts). Troops of soldiers

collaborators (kō lāb'ō rā tērz). Fellow workers in a literary undertaking

colloquial (kō lō'kwī āl). Conversational

colossal (kō lōs'āl). Enormous

colossus (kō lōs'ūs). A huge statue, especially the statue of Apollo at Rhodes, between whose feet ships could pass

combustible (kõm būs'tĩ b'l). Easily set on fire
 committed (kõ mĩt'ěd). Imprisoned (as used on page 297)
 conciliate (kõn sĩl'ĩ át). Placate
 conciliatory (kõn sĩl'ĩ ă tở rĩ). Designed to overcome enmity
 conducted (kõn dũst'). Led, contributed
 conglomerated (kõn glõm'ěr ă tẻd). Gathered in a compact mass
 congruous (kõn'grõõ ũs). In harmony, consistent
 conjecture (kõn jẻk'tũr). Guess, surmise
 conniving (kõ nĩv'ĩng). Assenting to a wrong by silence
 connoisseur (kõn ỉ sũr'). Critical judge
 contentious (kõn tẻn'shũs). Quarrelsome
 controversial (kõn trở vũr'shẻl). Pertaining to argument or dispute
 convivial (kõn vĩv'ỉ ẻl). Festive, merry
 coppice (kỏp'ẻs). Low-growing thicket
 corollary (kỏr'ỏ lẻẻ ỉ). An inference or something that naturally follows from a given statement
 corporeal (kỏr pỏr'ẻ ẻl). Having a body
 corse (kỏrs). Dead body. Archaic form for *corpse*
 corselets (kỏrs'lẻẻtẻ). Breastplates
 coruscating (kỏr'ũs kỏt ỉng). Sparkling; on page 928, expressive
 cot (kỏt). Cottage
 covenant (kủv'ẻ nẻnt). Agreement
 Cowper (cỏỏ'pẻr or cỏỏ'pẻr). Page 456
 coxcomb (kỏks'kỏm). A conceited fop
 coxcombry (kỏks'kỏm rẻ). Foppishness
 credulity (krẻ dủ'lẻ ỉ). Childish belief
 cribbed (krẻbẻd). Confined to small space
 crystalline (krẻ's'tẻl ỉn). Clear, transparent

culinary (kủ'lẻ nẻẻ ỉ). Pertaining to cooking
 culmination (kủl mẻ nẻ'shẻn). Highest point, climax
 cumbersome (kủm'bủrs). Heavy, burdensome
 cursory (kủr'sỏ rẻ). Hasty
 cynicism (sẻn'ỉ sẻz'm). Attitude or belief that human conduct is influenced by purely selfish motives
 cynosure (sẻ'ỏỏ shỏỏr). Pages 303, 735

D

dappled (dẻp'l'd). Spotted, flecked with clouds
 Darien (dẻ rẻẻn'). Page 593
 Darius (dẻ rẻ'ửs). Pages 318, 331
 darnell (dẻr'nẻl). Rye grass
 debonair (ẻẻb ỏ nẻr'). Page 301
 decrepitude (ẻẻ krẻp'ỉ tủd). Weakness due to old age
 De Launay (ẻẻ lỏ nẻ'). Page 729
 demesne (ẻẻ mẻn'). Domain, region over which one rules
 demise (ẻẻ mẻz'). Death
 denouement (dẻ nỏỏ'mẻn). Final outcome of a plot of a story, solution of a difficult situation
 descant (ẻẻs cẻnt'). Talk at length
 detractions (ẻẻ trẻk'shẻnz). Slanders
 detrimental (ẻẻt rẻ mẻn'tẻl). Hurtful
 devastating (ẻẻv'ẻs tẻt ỉng). Destructive, sparing no one
 devisal (ẻẻ vẻz'ẻl). Act of inventing
 diatribe (dẻ'ẻ trẻb). A long and bitter discussion or verbal attack
 didactic (dẻ dẻk'tẻk). Teaching a moral
 Diderot (ẻẻd rỏ'). Page 1061
 dight (dẻt). Page 75, cleaned; page 302, dressed; page 311, decorated
 diligence (ẻẻ lẻ jẻhẻns'). Page 696 (French)
 diminutive (dẻ mẻn'ủ tẻv). Tiny
 Diocletian (dẻ ỏ kẻẻ'shẻn). Page 1081
 Diogenes (dẻ ỏ'ẻ nẻz). Page 334

disintegration (dīs ĭn tē grā'shŭn).

Gradual decay. *Disintegrate* (dīs-
ĭn'tē grāt). To go to pieces

distemper (dīs tēm'pēr). Disease.

Distempered, diseased

diversity (dī vŭr'sī tī). Variety

divination (dī vī nā'shŭn). Fore-

telling of the future

dogmatic (dōg māt'ĭk). Positive,
opinionated

dolorous (dōl'ēr ūs). Page 37, caus-
ing pain; page 617, expressing
pain

driveler (drīv'lēr). A weak, silly per-
son

dulcimer (dŭl'sī mēr). An ancient
instrument having metallic wires
played by two light hammers

Dumferling (dŭm fēr'ling). Page 86

E

eccentric (ĕk sĕn'trĭk). Odd, de-
viating from accepted standards

eccentricity (ĕk sĕn trīs'ī tī). Odd-
ity, peculiarity

ecclesiastic or ecclesiastical (ĕ klē sĭ-
ās'tī kāl). Pertaining to the
church

effaced (ĕ fāst'). Wiped out

efficacy (ĕf'ī kā sī). Power to pro-
duce an effect

eglantine (ĕg'lān tĭn). A plant sup-
posed to be the woodbine or
honeysuckle

egress (ĕ'grēs). Act of going out

ejaculations (ĕ jāk ū lā'shŭnz). Ex-
clamations

El Dorado (ĕl dō rā'dō). Page 761

eldritch (ĕl'drĭch). Weird (Scotch)

Elysian (ĕ lĭzh'ān). Pertaining to
the regions of the blessed after
death

émigrés (ā mē grā'). Fugitives from
France because of religious or po-
litical persecution (French)

enhance (ĕn hāns'). To elevate, in-
crease, or make more important

enigmatic (ĕ nĭg māt'ĭk). Puzzling,
mysterious

ennui (ān nwē'). Boredom (French)

enow (ĕ nou'). Enough

entente (ān tānt'). An agreement
(French). *Triple Entente*, treaty
for mutual support among three
powers

epic (ĕp'ĭk). A long narrative poem
treating in dignified style of the
deeds of one or more heroes

epicure (ĕp'ī kūr). One given to in-
dulgence in delicate food

Epicurus (ĕp ĭ kūr'ūs). Page 97

epigrammatic (ĕp ĭ grā māt'ĭk).

Witty, pithy

epistolary (ĕ pīs'tō lā rī). Pertain-
ing to letter writing

eremite (ĕr'ĕ mīt). Hermit

Eros (ĕ'rōs). Greek god of love;
Cupid

erratic (ĕ rāt'ĭk). Strange, queer

erudite (ĕr'ōō dīt). Learned

esplanade (ĕs plā nād'). An open
space for promenading

eternē (ĕ tŭrn'). Eternal

etymologies (ĕt ĭ mōl'ō jĭz). Deri-
vations of words

euphemisms (ŭ'fĕ mĭz'mz). Mild or
pleasant expressions substituted
for those which might give offense

Euphrosyne (ŭ frōz'ī nē). Page 301

euphuistic (ŭ fŭ ĭs'tĭk). Elegantly
affected, in the style of Euphues

Euripides (ŭ rĭp'ĕ dēz). Page 171

Eurydice (ŭ rĭd'ī sē). Page 305

exacerbated (ĕg zās'ēr bāt ĕd). Ir-
ritated to the extreme

exchequer (ĕks chĕk'ēr). British
state office in charge of collecting
revenue

excommunicate (ĕks kō mŭ'nĭ kāt).
To shut out from communion

with the church by ecclesiastical
sentence

excoriating (ĕks kō'rĭ āt ĭng). Strip-
ping off the skin, wounding

execrable (ĕk'sĕ krā b'l). Very bad

extra-domiciliate (dō mĭ sĭl'ī āt).

Send out of the house

extraneous (ĕks trā'nē ūs). Foreign

exuberance (ĕg zŭ'bēr āns). Over-
flowing enthusiasm

exuberant (ĕg zŭ'bēr ānt). Bountiful

F

fabulously (făb'ū lūs lī). Wonderfully, like a fable in exaggeration
 façade (fă säd'). The principal face of a building
 facetious (fă sē'shūs). Jesting, witty
 facets (făs'êts). Small surfaces on cut gems; hence, aspects
 facilitate (fă sīl'ī tāt). To make easy. *Facilitated*, made easy
 fair-leads (fâr-lēdz). Directions of ropes to prevent chafing
 fallacious (fă lă'shūs). Deceptive
 Faubourg (fō bōor'). Page 415
 fause (fôs). False (Scotch)
 faux pas (fō pā'). Page 1096
 fealty (fē'ăl tī). Fidelity
 featly (fēt'li). Nimbly
 felicitous (fē līs'ī tūs). Appropriate, happy in expression
 fell (fēl). Pages 21 and 238, cruel; page 245, growth (of hair)
 fennel (fēn'ēl). A tall herb with yellow flowers
 fenny (fēn'ī). Living in a marsh
 fillet (fīl'ēt). A thick slice
 flagellation (flăj ē lă'shūn). Whipping, scourging
 flageolette (flăj ō lēt'). A musical instrument somewhat resembling the flute
 flambeau (flăm bō'). A torch
 flichterin (flīk'tēr īn). Fluttering (Scotch)
 formidable (fôr'mī dă b'l). Causing fear
 franchise (frăn'chīz). The right to vote
 fugitiveness (fū'jī tīv nēs). Short duration
 fuliginous (fūl'īj'ī nūs). Dark as if shrouded with smoke
 fumitory (fū'mī tō rī). A climbing herb with small flowers
 furtively (fūr'tīv lī). Secretly
 furze (fūrz). A spiny shrub of the bean family
 fustian (fūs'chăn). A coarse cloth

G

galaxy (găl'āk sī). A brilliant group
 galleons (găl'ē ūnz). Large high-decked sailing vessels of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries
 gambit (găm'bīt). An opening in chess in which a pawn is risked
 garrulous (găr'ōō lūs). Talkative
 generic (jē nēr'īk). Pertaining to a genus or group
 Gennesaret (jē nēs'ă rēt). Page 827
 Giaours (jourz). Page 853
 gimcracks (jīm'krăks). Knick-knacks, miscellaneous objects
 Goncourts (gôn kōor'). Page 1086
 gorget (gôr'jēt). Armor protecting the neck
 gorgon (gôr'gōn). A mythical monster, the sight of which would turn a person to stone
 gramercy (gră mēr'sī). Page 538
 grandiloquent (grăn dīl'ō kwēt). High-flown, pompous
 grot (grōt). Grotto, a small cavern
 guerdon (gūr'dūn). Reward
 guinea (gīn'ī). English coin of twenty-one shillings (slightly over five dollars)
 gullible (gūl'ī b'l). Easily deceived

H

halberts (hăl'bërts). Pikes surmounted with battle-axes
 halcyon (hăl'sī ūn). Page 719
 halliards (hăl'yērdz). Ropes for hoisting sails
 hallucination (hăl lū sī nă'shūn). A false belief that one sees an object not actually present
 hame (hām). Home (Scotch)
 harangue (hă răn'g'). Speak vehemently and at length
 harbinger (hăr'bīn jēr). Forerunner
 harried (hăr'īd). Harassed, tormented
 hauberk (hō'bērk). A coat of mail
 hautboys (hō'boīz). Page 317
 Hebe (hē'bē). Page 302
 Hecate (hēk'ăt). Pages 199, 221

hectic (hěk'tĭk). Feverish
 hellebore (hěl'ě bōr). An herb whose roots have medicinal virtue
 Heorot (hā'ō rōt). Literally Stag-hall; Hrothgar's hall. Page 19
 heretical (hě rět'ĭ kāl). Deviating from or opposing established doctrines of a church
 hibernate (hī'būr nāt). To live in a torpid state
 hierarchy (hī'ēr är kĭ). Page 421, a body of rulers of the church; page 1082, society based on ranks, one above another
 hieroglyphics (hī ēr ō glĭf'ĭks). Obscure signs and symbols
 Hippocrene (hĭp'ō crēn). Page 508
 horologist (hō rōl'ō jĭst). A clock-maker
 horoscope (hōr'ō skōp). Position of stars by which one's future is predicted
 Hôtel-de-Ville (ō těl'd'vėl'). Page 730
 houri (hōō'rĭ or hou'rĭ). Page 852
 humanism (hū'mān iz'm). Culture derived from classical training
 humanitarianism (hū mǎn ĭ tā'rĭ ān-iz'm). The principle of public welfare, or regard for the welfare of mankind
 humors (hū'mērz). Whims, caprices, types of disposition
 hussyfskap (hūs'ĭf skāp). Household duties. Page 84
 Hyades (hī'ā dēz). Page 676
 Hygelac (hĭg'ě lāk). Page 22
 Hymeneal (hī mē nē'āl). Page 513
 hyperbole (hī pūr'bō lē). Exaggeration
 hypochondriac (hĭp ō kōn'drĭ āk). Morbidly depressed
 hypotheses (hī pōth'ě sēz). Theories, suppositions
 Hyrcan (hūr'kǎn). Belonging to Hyrcania, a province of ancient Persia

I

iambic pentameter (ĭ ām'bĭk pěn-tām'ě tēr). A line of poetry with

five feet, each containing one unaccented followed by one accented syllable
 idyll (ĭ'dĭl). A simple description of rustic or pastoral life
 ignominy (ĭg'nō mĭ nĭ). Disgrace
 Il Penseroso (ēl pěn sē rō'sō). Page 306
 Il Trovatore (ēl trō vā tō'rē). Page 870
 imbrued (ĭm brōōd'). Drenched
 immaculate (ĭ māk'ū lĭt). Spotlessly clean
 immured (ĭ mūr'd'). Shut up within walls
 impalpable (ĭm pāl'pā b'l). Too delicate to be easily seen or felt
 impeccable (ĭm pěk'ā b'l). Without fault
 impecunious (ĭm pē kū'nĭ ūs). Without money
 imperceptible (ĭm pēr sēp'tĭ b'l). Too slight to be easily noticed
 impetus (ĭm'pē tūs). Driving force
 implacable (ĭm plā'kā b'l). Relentless
 implicit (ĭm plĭs'ĭt). Understood but not expressed
 importunate (ĭm pōr'tū nāt). Insistent
 impostor (ĭm pōs'tēr). One who deceives by false pretenses
 impregnable (ĭm prēg'nā b'l). Proof against attack
 impunity (ĭm pū'nĭ tĭ). Freedom from punishment
 inarticulate (ĭn är tĭk'ū lāt). Speechless, silent
 incantation (ĭn kǎn tā'shŭn). Magic words
 incarnadine (ĭn kār'nā dĭn). Make red
 incarnation (ĭn kār nā'shŭn). Act of assuming a human body
 incisive (ĭn sĭ'sĭv). Clear cut
 incognito (ĭn kōg'nĭ tō). State of going under an assumed name
 incongruous (ĭn kōn'grōō ūs). Ill-matched
 incredulously (ĭn krēd'ū lūs lĭ). In a doubting manner

incubus (in'kû bûs). That which weighs down or discourages
 inculcated (in kûl'kât ěd *or* in'kûl-kât ěd). Taught
 incumbent (in kûm'bĕnt). One who holds an office
 indecorously (in dĕk'ô rûs lĭ). Violating good manners
 indefatigable (in dĕ făt'ĭ gâ b'l). Tireless
 indictment (in dĭt'mĕnt). Accusation
 indissoluble (in dĭ sôl'û b'l). Not to be melted or broken.
 indocility (in dô sil'ĭ tĭ). Waywardness
 induc (in dū'). To put on
 indu'th (in dūth'). Indues, clothes
 inebriate (in ě'brĭ āt). Intoxicate
 inenarrable (in ěn ār'â b'l). Page 882
 inevitable (in ěv'ĭ tâ b'l). Not to be avoided
 inexorable (in ěk'sô râ b'l). Relentless, without pity
 inexplicably (in ěks'plĭ kâ blĭ). In a way not to be explained
 infallible (in fāl'ĭ b'l). Incapable of failure
 ingenuous (in jĕn'û ũs). Artless, innocent
 inherent (in hĕr'ĕnt). Belonging to the essential nature of something
 insidious (in sĭd'ĭ ũs). Secretly working harm
 intangible (in tăn'jĭ b'l). Not to be touched or grasped
 interdict (in'tĕr dĭct). A ban of the Roman Catholic Church, refusing sacraments, etc., to a whole community or nation
 interfused (in tĕr fūzd'). Blended, intermingled
 interim (in'tĕr ĭm). Time between periods
 interminable (in tûr'mĭ nâ b'l). Endless
 intermittent (in tĕr mĭt'ĕnt). Having periods of interruption
 intimidated (in tĭm'ĭ dāt ěd). Terrified, cowed

intrinsic (in trĭn'sĭk). Belonging to the nature of a thing
 inured (in ũrd'). Accustomed, hardened
 invective (in vĕk'tĭv). Abuse
 invertebrate (in vûr'tĕ brāt). Spineless, weak
 irascible (ĭ rās'ĭ b'l *or* ĭ rās'ĭ b'l). Easily angered
 iridescent (ĭr ĭ dĕs'ĕnt). Having a rainbowlike play of colors
 irrelevant (ĭ rĕl'ĕ vânt). Not appropriate to the subject
 irretrievably (ĭr ě trĕv'â blĭ). So that it cannot be recovered
 Itylus (ĭt'ĭ lûs). Page 722

J

Jacobean (jăk ô bĕ'ăn). Page 773
 jocund (jôk'ünd). Happy, merry
 joust (jûst *or* jōost). To fight on horseback
 jowl (jouł). Head (of a fish)

K

kaleidoscope (kâ lĭ'dô skôp). An instrument showing bits of colored glass which form changing patterns as the cylinder is revolved
 kepi (kĕp'ĕ). A military cap with a sloping crown and a visor
 kiaugh (kyăk). Page 475
 Kubla Khan (kôob'lâ kân). Page 552

L

labyrinthine (lăb ĭ rĭn'thĭn). Confusing as in a maze
 labyrinths (lăb'ĭ rĭnths). Networks of passages
 laconically (lâ kôn'ĭ câ lĭ). Using few words, abruptly
 L'Allegro (lâ lă'grô). Page 300
 La Traviata (lâ trâ vĭ â'tà). Page 870
 laudable (lôd'â b'l). Praiseworthy
 leech (lēch). Doctor
 lees (lēz). Dregs

legitimacy (lě jít'ĩ mã sĩ). State of being according to law

Leman (lā'mán). Page 566

leonine (lě'ō nīn). Majestic like a lion

lethal (lě'thāl). Deadly

Lethe (lě'thē). Pages 597, 625

licentious (lī sēn'shūs). Unrestrained, indecent

liegemen (lēj'mēn). Vassals

limbeck (līm'bēk). A still to make liquor

lissom (līs'ūm). Flexible, graceful.

Lissomly, nimbly

literati (līt ě rā'tē). Men of letters

litigation (līt ě gā'shūn). Process of law

litten (līt'ēn). Lighted

lubberly (lūb'ēr lī). Awkward

luculent (lū'sēnt). Radiant, brilliant

lug sail (lūg sāl). A four-sided sail hanging from an oblique yard

lunar (lū'nār). Pertaining to the moon

Lyly (līl'ĩ). Page 159

M

madrigals (mād'rĩ gālz). Love-songs

Maeander (mē ān'dēr). A river in Phrygia noted for its windings

maelstrom (māl'ström). Page 729

Maenad (mē'nād). Page 585

magnanimity (măg nā nīm'ĩ tĩ). Nobility of spirit or of conduct

magnanimous (măg nān'ĩ mūs). Noble, generous in spirit

Mahound (mā hound'). Page 852

malevolence (mā lēv'ō lēns). Ill will

malignity (mā līg'nĩ tĩ). Enmity, hatred

Malory (māl'ō rĩ). Page 69

mantilla (mān tīl'ā). A lace veil worn over the head and shoulders by Spanish ladies

Marais (mā rā'). Page 728

march-stalker (mārch'-stōk'ēr). Creature living in a marsh

marge (mārj). Margin, border

marquetry (mār'kēt rĩ). Inlaid wood

Marylebone (mā'rĩ lē bōn). Page 1115

masque (măsk). A form of drama emphasizing music, poetry, dancing, and costuming

matins (măt'inz). Morning prayers or songs

mattocks (măt'ŭks). Tools resembling pickaxes

maun (môn). Must (Scotch)

maw (mô). Stomach

mazard (măz'ērd). Head

mead (mēd). In Saxon poetry, a drink; in later poetry, a meadow

meandering (mē ān'dēr ĩng). Wind-ing, turning (see *Maeander* above)

meed (mēd). Reward

memorize (mēm'ō rīz). On page 183, commemorate, call to memory

mercenary (mūr'sē nā rĩ). A person serving only for pay

meritorious (mēr ě tō'rĩ ũs). Praise-worthy

metamorphosed (mēt ā mōr'fōzd). Completely changed in form

mete (mēt). Measure

meteoric (mē tē ōr'ic). Temporarily brilliant, like a meteor

meticulous (mē tīk'ŭ lūs). Careful about small matters

mews (mŭz). A group of stables and coachhouses around an open space

migrations (mĩ grā'shŭnz). Removals of tribes from one country to another

minion (mĩn'yŭn). Pages 183 and 208, a favorite; page 1078, a servile creature, a tool

Mirabeau (mē rā bō'). Page 733

misapprehension (mĩ āp rē hēn'shŭn). Wrong understanding

misweining (mĩs wēn'ing). Misunderstanding, false notion

moe (mō). More

Moharabueie (mō hār'ā bū ē). Page 829

Montagu (mōn'tā gŭ). Pages 413, 416. Same pronunciation for

Montague House, page 740

mountebanks (moun'tê băks).

Venders of quack medicines
multiplex (mũl'ti plěks). Manifold
multitudinous (mũl'ti tũ'dĩ nũs).

Many, vast
mundane (mũn dān'). Worldly
munificence (mũ nĩf'ĩ sěns). Gen-
erosity
myriads (mĩr'ĩ ădz). Great num-
bers

N

neat's tongue (nětz tũng). Ox
tongue

Nebuchadnezzar (něb ũ kăd něz'ăr).

Page 331

nebulous (něb'ũ lũs). Hazy, indis-
tinct

niggard (nĩg'ărd). A stingy person
nimbus (nĩm'bũs). A halo or cloud
of light

Nineveh (nĩn'ě vě). Page 833

nocturnal (nők tũr'năl). Nightly

Nombre Dios (nõm'br' dē'õs). Page
867

nonpareil (nõn pă rěl'). Page 217

nucleus (nũ'klě ũs). Center, core

nunny-watch (nũn'ĩ-wăch). Em-
barrassing situation

O

obeisance (õ bă'săns). Homage,
obedience

obnoxious (õb nõk'shũs). Objec-
tionable

obtuseness (õb tũs'něs). Lack of
keen observation

odoriferous (õ děr ĩf'ěr ũs). Giving
out an odor

Oedipus (ěd'ĩ pũs). Page 642

officious (õ fĩsh'ũs). Meddlesome

oleaginous (õ lě ăj'ĩ nũs). Oily

ombre (õm'běr). A game played
with forty cards, popular in the
eighteenth century

ominous (õm'ĩ nũs). Foreshadow-
ing evil

omnivorous (õm nĩv'õ rũs). De-
vouring everything

opulence (õp'ũ lěns). Wealth

oratorio (õr à tõ'rĩ õ). A dramatic
text, usually on a Biblical theme,
set to music with instrumental ac-
companiment

orat'ries (õr'à trĩz). Oratories,
places for prayer

orbèd (õrb'ěd). Shaped like a sphere
ordinaries (õr'dĩ něr ĩz). Places serv-
ing meals to the public at a fixed
price

Orestes (õ rěs'těz). Page 402

orifice (õr'ĩ fis). A small opening
ostensible (õs těn'sĩ b'l). Apparent
ostentatious (õs těn tă'shũs). Showy,
pretentious

ostracized (õs'tră sĩzd). Excluded
from public favor

overcredulous (õ věr krěd'ũ lũs).
Believing too easily

Ozymandias (õ zĩ măn'dĩ ăs). Page
587

P

paillasse (păl yăs'). Page 729

palanquin (păl ăn kěn'). A con-
veyance borne on men's shoulders
by poles

palazzi (pă lă'zě). Page 1085

palpable (păl'pă b'l). Touchable
Paracelsus (păr ă sěl'sũs). Page

1114

paraphrase (păr'à frăz). Restate-
ment of a passage or work in other
words

pardee or pardie (păr dē'). A mild
oath of medieval times

parley (păr'lĩ). Conference

parricide (păr'ĩ sĩd). Murder of a
parent

parterres (păr târ'). Ornamental
arrangement of flowers

pastoral (păs'tõ răl). Pertaining to
rural life or the life of shepherds
patrician (pă trĩsh'ăn). Aristocratic,
of high birth

pawn (pôn). A chessman of lowest
rank

pedantic (pě dăn'tĩk). Scholarly
with undue emphasis on minute
details

pediment (pěd'ĩ měnt). A triangu-

- lar space formed by a gable roof, used as decoration over doors and windows
- pellucid (pě lū'sid). Transparent, clear
- pendent (pěn'děnt). Hanging
- pensioners (pěn'shūn ěrz). Those dependent on the bounty of someone
- pentameter (pěn tām'ě tēr). A line of poetry containing five feet or accents
- penurious (pě nū'rī ūs). Stingy, miserly
- penury (pěn'ū rī). Extreme poverty
- peremptory (pēr ěmp'tō rī). Sharply commanding
- periwig (pěr'ī wīg). An elaborate powdered wig worn in the eighteenth century
- permeated (pūr'mě āt ěd). Penetrated throughout, saturated
- pernicious (pēr nish'ūs). Injurious, deadly
- Perrault (pěr ō'). Page 742
- Pertelote (pěr'tě lōt). Page 113
- pertinaciously (pūr tī nā'shūs lī). Steadfastly, stubbornly
- perturbation (pūr tēr bā'shūn). State of being distressed or agitated
- pestilential (pěs tī lěn'shāl). Harmful, disease-breeding
- Petrarch (pě'trärk) or Petrarca (pě trär'kā). Page 697
- petrel (pět'rěl). A long-winged sea bird, rarely landing
- petulance (pět'ū lāns). Fretfulness, ill humor. *Petulant*, impatient, peevish
- Pharaoh (fā'rō). Page 331
- phenomena (fě nóm'ě nā). Plural, observable facts. *Phenomenal*, marvelous, extraordinary
- Philemel (fil'ō mēl). Pages 161, 308
- phlegmatic (flěg māt'ik). Sluggish
- phraseology (frā zē ōl'ō jī). Choice of words and style of combining them
- physiognomies (fiz ĭ ōg'nō mīz). Faces
- picaresque (pik ā rěsk'). Pertaining to rogues
- Pierian spring (pī ě'rī ān). A spring fabled to give poetic inspiration
- pillion (pīl'yūn). A cushion or saddle behind a man's saddle for a woman to ride on
- piquant (pě'kānt). Sharp, wounding the feelings
- pique (pěk). Sudden irritation or grudge
- Platonism (plā'tō nīz'm). Teaching of the Greek philosopher Plato
- plausible (plō'zī b'l). Believable
- plebeian (plě bē'yān). Of low class, inferior
- plenary (plē'nā rī). Complete
- plough (plū). Plow (Scotch)
- poignantly (poin'yānt lī). Touchingly
- ponderous (pōn'dēr ūs). Weighty
- posthumous (pōs'tū mūs). After death
- potent (pō'těnt). Powerful
- potentates (pō'těn tāts). People having great power over others
- potential (pō těn'shāl). Possible
- prawns (prōnz). Shrimps
- precincts (prě'sinkts). Districts
- precocious (prě kō'shūs). Exceptionally early in mental development
- predilection (prě dĩ lěk'shūn). Preference
- predominance (prě dōm'ī nāns). Superiority
- prement (prě fūr'měnt). High offices, promotions
- premonition (prě mō nish'ūn). Instinctive foreboding
- premonitory (prě mōn'ī tō rī). Giving information beforehand
- preposterous (prě pōs'tēr ūs). Absurd
- prerogatives (prě rōg'ā tīvz). Privileges
- pretentious (prě těn'shūs). Making undue outward show
- primal (prī'māl). First, or most important

probity (pröb'ĩ tĩ). Honesty, uprightness
 procreant (prö'krê änt). Fruitful
 prodigious (prö dij'üs). Great, enormous
 profligate (pröf'ĩ lĩ gät). Given to dissipation
 profuse (prö füs'). Poured forth freely
 progeny (pröj'ê nĩ). Descendants
 prolific (prö lif'ic). Producing abundant results
 promiscuous (prö mĩs'kü ũs). Confusedly mingled
 propensities (prö pên'sĩ tĩz). Dispositions, tendencies
 propinquity (prö pĩn'kwĩ tĩ). Nearness
 propitiate (prö pĩsh'ĩ ät). To appease or render favorable
 Provençal (prö vãn'säl). Page 598. The accent of this word is usually on the last syllable, but must here be put on the second for the meter
 proximate (prök'sĩ mät). Direct
 prunella (pröo nêl'ä). Strong woolen cloth
 pseudonym (sũ dô nĩm). Name assumed by an author, pen name
 pseudoscientific (sũ dô sĩ ên tĩf'ik). Appearing to be, but not actually portraying science
 psychoanalytical (sĩ kô äñ ä lit'ĩ cäl). Making careful study of the emotional history of persons
 psychology (sĩ köľ'ö jĩ). The science which treats of the mind in any of its aspects
 pugnacious (pũg nã'shũs). Inclined to fight
 Pulcinello (pũl sĩ nêľ'ö). Page 697
 pumice (pũm'is). Volcanic lava
 purgative (pũr'gã tĩv). Cleansing
 purgatorial rails (pũr gã tũr'ĩ äľ räľz). Burial garments to wear to purgatory, the place where the dead are supposed to be cleansed by suffering

Q

quadrant (kwäd'ränt). A nautical instrument for measuring the height of the sun
 quattrocento (kwät'trö chên'tö). Page 1082
 querulous (kwêr'ũ lũs). Complaining
 quintessence (kwĩn tês'êns). Purest and most essential part
 quintessentialize (kwĩn tẽ sên'shãľ iz). To get at the core or most essential part

R

Racine (rà sên'). Page 742
 ravening (rãv'ên ĩng). Seeking eagerly for prey
 recondite (rêk'ön dīt). Profound, hard to understand because removed from ordinary experience
 redolent (rêd'ö lênt). Diffusing fragrance, flavored
 reeve (rêv). Bailiff, overseer of an estate
 refulgent (rê fũľ'jênt). Brilliant, splendid
 Régiment Dauphiné (rãzh ĩ mãn' dö fê nã'). Page 728
 regress (rê'grêś). Act of returning
 repudiated (rê pũ'dĩ ät êd). Rejected
 requiem (rê'kwĩ êm). Song for the dead
 Requiescat (rêk wĩ ês'kãt). Literally, "May he (she) rest in peace."
 A prayer for the dead
 retaliated (rê tãľ'ĩ ät êd). Repaid in like manner, got even
 retributory (rê trĩb'ũ tũ rĩ). Punishing
 reverberated (rê vũr'bêr ä têd). Re-echoed
 ringdove (rĩng'dũv). A European pigeon
 ronyon (rõn'yũn). A mangy person
 roulades (rũo lädz'). Musical runs of short notes
 Rousseau (rũo sũ'). Page 1098

Rue Cerisaie (rū sēr ē sǎ'). Page 730
 ruminating (rōō'mī nāt ĩng). Chew-
 ing the cud; hence, thinking over
 at length
 rump-fed (rūmp'fěd). Fed on leav-
 ings
 runagate (rūn'ā gāt). Deserter,
 vagabond

S

sacerdotal (sās ēr dō'tāl). Priestly
 sacrilegious (sǎk rī lē'jūs). Sinning
 against something sacred
 saffron (sǎf'rūn). A deep orange
 color
 salamandrine (sāl ā mǎn'drīn). Able
 to live in fire
 salt eel (sōlt ēl'). Whip
 salvers (sāl vērz). Trays of silver
 Sancho (sǎng'kō). Page 650
 sate (sāt). Old form of *sat*
 satire (săt'ir). Ridicule of human
 follies and vices. *Satiric* (sǎ tīr'ik),
 expressing satire
 scathe (skāth). Harm
 scission (sīzh'ūn). Act of splitting
 or cutting apart
 scop (skōp). An Anglo-Saxon poet-
 singer
 sculler (skūl'ēr). One who propels
 a boat with a scull, a short oar
 used at the stern
 Scylla (sīl'ā). Page 374
 sea mew (sē' mū). Sea gull
 sedan chair (sē dǎn'). A portable
 chair or covered vehicle borne on
 poles by two men
 sedge (sědj). Rushes growing in a
 wet place
 sedulous (sěd'ū lūs). Industrious,
 diligent
 seeling (sēl'ing). Closing the eyes,
 as of a falcon
 seneschal (sēn'ě shāl). An official in
 charge of the feasts in a medieval
 palace
 Sennacherib (sē nǎk'ēr ĩb). Page 562
 se'nnights (sēn'its). Seven nights,
 weeks

sensuous (sēn'shōō ūs). Appealing
 to the senses, appreciative of
 beauty
 sere (sēr). Dry, withered
 shoughs (shōks). Shaggy dogs
 Sidonius Apollinaris (sī dōn'ī ūs
 ā pōl ī nā'ris). Page 1081
 sindry (sīn'drī). Sundry, various
 people (Scotch)
 sinecure (sī'nē kūr). An office with
 good pay but few or no duties
 singlet (sīng'glēt). An undershirt or
 jersey
 sinister (sīn'is tēr). Evil, disastrous
 skeptical (skēp'tī kāl). Doubting
 skirled (skērld). Shrieked (Scotch)
 Sligo (slī'gō). Page 829
 slough (slou). A bog or mire
 slug-a-bed (slūg'ā-bēd). Lazy per-
 son, one who stays late in bed
 soccage in fief (sōk'īj . . . fēf).
 Legal privileges connected with
 land owning
 solan (sōl'ān). Gannet, a bird re-
 lated to the pelican
 solicitous (sō līs'ī tūs). Anxious,
 eager
 somnambulist (sōm nām'bū līst). A
 sleepwalker
 somnolence (sōm'nō lēns). Drowsi-
 ness
 sonority (sō nōr'ī tī). Quality of
 loud, full sound; resonance. *So-
 norous* (sō nō'rūs), giving sound
 Sophist (sōf'ist). One who argues
 cleverly but falsely
 sophisticated (sō fīs'tī kāt ěd).
 Worldly wise
 Sophocles (sōf'ō klēz). Page 171
 Southey (south'ī or sūth'ī). Page 613
 spasmodic (spǎz mōd'ik). With
 sudden spurts of energy or vio-
 lence. *Spasmodically*, excitedly
 Spinola-Santerre (spī nō'lā-sàn tār').
 Page 730
 Spinozism (spīn ō'zā ĩz'm). Doc-
 trine of Spinoza, a seventeenth-
 century Dutch-Jewish philosopher
 who taught that the universe is
 all one infinite substance

spontaneity (spõn tâ nē'ĩ tĩ). Natural energy, without force or constraint

stalactite (stâ lăk'tit). A rock formation in caves resembling an icicle in shape

stanchless (stănc'h'less). Not to be stopped or quenched

Stoics (stō'iks). Followers of a Greek philosophy which taught them to repress all emotion and endure all troubles without complaint

stole (stōl). Long, narrow band worn around the neck by priests

Strachey (strā'chē). Page 1099

stupendous (stû pēn'dūs). Mighty, impressive

Stygian (stij'ĩ ăn). Page 301

stylized (stīl'īzd). Drawn to some individual pattern in the artist's mind rather than in resemblance to nature

suavity (swāv'ĩ tĩ). Poise and polished manners

subserviency (süb sūr'vĩ ěn sĩ). Condition of serving under someone else

subterranean (süb tēr ā'nē ăn). Under the earth

subtile (süb'til *or* sūt'l). Penetrating, elusive

succinct (sük sink't'). Encircled and held in place by a girdle

succulence (sük'ũ lēns). Juiciness

superannuated (sü pēr ăn'ũ ât ěd). Retired on a pension because of age

supercilious (sü pēr sīl'ĩ ũs). Lofty with pride; haughty

superfluity (sü pēr flōō'ĩ tĩ). Overabundance

superseded (sü pēr sēd'ěd). Taken the place of

supine (sũ pīn'). Lying on the back

surcease (sür sēs'). End

surfeited (sür'fīt ěd). Overfed

susceptible (sũ sēp'tĩ b'l). Easily influenced

swart (swōrt). Black

Synge (sĩng). Page 976

synonymous (sĩ nõn'ĩ mūs). Nearly alike in meaning

T

taciturn (tăs'ĩ tũrn). Reserved, not given to conversation

tanzý, tansý (tăn'zĩ). A plant having a bitter taste, used for seasoning in cooking

tegument (tēg'ũ mēnt). Skin

temerity (tē mēr'ĩ tĩ). Boldness

tenets (tēn'ěts). Doctrines, beliefs

tepidity (tē pīd'ĩ tĩ). State of being lukewarm

Thames (tēmz). The river on which London is situated

thane (thān). A warrior companion of an ancient king

Theocritus (thē ōk'rĩ tūs). Page 708

theologian (thē ō lō'jĩ ăn). A person well versed in the doctrines of the nature of God. *Theological* (thē ō lōj'ĩ kăl), pertaining to theology

Thestylis (thēs'tĩ lūs). Page 303

thews (thūz). Muscles

Thomas à Becket (tōm'ăs ä bēk'ět). Page 92

thralldom (thrōl'dōm). Bondage, slavery

thralls (thrōlz). Slaves

thrid (thřid). Pass through, thread

Thuriot (tũ řĩ ō'). Page 730

Thyrsis (thũr'sis). Page 303

tiara (tĩ ā'rā *or* tē ā'rā). A jeweled headdress, crown

timbrels (tĩm'brēlz). Ancient Hebrew instruments like tambourines

timorous (tĩm'ō rūs). Timid

titillating (tīt'ĩ lăt ĩng). Tickling

topper (tōp'ēr). A tall silk hat

torpid (tōr'pīd). Sluggish

torso (tōr'sō). Trunk of a body without the limbs; hence, a fragmentary piece

tort (tōrt). A wrongful act under civil law

tortuous (tōr'tũ ũs). Winding

Trafalgar (trà fāl'gâr). Page 868
translunar (trăns lū'nēr). Belong-
ing to an imaginary world (liter-
ally, beyond the moon)
travesty (trăv'ēs tī). Burlesque,
mockery
trenched (trěn'chěd). Cut deep like
a trench
triad (trī'ăd). Group of three
triumvirate (trī ūm'vī răt). A rul-
ing group of three persons
truisms (trōō'iz'mz). Self-evident
truths
truncheon (trŭn'chŭn). A police-
man's club
turbid (tŭr'bīd). Confused, dis-
turbed
turbulent (tŭr'bŭ lěnt). Agitated,
stormy
tutelary (tŭ'tě lă rĭ). Acting as
tutor or guardian

U

unadulterated (ŭn ă dŭl'tēr ā těd).
Pure, without other ingredients
unctuous (ŭnk'tŭ ūs). Suave, oily-
tongued
undivulged (ŭn dĩ vŭljđ'). Not re-
vealed, secret
uninhibited (ŭn ín hĭb'ĩ těd). With-
out inner restraint upon one's
actions
unlineal (ŭn lĭn'ě ăl). Not of the
same family or line of descent
unpalatable (ŭn păl'ă tă b'l). Dis-
pleasing, not to one's taste
unpremeditated (ŭn prē mĕđ'ĩ-
tăt ěd). Not planned before-
hand, spontaneous
unpropitious (ŭn prŏ pĭsh'ŭs). Un-
favorable
unscrupulous (ŭn skrŏō'pă lŭs).
Dishonest, with low principles of
conduct
urbane (ŭr bân'). Polite, at ease in
society

V

vagaries (vă gâr'iz). Caprices, whim-
sical changes of fashion

Valois (vâl wă'). Page 851
vaunteth (vânt'ĕth or vŏnt'ĕth).
Speaks boastfully
Vauxhall (vŏks hŏl'). Pages 732,
1057
venerable (vĕn'ēr ā b'l). Command-
ing respect, usually because of age
or dignified position
veneration (vĕn ěr ā'shŭn). Re-
spect
verdurous (vŭr'dŭr ūs). Covered
with green vegetation
vermeil (vŭr'mĭl). Vermilion, red
vernacular (vŭr năk'ŭ lăr). Native
language
vernal (vŭr'năl). Belonging to
spring
versatility (vŭr să tĭl'ĩ tĭ). Posses-
sion of many talents or aptitudes.
Versatile (vŭr'să tĭl), many-sided
Vespasiano Gonzaga (vĕs pă zhĭ-
ă'nŏ gŏn dză'gă). Page 1083
vestige (vĕs'tĭj). Trace, sign
vicissitudes (vĭ sĭs'ĩ tŭdz). Changes
of fortune
vilifying (vĭl'ĩ fĭ ĩng). Slandering
vindicate (vĭn'dĭ kăt). Defend,
justify
virulent (vĭr'ŭ lěnt). Bitter, poison-
ous. *Virulence* (vĭr'ŭ lĕns), bitter-
ness
viveur (vĕ vŭr'). Page 1108
vociferation (vŏ sĭf ěr ā'shŭn). Loud
speaking
Voltaire (vŏl târ'). Page 1086
voluble (vŏl'ŭ b'l). Speaking flu-
ently
voluminous (vŏ lŭ'mĭn ūs). Page 49,
bulky, with many folds; page
1113, capable of filling a large
volume
voracious (vŏ ră'shŭs). Eating
greedily
vouchsafe (vouch săf'). Grant
vulnerable (vŭl'nĕr ā b'l). Capable
of being wounded

W

wanton (wŏn'tŭn). Unrestrained
warlocks (wŏr'lŏks). Wizards

wassail (wōs'īl). Mixture of ale and wine used in ancient times; a feast at which healths were drunk in wassail

Weder folk (wēd'ēr fōk). Page 22

Weland (wē'lānd). Page 24

whist (whīst). Hush

wight (wīt). Person, fellow

wimple (wīm'p'l). A folded cloth worn over the head and neck

woofed (wōōft). Woven

wraith (wrāth). Ghost

Wyrd (wērd). Fate

X

Xanadu (zăn'â dōō). Page 552

Y

yclept (ī klēpt'). Named

Yeats (yāts). Page 828

yestreen (yēs trēn'). Yesterday evening

Z

Zephirus (zēf'ī rūś). Page 106. Also

Zephyr (zēf'ēr). Page 301

zone (zōn). Girdle

PLAN FOR STUDY BY TYPES

For teachers who may wish to organize the course in English literature by types rather than by chronology, the following plan indicates a possible order of procedure. Within each type the material is arranged chronologically. If the teacher thinks that, because of the particular interests or backgrounds of a class, a more effective approach can be made by starting with modern material, the order of this list can be reversed within each type.

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Anglo-Saxon poetry with emphasis on the epic form, 17-37

Medieval poetry: ballads, medieval romance, medieval tale, 70-122

Elizabethan poetry with emphasis on

lyrics, songs and sonnets, 158-173

allegorical narrative, 174-179

dramatic blank verse, 181-251

Biblical psalms, 261-263

Seventeenth-century poetry, chiefly lyrical, 290-320

Eighteenth-century poetry with emphasis on

heroic couplet, 369-380 and 441-450

elegies and lyrics, 452-480

Poetry of the Romantic age, lyrical and narrative, 511-619

Poetry of the Victorian age, chiefly lyrical, 672-726

Poetry of the Twentieth century, chiefly lyrical, 818-891

Humorous poems are on pages 84, 113, 292, 296, 449, 472, 695, 723, 794, 796

DRAMA

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Twentieth century: miscellaneous essays, 1056-1089

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